



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

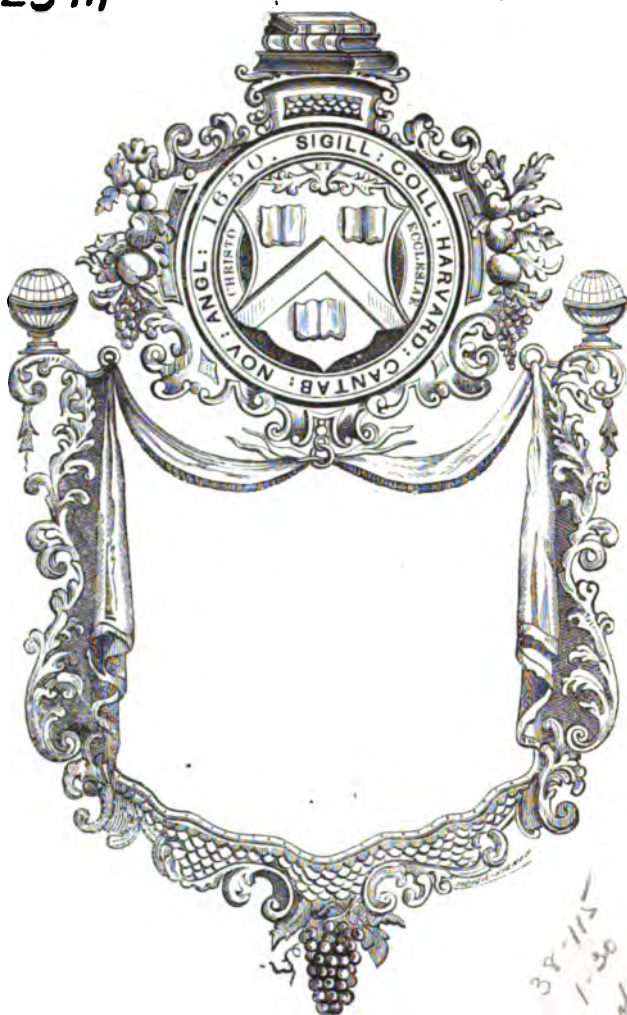
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



P257.1

132 Jan., 1863.









THE

# Knickerbocker,

OR



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY S. HUESTON, 139 NASSAU STREET.

1851.

P257.1

Vol. XXXVIII. 1.6, 1.7 of Dr. Wm. Brown, 17 May, 1853  
2.4, 15 " Dr. R. L. Brown, 18 May, 1853  
3. " Dr. R. L. Brown, 18 May, 1853.

---

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1851, BY  
SAMUEL HUESTON,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

---

---

JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER,  
79 FULTON, CORNER OF GOLD STREET

---

# INDEX.

A.		PAGE			PAGE
African Legend, An. By Miss MARY E. TUTTLE.....		13	Annihilator, 459; More Last Words from CARL BENSON, 550; Under the Owl, Number One, 551; 'ALBAN,' 636; A Leaf from the 'Georgia Lawyer,' 638; The 'Soul-Whisper' of Pine Trees, 641; An Original Sketch by the 'Beverly' Bachelor, 642.		
Arundines Caml. By F. W. SHELTON.....		95	F.		
Answered Prayer. By RUFUS HENRY BACON.....		132	Fancies on Females. By a New Contributor.....		16
Answer to Blackwood's Model Republic.....		205	Flattery, Friendship and Love.....		130
Anacreontic Stanzas. By Dr. DICKSON.....		210	Fair Boy LEONATUS, The. By R. H. STODARD.....		535
Ashuelot River: A Song.....		525	G.		
Affection's Tribute: Stanzas.....		534	Glimpse of the World, A. By JAMES LINNEN.....		43
Adventur on Coneyn Island.....		595	Gulf-Service, A Sketch of. By THE WANDERER.....		112
B.			Glance at the Past, Present and Future.....		138
Burial of FRAZER. By E. W. B. CANNING.....		122	Glimpses of Life in Florida during the Seminole War.....		214
Battle of Bushy Run. By F. PARKMAN, JR.....		153	Golden Dreams. By HENRY P. LELAND.....		445
Bridge and the Brook, The. By CHARLES G. LELAND.....		411	Glimpse at the Sandwich Islands.....		477
Birth-day Tribute. By R. S. CHILTON.....		442	'Grave' Stanzas.....		621
C.			Gossip with Readers and Correspondents, 76, 169, 371, 460, 552, 644		
Courtship and Marriage. From the Swedish of TEGNER.....		65	H.		
Childhood and Manhood. By C. D. STUART.....		151	Heart-Picture, A. By LILLY GRAHAM.....		59
Contentment: A Fragment.....		349	Homeless, The: A Life-Sketch. By E. M. BOURNE.....		211
Crossing the Border. By SAMUEL S. COXE, Esq.....		504	Heavena, The: An Extract.....		344
Cape Cottage at Sunset. By W. B. GLAZIER.....		593	Hearts of Oak. By CAROLINE CANNON.....		397, 515
D.			Harvest of Life, The.....		498
Don Quixote of Cervantes. By R. J. DE CORDOVA.....		189	Harvest-Moon, The. By the Peasant Bard.....		443
Death, A Few Thoughts on.....		231	Household Clock, The.....		594
Descent into the Rapids of Niagara.....		414	I.		
Dead, The: An Extract.....		423	Isle of Life: A Fragment.....		512
Danville Cemetery: Stanzas. By W. H. C. HOMER.....		417	Indian Maid, The. By E. PLURIBUS UNUM, Esq.....		541
Dreadful Accident at the Bowery Theatre. By FRANCIS CORCUTT.....		601	J.		
E.			JOHN BULL in His Own Pastures.....		125, 345
Eyes. Translated from the Swedish.....		20	Journey of Life, The. By SIGMA.....		146
Earth-Angels. By THEODORE S. FAY.....		338	Jacobin of Paris, The.....		513
Epigram on a Scold.....		364	K.		
Essay on Buckwheat Cakes.....		390	King James the Second.....		607
EDITOR'S TABLE.—A View from Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, 74; North-American Review for the April quarter, 169; Miss CATHERINE HAYES, 363; Words of Wisdom from Afar, 370; Companions of my Solitude, a rare new book, 452; An Epistle to the EDITOR by CARL BENSON, 456; PHILLIPS'S Fire-					

<b>L.</b>	<b>PAGE.</b>		<b>P.</b>	<b>PAGE.</b>
LUCY: A Portrait.....	11		Pagan questioning Death, The.....	19
Lakes of New-York, The. Cayuga: Codar Heights.....	90		Picture of Life and Death. By SIGMA.....	204
Lakes of New-York, The. Cayuga Bridge..	224		Philosophical Sparrow, The. By A. B. JOHNSON, Esq.....	234
Lines to a Bereaved Father.....	357		Prairies: Lines written on. By WASHINGTON CHILTON.....	536
Lines addressed to a Wife.....	357			
Lines on the Death of an Only Son. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.....	390		<b>Q.</b>	
Lines to One Unseen.....	395		Quebec.....	629
Life of Captain JOHN UNDERHILL, Ys.....	4 8			
Lines on Revisiting Berkshre late in Autumn. By WILLIAM PITT PALMER.....	615		<b>R.</b>	
Low-born Squire's Unhappy Love, Ys.....	434		Reverie, A. By a New IONE.....	27
Lines to the Greek Slave By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.....	436		Recluse, The. By RALPH SKAWULF.....	44
La Bella Entristecida. By RICHARD HARWARDE.....	503		Rising with the Lark. By J. E. OTIS.....	203
Lament for Bishop ANDREWS. From the Latin of MILTON. By Rev. J. G. LYONS, LL.D.....	577		Rough Sketches of Female Figures.....	590
<b>LITERARY NOTICES.</b> History of the Conspiracy of PONTIAC, 67; Paro, or Scenes and Adventures on the Amazon, 70; BULWER and FORBES on WALTON, 70; Treatments, 71; CONQUESTS, 71; Voyages, 72; Wayside Flowers, 73; Memoirs of WILLIAM FLOWERS, 161; Fresh Gleanings, 182; Inquiry into the Causes of Natural Death, 163; GENEVA or the History of a Portrait, 164; Scenes in our Parish, 166; Mexican Service Afloat and Ashore, 365; Popular Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature, 366; WARE'S Sketches of European Capitals, 366; The Sea and the Sailor, &c., 449; Scenery and Mind, 450; Reports of the New-York State Engineer and Surveyor, 451; Lectures on the Lord's Prayer, 451; Essays by RICHARD H. DANA, 542; Epoch of the Creation, 546; Outlines of a System of Mechanical Philosophy, 547; The Ladies of the Covenant, 549; History of Alabama, 632; Fall of Poland, 633; The Captains of the Old World, 633; American Poetry, by A. B. STREET, 634; Swallow-Barn, 634; PUTNAM'S Home Cyclopaedia, 635.			<b>S.</b>	
			Stanzas: Repentance. By HAL.....	18
			Truth. By Miss A. C. CHAMBERLAIN.....	46
			Duty: An Extract.....	160
			Star-Gazing.....	427
			The River.....	502
			To My Wife.....	509
			Alone. By SIGMA.....	622
			By R. S. CHILTON.....	622
			Summer Rain. By E. M. BOURNE.....	32
			Soul's Refuge, The. By THOMAS MACKELLAN.....	19
			Sublime Force, The. By J. P. BROWNE, Esq.....	34
			Son-nade. By CLARENCE ELWIN.....	472
			Sequel to Saint Leger. By R. B. KIMBALL, Esq.....	608, 444
			Sketches in South Africa. By MONTOMERY D. PARKER.....	147, 571
			Song of the Mermald, The.....	337
			Summer Twilight: A Sonnet. By "NELL" FRANKS COPPITT.....	493
			Seeking Dinner Under Difficulties. By FRANCIS COPPITT.....	537
			Some Account of SMITH.....	589
			Steadfastness.....	608
			Sailor Boy's Death-Bed. By THE WANDERER.....	608
			Schediasms. Lake Rye: A Summer's Day-Dream.....	616
<b>M.</b>			<b>T.</b>	
Meister Karl's Sketch-Book. By CHARLES G. LELAND.....	49, 134, 330, 456, 527, 622		The Three-fold Nature of Man: A Legend. U. S. N.....	153
Minstrel's Curse, The. From the German of UNLAND.....	121		The Two Roads. By HORACE RUEBEL.....	293
MARIE LAFORET. By the author of Saint Leger.....	358		Things I Love. By CHARLES LELAND PORTER.....	232
Music of the Dollars and the Dimes.....	412		The Two Fishermen. From the Greek.....	588
			Tyrants in Tartarus. By C. D. STUART.....	608
			Tribute, A.....	608
			Thunder-Storm on the Tappan Zee. By MARY E. HEWITT.....	628
<b>N.</b>			<b>V.</b>	
Northern Scalds, The. By H. W. ELLSWORTH.....	1		Vision of Crime: A Freak of Fancy.....	98
Nut-Shells: A Poem By RUFUS HENRY BACON.....	350, 486			
New Spire at Innisfield, The. By F. H. UNDERWOOD.....	579		<b>W.</b>	
			Wissahicon, The By R. T. MACCOWN, U. S. N.....	109
<b>O.</b>			Wave and Wood, or Jack's Journal. By KIT KELVIN.....	426
Old-Time New-England Law-Suit.....	383			

74. 2/1

from *Crosby Mills*  
THE

# Knickerbocker,

OR



## NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1851.

NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 NASSAU STREET.

LONDON:  
JOHN CHAPMAN, 142 STRAND.

BOSTON:  
PETRIDGE & CO.: CROSBY & NICHOLS: REDDING & CO.  
PHILADELPHIA: W. B. ZIEBER.

1851.

JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER.

# KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE

## FOR 1851.

EDITED BY LOUIS QAYLORD OLARK.

In one of the chapters of the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts, yet in force, there is a declaration, "That the encouragement of the Arts and Sciences, and all good Literature, tends to the honor of God, the advancement of the Christian religion, and the great benefit of this and the other United States of America." It has ever been the highest purpose of the *Knickerbocker* to elevate the standard of American Literature. It has been the medium of introducing many of our most popular authors to the public. To those who take a pride in sustaining a good American Magazine, entirely national in its character, we look for support. Men of judgment need not be told that it is impossible to get up a Magazine entirely original at the same prices at which those made up from foreign sources are sold. The unremitting efforts of the Editor and Publisher will be continued to improve the work.

## THE THIRTY-EIGHTH VOLUME.

### REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

THE Thirty-eighth Volume of the *KNICKERBOCKER* commences with the present number, and this will be a very appropriate time for new subscribers to begin. We trust very many will be induced to do so by the great reduction in postage which will take place at that time. The *KNICKERBOCKER* can then be sent FIVE HUNDRED MILES FOR TWO AND A HALF CENTS, if prepaid. The subscriber will have to pay fifteen cents for three months' postage, if he is over five hundred miles from New-York, or seven and a half cents for the same period, if within five hundred miles of this city. The latter rate will embrace Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North-Carolina, and portions of Ohio and Michigan. The postage for fifteen hundred miles will be but five cents, if prepaid, and this will include Texas and Iowa, and extend six hundred miles west of the Mississippi.

To all new subscribers who will commence with the January number, the publisher will send all the numbers for this year free of postage.

### FOR FOUR YEARS FOR TEN DOLLARS.

The *KNICKERBOCKER* for 1848, '49, '50, and '51, will be sent to all who will forward Ten Dollars prepaid.

A full set of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, in thirty-seven volumes, for sale at the office.

## ST. LÉGER;

### OR THE THREADS OF LIFE.

THE Publisher has great pleasure in announcing to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* and to the public generally, that he has effected an arrangement with Mr. RICHARD B. KIMBALL, the author of this popular and extraordinary Romance, to give the Sequel in the pages of this Magazine. The first chapter appeared in the January Number, and will be continued regularly until completed. This work has already passed through three editions in this country, and two in England, and has received more favorable notice from the American and English press than any work of fiction which has been issued during the last five years.

### Terms—Five Dollars per Annum, in Advance.

All remittances, and every thing relating to the business of the Magazine, must be addressed to the Publisher,

SAMUEL HUESTON,

189 Nassau street, New-York.

# ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. THE NORTHERN SCALDS. FROM THE FRENCH: BY H. W. ELLSWORTH, . . .	1
II. LUCY: A PORTRAIT, . . .	11
III. THE PAGAN QUESTIONING DEATH, . . .	12
IV. AN AFRICAN LEGEND. BY MISS MARY A. E. TUTTLE, . . .	13
V. FANCIES ON FEMALES. BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR, . . .	16
VI. STANZAS: REPENTANCE. BY 'HAL,' . . .	18
VII. THE SOUL'S REFUGE: BY THOMAS MACKELLAR, . . .	19
VIII. EYES: TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH, . . .	20
IX. THE LAKES OF NEW-YORK: CAYUGA: CEDAR HEIGHTS, . . .	20
X. A REVERIE. BY A NEW 'IONE,' . . .	27
XI. A VISION OF CRIME: A FREAK OF FANCY, . . .	28
XII. SUMMER RAIN. BY E. M. BOURNE, . . .	32
XIII. THE SUBLIME PORTE. BY JOHN P. BROWN, Esq., . . .	34
XIV. A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD. BY JAMES LINEN, . . .	42
XV. THE RECLUSE. BY RALPH SEAWULF, . . .	44
XVI. SERENADE. BY 'CLARENCE ELWIN,' . . .	47
XVII. STANZAS: TRUTH. BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN, . . .	48
XVIII. SKETCH-BOOK OF MEISTER KARL, . . .	49
XIX. A HEART-PICTURE. BY 'LILY GRAHAM,' . . .	50
XX. A SEQUEL TO ST. LEGER. BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, Esq., . . .	60
XXI. COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. FROM THE SWEDISH OF TEGNER, . . .	65

## LITERARY NOTICES:

1. HISTORY OF THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC. BY FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR.,	67
2. PARA: OR SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE AMAZON, . . .	70
3. BULWER AND FORBES ON THE WATER TREATMENT, . . .	71
4. COGGESHALL'S VOYAGES TO VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD, . .	72
5. WAYSIDE FLOWERS. BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD, . . .	73

## EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. A VIEW FROM TELEGRAPH HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, . . .	74
2. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, . . .	76
1. LETTER FROM A FRIEND IN 'OLD VIRGINIA.' 2. 'THE UNION:' PATRIOTIC STANZAS. 3. DEMPSTER, THE EMINENT SCOTTISH VOCALIST, AT THE SOUTH. 4. AN EXTRO'DINARY MEDICAMENT, WITH 'CERTIFICATES OF CURES.' 5. A WORD TO 'E. B.' 6. 'EPISTLE PAUL.' 7. THE INFLUENCE OF THE DEAD: THE BELIEF OF SWEDENBORG AND HIS FOLLOWERS: THE 'NEW CHURCH.' 8. A SHARP RETORT. 9. ALPHABETICAL POETRY. 10. 'BROMMY,' THE COMPULSORY POLITICIAN AND 'CITIZEN-SOLDIER.' 11. SOUTHEY: HIS LOVE OF BOOKS: LINKS TO HIS LIBRARY. 12. THE RETORT KEEN AND 'RETORT COURTEOUS.' 13. 'THE SCALPEL, A JOURNAL OF HEALTH.' 14. THE LIFE OF LOVE: A METROPOLITAN WEDDING: 'BLACK-EYED SUSAN.' 15. THE TRUE POLICY OF A POPULAR GOVERNMENT. 16. A LITERARY SKE-'DRAGON OF WANTLEY.' 17. 'THE 'GLORIOUS FOURTH': BY JOHN G. SAXE, ESQ. 18. METROPOLITAN DRAMA, ETC. 19. LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE: LETTER FROM A BEREAVED FATHER. 20. PASSAGE FROM THE 'NOTE-BOOK OF AN UNDISTINGUISHED PRIVATE' IN THE MEXICAN WAR. 21. MODERN 'NATIVE' DRAMAS: 'NORMAN MAURICE, OR THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.' 22. MULCHINOCK'S 'SONGS AND BALLADS.' 23. ANECDOTE OF NEWTON: A 'BAROMETRER.' 24. 'THE ANGELS' SONG.' 25. 'THE UNKNOWN STATE.' 26. ANECDOTE OF GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE: REPRESENTATIONS OF 'THE PASSIONS.' 27. HARPER'S 'NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD GUIDE.' 28. A FELICITOUS 'ANACREONTIC.' 29. COPY-RIGHT LAW IN ENGLAND. 30. LINKS 'TO A MOTHER WATCHING OVER HER DEAD BABE.' 31. HAPPINESS REPRODUCTIVE. 32. THE 'JENNY LIND GLEE-BOOK.' 33. 'WAKE SNAKES!'—A SAD 'PRACTICAL JOKE.' 34. COMPREHENSIVE CERTIFICATE. 35. 'FUNERAL SONG AT THE GRAVE OF EVE:' BY THE LATE WALTER COLTON. 36. THE LONDON 'PROTECTIVES:' BY CHARLES DICKENS. 37. 'IT IS HER ANGEL:' TOUCHING LINES BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. 38. INSTRUCTION OF THE YOUNG. 39. VIEW FROM THE TOWER ON ROCKLAND HEIGHTS. 40. HORACE GREENEY AND 'CHAWLS YELLOWPLUSH' ON SEA-SICKNESS. 41. PIC-NIC AT JAMAICA. 42. 'THE PARTHENON.' 43. POETRY BY COLLATION. 44. FIRST MINISTER TO ENGLAND FROM THE 'REBEL COLONIES.' 45. A DIFFICULT CONUNDRUM. 46. HOME REMEMBRANCES. 47. 'CATACHRASES.' 48. 'LITERARY STYLE.' 49. TO PUBLISHERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. 50. SATTLE'S COSMORAMAS. 51. PUN BY 'RALPH SEAWULF.' 52. THE 'TABLE' ADJOURNED.	



---

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1851, BY  
SAMUEL HUESTON,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

---

1  
30-11-5  
1-30

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXVIII.

JULY, 1851.

No. 1.

## THE NORTHERN SCALDS.

BY HON. H. W. ELLSWORTH.

THE Scalds were the bards of the north, who, like the Celtic poets and Grecian rhapsodists, celebrated the history of gods and heroes. Like the composers of the Spanish 'romanceros,' they sung of glory and the battle-field. As did the Mennisingers, they too indulged in pride of ancestry, and walked by the side of earls and princes. Like Taillefero, the Norman troubadour, and Veit-Weter, the Swiss soldier, they personally mingled in the combats they described, fighting in the front rank of the battle.

The poetry of Scandinavia, like its history, dates from the migration of the Asiatic tribes, and is lost amid obscure tales or fabulous traditions. These tribes, so long called barbarous, exhibited nevertheless great veneration for poetry, which they attributed directly to the gods. They could well exclaim with Ovid :

*'Est Deus in nobis, et sunt commencement cœli  
Sedibusque ætheris spiritus ille venit.'*

Their tradition as to the origin of poetry, though abounding in absurdities, is yet strongly characteristic, and deserves a passing notice.

There was formerly a man called Kvaser, who became a god by his wisdom and intelligence. Two dwarfs, jealous of his reputation, slew him; and collecting his blood in a large vase, mingled it with honey. The blood of the sage, thus mixed with the virtue of flowers, became the source of poetry—the hipprocras of the Scandinavians. Whoever drank of it was immediately inspired, and capable of producing most harmonious tones upon the harp. The giant Sutting obtained this precious treasure, to which he attached a countless price, though he used it not, but gave it to the guardianship of his daughter Gunlæda, whom he shut up in a mountain. Meanwhile Odin, one of the chief gods,\* was seized

\* ELSEWHERE described as *chief* of the Scandinavian divinities.

with a desire to add to his other attributes the power of poetry. To accomplish this, it was necessary to seduce Sutting, whom neither flattery nor promises could soften, and who, barbarian-like, without enjoying his treasure, kept it closely from all others. Odin quitted his celestial abode, and, like Apollo with Admetus, passed a summer at the home of Sutting, busied with the care of flocks and harvests. He demanded as a recompense a few drops of the poetic honey. These were peremptorily refused, and Odin, in despair of overcoming the obstinacy of the giant, had recourse to stratagem. Changing himself to a serpent, he penetrated the mountain which contained the goblet, and approached Gunlæda, whom he flattered with attentions. The poor Gunlæda, as Eve did also, believed the persuasions of the serpent, and forgot the trust committed by her father. Odin obtained permission to take three draughts from the goblet, and in so doing drained its contents. But he forgot the sweet vows he had murmured to Gunlæda, and leaving the poor girl in tears, flew away as an eagle, to which he had transformed himself. Sutting, however, was a skilful magician, and discovering the robbery, pursued the ravisher, whom he was about to seize. While Odin was trembling with the fear of paying dearly for his treachery, he was surrounded by the *Æsers*—his celestial companions—presenting a large cup, into which he returned the mixture he had drank; though in the terror caused by Sutting, he suffered a few drops to fall upon the earth.\* These constitute the beverage of inferior poets, who have only to embrace the earth for its attainment, while the goblet of the gods is preserved on high, beyond all reach but that of genius and true inspiration. Odin alone distributes from the goblet, and has hence become the god of poetry.†

In the reigns of the three earliest Scandinavian monarchs, we find nothing but incomplete references to the Scalds, and mere fragments of their productions. In the sixth and seventh centuries they occupy a distinct place in history, and from the ninth to the thirteenth follow in regular succession, with ample details as to their names, lives, and compositions. The reign of 'Harald of the Fair Hair' was the golden era of the Scalds. This ambitious monarch, for the purpose of adding more solemnity to his battles and greater glory to his conquests, surrounded himself with poets. He collected the most renowned Scalds at his court, whom he retained by costly presents and attentions, receiving in return their tributes to his power and greatness. His successors manifested similar tastes; and some, as Magnus the Good and Harald Sigurdson, were themselves composers.

The Scalds resisted for a long time the anathemas launched by the first missionaries of Christianity. Olaf the Saint condemned their mythological superstitions, yet regarded it as due to his royal dignity to have numerous Scalds in attendance at his court. It was he who, when going forth to battle, thus addressed them: 'Place yourselves in the front rank of the army, that you may *witness* what you must describe, and do not receive the history from others.' Gradually, however, the spirit of Christianity was diffused amid the Northmen, and Scaldic poetry, the

\* FROM respect to poets, the original expression has been somewhat softened.

† BRAGA was generally regarded as the god of poetry.

daughter of Odin, became extinguished with the worship once paid to her great ancestor.

This species of poetry, judging from the earliest specimens, was clear, simple, and energetic, highly epic, and marked with the characteristics of a primitive age. At a later period it was altered by the Scalds, and became more labored in arrangement. In the days of Rolf Krage it was still young and vigorous, bursting wildly from the midst of the masses, and strong in the defence of Scandinavian nationality. Four centuries later it had passed to its decline, becoming vitiated and pretentious, affectedly seeking unusual forms, and buried in absurd neologisms or foreign metaphors. Then might be found poets who, fearing to be truly popular, introduced amid their compositions so many words of Finnish, Scotch, and Anglo-Saxon origin, that they ceased to be intelligible to the masses, and became a puzzle for the learned. When, as the result of great labor, the sense of these productions is finally attained, one is astonished at the resorts of the Scalds to conceal their thoughts from those who heard them. Seemingly ashamed to use the language of the people, they so elaborated their verses, sharpened their periods, and dealt in metaphor, as to leave behind the Italian 'conchetti,' and even the heterogeneous 'court poetry' of the Germans. No where else are to be found poets who so fear neatness and simplicity of expression, or who so continually employ periphrase. If they speak of the heavens, it is invariably as 'the cover of the mountains,' 'the house of the sun,' or 'the path of stars;' if of the earth, they address her as 'the daughter of night,' 'the flesh of Ymer,' 'the vessel floating upon ages.' Fire they designate as 'brother of the wind' and 'the enemy of forests;' gold they call the 'light of the waters' and 'the tears of Freya;' the sea is 'the blood of Ymer' and 'the circle of the world;' the head is 'the harvest-field of hair;' while blood is 'the lake of wounds' or 'the wine of birds of prey.\*' To all this must be added the equivocal expressions which they cherished with such predilection. With them, the same word is made to signify sea, horse, ship, buckler, fire, sword, wolf, and eagle; while often, in the use of these doubtful phrases, they join to one of their possible acceptations epithets properly belonging to another.

Besides all this, the Scalds are continually employing great poetic license. They not only suppress and add at pleasure, but often contract many letters in a word. They employ trope, epenthesis, syncope, metonymy, and ellipsis, like apt pupils of the school of Dumarsais. In the same composition, they often use the metrical verse of the ancients, the Italian *scioltto*, the rhyme-stanza of the present day, and the old alliterative measure of the German and Anglo-Saxon.

The Scalds have four different kinds of verse, which are as follows: 'Fornyrda-Lay,' 'Drott-Kwædit,' 'Togmett,' and 'Rundherit.' The first is the most ancient, and was sometimes called elf-chant, from a popular belief that fairies used it in their intercourse with men. The second is best known, and was frequently employed in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. In the third the lines rhyme alternately, some having the full measure, and others a species of demi-rhythm, difficult at first

\* Vide Hist. Anglo-Saxons, by SHARON TURNER, vol. III. p. 274. CEDMON, in his poem on the Deluge, (Anglo-Saxon,) employs more than thirty synonymes to describe NOAH'S ark.

glance to perceive. The fourth is the most recent, and of frequent use at present throughout Iceland.

The two most celebrated forms of poetry are the *DRAPA* and the *FLOCKR*. The *Drapa* is a species of heroic ode adapted to festivals and battles, the dithyrambic measure of which kings loved to hear around them. The *Flockr* also possesses a certain solemnity, but is shorter. The Scald Loftunya once chanted a *Flockr* before King Canute, who reproved him, saying he had previously been addressed only in the *Drapa*.

These two were the great legitimate forms of poetry; but the Scalds varied at pleasure their rhyme, metre, and alliterations. It is apparent, in the fragments which have descended to us, that they sought to create metrical difficulties, in the hope of adding to the value of their efforts. Nor is this poetic error so uncommon as may be supposed. Simon of Rhodes wrote a poem to which he gave the form of an *egg*, and another shaped like a *hatchet*. The Latin poem, each word of which commences with the letter P, is well known to classical scholars, and so are the French pieces entitled the *Battle of Panard* — the acrostic traversed four times by the name it gives; the '*batelé quartain*,' in which the rhyme at the end of each line is repeated near the commencement of the second;\* the *quartain double-rhyme*, of which Marot has left us some examples;† and the '*quartain fraternisé*,' where the word ending each line, or part of the same, reappears in the line succeeding;‡ together with other forms more or less irregular.

But the poetry of the Scalds possesses another merit than that of versification, in its traditional character and authenticity. It contains documents the loss of which could never be replaced, with numerous essential facts not elsewhere found in northern history. We owe indeed to the Scalds all those precious fragments which form the basis of the chronicles of Saxo Grammaticus and Snorre Sturleson. We have also derived from them those beautiful strophes interwoven in the Sagas and Eddas; in other words, the whole Scandinavian cosmogony and theogony.

The Scalds, though apparent, are not real borrowers from others. They were actually inspired by the times in which they lived, the events in which they participated, and the country of their love. None could be better fitted as historians of their respective epochs, grasping as they did, at the same time, the extreme rounds of social progress. By birth they belonged, in general, to the common people, while by education they became the equals of the great and associates of princes, by whose side they marched to battle. They were both witnesses and actors, observing and recounting in verse the results of their observations, some of them being able as improvisators to recount at once the facts that arrested their attention. Raynal, Count of the Orkneys, boasted that he had frequently

\* QUAND NEPTUNE, puissant dieu de la mer,  
Cessa d'armer casaque et galeas,  
Les Galliciens bien le durent aimer  
Et réclamer ces grands eaux salées.

† LA blanche columbelle, belle  
Souvent je voy priant, criant.

‡ DIEU garde ma maîtresse et regente,  
Gente de corps et façon, etc.  
Pour dire vray au temps qui court  
Cour est un périlleux passage.

composed entire poems on unpremeditated subjects ; and the Scald Siward, who always hesitated when speaking prose, expressed himself with the greatest facility when he sung in verse.

A portion of the Scald songs which we know were composed in Denmark ; others in Sweden or Norway ; and perhaps the most in Iceland. But from the wandering habits of their composers, they have been circulated throughout Scandinavia.

The Scalds quitted their country animated by the ardent hopes and impatience of youth, but returned to it with the wisdom and reminiscences of maturer age. They passed long years in the search of adventure, singing as they went from village to village, bearing nothing with them but their lute and sword. Poets were they in the midst of poverty, liable at any moment to exchange the melody of verse for the clang of the sabre ; resembling restless, weary birds, to whom Nature had denied the green shelter of the forest, and forced to build their nests on battle-fields or along the shores of wind-vexed oceans.

When a Scald arrived at the court of a prince, he announced himself as a poet, and was so received. In each festive saloon a seat was reserved for him, from which he sung to those assembled. 'It was an old custom,' says Odin, in the Hearnamal, 'to sit beside the Scalds and reduce to memory their songs of ancient time. While they thus recounted the histories of various people, I regarded and was silent.'

The Scalds frequently repeated their strophes, which the attendant confidants learned by heart, and thus rescued from oblivion. It was the desire of kings that they should do so ; and it is related of Edward of England that previous to recompensing the poet Hille, he commanded his attendance sufficiently long to fix indelibly the songs he uttered.

In those times of general ignorance, the Scald was not only a faithful historian and skilful versifier, but he was also one who had travelled much, and whose judgment and intelligence had been developed by poetic instinct. He was at once poet and philosopher, ranking with the nobles of the empire, having for his armorial bearings a rose upon a buckler.

But whenever a prince had once rendered a proper tribute to the talent and character of these energetic poets, he had also secured their unwavering fidelity.

On one occasion a tempest shattered the vessel of the young Scald Starkoddr upon the coast of Denmark. He was little known, but from his imposing appearance was well received by King Froddr, who, pleased with his martial air, equipped another vessel, in which the poet revisited Sweden, England, Ireland, and subsequently the shores of the Baltic, penetrating even to Poland and Russia. During these voyages he attacked numerous pirates, and amassed vast riches, which he returned to share with the king, to whom he recounted his adventures. Whenever he heard of a celebrated warrior, he sought him out for combat, and hastened to the succor of all who were unfortunate.

Meanwhile Froddr, his friend and benefactor, was assassinated, leaving a son whom Starkoddr would not deprive of the glory of avenging his father. Starkoddr therefore retired to Sweden, where he passed his time in recounting former battles or preparing for new ones, until he learned the seduction of Helge by an under officer. He departed immediately, and

arriving in Denmark, entered the tent of the officer in complete disguise, where he seated himself in silence. He soon learned the truth of the report, and observed, while continually pressing his dagger, the numerous caresses Helge lavished upon her seducer. He was finally recognized by Helge, who from that moment rejected the advances of her lover. Starkoddr sprang to his feet, while the unhappy officer, pale and affrighted, riveted his gaze upon the iron hand and sword which seemed to menace his destruction. Without the means of defence or power of flight, he cowered beneath the indignant glance of the Scald, as a defenceless bird before the bloody vulture. Starkoddr, after having tantalized him with the agonies of anticipated death, turned away with disgust, exclaiming: 'I will not tarnish my reputation as a warrior by punishing a villain like yourself. I impose no other chastisement than the gift of life.' 'For,' adds Saxo Grammaticus, 'Starkoddr was one who believed that crime and its attendant remorse were far more terrible than death.'

At a subsequent period Helge married the son of a neighboring monarch, and the Scald returned to Sweden. But learning that Ingle, the new King of Denmark, so far from avenging the death of his father, had become the friend of his assassin and espoused his sister, he returned to the palace, and without announcing himself, took the seat of honor assigned of old by Froddr. The queen ordered him to retire, and the Scald, without endeavoring to justify himself, complied, but in his indignation struck so forcibly against the columns of the hall, that the whole house trembled. The king, on returning from a hunt, recognized his father's friend, and although burdened by his presence, ordered him a grand reception, while the queen demanded pardon for her error. Starkoddr, however, heeded neither flattery nor protestations, but seated himself at the festival prepared for the occasion like one in mourning. He could not but compare the table, now loaded with choice meats and costly liquors, with the simpler board of his former patron; and when the king, pressing him to drink, offered also the viands reserved for his own use, the old warrior refused them with unqualified disgust. 'I came here,' he exclaimed, 'to see the son of Froddr, not a wretched voluptuary who dreams only of rich living.' Hearing the German language spoken around him, his northern pride revolted at its accents. Suddenly the murderers of the late king appeared to take their places, when the indignant glance of the Scald so affrighted the queen, that snatching the golden diadem from her head, she presented it, hoping to appease his anger. It was rejected with contempt, the Scald exclaiming: 'Offer not these foolish gew-gaws as a present. Presume you that an old soldier is to be corrupted, like a woman, by the sight of gold? He who could adorn his head with such ornaments is no hero, for the true armor of the warrior is the scar and sword.' Thus speaking, he bounded toward the assassins of Froddr, whom he trampled under foot, and departed to his warrior-life in Sweden.

If, by his natural vocation, the Scald occupied the front rank in the mansions of the great, it is equally to be remembered that, led by the reminiscences of childhood and family affection, he loved also to descend to the hearts of the common people. Even in the midst of the brilliant saloons where the hydromel flowed from golden goblets, he remembered

the humble roof which had often sheltered him, and beside his own hearth repeated in the evening to old companions the songs that had won him in the morning the rich decorations of some earl. The cry of the oppressed and the complaint of poverty were softened as they trembled amid the echoes of his harp. When he thus sung, kings listened more attentively, and poetry established a mysterious tie between the slave and the master, the cottage and the throne.

Judging from the history of Saxo Grammaticus, the Scandinavians were passionately addicted to all kinds of poetry. When Froddr III. died, he left no legitimate successor, as the only one who could have any pretensions had fled to Russia, where it was supposed he had long since perished. The Danes therefore promised the crown to him who should compose the best poem on the death of the late monarch. Saxo does not inform us under what circumstances the selection was made, but a poor Scald, named Biarn, until that time little known, bore away the palm from every rival. At the Olympic games, even Sophocles never obtained any other royal decoration than a poetic crown; and Petrarch, when conducted in triumph to the Capitol, received only a laurel-wreath from the attendant cardinals.

Some of the Scalds belonged to the most noble families in Scandinavia, and, as in Germany and France, might be often seen in the midst of menisingers and troubadours, princes, earls and dukes, composing the *Flockr* or *Drapa*, and bearing with pride the name of poet. But whether born in the mansion of the noble or the cottage of the peasant, the Scalds were equally and beyond all else warriors. The sword effaced all rank and distances. War was their delight, and each of them could exclaim with Antor, the Arabian hero, 'My ancestry is my strength, my nobility, my courage. Am I asked for a genealogy? I present my lance and sword.'

We are not to expect therefore, in their compositions, those refined ideas and tender reveries painted by more modern poets. Their harp will not sigh as the guitar, or murmur like the mandolin. The feeble, timid hand of the young maiden cannot woo a sound from it, and even tears will cause no vibration in those strings of steel. But beneath the nervous pressure of the Scald, those cords will ring like the clarion, and *reëcho* as the trumpet. The Scald sings the intoxication of the battle and heroic glory; he tells of magic bucklers, and wondrous swords, cleaving chains asunder and dividing solid mountains. He chants of the Valkyries, who collect the dead from battle-fields and prepare the banquets of Valhalla. When he abandons himself to the full promptings of enthusiasm, the hearts of surrounding warriors palpitate at the recital, while each sword springs from out its scabbord. At the hour of combat the Scald, throwing aside his harp, rushes forward, arms in hand, to the front rank of the conflict. While perishing, he smiles at death as it approaches; and even then, should the memory of early love steal over him, he utters it in poetry!

The Scald Gisle, when pursued by his enemies, bounded upon a rock and defended himself for a long time valiantly. He was finally conquered, and declared in dying, as his greatest consolation, that his wife would know the valor with which he had combated. 'My young wife,'



he exclaimed, 'will be proud when my enemies extol my bravery. I have yet courage though the sword has hewn me asunder. It was from my father I received this great power of endurance.'

Hjalmar fell upon the field of battle, and sung: 'My armor is broken. I am pierced with sixteen wounds. All is dark before me. I stagger, and can go no longer. The sword of Agantyr has penetrated to my heart, and had I five mansions I could not inhabit one of them. The beautiful daughter of Helmir told me I should gaze on her no more. Take from my finger this golden ring, and bear it to my Ingenborg. She will know that I have perished. I behold approaching me the ravens, and behind them are the eagles. I shall be their nourishment until my heart's blood is exhausted.'

The Scald Hagbard, who was one day with the daughter of a Danish king, thus addressed her: 'If your father knew I was here, who have killed his sons and seduced his daughter, how gladly would he cast me into prison; and you, where would you be when I died?' 'I should die also,' was the firm reply. A few days afterward Hagbard was surprised while in her company, and condemned to death. On his way to the scaffold, he desired to know whether his mistress would be faithful to her promise. He therefore prayed the executioner to go forward, bearing a robe, which he gave him. At the sight of this the young girl, confident of her lover's death, set fire to her residence and perished in the flames. Hagbard then proceeded with his death-song: 'Hasten, oh, hasten to destroy me. It will be sweet, my beautiful betrothed, to join you in the world of spirits! Hear you the hissing of those flames? See you those whirling fire-sparks? To me they were like a banner of fidelity. The devotion of her I love mounts higher than the flames. Happy indeed, idol of my heart, have you made me at this moment. You have redeemed your promise. In death as in life, we are still united. That which you swore to do as woman, you have nobly done as heroine. Hasten, oh, hasten, for I now know that even within the realms of death, true love can never die. I come, my beloved, to renew our happiness. From north to south will resound our united death-chant. It shall be heard on earth and reëchoed in the heavens, that equally faithful and equally beloved, we are happy now together.'

The most celebrated Scald of Scandinavia was Ragnar Lodbrok, King of Denmark. History gives the principal details of his life, while popular tradition has developed and adorned them. His *Saga* is one of the most ancient and authentic.

There was formerly, according to this *Saga*,\* a powerful king in Gotland, who had a beautiful daughter named Thora. She was tenderly beloved by her father, whose constant care consisted in seeking out new pleasures, and preparing festivals for her amusement. He built for her a splendid palace, to which he brought one morning a beautiful serpent of the rarest species known in Scandinavia; its eyes were piercing, its head finely shaped, and its skin richly variegated, while at the same time it was graceful and winning in its movements. Thora received the serpent with much satisfaction, and having placed it on a golden cushion, trans-

\* *SAGA RAGNARS KONUNG'S LODBROKAR*. Published by RAFN in his *Fornaldar Sögur*, T. II, p. 237.

ferred it to a cage. Suddenly the serpent began to increase in size in a most alarming manner. At first one could hold it in the hollow of the hand, and it occupied merely a small corner of its prison. It soon burst the barrier that confined it, and coming out, extended through the room, and afterward throughout the house, which it finally encircled with innumerable folds. As the serpent grew, its cushion increased also, until resting upon it with flaming eyes, it completely terrified by its gaze and hissings all who endeavored to approach it. The king, in his alarm, caused a proclamation to be made that he would bestow the hand of his daughter on the destroyer of the monster. Ragnar, the son of Sigurd, King of Denmark, heard this strange story, and determined to deliver Thora. He caused a suit of armor to be made of copper, tempered in bitumen; and, lance in hand, advanced to the young girl's residence. The serpent vomited streams of venom, but Ragnar, protected by his armor, buried his steel lance deep within its vitals. Soon after he espoused Thora, who presented him with two sons, equally distinguished for strength and valor. She died, however; and Ragnar, to console himself, became a pilgrim-warrior, bearing away the palm from all competitors.

One day he arrived in Norway, where his companions, disembarking, discovered, in a miserable cabin, a maiden named Kraka, of surpassing beauty. They spoke of her with enthusiasm to Ragnar, who in return gave them one of those enigmas so common in the middle ages. 'If,' said he, 'this maiden is so beautiful as you represent, bring her to me; but let her come neither naked nor clothed, without having eaten or being hungry, without arriving alone, and yet accompanied by no one.'

Kraka, on hearing this enigma, comprehended it, and prepared to effect its solution. She permitted her long flaxen hair to fall around her body, which she enveloped in a fish-net. She also drank a hastily-prepared soup, and went forth attended by no one, but followed by a dog. The king became enamored, and espoused her.

Time passed on, and Ragnar, tired with inactivity, equipped a vessel, and resumed his explorations of foreign countries. He visited the King of Sweden, who received him with great deference, and placed him at a banquet in the seat of honor. The king had a beautiful daughter, Ingemborg, whom Ragnar saw, and forgot his vows to Kraka. On his return to Sweden his wife questioned him as to his adventures. He replied that he had none to recount. Three times she thus addressed them, and then spoke as follows: 'I know all that has happened. You have demanded Ingemborg in marriage, and are soon to wed her. Your companions have not revealed this secret to me, but I have learnt it from three birds which have been hovering around you. I am not however affronted at your project, for I am not, as you have hitherto believed, the daughter of a peasant, but I am Aslagua, the child of Sigurd, who killed Fafnir. In proof of what I say, I shall bear you a son in whose eyes will appear the picture of a dragon.' Her words were confirmed, and Ragnar refused the contemplated marriage.

On learning this determination, the King of Sweden sent to his various tribes the arrow, (or symbol of war,) and assembled his troops to avenge the injury done to his daughter. But the sons of Ragnar, like their father, were intrepid warriors. They had already stood in the front

rank of battle, and shed the blood of their opposers. The two eldest, Agnor and Erik, during the absence of the remainder on a voyage, demanded the privilege of leading on the Danish army. The opposing forces met upon the battle-field, and the children of Ragnar were sustaining themselves with bravery, when a bull suddenly rushed amid the ranks of their army, scattering the lines and affrighting their companions with his bellowings. In vain did the brothers seek to rally the flying troops, or to supply the loss sustained by their own courage. Agnor fell covered with wounds, while Erik was taken prisoner and condemned to death. At this result Aslagua wept, and her tears, says the chronicle, were red as blood and hard as hail-stones. At the same time it was announced that another of her absent sons had fallen gloriously upon a distant field of combat. This intelligence she heard with the pride of a Spartan mother, exclaiming, 'This son has nobly stained with blood his buckler. He has died a true hero, and will go to Odin.'

During these contests Ragnar was far distant in foreign countries, but Aslagua swore his returning sons to avenge their brothers, fanning the flame already kindled in their bosoms, and determined herself to head the forces that were sent to Sweden.

When the opposing armies were the second time arrayed for battle, and the Scalds had chanted the preparatory songs, King Erik again loosed his raging bull. But Ivar had constructed an immense bow, fitted with huge arrows, which was discharged by numerous soldiers until the monster was annihilated. At this defeat fear seized upon the Swedes, who fled disorderly, and were pursued by the sons of Ragnar, covering the ground with dead and wounded.

From this moment the young princes followed an adventurous career, hastening from place to place, taking fortresses by assault, destroying villages—every where regarded as a scourge, and yet every where victorious. It is asserted that they penetrated as far as Switzerland, and would have gone to Rome had they known of its position. While counselling upon the subject, and exhausting all their knowledge, they perceived approaching at a distance a man wearing the broad hat and costume of a traveller, when the following conversation ensued:

'Who are you?'

'I am a traveller.'

'Do you know this spot?'

'I know all spots where man is found, for I have passed my life in travelling.'

'Are we far from Rome?'

'Far from Rome? Look at these iron shoes I wear, and the pair upon my shoulders. Both are nearly gone. I have come direct from Rome. When I left there they were new!'

The sons of Ragnar, naturally regarding the route a long one, returned northward.

Ragnar, meanwhile, had arrived in Denmark, having heard along the route the exploits of his children. The glory they had acquired reanimated the old warrior, who again determined to traverse the seas in search of combats, and to extend his fame in Scandinavia. Suddenly all things become animate with the bustle of preparation in the Danish

states. Forges groan with the fabrication of armor and lances, while the tributary chiefs assemble their troops for new engagements, and Ragnar equips two new vessels. The neighboring kings are alarmed at these preparations, and tremble lest their countries are the object of attack. Lodbrok declares, however, his design to conquer England, and embarks for that purpose. Aslagua, affected by some strange presentiment, bears to him, at the moment of departure, a suit of armor, consecrated by Odin, and equally impenetrable by fire or steel.

Elli, King of England, has been warned of this invasion, and advances to meet Ragnar with a numerous army. An obstinate combat commences, during which the Danes perform prodigies of valor. Ragnar beholds his companions gradually fall around him, but remains full of courage, protected by his armor. He is finally surrounded, taken prisoner, and placed, by order of the king, in a ditch filled with serpents. Here he remains for a whole day, uninjured. Finally he is divested of his armor by the order of Elli, when the vipers glide at once upon their victim. The old warrior, conscious that his death approaches, chants his death-song:

'I have combated with the sword! Long since, in Gottland, I destroyed the monster and took Thora as my bride. My sword pierced the vitals of the serpent. The monster felt my strength, and I gained the name of Lodbrok.

'I have combated with the sword! I was yet young, when I furnished, in the east, a repast for the hungry wolves and a banquet for the birds of prey. Then arose the sea beyond its bounds, and the raven walked in blood.

'I have combated with the sword! Ere twenty years had come to me did I brandish my lance in the hottest of the combat, and at the mouth of the Dyrer did I slay eight earls. The wolves gathered to the battle, and the blood of many warriors dyed the sea.

'I have combated with the sword! The spouse of Hedir did not quit me when I sent the warriors of Helsingor to the halls of Odin. I ascended Ifa. The bite of the arrow was felt, and the rivers ran with the warm blood of the wounded. The sword groaned upon the armor, and the axe destroyed the strong buckler.

'I have combated with the sword! I am now about to accomplish my destiny. No one can escape the Fates, yet did I think that Elli would become the disposer of my life, when I gave the banquet to the vultures, when I bounded amid the billows, and left food for the eagles in the bays of Russia.

'I have combated with the sword! I rejoice when I remember the couches where repose the favored guests of Balder. Soon shall I too drink from the golden horns. The warrior sighs not on account of death when he enters the splendid halls of Fiolnir. I shall speak no word of fear as I tread the courts of Vidar.

'I have combated with the sword! The sons of Aslagua will hasten, with arms sharpened by the God of battles, when they know the torments I endure, and hear of the serpent-girdle that surrounds me. I have given my sons a mother who has adorned the world with heroes!

'I have combated with the sword! Death is now approaching. The

serpents press on me with force, and the vipers eat into my heart. I know that the wrath of Vidar will weigh heavy upon Elli. Rage will possess my sons when they hear the destruction of their father, and the eagerness of youth will allow them no repose.

'I have combated with the sword! Fifty and one times have I led my sons to battle! and never have I found one stronger than myself. As a youth I learned to redden the sharp iron. Now the Asers call me. I do not regret to die!

'I finish my existence. The Valkyries of Odin are already seeking me. Gladly shall I sit upon the elevated seats and drink with the Asers. The hours of my life tremble at their end, and I die smiling!'

When the King of England heard the death of the hero, he feared the vengeance of his sons, and immediately dispatched messengers to learn their dispositions. The envoys found the four sons of Ragnar assembled, and recounted their sad story. When they spoke of the manner in which the aged warrior died, Biorn pressed his lance so strongly that he left the print of his fingers in the handle, while Hurtserk crushed a chequer till the blood gushed from his nails, and Sigurd cut with a knife he held, even to the bone, without perceiving it.

Soon after, the four brothers assembled their army and invaded England, but were beaten, and returned to seek new troops. Ivar, however, who was the most artful, quitted them and sought out Elli. 'I promise,' said he, 'that I will no more take up arms against you if you will give me, within your kingdom, as much ground as I can cover with a bull's hide.' The king, who knew not the story of Dido, smiled as he accorded so humble a request. Ivar cut the hide into minute threads, and surrounded a large extent of territory, in which he built London. There he held his court, attracting, by presents and promises, the chief inhabitants, until, confident of their assistance, he sent for his brothers with their army. They arrived with immense forces, and Elli, deceived by the cunning of Ivar, and deserted by his former adherents, in vain attempted to defend himself. The sons of Ragnar conquered and then tortured him. All of them but Ivar returned to Denmark, happy in thus having revenged their father's murder.

Ivar reigned for many years in England, and at his death ordered his subjects to bury him on that side of the kingdom most open to invasion, that he might still protect his country after his decease. His will was executed, and in 1066, when Haral entered England, he landed near the tomb of Ivar, where he perished. On the approach of William the Conqueror the tomb was opened, and the undecayed body of Ivar burnt to ashes, after which there was nothing to oppose a conquest.

Thus closes the Saga of Ragnar, whose name yet remains popular in Scandinavia, while the peasants of Iceland still recall those early days and sing his death-song.

---

L U C Y : A F R A G M E N T

FAIR is the damsel—passing fair;  
Sunny at distance gleams her smile;  
Approach—the cloud of woful care  
Hangs trembling in her eye the while.

## THE PAGAN QUESTIONING DEATH.

—  
 "THE outward darkness, and the inward light."  
 —

## I.

O *mist* of night and blindness, that must hang  
 Before the life to come!  
 O Tomb! that closes once with iron clang,  
 And is for ever dumb!

## II.

Ships, which go forth upon the boundless main,  
 And perish far at sea,  
 Are tossed in fragments to the land again —  
 But naught returns from thee.

## III.

No whisper comes from all the generations,  
 Through thy dark portals thrust;  
 No breath of life, among the buried nations,  
 One moment stirs their dust.

## IV.

No souls beneath, e'er struggling into sight,  
 Heave up the silent ground;  
 Though the green sod above them is so light —  
 So frail the crumbling mound.

## V.

I listen by the sea, to catch some tone  
 From spirits that are fled;  
 There is no voice in its eternal moan,  
 No voice, of all its dead.

## VI.

The stars look coldly down when man is dying,  
 The moon still holds its way;  
 Flowers breathe their perfume round us; winds keep sighing;  
 Naught seems to pause or stay.

## VII.

Yes! blindly on — o'er all that thinks and feels,  
 The Universe must roll;  
 Though at each turn its adamant wheels  
 Crush out a human soul!

## VIII.

Toward yon bright vault of heaven I dare not raise  
 The cry of my despair,  
 Lest I should hear the echo which betrays  
 That all is empty there.

## IX.

Yet has my Soul within the gift of seeing  
 Beyond this earth and sky;  
 I *feel* the immortal instinct of my being —  
 I *know* it cannot die!

## AN AFRICAN LEGEND.

BY MISS MARY A. B. TUTTLE.

It is long years since I heard a tale,  
A legend wild and strange,  
Of a burning clime, where the sultry air  
Is never known to change;  
But oft I think, in my mournful hours,  
Of that legend sad and strange.

'T was of a traveller, young and bold,  
In Afric's fatal land:  
The lordly Niger had tempted him  
To tread the glittering sand;  
To leave the cot where his sisters dwelt,  
A happy household band.

But he grew lonely and sick at heart,  
And pined to see again  
His childhood's home, where the fragrant flowers  
Crept over the window-pane;  
And longed for the welcome waiting him  
Far over the tossing main.

He thought of one, with her earnest eyes,  
In that far land away,  
Whose sunny hair and radiant brow  
He dreamed of night and day;  
Till, starting, he cried, in Afric's land  
He would no longer stay.

But, alas! ere he could reach the shore,  
Came tidings o'er the wave,  
That she he loved with a love intense  
Lay shrouded in the grave;  
Then blanched the cheek of that trav'ler bold,  
And trembled then the brave!

But a strange light shone in his deep dark eye;  
He laughed in frantic glee:  
'I will go,' he said, 'and seek the lost  
In desert wild and free;  
I shall find her where the sand lies piled  
In billows, like the sea.'

'T was in vain they told him she had died  
In his own sunny land;  
That the willows waved above her grave,  
By summer breezes fanned;  
And the earth was heaped upon her breast,  
Instead of desert sand.

It was all in vain: 'She is not dead,'  
Said he, with cheerful air;

'I hear her voice, which the scented winds  
Have hasted here to bear ;  
Her silver tones from the desert waste,  
'They bid me seek her there.'

And he went forth, that desolate one,  
To the desert, bleak and vast,  
Where the snow-white sand in columns high  
Its glittering wreaths did cast ;  
But he heeded not the eddying sand,  
Nor yet the scorching blast.

But at last he weary grew, and faint,  
And dimmer was his eye ;  
Till with parchéd lip and fevered brow,  
He laid him down to die,  
Where the burning sand in many a wave  
Went wildly surging by.

There came to him, as he fainting lay,  
A white-plumed message-bird ;  
And strangely like was the tune she sung  
To one he oft had heard ;  
And her earnest eyes within his heart  
A thousand memories stirred.

'T was the eye, the voice of her, the lost,  
That bird with plume of snow ;  
With dew from her wing she wet his lips,  
And fanned him soft and low,  
Till the fever was quenched within his veins,  
And cooled his brow's fierce glow.

Then he rose refreshed, and journeyed on ;  
But hovering round him there  
Was that wondrous bird, with radiant eyes,  
And pinions brightly fair ;  
And she sung, in music sweet and wild,  
Full many a plaintive air.

When the desert breath came thick and hot,  
She, fluttering, waved her wing,  
Till, fresh from its folds of living light,  
The soft, cool air would spring ;  
As the perfumed incense sweetly floats,  
Which silver censers fling.

And when the angry simoom came,  
All closely she would fold  
Her pinions pale round his trembling form,  
Upon the dreary wold,  
And shelter him, till darkly by  
The mighty storm had rolled.

The legend tells that he wanders yet,  
With strength that ne'er shall fail ;  
And travellers say they have sometimes seen  
That bird with snowy sail,  
Or heard the sound of her music sweet  
Borne on the desert gale.



## FANCIES ON FEMALES.

‘Écoutez ici jouvencelles,  
Écoutez aussi demoiselles!’

‘FOR of one thousand men, saith SOLOMON, I found one good man; but certes of all women, good woman found I never.’—TALIS OF MELIBRIS.

SOME old cynic says that women are like coin: you can not tell what they are worth until you *ring* them. He should, according to Hood, have called them *belles* for that reason; but probably recollecting the apostrophe of the thief to the chimes, mentioned by the brothers Percy, his gallantry may have gotten the better of his veracity, and suffered many an Alcestis to go uninsulted. If the worth of women be unknown till one wrings them, their simile should be chickens, even if they were ‘no chickens;’ not at all to insinuate that they were not game, or were chicken-hearted, and would n’t ‘come up to the scratch,’ but merely to suggest that their excellences came out, like Mark Tapley’s, best under the most discouraging circumstances.

Thinking on this most delicious subject, it occurred to us to follow up the strain of the old misogynist, and see what his visions of wifedom, and womandom, and babydom were; in fact, as the Southerners have it, ‘to run it in the mud.’ And we know of no better method to commence than that adopted by that most intelligent of persons, the critic of the *Eatonswill Gazette*, who, it will be remembered, when composing an elaborate article on Chinese metaphysics, looked in the *Encyclopædia* for the word ‘China,’ and then for ‘metaphysics,’ and combined the information thus obtained. First we eviscerate the ‘wo,’ and find that it is either an exclamation of stoppage or hindrance, first applied to females who, in the good old times, were doing their duty in front of the plough, (this we have literally, good reader, from the Norman-French ‘*Devoirs de Fem.*’ or the legal duties of women, by *Plow-den*, a great rake in those days,) instead of bothering their heads over ‘What *are* we going to have for dinner to-day?’ or the last crochét stitch, and afterward, by an anti-hyperbole, to horses; or else it is that concentration of misery which, however debased by philologists, appears conclusively to me to be the future tense of the owl-like verb *to woo*. Having got thus far, what can be clearer? It may be derived from the German verb *wo-mann*, (Whither, O husband!) in which miserable combination of words any body possessing that demj-vision not accurately defined in optics as half an eye, can tell the original of that stoppage, let, or hindrance, which bawls out in a shrill *sfogato*, from a rapid wrapper at the top of the stairs, ‘Where *are* you going tonight? Can’t you —’ The rest is fortunately lost in a vain attempt to get up stairs slip-shod without losing one slipper every alternate third step. Or if it is not *Woh! man*, what can be better than this plain, unaltered, merely bisected banner of grief, *wo-man*? It don’t require a Champollion or a Gell to decipher *that*. It stares you in the face, (I was about to say on the first blush, but the word is obsolete.) Every school-boy can tell you how, from Mrs. Eve in Paradise to Mrs. Rush the Eng-

lish murderess, the lady *race* (*race des dames*) has been the spring from which all have drunk their first misery.

'WOMEN! Help, HEAVEN! Men their creation mar  
In profiting by them.'

The old language-makers knew this so well, that they made, that unfortunate conjunction of persons in orange-blossoms and tears but a synonyme of bitterness. The word 'marry,' *unde derivatur?* Why, not from any French nonsense signifying trousseaux, or cadeaux, or scented handkerchiefs, or any thing like that, but from the stern Hebrew *marah*, meaning bitterness. Therefore, when any antediluvian youth or damsel were 'taken out of the shafts (being minors) and put in double harness,' every body knew what was coming, and they were said to be 'marah'd,' i. e., embittered; whence married. There is no denying this induction: it's too plain to be avoided.

'NEEDLES and pins! needles and pins!  
When a man marries his trouble begins,'

says Solomon; and he, with his three hundred wives, ought to know if any body should. Marriages in the east were always celebrated in the afternoon, so that any body who chose to go to old Mehemet Guy's or Ali Hassan Delmonico's and get their morning *bitters* — *Allah! hu!* — were not said to be *married*, but only *merried*; and this is a nice distinction for love-sick *potatoes*, either great or small, Irish or sweet. Byron understood this so well, that we have it on the best authority that the original celebrated lines in *Childe Harold* ran thuswise:

—— 'THE child of love,  
Born in bitters, and nurtured in a cocktail;'

and was only dissuaded from so publishing them by the Countess Guiccioli, who pointed out to him the anachronism in the last sentence — at that time no mint having been produced in Europe.

But we have got from off our subject, and must return. We think it proved that man and woman were never intended, and are totally unfit, for one another. But the only person who ever did know any thing about the sex, says that

'Two women placed together makes cold weather.' — HENRY VIII.

Now, leaving out of the calculation the disagreeable consequences of a continued hibernation, and the rise in blankets and black velvet, it must appear to every candid mind that a very important question here suggests itself to the politico-economist. That woman can't live with man without a marriage, (which is bitterness,) we have clearly seen. That she can't exist with another woman without spoiling the spring vegetables, is equally positive. Then where can she live? What *can* she do? The old opinion that women are angels — which, thank HEAVEN, has not been left for us to refute — might have settled the question. But Eloisa and Mde. Brinvilliers have smashed that doctrine. So we have hit on a solution for which we claim no little praise, and for which we expect an osculatory vote of thanks from all the oppressed, from fifteen years up to twenty. This is it: Women, knowing their own deficiencies, and this extreme frigidity of atmosphere consequent on their self-connection, feel

the necessities of their situation, and the demands of the age on them, and thereupon go immediately and with a hearty good-will to work and embroil themselves, or as it is technically called, 'get into hot water.' Am not I right? Did any one ever hear of a female coterie or assemblage but what this very remarkable phenomenon took place therein? Like Jupiter in the *Cymbalum Mundi*, they see the mercury going down, begin to grow chilly, are aware of its direful effects on the world, and with a heroism regardless of cheeks or dresses, perform that blessing which a scurrilous world has heretofore considered a scandal. Out upon it!

Ever since that first shameful fight between the wives of Shem and Ham for precedence in entering the ark, which is so touchingly related by the Scottish historians of that period, there has always been a class of men who seem to have had no object or purpose on earth save to vilify by sneers or detract by innuendoes from the fame of these continually-to-be-fascinated-with creatures; men who have absurd ideas that beauty and good looks are of no account, and that a woman's head must be stuffed with knowledge, or her bosom, like a trussed turkey, with some sort of filling which *they* call fine feelings, to make her fit for use. These are the men who are always crying out,

'Non satis est pulchras esse feminas; dulces sunt,'

and are always bringing up dead languages and dead women as examples and sustainers to their opinions. Sure are we, that neither our language nor our females could support them now. We however place our reliance on the girls *in esse*. We never yet saw a hideously-ugly girl that was truly amiable. And we believe that all that is necessary to complete the beauties in this most requisite particular, is to read our paper, and then see what 'shocking things' may be thought about them when they fall into the hands of a carping bachelor, who has lived his day among the *Lorrettes* of the *Quartier Latine*, but never owned a *true loving woman-friend*.

*Philadelphia, May, 1861.*

#### R E P E N T A N C E .

Do I not love thee? — let the darkened years  
 Since we were parted tell their tale of woe;  
 Life's page, o'erstained with unavailing tears,  
 One rash, sad hour hath caused to ceaseless flow.

May I not love thee? — as in days by-gone,  
 Still let my love find refuge sweet in thee;  
 Guarding with jealous care apart, alone,  
 Each blest thought chastened with thy memory.

Oh, let me love thee! — for, when I have fled  
 Back to a world where hours come dark to me,  
 Fain would I turn to that pure light that shed  
 Joy on a heart that ne'er hath loved but thee.

Ay, I will love thee! — spite of all the past,  
 Till life's expiring moments each are told;  
 Thou hast been, and thou shalt be, till the last,  
 Though I have lost thee, still loved as of yore!

'HAL'

## THE SOUL'S REFUGE.

BY THOMAS MACHELLAR.

## I.

DRAW nigh to the HOLY,  
Bend low at His throne;  
There, penitent lowly,  
Thy sinfulness own.  
There, there, if thou yearnest  
For pardon and rest,  
There, fervent and earnest,  
Prefer thy request.

## II.

Confess thy backsliding,  
Thy weakness and fears;  
In Jesus confiding,  
There pour out thy tears:  
Think not He will scorn thee,  
Though wretched thy case;  
His hand will adorn thee  
With garments of grace.

## III.

More precious than treasure,  
More vast than the sea,  
His love has no measure  
Nor limit to thee.  
His easy yoke wearing,  
His pleasure abide;  
In all thy cross-bearing,  
He'll walk by thy side.

## IV.

Fear not the wild clangor  
That SATAN may raise,  
So God's righteous anger  
But pass from thy ways.  
Whom CHRIST has forgiven  
Goes safely along,  
Till in the high heaven  
He sings the new song.

## V.

Then kneel to the HOLY,  
Bend low at His throne;  
There penitent, lowly,  
Thy sinfulness own:  
There, Soul! if thou yearnest  
For pardon and rest,  
There, fervent and earnest,  
Prefer thy request.

## EYES.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TRONER.

I KNOW two eyes forever bright,  
But brightest when they gaze on me ;  
And tell, with all their tender light,  
That love by love shall answered be.

Then both our hearts together burn ;  
Lip darts to lip a mutual flame ;  
While heaven and earth around us turn,  
In sweet confusion none can blame.

We wake as from delicious sleep ;  
No tear-stains come such eyes to blot,  
Save dew-like those the heavens weep  
Down on a blue forget-me-not.

Two starry skies are o'er me thrown,  
Two heavens, where God's own angels are ;  
Come, let me make them both my own —  
Steal to my breast, and slumber there.

---

*The Lakes of New-York.*

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN A PASSAGE OVER THE CAYUGA.

## CEDAR HEIGHTS.

IMMEDIATELY on leaving Levanna, proceeding southward, the traveller will see that the east bank of the lake rises perpendicularly some forty or fifty feet, presenting, in more than miniature, the appearance of the Palisades near the great metropolis, on the Hudson. This bank has a lovely fringe of dwarf cedars, whose perpetual green is as an enduring emerald in the adornment of the Cayuga. The carriage-road is immediately on the height, and there are glimpses of the water scenery always to be enjoyed, while there is a shelter from the fiercer winds. There is but a narrow track at the bottom, though enough for a delightful walk, except in two places, where the rock juts out so far as to give an aquatic variety to the promenade. There was a neat country-house, of some pretension to architectural proportions, on these heights, which belonged to Mr. SHOTWELL, of the well-known New-York auction house, Leggett, Shotwell, Fox, and Company ; but this was destroyed by fire a few years since. A site so advantageous cannot long remain unimproved. These heights continue for a great part of the distance between Levanna and Franklin-Hill, the northern boundary of the village of Aurora. In tasteful position, and with every appearance of neatness and comfort, just

midway between the heights on the rise of ground above mentioned, is a neat little cottage, erected by WILLIAM DEAN, Esq. It is formed of the handsome stone found on the beach of the Ontario, and is one of those charming farm-houses which are such a significant indication of the advancing prosperity and taste of our agricultural citizens.

These cedars are trees which outlive the race that plants them. They fix their tenacious grasp on the soil, and while they attain a lesser height than many other forest-trees, their strength and longevity are far greater. And the Cedar Heights have seen the lapse of many years, and in the circling vicissitudes of human affairs have not been without their incidents of love and fear, of joy and grief.

There is not in all the world a stronger tendency to superstition than is found in the population of Germany. It has been the theme of their own wonderful writers, and the pens of other nations have gathered wild and strange fancies from the legends that are associated with river and glen and mountain-height and cave and castle of the land of the Rhine. The people have a superstitious tinge in their belief very frequently, and it affects their conduct even in the daily and common-place practice of the duties of life. Even the free air and quadrated action which surround them on coming to our country do not immediately divest them of this looking beyond the known to the mysterious. It does not, however, generally last very long. The schools of America, though not as profound as those of Germany, or fathoming such depths of learning, are straight-forward and practical, and teach men to grasp at the substance and think little of the shadows. It is a most interesting theme of reflection to watch the gradual but sure incorporation of all the foreign elements into the quiet, practical American character.

The family of Heinrich Fritz had emigrated from the suburbs of Frankfort. He was the best-natured of Germans, and left his native city only because, while the society was very good; while the disputes of the scholars around him were very agreeable, being generally on some question involving theories so abstruse as to be beyond the comprehension of the debater and the audience; while the literature was as glorious as Goethe and Schiller could make it; yet the bread was scarce, and the young family around him, though they liked books, could not eat them. His boys wandered through the streets of Frankfort, unwilling idlers. That was not profitable education. His one bright-eyed girl staid peaceably at home, and devised a dinner out of the scantiest possible material. He had lost his wife, and it had been a loss that, as he determined, never could be replaced — was never sought to be. The children would have deemed it a species of insanity if another mother had been alluded to. It would have required all the charm of Fanny Forester's clever poem on such a subject to have won them to the propriety of 'two mothers,' as she describes. The mother of his wife survived, and was for her sake the object of the most respectful regard. She was a clever old lady enough in her own sight, but was less influential in the family because of her queer and superstitious vagaries. These were respected by Heinrich, because of her age, and of the fact that she had been the mother of the being who, even in her grave, held his affection. The preservation of quaint and useless furniture, decayed and dusty; the fondness for certain

lucky days, and the horror of unlucky ones; the imagining that a good genius governed this month, and an evil one that; the dread of fancied lights and airy illuminations; all these were the characteristic weaknesses of the old lady, respected but not believed in by the family, that, with all her peculiarities, would have starved themselves to feed her.

A cabinet council was held on the subject of emigration, and all were consulted. The boys belonged to the emigration party, having the highest possible ideas of America as a land where every thing but hunger and poverty was common, and where there was no such thing as failing if they would work. Heinrich had given them right notions of what our country really was. LUCILLE, the fair Frankfort girl, beautiful even in her poor garb, had great doubts, inasmuch as she thought it probable that on the day they landed at New-York several wild Indians would proceed to make a meal of her, having first in a savage manner taken her scalp. The boys all laughed heartily at this, declaring that any Indian might have their scalps who could take them. The old lady was perfectly willing to go, if they would postpone the departure till the twenty-fifth of August, on which day St. Agatha was canonized. She was certain that era would be a felicitous one. Heinrich met this by a device worthy of a statesman. He suggested to her that on the eighteenth of June, when the steam-boat left Frankfort, St. Agatha had first determined to renounce the world and enter the convent of which she was an ornament so distinguished, and that the good luck would doubtless belong as much to this day as to the other. This effectually satisfied the matron, and it only remained for Heinrich to decide. 'My mother and my children,' said he, 'in America labor is dear and bread is cheap. It is the country for the poor to become prosperous. I could exist in Frankfort, but we shall all live in America.'

Merrily they all wrought, and their few preparations were completed. The neighbors were sad to lose Heinrich, but they all predicted for him in America nothing short of a principality. The boys were in great glee, and pretty Lucille shook her ringlets as merrily as if she had no dread of their being severed by a rude Indian's knife. He did what few foreigners have the sagacity to do; he sold all his old and cumbrous furniture, which had been in his house so long, producing nothing, and 'lumbering up' the room. He thus avoided the spectacle that all of us have seen in emigrant ships, of a burthen of useless and most costly freight. He did save from the sale the curiously-carved work-table which his wife had used, and which, though he might have often sold it for that which would have produced many comforts for him, he would not have yielded up for any pecuniary consideration. The mother insisted but on one point, and that was in consonance with her superstitions. There had been in her possession since her childhood a square and very strongly-formed chest. It had singular devices in brass carvings on the lid and around the lock and at the corners. It was always in her room, and was undisturbed, except by the neatness of Lucille, who, because she saw it delighted the old lady, made the wood and metal brilliant with hard polishing. It was very heavy, but its contents were utterly unknown to the family, and as much so to the mother. Such a thing could occur only in Germany. It had been given to her by her father, who had been

a mariner, and who was charitably adjudged by 'the neighbors' of his day and time to have been a corsair. At home, though silent and reserved, he was as peaceable as any Christian man need be. He always impressed it upon his daughter, however, that not in his day should that chest be opened. 'I dread to look at it,' said he. Wild as he might have been to men, to his daughter he was kind, and she loved him the more because the world around loved him less.

Though after his death she was at full liberty to open the chest, she would as soon have thought of tearing up her father's portrait; and with her peculiar notions, she soon associated its inviolability with, as she phrased it, good luck; and the more years that rolled over, the more secure did the quaint old depository become. Her daughter was too fond of her mother to do aught to displease or vex her, and her wish Heinrich was but too happy to follow. There was in Frankfort no first-of-May custom of chaos; and though Heinrich often thought that it ought to be opened, it was not.

The departure was made, the old chest was brought out to the day, and they left the city of their ancestors for the New World, where life has something else in it than the gloomy round of a struggle for subsistence. Their neighbors sang a strain of sad but sweet music as the steamer left the wharf; and Heinrich and his family would have answered by song, but they could not sing while Frankfort was fading from the view.

Our chronicles are of the lake, not the ocean, so we cannot be historians of the voyage. When it was good weather, they longed for America; when it was storm and sea-sickness, they mourned for home.

Heinrich was no man to linger in a city. Frankfort was all the city he desired, and that was left behind. He held a renewed council when the family were gathered in an obscure German boarding-house in Greenwich-street in New-York. The associations there did not add to their happiness, nor to their stock of funds, scanty when they left home, and almost entirely exhausted now. This time Heinrich was almost the only speaker. 'My children,' said he, 'we are not of those who go to the public for relief. We may have to do so, but we will try ourselves first. We will go westward;' and Lucille was delighted. She had looked out for the Indians every day since she landed, and she wanted to be out of New-York.

Their arrangements for departure were soon accomplished. Father, children, grandmother, and chest were all received at the wharf in Albany by a canal-boat, which, according to the usage in such cases, was crowded from stem to stern, and was as disagreeable as could have been desired by the most melancholy tastes. It was in the summer of 1832 when these incidents occurred, a time when the cholera was pervading this state, and was every where a desolation. Heinrich had his plans rather vaguely defined. He intended to go west, which is definite or indefinite, according as you are headed right, as they say at sea; but how to obtain the land he wanted was in the future. Still, men of energy and of mind often encounter a shapeless future, moulding it as they advance. The detail of the canal-passage was a sad one. The cleanliness of the Heinrich family was in their favor, and their good sense caused them to take many precautions neglected by their companions. It would have been well



indeed, if all their companions had been as wise; but the usual disregard of prudence and neatness worked its legitimate result. The cholera broke out in the boat, and it became a dismal and gloomy journey. The plans of Heinrich, which were formed with a tinge of the *couleur de rose* in them, became less distinct, and by the time the boat had advanced beyond Syracuse, he was as near despair as could arise in his character. There was among the passengers a Pennsylvanian, a resident of those northern counties of that state, which then, as they even now are, were rather wild and secluded, but on whose fortunes the Erie road is exerting a most beneficial influence. He talked with Heinrich, and being a Pennsylvanian, had no difficulty in expressing his views in German; entered into his plans and sympathized with him, concluding all by advising him to give up the going to the west, and to leave the canal at Montezuma, and go to Pike county in his state, where he had lands that he would dispose of to him for a mere trifle — as well he might, if by this he could get them settled. But we will not attribute improper motives to the Pennsylvanian, for he gave Heinrich a small addition to his funds, and when they came ashore at Montezuma, he busied himself in procuring for him a wagon and team, with which to transport his family and the few movables, including the chest, which had accompanied him. The Pike-county man said he would go ahead and ‘beat’ a track for him. ‘Those boys of yours,’ said he, ‘will soon raise something, even out of our rough hills;’ and with kind wishes he parted, having given him directions as to his route, which was to be along the Cayuga, and *via* Ithaca and Owego, to the promised land.

The journey southward was begun on the morrow. It refreshed and invigorated the heart of Heinrich to have thus found sympathy and kindness in a strange land, and he entered into animated conversation with the family. As for them, they were charmed by the incidents of the route, and the more, when from the height of land at the Bridge, the Cayuga spread itself before them, like a band of silver spread upon the green earth. There were earnest congratulations that they were rid of the canal-boat, and wondering surmises as to what Pike county would prove to be. The old lady rather liked the promise of the mountain, and was soon off in a series of wild hill-and-forest legends of the father-land. Suddenly she started, and exclaimed, ‘My children, do you know what day this is?’ Heinrich answered, it was the twenty-fifth of August. ‘I knew it,’ she said, exultingly. ‘The very day that the good Agnes received canonization. Ah! there is good luck for us in store to-day.’ ‘I trust there is,’ replied Heinrich. ‘I see my friend has marked a place called Aurora, as that where we are to dine. This ride has given me a strong desire that the good luck shall come in the shape of a good dinner.’

As they rode along, Heinrich talked freely with his children of the hope that they would yet be able to go to the west. He had read intelligently of that glorious region, of its capacities for the formation by the hand of industry of independent position — a place where the boys could have a home of their own. ‘My own,’ that word which only in America is used by the people individually, as well as collectively. Their progress was as pleasant as animated converse generally makes a journey;

the old lady insisting on some good luck being about to befall them, and the children joining, with the buoyancy of thought of the young, in her fancy. Heinrich urged ahead to the place of dinner.

The day was cloudless, and of course, in August, hot. The lake was calm and as quiet as peace itself. Its waters were the mirror of the sky, and 'the blue above and the deep beneath' answered in loveliness to each other, while the transparency of the fluid made it easy to count the very pebbles at the bottom, for fathoms in depth. They had now arrived at the Cedar Heights, and Lucille proposed that, under its pleasant shade, they should give their horses and themselves a temporary rest and shelter. Heinrich rather demurred at stopping so near their dining-place, but Lucille was so like her mother that he never had the heart to refuse her any thing. So 'the team' was fastened to a tree, and the family sat down on the verge of the heights; the pleasant foliage above, and that calm and beautiful lake beneath them.

The noon-hour is always the quietest even in the quiet country; the meal has drawn to the house the cultivators of the field, and there is what Bryant truthfully designates 'a slumberous silence.' While Lucille and the old lady were devising all manner of improbable fancies as to the particular form in which the good luck was coming, as the latter was sure, on this St. Agatha's day, it would come, Heinrich and the boys continued to talk, and hope while they talked, of the garden west. He did not like the rocks of old Pike much, as they rose to view in his mind, but he was determined to press forward. Just at this juncture a noisy watch-dog, that professed to guard the nearest farm-house, deemed it, very absurdly, his duty to tear down the road and commence a furious barking in front of the horses. There was more consequence in his bark than he imagined; just as great results often ensue from the noise that the foolish make. The horses, aroused from their doze, started suddenly back, and thus broke their halter, and, frightened by its dangling about their heads, reared, plunged, and by way of climax, commenced a vigorous run-away. The old chest rattled as they ran, and this, added to the continued noise of the dog, who thought he had achieved a victory, aroused Heinrich and the family, who followed after in a spasmodic attempt to arrest the flight. The human part of the chase was distanced, but the valiant dog kept up with the horses, and barking and jumping furiously at the nigh horse, he crowded the team to the lake side of the road, so that while going at full speed they suddenly turned to the right, and dashed down the small ravine, the locality of which the tourist can see, by the unpainted wooden boat-house at the place where the little glen is terminated by the beach. The descent is very rapid, and the ravine narrow. The horses, wild with excitement and goaded on by the dog, tore through the defile, and suddenly turning to the left as they came on the beach, the wagon crushed over, and its contents were violently thrown out. The chest struck with great force upon a rock, and its cover was dashed in and broken, and out rolled into the bright waters a complete rain of gold and silver coin, which lay among the smooth stones, tessellating the bottom, as it were, with a brilliant pavement of glittering metal and many-colored pebbles, the transparency of the water causing all to seem as if cased in crystal. The dog, struck in its fall by the chest, went barking back,

the blow the only reward of his over-zeal. The onward flight of the horses, encumbered by the capsized wagon, was readily arrested by one of the boys.

Heinrich had bitter feelings as he saw the wagon go down the ravine. 'Good luck with a vengeance,' cried he, 'if this is it. A wagon to pay for, and all our goods in the water probably. If this is St. Agatha's day, it is a sad one.' But he worked as well as talked, and in a few moments he and the family were at the scene of the disaster, and the old lady followed with all possible dispatch. There lay the broken chest, and all around it shone and sparkled in the sun's bright rays the gold. The long-kept secret of the corsair's treasure, a treasure probably gathered in the fierce and terrible conflicts of the wild seas, was revealed on the margin of a calm and gentle lake, in the country far off from the Old World.

'My chest, my father's chest!' cried the old lady; 'but,' as if her heart struggled for an instant with one emotion, 'did I not tell you St. Agatha's day would bring us good luck? The ocean gave it to him, and the lake has given it to us.'

The whole affair had taken but a few minutes in its occurrence, and the neighbor farmers had been too much occupied with the serious duty of dinner to heed the noise, most of which was indeed the volunteer efforts of the dog. In a moment, Heinrich and the old lady and Lucille and her brothers were engaged with the utmost zeal in recovering the lost treasure, and the pure waters, in their transparent truth, kept none of it back.

And now a new council was held, and the old lady, seated on the broken chest, was the chief orator. She told them the story of her father's wild adventures, and of the strange things he had seen and done in his life on the seas. She said that she could readily account for the wish expressed by him, that the chest should not be opened in his day; since gold, won as she feared his was, would only be a fearful though glittering history of the past. She did not regret that she had loved her father's memory as she had, for now, at their utmost need, they would have the benefit, in these new and fresh scenes of the New World, of the treasure. And under the shade of these cedars, in the rich recesses of the verdure of these heights, new plans were formed, and a vision of comfort and possessions in the rich west soon superseded the destiny for old Pike. The returning journey northward was commenced, and at Springport, around a good dinner, the designs for the future were carefully reviewed and matured. The means now at their command were used in wisdom and prudence, and a few weeks thereafter found Heinrich in possession of one of the finest locations in Wisconsin that the government land-office could furnish. The boys were delighted, and while they never, like true-hearted men as they grew to be, forgot their old country, they had a kindred love for their new home. Pike county was not forgotten; for while the Pennsylvanian in a few years thereafter carried Lucille there as a bride, she wrote to her father that though the soil was not so fertile as in Wisconsin, there could be no happier home than hers was. They all remember the Cedar Heights and St. Agatha's day, nor will they ever forget it, though the father and the aged mother teach the family that it was not good luck, but a kind Providence, that then so suddenly changed their destiny.

## A R E V E R I E .

BY 'TOMB.'

It is a night  
 Of deep and intense beauty : such an one  
 As brings to the wo-burthened, world-sick soul  
 Its own sweet influence of waking dreams,  
 And steeps it in the sense of earnest rest.  
 Oh ! at such times, when the full worth of life,  
 And its deep meaning, falls upon the heart,  
 And we essay to grasp, with finite mind,  
 The thought of IMMORTALITY, how vain  
 Seem all the things for which we daily strive —  
 For which we daily pay that coin of Heaven,  
 The precious hours of life ! On ev'ry side  
 We find Infinity. The countless stars,  
 The thousand ages that have passed away,  
 The unknown wonders of forthcoming years,  
 The unsolved mystery of our own being —  
 All these can make us lose ourselves in thought,  
 And send the baffled Soul in weariness  
 Back from the oft-tried effort to achieve  
 Their comprehension ! *Here* is the true school,  
 Where we may learn humility ; where we  
 Must own our power powerless, and turn  
 From vain self-worship to that high source whence  
 Comes all we have. Could we this lesson learn ;  
 Could we remember when, sore vexed with cares,  
 Or when our hearts are filled with grief — with grief  
 That knows no cure — that then the night  
 Of Death must come, and bring us rest and dreams  
 Of untold joy, through all eternity ;  
 Should we not meet our ills with stronger hearts,  
 And nerve us well to pass the grand ordeal  
 With less of trembling fear, and firmer trust  
 In God — the 'great ALL-FATHER' — than if we  
 Were wont to contemplate throughout our lives  
 Our own small greatness only ! Tell me not  
 That we should bind us to the Actual,  
 Nor let Imagination e'er take wing !  
 Let Fancy have her flight, and though she bring  
 Us back nor coin, nor any worldly store,  
 And for this lack be deemed a useless bird  
 By those who think the only thing in life  
 Is the 'Almighty Dollar' — still will she  
 Be sure to lift us for a while from all  
 The petty thoughts that so engross our souls,  
 And keep us far from God. Oh ! if such hours  
 Were daily visitants, our lives would be  
 Far purer ; and surely HE would have less need  
 To send dark sorrow to our hearts, to teach  
 Backward our way toward HIM. But we must have  
 Blow after blow, ere we can learn 'to look  
 From earth,' and bless the Hand that chastens us  
 In pity and in love.

## A V I S I O N   O F   C R I M E .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It is midnight! 'The bright sun is extinguished.' His resplendent rays, which tinged the harvest twilight with purple, azure, green, and gold, gilds at this hour the meridian of the antipodes. The shades are cast in the 'deep watches' of the silent night. The fleecy atmospheric haze of approaching early autumn, the doubtful, atomic light of stars, and the arid gusts of the heated forest, pervade alone our nether world. The robin has sung his evening song of praise, and gently sleeps upon his guardian bough; the honest watch-dog's 'deep-mouthed bay' has ceased, and man has gone to his habitation. The silvery moon has not 'hung out her lamp' to-night. The peaceful aria of the zephyr, the yielding ripple of the lake, the alternating flap of cordage upon its riding masts, the light floating clouds with mildly-crimsoned coruscations at intervals, the slightly-bending trees and waving foliage with its delicious fragrance, and the sounding rivulets — these, and only these, reveal to us the truth of being and of life.

Visions are for the most part innovations and nondescripts, representing the dross or scoria arising to the surface in the fusion of our purer thoughts and ratiocination. Those of the ambitious and corrupted are always ominous, but the dreams of the conscientious and the upright are rarely prescient of evil. 'It was all a dream,' exclaimed Richard, whose recent vision of Bosworth field pictured to his tortured senses a routed army and a lost kingdom. 'I had a dream which was not all a dream,' said the greatest of modern poets, whose language, iteration, and embodiment are unique in the world. Men are egregiously addicted to day-dreams as well as others, and some of them assume the garb of principles and even philosophy, and imbibe in their theories the admixture of things both good and evil, wise and unwise. That which follows may indeed have been partly a dream: true, it presents a lurid picture of crime and its sentient cause, and partakes sufficiently of the horrible to elicit the highest degree of thankfulness that it has no pretence to, or foundation in reality.

The incongruity of our dreams, like the fitting aurora-borealian prototype in nature, we can in no way satisfactorily account for, neither in inception nor development; nor assuredly, were it possible, would it be advisable, as doubtless the delving into the penetralia of dreams would have no other effect than the spoiling of the aroma, and the disrobing of their mystery. It is their dissonance to the waking sense, and the regularity of thought only, that distinguish them. But we proceed with our vision.

Fancy portrays to us a wide extended prairie of the west, with a boundless plane toward the setting sun, and a distant forest limiting the south. A long line of craggy, serrated bluffs are visible in the

north, and a broad expanse of lake may be seen in the east. A large, white, plain-structured, frontier farm-house, environed by a few prairie oaks and out-houses, the latter of which form the angles to an enclosure or yard, which is surrounded by a sort of paling or chevaux-de-frise, must serve as the *locum somnium*. The occupants of this domicile consist of two men, as many adult females, and two boys of about the age of ten years, and seem to be Irish. The children, it would appear, are visiting relatives, and direct heirs to a considerable sum of money, which otherwise would have descended to the possession and behoof of this family.

Gold, says La Harpe, is ever the incentive to crime; and here, as it proves, we have a correlative dream-murder, and the shade of gold for the cause :

‘O, si sic omnes!’

Would that the Baconian theory might here obtain, and that all future murders might be of similar bloodless kind; mere hypotheses, which we all, as regardless of *bacon* as was the factory boy of De Quincey, might be at liberty to kick at. But we suppose that this is not to be, and that so long as one of that coëxtensive class of the human species called rogues exists, by so long is the promised GOLDEN RULE, the subtext of the Decalogue and the higher law, to be delayed of full verification. The millennium alone is to terminate this pandemic and primitive law of nature.

As long as sin pervades the earth, and the exigency of social government abides, so long is the expiation of this foul crime to stain its judicial annals, and the only coëval panacea for it is the ‘ne plus ultra’ of the law of Moses, Magna Charta, and hemp. This Mosaic lemma was not changed by the Advent; and the induction of statute-law, or farther legislation of any kind, upon this subject, is consequently uncalled-for and unnecessary. Revenge and cupidity are coëval, and possibly cousin-germans; but gold, we think, is not necessarily evil, though æsthetical women, and men like them, are ever ready to contend that money is the root of all evil. This however is not the case; it is not money, but the love of it, which constitutes the bane. There is no evidence that Pandora’s box contained any cash, or Prometheus, who was an astute fellow, and doubtless shrewd at a bargain, would not have distrusted her; but on the contrary, had he heard within it the clink of coin, would have taken her at a venture, and in so doing have saved his liver, though he might have lost his heart. But we leave these reflections, and return to the old white house and its inmates.

We are there! Several recognized and familiar forms of persons are there, in various aspects and features, from the bold, full-developed, strong-outlined, plainly-visioned, descending to the dim, adumbrant, faint, fainter still, and extinct. How or why we came thither I know not, but only recognize the fact that we were there. The mind, in self-action, (the body being asleep,) is conscious of position, and the change of position, but not of travelling. Indeed the mind is no traveller, being as devoid of nether perambulators as Cato assures us the belly is of ears; and any imaginary movement or gliding motion of ourselves, not of outward things, usually restores us to consciousness. Neither is the mind con-

scious of particular light, such as day-light, lamp-light, or other kinds of light.

Whose rapt imagination ever became the recipient of the glorious sunshine! What somnambulist ever recounted the seven primary colors! What gay dreamer's optics were ever dazzled by the flammable gas of his imaginary banquet-hall! One might as soon attempt, with the poet of Ayr, under similar circumstances, to count the horns of the moon, as to dream of the overpowering rays of the orb of day.

Yet all things are naturally visible to the dreamer. The mind immortal is not more axiomatic than this, that its self-action and being imparts its own 'arch and refraction,' and sheds its soft rays, direct and indirect, upon whatever it chooses to contemplate or resolve. And now the scene changes to within the house. We observe the younger of the boys imploring in a tearful manner of these women, who betray sinister and mysterious expressions, for his brother, and essaying, with cries and raving stamps and gestures, to seek him through the house; but with promises, delays, fabrications, threatenings, and even force, he is withheld in suspense:

'O WOMAN!

Says she that she will, she will, and you may depend on 't;  
Says that she won't, she won't, and that's the end on 't.'\*

Through the casement, at the same time, several spectre men are seen without the palings, in the act of mowing, in regular time and swing. Here the spectrum vanishes for a moment, and mounting a fairy car or a moon-beam, leaves our mundane sphere, and flits in silence the immensity of space; probably in search of a particle of the milky-way or a comet's tail, for its perennial breakfast. But these redundant journeyings require space only; the disseverance of time and power is absolute, and bears as little affinity to the Herculean twelve labors as mind to body; and in much less time than this digression occupies, our exuberant spectrum's elliptical orbit has restored us again to the yard, which is vacant and still as a charnel-house. The place, the vacancy, and the deep silence of the hour, with fitful but noiseless 'midsummer night's' breezes, alternately arid and damp, become oppressive and almost suffocating, when, heavens and earth! an explosion and a reverberation, as of a file of soldiery, are heard within the house. The scythes vanish from the hands of the mowers, who escalate the paling, gliding and fitting spectre-like above and through its crevices toward the house. Oaths and execrations fill the air in quick succession. Livid countenances and flashing eyes cast inquiring glances toward each other. One overwhelming thought prevails, but no one ventures for the moment to declare it. Men are discursively moving about, singly and in knots, all in a state of exacerbation.

At length a conspicuous and grenadier-like Caledonian advances, and demands admission, which, after many quibbles and complexities on the part of the females, is refused, with the trite plea that 'Me brither is seike, and will saä no one.' Forbearance yielded to impetuosity; restraint, to indignation; and the words, '*Surround the house!*' which were pealed forth in trumpet-tones from a single voice, were echoed and reëchoed in full volition.

---

\* I HERE render all due acknowledgment to a lady-sequaintance for this humorous aphorism

'Who'll go for an officer?' exclaims another. 'I,' replies the noble and compliant Scot, who glided away in a moment. Silence again returns, deep, thrilling, and intense. In a little time, an ominous rushing sound approaches from the south, and several monster birds, with the flapping noise of a full volery, pass over in the direction of the bluffs, uttering cries combining alike the sounds of the shrill whistle of the boatswain and the wild roll of the ataval, and which are reiterated by the crowing of the cock.

The officer now suddenly hove in sight, and, *ea! presto!* he is here. Cool, intrepid, salient, and prompt in character, like the helmsman Black amid the storm,\* he raises and points his long finger toward the door. The waving of the 'swarthy hand' in the 'Vision of Judgment' was not more electric. The door flew open rather from the 'open sesame' of the magic finger, than from the rush of power. The officer quietly walks into the house, and the men follow after, and the search is commenced. A blanket-coat is presently held up to view, blood-stained, and pierced with a musket-ball, corresponding to the thorax of the body. Blood-spots also appear along the stairs, which they now ascend, and in the first room they enter, to their consternation, they find, not the boy, but one of the Irishmen lying upon the floor, dead — shot through the heart, and a discharged musket by his side! Divided interests, non-concurrence, contrition, and above all, the fear of exposure of crime previously and jointly perpetrated, had occasioned a brawl, a not unusual sequence, in their midst, which resulted in the explosion before alluded to, and the death of this man. The others were immediately arrested, and the search was assiduously prosecuted. Boxes, barrels, bedding, trumpery, were consecutively overhauled. Baffled for a time, they at length find a pair of boy's shoes and a bloody stocking in a chest. A little parcel of hair, slightly crisped and matted with blood, and some clothes, ashes, and buttons, known to be those of the missing juvenile, are also found in the chimney-corner.

All semblance of order and human restraint is now disregarded, and the temple of the *first law* and its enshrined devotee are alike thrown down and trampled under foot: the man is resolved into the animal, and the green eyes of the roused tiger prey and flash in fury upon the surrounding trophies of wickedness and its authors. The remaining little brother appears terror-stricken and cries piteously, which the ever-present, prompt, and willing Scotchman is endeavoring to assuage. Another man holds up a bloody axe, which suggests a search of the cellar; and there, O horror! is found the mangled body of the boy. Vengeance is rife, lending to the scene, if possible, a yet wilder character. The assemblage now discard the majesty of law, except Lynch-law, which they resolve to execute instant. The guilty females were ushered into the field and shot, and the man was suspended from a branch of one of his own oaks, the awful crisis of which broke the vision, and ended this imaginary tragedy. The prairie, the oaks, the house, the lake, and the men — all, all vanished! It was, indeed, ALL A DREAM!

E. B.

\* MR. LIVINGSTON'S description of a storm during his return voyage from France, in the frigate *Constitution*.



## S U M M E R R A I N .

BY E. M. BOURNE.

THE rain, the rain, the sweet summer rain,  
Is pouring swift o'er meadow and plain  
Prism-like gems, moistening the earth,  
And filling the farmer's heart with mirth.  
In a sheet of white  
Fall the rain-drops bright.

Now o'er the withering, parched-up grass,  
The wished-for show'ers glistening pass,  
Bathing all in their liquid flow;  
The rain-gems clear are pendent low  
On the chestnut-tree,  
Where the birds sang free.

Where the grass-edged travell'd road winds round,  
Dark'ning, dust-laying the trodden ground,  
Falling upon the children glad,  
Little maiden and noisy lad,  
From school then coming,  
Up the hill running.

'T is falling upon the hawthorn-tree;  
Its liquid jewels it flingeth free,  
Refreshing all the landscape fair,  
Cooling, cleansing the heated air;  
Brightening the flowers  
In garden bowers.

On the foot-pressed, thirsty village green,  
In clustering pearls it is seen;  
Then on the vine-leaves it doth lay;  
Now glancing o'er the eaves so gray  
Of the cottage small,  
Do the rain-drops fall.

Now mingling with the cascade leaping,  
Now o'er the blighted verdure sweeping,  
Then on the furr'd acacia's stem,  
Like a glittering diadem,  
Or on tree-tops high,  
Do its crystals lie.

Brightly it raineth into the fountain;  
Now it laveth the side of the mountain;  
Then into the river falling light,  
Jewel encircling mill-wheel bright,  
Where waters rush in,  
And make all the din.

Then 'gainst the gothic casement glancing  
Of village church, anon 't is dancing  
Where over the dead creepeth the grass,  
And then it gently droppeth fast  
On the grave-stones low,  
Those records of woe.

Upon the bramble's snowy flower,  
Like coronet of princely dower,  
Now hiding where the violets blow,  
Now shining 'mong the moss-tufts low,  
On the dog-wood fair :  
Rain is every where.

And on the cottager's garden small,  
Dazzlingly clear the rain-gems fall ;  
Upon the creeper's velvet leaves,  
Where to the latticed porch it cleaves,  
Like diamonds now,  
Rain-sparkles glow.

It quietly raineth drop by drop,  
Transparent on the tassell'd maize-top ;  
Pendent from bearded oat-blade nigh,  
Or trembling on the swaying rye,  
The rain-drops hide,  
Or merrily ride.

Quivering in emerald moss-cups clear,  
Or trickling o'er the old rock drear ;  
Falling into the trysting well,  
Sweeping the hill-tops in its swell ;  
Grass banks empearling,  
The rain goes whirling.

Each tiny branch is deck'd with pearls,  
While the long grass droops in waving curls ;  
On the gorgeous golden wheat-sheaves,  
And on the soft green willow-leaves,  
Like sparks of light,  
Are the diamonds bright.

On the amber-flower'd barberry,  
Now on the fragrant laburnum-tree,  
On dandelion gossamer-floats,  
Call'd by gay children 'witches' boats,'  
Lying on the weeds,  
Are the Rain-king's beads.

Heavily 'mong the woods 't is pattering,  
The gay pic-nic party scattering ;  
Ruining all their mirth and glee,  
And with their dainties making free :  
Dismal looks are seen,  
Sad words heard between.

Wind and rain, around them coursing,  
Are sanitary laws enforcing ;  
Their glossy ringlets spoiling quite,  
And putting all in woful plight :  
Running to and fro,  
Hastily they go.

And swiftly driving a-down the lane,  
For shelter seeking against the rain,  
A peasant's cot, or lordly hall,  
Or e'en a church-yard's ruined wall,  
They will seek in vain  
Mid that forest lane.

Gloomily o'er the sweet wild flowers,  
 Darkly gray, the storm-cloud lowers;  
 It gently droppeth fast o'er all,  
 Caressingly do the crystals fall  
     Of the beautiful rain,  
     O'er meadow and plain.

But balmily now the south winds pass,  
 Brilliantly sparkles the gem-clad grass;  
 The holy rainbow is arch'd on high,  
 Far away in the azure sky,  
     While fleetly fall  
     The rain-drops small.

And breaking up are the rain-clouds now;  
 The sun shines bright o'er the mountain's brow,  
 Decking each flower and leaflet gay,  
 Like maiden's face on her bridal day.  
     So (to end my strain)  
     Fell the beautiful rain.

*Mamaroneck, (N. Y.) March, 1851.*

## T H E   S U B L I M E   P O R T E .

BY JOHN P. BROWN.

IN offering a few remarks upon the government of Turkey, which, by common accord, is known in Europe and the United States as 'The Sublime Porte,' it is not intended to quote history, but rather to speak of it only in reference to the present period. It is nevertheless necessary to state that the Turks themselves call the Turkish Empire *Mémâlik-i-Othmanieh*, or the 'Ottoman States,' (kingdoms,) in consequence of their having been founded by Othman, the great ancestor of the present reigning sovereign, Abd-ul-Mejid. They are no better pleased with the name of *Turk* than the people of the United States are, generally, with that of *Yankee*: it bears with it a meaning signifying a gross and rude man—something indeed very much like our own definition of it, when we say any one is 'no better than a Turk;' and they greatly prefer being known as Ottomans. They call their language the 'Ottoman tongue'—*Othmanli dilee*—though some do speak of it as the *Turkish*.

As regards the title, 'The Sublime Porte,' this has a different origin. In the earlier days of Ottoman rule, the reigning sovereign, as is still the case in some parts of the east, held courts of justice and levees at the entrance of his residence. The palace of the Sultan is always surrounded by a high wall, and not unfrequently defended by lofty towers and bastions. The chief entrance is an elevated portal, with some pretensions to magnificence and showy architecture. It is guarded by soldiers or door-keepers well armed; it may also contain some apartments for certain officers, or even for the Sultan himself; its covering or roof, pro-

jecting beyond the walls, offers an agreeable shade, and in its external alcoves are sofas more or less rich or gaudy. Numerous loiterers are usually found lingering about the portal, applicants for justice; and there, in former times, when the Ottomans were indeed *Turks*, scenes of injustice and cruelty were not unfrequently witnessed by the passer-by.

This lofty portal generally bears a distinct title. At Constantinople it has even grown into one which has given a name to the whole government of the Sultan. I am not aware, however, that the custom here alluded to was ever in force in that capital, though it certainly was in other parts of the empire of Othman. It is not improbable that it was usual with all the Sultans, who, at the head of their armies, seldom had any permanent fixed residence, worthy of the name of *palace*. Mahomet the Second, who conquered Constantinople from the degenerate Greeks, may, for some time after his entrance into the city of Constantine — still called in all the official documents, such as '*Firmans*,' or 'Royal Orders,' *Kostantinieh* — have held his courts of justice and transacted business at the elevated portal of his temporary residence. The term 'Sublime Porte,' in Turkish, is *Deri Alieh*, or the elevated and lofty door; the Saxon word door being derived from the Persian *Der*, or *Dor*, in common use in the Ottoman language, which is a strange mixture of Tartar, Persian, and Arabic. The French, or rather the Franks, in their earlier intercourse with Turkey, translated the title literally 'La Sublime Porte,' and this in English has been called, with similar inaccuracy, 'The Sublime Porte.'

Long since, the Ottoman Sultans have ceased administering justice before their palaces, or indeed any where else in person. The office is delegated to a deputy, who presides over the whole Ottoman government, with the title of Grand Vezir, or in Turkish, *Véziri Azam*, the Chief Vezir, whose official residence or place of business, once no doubt at the portal of his sovereign, is now in a splendid edifice in the midst of the capital. At Constantinople the Ottoman government is also called the 'Sublime Government,' *Devleti Alieh*, a word closely bordering on that of superiority and preëminence claimed by the 'Heavenly Government' of the empire of China. The Sultan, in speaking of his government, calls it 'My Sublime Porte.' The Grand Vezir being an officer of the highest rank in the empire — a Pacha, of course, in fine, *the* Pacha — his official residence is known in Constantinople as that of the Pacha, *Pacha Kapousee*, i. e., the 'Gate of the Pacha.' The chief entrance to the 'seraglio' of the former Sultans, erected on the tongue of land where once stood the republican city of Byzantium, called the 'Imperial Gate,' or the *Babi Humayoon*, is supposed by some to have given rise to the title of 'The Sublime Porte,' but this is not correct. It may have once been used as a court of justice, certainly as a place where justice was wont to be executed, for not unfrequently criminals were decapitated there; and among others, the head of the brave but unfortunate Aâli Pacha, of Yanina in Albania, the friend of Lord Byron, was exposed there for some days previous to its interment beyond the walls of the city.

The title of *porte*, or door, is used in Constantinople to designate other departments of the government. The bureau of the Minister of War is called the *Seraskier Kapousee*, or the Gate of the *Serasker*, (head of

the army,) and those of the Ministers of Commerce and Police are called, the one *Tijaret Kapousee*, and the other *Zabtiéh Kapousee*. These, however, are sufficient, without mentioning any other facts, to explain the origin and nature of the title of the Ottoman government, known as 'The Sublime Porte.'

The Sultan of the Ottoman Empire is known by his subjects under the title of *Sultân*, which word signifies a ruler; and generally as *Shevketlu Padischah Effendimiz*, 'His Majesty the Emperor our Lord;' and all foreign governments now recognize him as an Emperor, and call him by the title of 'Imperial Majesty.' The definition of the word *Padischah* is supposed to be 'Father of Kings,' and originally was *Peder Schah*, the first part of it (*Peder*) being the origin of our Saxon word *Fâder*, or father. In his own tongue he is called *Khân*, in Persian *Shah*, and in Arabic *Sultan*, all meaning, *in extensu*, the same, viz.: King, Sovereign, or Prince. He reigns over one of the most extensive empires of the world, all possessed or acquired by inheritance from his ancestors, who obtained it by conquest.

Until the reign of the late Sultan, Mahmoud the Second, the Ottoman sovereigns had their residence in the 'Seraglio' before alluded to, in the city of Constantinople. Its high walls were not, however, sufficiently strong to protect them against the violence of the Janissaries, and after their destruction the remembrance of the scenes of their cruelty induced the late and present Sultan to forsake it for the safer and more agreeable banks of the Bosphorus. The extensive and very picturesque buildings of the Seraglio are now left to decay; they offer only the spectacle of the 'dark ages' of Turkey, gloomy in their aspect, as in their history, and yet occupying one of the most favored spots in the world, on which the eyes of the traveller are fixed as by a charm in approaching the great capital of the east, and on which they dwell with a parting feeling of regret as he bids the magnificent 'City of the Sultan' farewell.

On the Bosphorus are two splendid palaces, one on the Asiatic and the other on the European shore. The first is called *Beylerbey*, 'Prince of Princes,' the latter *Teherâgiân*, 'The Lights.' Both are beautiful edifices, in excellent taste; and, as architecture has done in all ages, they serve to show the advance of the people who erected them in the noblest of the arts.

The Turkish Sultan, in theory, is a despotic sovereign, while in practice he is a very paternal one. As the supreme head of the government, he may exercise unlimited power: few checks exist to preserve the lives and property of his subjects against an influence which he *might* exercise over them. His ancestors conquered the country, and subjugated its inhabitants to his rule with his troops, consequently it all belonged to him, and could only be possessed by his gift: thus, in fact, the empire is his, and the concessions made by him to his subjects are free-will offerings, which are not drawn from him by compulsion on their part, but are grants on his, in behalf of reform and civilization. The feudal system of land-tenure was abolished by his father, and there is now scarcely a feature of it remaining. It is several years since the present Sultan spontaneously removed all the arbitrary power hitherto possessed and frequently exercised by his predecessors; at the same time he granted all his subjects a

'Charter of Rights,' called the *Hatti Sherif of Gulkhaneh*, or imperial sacred rescript of *Gulkhaneh*, named after a summer-house or *Kiosck* within the precincts of the Seraglio, where it was read before him by the present Grand Vezir, Rechid Pacha, in the presence of the whole diplomatic corps, and all the ministers and other high officers of the Ottoman government. In this charter the Sultan conceded all the rights and privileges which could be expected from a sovereign prince not reigning with a constitutional form of government. He has never withdrawn any of these privileges, or resumed the power which he then renounced. Moreover, this charter limited the power of all his officers. The only punishments which they can now exercise are fines and imprisonments of limited extent. None can any longer inflict the 'bastinado,' nor capital punishment for crimes of a graver nature; these are reserved for the Councils or Boards at the capital, and the chief towns of each province. The sentences of the latter are, in all cases, subject to the confirmation of the former, and the decrees of the Council of State, held at the Sublime Porte, are laid before the Sultan previous to their adoption as laws. The following extract, translated from a small work in the Turkish language, published by the order of the government in 1848, will serve to show the spirit of the reforms made by the late and present Sultans : .

' Fifty years ago, certain Governors-General of the provinces of the empire, aided by individuals known as *Déré Beys*, (petty princes, who had usurped and maintained arbitrary power in the interior of the country,) exercised despotic power over the persons and properties of the subjects of His Majesty. The Sultan, having observed this abuse of authority, ardently desired to suppress so serious an evil; but at that period the Janissaries, the only coercive force of the empire, formed a powerful body of rebels, which disregarded the rights of the people and aided the plans of the factious. The Sultan endeavored for some time to draw these rebellious forces to a wiser and more salutary course, and even acted with indulgence toward the more criminal, and in this way deferred the accomplishment of his reforms until a favorable moment. The late illustrious Sultan, Mahmoud II., a prince possessing a character full of benevolence and justice, yet of uncommon determination and courage, finding the Janissaries unable to curb their own vicious inclinations, found it imperiously necessary to suppress the entire order, and to create a regular army in their stead, on which reliance could be placed to sustain the authority of their sovereign. In fine, the Sultan, seeing that all his generous motives were unappreciated, and hoping by their disbandment to secure the peace and tranquillity of his subjects, found himself compelled to suppress the order by violent means. It need not be here related that the sudden destruction of the armed force of an empire, before another has been properly created to supplant it, will expose it to the evil designs of its enemies. In this position Sultan Mahmoud found his empire situated some twenty years ago. In the midst of his important reforms he was called upon to protect his empire against the attacks of Russia, to suppress a revolt in Albania, the Morea, and later to carry on an internal warfare with the ambitious Pacha of Egypt. His young army, but half organized, was poorly qualified to take the field against troops which had enjoyed the advantage of instruction under officers of

experience. He even, near the close of his eventful reign, had the sorrow to know that his fleet had proved unfaithful, and gone over to his rebel Governor. An untimely death put an end to the reign of this illustrious and talented, though unfortunate prince; and in the midst of disordered finances, a defeated army, and a misguided marine, the present Sultan, Abd-ul-Mejid Khan, succeeded, at an early age, to the throne of his ancestors.

‘Endowed with a character eminently distinguished for its sentiments of justice, clemency, and the most unbounded benevolence, his present Imperial Majesty, on ascending the throne, formed the design of allaying all the troubles and dissensions which were preparing the ruin of his country, and destroying the confidence of his subjects in the stability of his government. Measures were at once adopted to reorganize the army and improve the education of its officers; the Egyptian question, one of great gravity for the welfare of the empire, was, by judicious management, settled in a manner satisfactory to the sovereign and his Governor-General, and the imperial fleet returned to its natural obedience. By reforms in the administration of the government, the tranquillity of his Majesty’s subjects was secured against molestation on the part of their authorities; and the acts of tyranny, become so common from the governors of the more distant parts of the empire, were suppressed. Thus, in a short time, the Sultan was enabled to render his accession illustrious by acts which secured to every individual his life, fortune, honor, and the faculty of pursuing his affairs free from all apprehension.

‘The prosperity of his country and the happiness of his people having thus been secured, His Majesty was left to effect the most sincere wish of his heart by carrying out the task which he had assumed, of instituting salutary reforms in all the branches of his government, based upon principles of strict justice and equity. Actuated by sentiments of generosity and clemency, he desired also that the expenses of the government should be diminished; and the results of his paternal administration, by a gradual increase of his revenues, enabled him to do so without any loss or detriment to the public service.

‘The military force of the empire, which at the commencement of his reign was only 50,000 troops, without scarcely any organization, by care, at the present moment amounts to 150,000 regular troops, and 150,000 more as national militia, all provided with arms, and exercised; thus offering a force of some 300,000, which may at any time be called into active service. In the marine of the Sultan there are now 15,000 seamen, all under strict organization and regular instruction.

‘It has been the constant desire of His Imperial Majesty to maintain and strengthen with all friendly powers relations of peace and sincere amity; relations which, as much as any other, promote the prosperity and well-being of the empire and the welfare of his subjects.

‘Beside the naval, military, and medical academies established at the capital, many young men have been sent to be educated in London, Paris, and Vienna, in all the branches of knowledge, the arts and sciences. Instructors and architects have also been engaged from Europe and America, for employment in the marine and army of the Sultan, and the great benefits arising from their labors are daily extending.

‘It may also be added, with the assurance of its being regarded as a strong evidence of the salutary administration of the government of the Sublime Porte, that the many families which forsook their native soil to seek a shelter and a home in foreign lands, where for some twenty-five years they remained exiles from their own country, have, by the wise measures of the Sultan, and the justice which actuates all his acts, happy to return to their homes, solicited permission to do so. This act on their part has not been in any measure promoted by the government, but has taken place wholly from a conviction that the dominions of the Sultan offer them more safety and happiness than those of any other sovereign.

‘The preceding will serve to show the unprejudiced mind of the reader that the heavy clouds which obscured the reign of the present Sultan, at the commencement of his career, have disappeared; that the past seven years offer a convincing evidence of the generous intentions of His Majesty, and of the salutary nature of the reforms which he designs effecting. What may not be expected from the sway of so enlightened and clement a prince? We submit this question to the minds of all just and impartial men, and devoutly offer the prayer that the life of a sovereign so precious to his empire and people may be prolonged. He is doubtless an agent in the hands of the ALL-WISE, to regenerate the vast country placed by Him under his charge.’

The present Sultan, Abd-ul-Mejid, which name is Arabic, and signifies ‘Servant of the Glorious,’ (God,) is now in his twenty-ninth year: he succeeded his late illustrious father, Mahmoud II., in 1839, when he was but seventeen years of age. His father had inspired him with the desire to improve his empire and promote the welfare of his people by salutary reforms, and frequently carried him with him to observe the result of the new system which he had introduced into the different branches of the public service. Previous to his accession to the throne, but little is known of his life, or the way in which he was brought up. It may be supposed to have been much like that of all oriental princes. Except when he attended his parent, he seldom left the palace. He had several sisters and one brother, all by other mothers than his own. The former have, since his accession, died, with the exception of one, the wife of the present Minister of War. His brother still lives, and resides with the Sultan in his palace. The mother of the Sultan, who was a Circassian slave of his father, is said to be a woman of a strong mind and an excellent judgment. She exercised much influence over her son when he ascended the throne, and her counsels were greatly to his benefit. He entertains for her feelings of the deepest respect, and has always evinced the warmest concern for her health and happiness. She is a large, portly lady, yet in the prime of life, and although she possesses a fine palace of her own, near to that of her son, she mostly resides with him. Her revenues are derived from the islands of Chio and Samos.

In person, the Sultan is of middle stature, slender, and of a delicate frame. In his youth he suffered from illness, and it was thought that his constitution had been severely affected by it. His features are slightly marked with the small-pox. His countenance denotes great benevolence and goodness of heart, and the frankness and earnestness of character which are its chief traits. He does not possess the dignified and com-



manding figure which eminently characterized his father, and in conduct is simple and diffident. His address, when unrestrained by official forms and ceremony, is gentle and kind in the extreme—more affable and engaging than that of his Pachas; and no one can approach him without being won by the goodness of heart which his demeanor indicates. He has never been known to commit an act of severity or injustice; his purse and his hand have always been open for the indigent and the unfortunate, and he takes a peculiar pride in bestowing his honors upon men of science and talent. Among his own subjects he is very popular and much beloved; they perceive and acknowledge the benefit of the reforms which he has instituted, and he no longer need apprehend any opposition on their part. In some of the more distant portions of his empire, such as Albania, where perhaps foreign influence is exerted to thwart his plans, his new system of military rule has not yet been carried out; but it evidently soon will be, especially when its advantage over the old is felt by the inhabitants.

The palaces of the Sultan, on both banks of the Bosphorus, though externally showy, are very plain and simple in their interior arrangement. They are surrounded by high walls, and guarded by soldiery. The first block of buildings which the traveller approaches on visiting them, up the Bosphorus, are the apartments of the eunuchs; the second his *harem*, or female apartments; and the third those of the Sultan. Beyond this are the offices of his secretaries, guard, and band of music, all beyond the walls of the palace. The number of eunuchs is some sixty or eighty, and the females in the harem about three hundred to four hundred. The Sultan never marries; all the occupants of his harem are slaves, and he generally selects from four to six ladies as his favorites, who bear children to him, and who succeed to his throne. The remainder of the females are employed as maids of honor, who attend upon his mother, his favorites, his brother's mother, favorite if he has one, and upon his children. Many hold offices in the palace, and are charged with the maintenance of good order and regularity. Many of them are aged females, who have been servants to his father, his mother, and sisters and brother, and have thus claims upon his kindness and protection. The only males who have the right of entrance to the imperial harem are the eunuchs, all of whom are black, and come mutilated from Egypt. The chief of their corps is an aged 'gentleman of color,' possessing the Sultan's confidence in an eminent degree, and in official rank is higher than any other individual connected with the imperial palace. The eunuchs are assigned to the service of the different ladies of the harem, do their shopping in the bazaars, carry their messages, and accompany them on their visits. Indeed, their duties are much like those of well-bred gallants in our country, without any of the ambitious feelings which animate the latter, and certainly they never aspire to the possession of their affections. Some of them grow wealthy, possess much property, and slaves of both sexes, but as they can have no families the Sultan is their legal heir. Eunuchs are possessed by many of the pachas and other officers of rank, for the purpose of serving their wives, sisters, and daughters: they cost four or five times as much as an ordinary black slave, and the highest officers seldom possess more than ten of them at once.

From them much interesting information can at times be procured relative to the most sacred and least known of the Mussulman family system. They are generally of mild disposition, gentle and amiable; though this is not always the case, for they sometimes are petulant, cross, and confoundedly non-communicative.

The Sultan's palace is peculiarly his private home, and no officers of high rank occupy it with him. He has four private secretaries, and as many chamberlains. He has also two *aids-de-camp*, who are generally in command of the body-guard, which has its quarters in the vicinity of the palace. He seldom, however, commands their attendance: their duties are to keep watch at the principal entrances, and to salute him or any of his higher officers who may arrive at or leave the royal residence. The secretaries write out his orders, and the chief of their number receives all foreign functionaries or Turkish dignitaries who visit the palace on business. One of them is the Sultan's interpreter, and translates articles for his perusal from the many foreign papers received from Europe and America by the Sultan. All official documents are sent to the chief secretary by the different ministers of the Sublime Porte, and those received from the foreign embassies and legations are translated there, previous to being transmitted to the Sultan. No foreign legation ever transacts any official business directly with the Sultan, or through the chief (private) secretary; but the latter may be visited on matters relating to the sovereign personally. Documents from the Sublime Porte are always communicated through the Grand Vezir, who has a number of port-folios in which these are placed, and he sends them to the palace by certain functionaries charged especially with their conveyance. Of these the Vezir possesses one key, and the Sultan, or his chief secretary, another. The Sultan passes several hours of the day, from eleven to three, in perusing these papers, and in hearing their perusal by the private secretary before him; and his imperial commands are traced on their broad margin, either by his own hand in red ink, (as is customary in China,) or he directs his secretary to do it for him. So very sacred are all manuscripts coming from his pen, that these papers seldom ever leave the bureaux to which they belong, except after his decease. It is only on such documents that the autograph of the Sultan is ever seen.

At about three o'clock the Sultan generally leaves the palace, in a *caïque* or barge, which, being smaller than that used for official purposes, is called the *incognito*, (*tebdil*), and visits the edifices which he may be erecting, calls upon his sisters, or spends the remainder of the day at one of the many delightful nooks on the Bosphorus or Golden Horn, where he possesses *kiosks*, or summer-houses. Sometimes he takes with him his brother or his sons; and he is strongly attached to them. It is said that he is having the latter instructed in the French language, in geography and mathematics. The elder is some ten years of age, but will not succeed his father to the throne until after the death of his uncle, who, by Mussulman law, is next in right to the reigning Sultan. Inheritance, in Islam lands, runs through all the brothers before it reverts to the children of the eldest son. Females cannot succeed to the throne, and the house of Othman would consequently become extinct with its last male representative.

## A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD.

BY JAMES LINEN.

## I.

While gliding down life's rapid river  
Eddies strong impede our course,  
And baffling oft our best endeavor,  
Whelm us with terrific force.

## II.

Here passions swell, and flashing bubbles  
Burst their empty forms in air;  
And on this busy stream of troubles  
Float the barks of Hope and Care.

## III.

Here friends with honeyed accents cluster,  
Thick as bees within their hive,  
And at the social banquet muster,  
Court and fawn, while all things thrive.

## IV.

But let the sun that shines in gladness  
Sink in gloom above our head,  
And Want wear looks and weeds of sadness,  
Where has boasted Friendship fled?

## V.

As unsubstantial shadows follow  
Moving forms in sunny days,  
Side by side, smooth flatterers hollow  
Wait on knaves, and sing their praise.

## VI.

Men for different spheres are fitted,  
Some to serve and some to rule,  
And Merit oft may be outwitted,  
Worth, a lackey, serve a fool.

## VII.

Ambition's slaves ape ways of fashion,  
Gild the halls of empty Pride;  
Or gaily with the spurs of Passion  
Proudly on to Ruin ride.

## VIII.

Ignoble minds presume that pleasures  
Unalloyed with wealth are found,  
And, dazzled by earth's glittering treasures,  
Thirst for gold the world around.

## IX.

Who can depend on Fortune fickle,  
Or avert the fatal blow  
When Death comes with unsparing sickle,  
All our cherished hopes to mow ?

## X.

There are no fragrant paths of roses  
Free from pricking thorns of care,  
And oft the grave untimely closes  
Over Youth and Beauty fair.

## XI.

From the palace to the cottage,  
From the hovel to the throne ;  
From the cradle to life's dotage,  
Where are Sorrow's tears unknown ?

## XII.

When the heart is sad and dreary,  
And the Present seems to frown,  
Oh ! how many, of life weary,  
Wish to lay its burden down !

## XIII.

What though the mind be stored with learning,  
And life's prospect fair to see,  
We ever feel our spirit yearning,  
Like some caged bird, to be free.

## XIV.

The gaudy phantoms of the Present,  
That we covet so, and chase,  
Are like the rainbow evanescent,  
Leaving no enduring trace.

## XV.

So the world goes on revolving  
In its orbit, as of yore,  
While creeds and fetters are dissolving  
Upon every tyrant shore.

## XVI.

Progression's god-like spirit ranges  
Through all systems, young and old,  
That keenly feel approaching changes,  
Yet unwritten and untold.

## THE RECLUSE.

BY RALPH BRADWELL

'THERE have been holy men who hid themselves  
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave  
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived  
 The generation born with them, nor seemed  
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks  
 Around them; and there have been holy men  
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.'

BYRANT'S FOREST HEN.

THE old man, having proceeded thus far, ceased speaking, and sank back upon a projection of rock that hung over the rude seat upon which he had rested, apparently much exhausted with the fatigue and excitement of his unaccustomed task. While delivering the observations which I have but imperfectly repeated in the last chapter, he appeared frequently to forget my very presence, and with eyes uplifted or gazing on vacancy, although uttering aloud his thoughts, seemed rapt and communing with himself. Again at times, hurried away by the ardor of his enthusiasm, his speech would flow rapidly, and he would fix his eyes with such intensity upon me, and with such a wild unearthly expression, that I trembled, awe-struck, and almost terrified into unconsciousness at the sublimity of his appearance. His clear blue eyes at such times would brighten, and his whole face seem to kindle as with a blaze of light.

Be the cause of these impressions what it might, I was spell-bound, and every faculty of my mind was so riveted upon the events as they occurred, that though many years have since passed away, the impression upon my memory is as fixed and distinct as if it were the occurrence of yesterday. I fancied that this aged man had been originally of a powerful frame, with a tremendous will and a giant-like force of character, and that this great power, which in actual practical life, and upon the great theatre of the world, would have made him a triumphant conqueror of 'the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' had been almost wholly exhausted in their own discipline, if not systematic self-destruction. Still the phenomenon of a man of clear intellect and resolute purpose, setting himself apart from his fellows, and giving himself up to a life of holy contemplation and pure reason, so attracted my attention and fascinated my imagination, that my mind was excited to such a pitch as it had never been before. Unlike most men of my age and position, I was fortunate by early education in having fixed principles of morality and religion, and sound notions upon almost all leading matters of human conduct. Still I had read and reflected enough to have cultivated a curiosity respecting the opinions of others, whose creed or code might be the result of circumstances, or the dictate of policy. 'This man's reflections,' thought I, 'must surely be worthy of my attentive consideration. He is too far removed from me to speak or believe aught but the purest truth;' and his process of ratiocination seemed to me so much aloof from all the disturbing influences of passion and interest, that if human intellect or pure reason could arrive at truth, his deductions were entitled to the profoundest

respect if not implicit adoption. It was not that I expected to discover any new truths, that my attention and feelings were so strongly interested ; but I did feel assured from the peculiarities of my venerable friend, that I should find much instruction and entertainment from listening to his strange talk, mingled as it was with profound and acute observation. Still, though I try to persuade myself otherwise, I fear it was little better than curiosity that I had for a motive in the beginning of our intercourse. Afterward I learned what a treasure I had discovered, and learned to appreciate it. Nay, more, during my whole life, at every period and juncture, I have felt under an infinitude of obligation to the teachings and accurate observations of this old man.

After the interchange of a few words of courtesy, I left the spot, having promised to return in the afternoon of the third day following, and prepared to return to the city. Upon emerging from the cave of the hermit, strange and peculiar sensations came over me. I seemed awaking from an absorbing dream ; so attentively had I listened to, and so deeply interested had I been, in what I had heard, that it had completely carried me away from every thing around me, and I had become totally forgetful of time and place. Now as I walked on and stood upon the brink of the bold summit that rose like a sentinel's watch-tower over the city below, and looked out upon the broad champaign country beyond, I felt a thrill of pleasurable emotions pass through my frame as the thought recurred to me, how different was the stand-point from which I looked out upon the world, from that of the singular being with whom I had just parted ! Naught was left to him but contrition and sorrow in this life for a wasted existence. He had nothing to return to his MAKER, to show his gratitude for the gift of an immortal existence. Like the wicked servant in the Christian parable, he had buried his talent !

The sun was veering toward the edge of the western horizon ; a canopy of cloudless blue hung over me ; field and meadow, lake and river lay spread out like a mosaic pavement far down beneath my feet, and far away at my left stretched out the beautiful bay, to lose itself in the majestic Sound that swept along, vast, endless, and calm, ever changing, yet ever the same, like the perpetual chain of humanity that now circles the earth, and will so continue 'to the last syllable of recorded time.' The very breeze that fanned my cheek seemed more soft and kind than usual, and every object around me incited to contemplation and thought. I slowly wound my way down the mountain toward my home. It was a narrow circuitous path, but little trodden, except by the adventurous student and the occasional pleasure-seeker. Here it lay across trunks of fallen trees, that time had cut down and left lying in the swath ; there it abruptly terminated upon a point of rock projecting over a ravine filled with brush-wood, at the bottom of which gurgled a noisy stream ; while the traveller was at a loss how to proceed, until some over-hanging bough suggested itself, and held out a friendly hand, by clinging to which one might gently let himself down to the rocks below. Thus I journeyed on, sometimes starting a serpent from his repose, who would rear his head and glare for a moment at me with his sparkling eyes, and then glide away at a lazy pace, as if angry at the disturbance, but as though thinking himself not likely to gain any laurels by an encounter with the knotted

club I carried. Sometimes a rabbit would dart across my path as if frightened at the noise he made; and sometimes a fox would peer his glistening eyes through the border of the thicket, and retreat as cautiously as he had advanced. Such scenes as these had been the only companionship of the hermit for many a long year; and no doubt the endless variety and ever-varying face of nature around him had kept his mind and heart sound and clear, and thus he had escaped that apparent annihilation of 'this intellectual being' that so often overwhelms the melancholy victim of human cruelty, who, being buried alive in a dungeon, is at the same time denied the society of his fellow-men, and shut out from the works of God.

Upon arriving at my room in the college, I found waiting to see me my most intimate friend. I was too full of my adventure to keep it longer concealed, as I might otherwise upon farther reflection have done. The narrative produced a powerful impression on the mind of my auditor, and his interest was excited even beyond my own. John Caldwell was of about my own age. An accidental acquaintance at college, springing up from the circumstance that we both hailed from the 'Palmetto State,' had early ripened into the closest and most earnest intimacy. He was a young man of the most terribly decided will I ever knew. His passions were all very powerful, but kept in admirable subjection, except his pride, which cost him many a struggle and many a pang. Like myself, he was among the oldest in our class. He had already mentioned to me some incidents of an unhappy passion of his earlier life, which had terminated not unlike that of the new 'old man in the mountains' of whom I write, and the details of my story struck him with peculiar force, and no doubt tended to arouse his the more powerfully.

CALDWELL.—I am very glad you have told me this. I have had in contemplation such a life as that of the individual of whom you have spoken, and had reflected seriously upon it for a long time back. I could see no valid objection to it. I was well aware of my own peculiarities, and if I had once entered upon it, I should have adhered to it, though it had eaten out my heart. I had not mentioned the subject to you, lest you might have attempted to dissuade me.

SEAWULF.—My dear Caldwell, in this you did wrong, indulge me in saying. You know that your secret would have been safe with me, and I should not have attempted to discover your retreat. You know moreover that I, at least, would never have doubted your sincerity, if you had proposed such a matter. You ought to have talked of it freely with me. Though I am much your inferior in talent, you might have gotten a better light upon the subject, by bringing to bear the affectionate sympathies of another mind and heart.

CALDWELL.—You do yourself injustice and exaggerate my poor abilities, but I am free to confess that I did wrong. I now see it clearly. I was 'stumbling upon the hills of darkness.' I was groping my way under the same delusion as your friend of the mountain. I was in the wrong. You would have set me right in an instant. My fault is too much self-reliance. My proneness is to unhallowed speculation. Your calm and steady mind and heart, that never doubt and never waver, but always stand sentinel and help-meet for each other, would have enabled

you to dissipate in an instant the cloud which was overwhelming me, and which has cost this man a life-time, and the whole value of his existence, to discover.

SEAWULF. — The charms of solitude are more fanciful than real. As a state of negation, at times it fascinates the imagination, as when, disturbed by any grief and human sympathy is a mockery, we long to steal away from the haunts of men, and indulge in 'the luxury of woe.' But believe me, this is selfish, and unmanly — a dereliction of duty. Affliction, borne with manful resignation, purifies and elevates, and energizes to nobler action. Solitary repining perverts our better nature, and leads us to despair.

Our conversation ran on thus at some length. The mind of my friend Caldwell was in a deplorable state. He had turned his attention to the study of history and politics, to divert the gloom that hung over his thoughts; and although he had made progress in these great studies, such as might have been anticipated from his strong mental powers, his ethical notions startled and shocked me greatly. Hoping that he might profit by it, I proposed that he should accompany me in my next visit to the Recluse. To this he gladly assented, and we both promised ourselves much pleasure in the anticipated interview with the venerable octogenarian.

## S E R E N A D E .

## I.

LADY, wake! — lady, wake  
From thy dreaming sleep;  
Kind friends below, and stars above,  
For thee their vigils keep:  
Awake! the air is full of song,  
The night breathes melody,  
And gently floating on its breath,  
Are words of love for thee.

## II.

Lady, list! — lady, list  
To our minstrelsy;  
And though 't is but an humble strain,  
It is, it is for thee:  
While Night hums forth her sweetest notes  
For earth and sky and sea,  
List thou the tone that speaks alone  
To thee — to thee — to thee!

## III.

Be it thine, be it thine,  
In this world of ours,  
To pluck the rose without the thorn  
In freshest, sweetest bowers;  
And when again thou woorest Sleep,  
Still shine the moon's chaste beams,  
And be the tone, for thee alone,  
Repeated in your dreams.

CLARENCE ELWIN



## T R U T H .

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

BLISS Power! whose strain for us begins,  
 Perchance, beneath the shapeless mould,  
 But rises, till a place it wins  
 Where things of bliss their pinions fold :

Teach us thine image still to trace  
 In all that rises from the sod ;  
 To know thy highest form of grace,  
 The essence of thy being — God !

Unknowing what her least things are,  
 Earth's dizzy heights we madly climb ;  
 Ay, deem for us Heaven's gates ajar,  
 And list for teachings out of Time.

In search of thee, we leave thy side,  
 Blest TRUTH ! and thou our guide canst be  
 Oh ! never, till the scales of pride  
 Fall from our eyes, and we can see !

Have we not deemed thee wrapt amid  
 The cold Past in its winding-sheet,  
 When thou wert in deep beauty hid  
 In the small blossom at our feet !

And oh ! how oft the white-haired man,  
 Returning from life's devious wild,  
 Has found thee, where his quest began,  
 In childhood's valley, with the child !

Yet, though TRUTH dimly light our sphere,  
 And earth seems still to error wed,  
 Oh, let no pallid ghost of fear  
 Tell us the child of Heaven is dead !

'Progress' may falter in its flight ;  
 Systems may feel Time's wrecking ire,  
 But TRUTH, though lost to human sight,  
 Still builds to Heaven her solemn spire.

All things may change : yes ! from the skies  
 The starry host be wildly riven,  
 But TRUTH, the Phoenix, still will rise,  
 E'en from Creation's dust, to Heaven !

There will she show that light supreme,  
 That now would blind our earthly gaze ;  
 There, wakened from Earth's wildering dream,  
 We enter Life within her rays.

## Sketch-Book of Mr. Meister Karl.

### CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

'*Ax'hou de k'ha doui. Dak'hou bah hdeleiwah.*'—LAWS OF THE AVOCADES.

#### INTRODUCTION AND PROTEST !

BY THE MEISTER.

PARIS, FEBRUARY, 184—.

READER, there are several items in this work for which I, the compiler thereof, do hold myself in no wise responsible. For having intrusted the revision and publication of the same to the arch-rogue WOLF SHORT, he at once went to work with scissors and paste, not only cutting out and expurgating nearly all that I had written, in imitation of the Chevalier Bunsen, Thomas à Kempis, Chalmers, and Tillotson, but actually interpolating (by way of improvement, as he kindly informed me) divers platitudes of his own invention ; preëminent among which is the following chapter, which all true friends of mine are respectfully requested to skip, as I always do myself. And as I propose in my next edition striking out all these interpolations, and substituting therefor select biographical notices of, and extracts from, the works of Sterne, Swift, Rabelais, Sydney Smith, Abraham a Santa Clara, Gerundic de Zerotes, Schiller's Friar, Taulerus, Dow's Patent Sermons, and other approved and orthodox theologians and theological works, (including of course an abridgment of the '*Predicatoriana*,') I trust that no one will find extra fault with the succeeding pages, especially as I distinctly and openly denounce them as not the genuine Meister Karl. If you doubt—*le voilà !*

A DINNER IN THE RUE CADRE :  
LA CHAUMIÈRE AND THE GRISETTE

'*FRANCE amis de la bombance,  
Enfants du quartier Latin,  
De grace un peu de silence,  
Et tous chantons de refrain :  
Rose Pompon, (bis),  
Rigolette, et Frisette,  
J'ai du votre cotillon !*'—LA PANIER AUX GRISSETTES.

'*Vive la Chaumiére,  
Où a des cosquets.*'—LA GRISSETTE.

I FOUND myself one afternoon walking up the Rue Vivienne with a Polish friend, the most eccentric genius, I verily believe, at that time in Paris. He seemed to have been born for the purpose of illustrating the total amount of singularity, oddity, whimsicality, and contradiction which a human brain is capable of entertaining. Attired the day before in a dress which would have been refused admission to a ball of the Barrière, with manners to match, he was now *mis en grand seigneur*, (dressed

like a lord,) and bore himself with the grace and dignity which became his title.

'Well, *mon ami*,' I asked, 'where do we dine to-day?'

'Where you little think,' he replied.

We walked on in silence for a few minutes. He continued:

'I know that you like to see life in its different forms, and will not stick at a trifle.'

This was the last word he spoke, until we arrived at a dusty, desolate-looking house in the Rue Cadet, at which he rung. The summons was directly answered, not by the *concierge*, but a trim, pretty-looking girl, who scrutinized us closely.

'Well, Melanie, is dinner served?'

The girl burst into a laugh. '*Tiens! c'est donc vous, Monsieur*, (ha! it is you, Sir.) *Ma foi*, how you are changed since the last time! No wonder I did n't know you. Oh, *mon Dieu!* how handsome he is in *gants de paille*, (straw-colored gloves,) and his moustache *en gomme!*' (gummed.)

'I did it, *petite*, that I might get a place in your heart. Do n't let me be *dégommé*,' (ungummed, or 'dismissed from his situation.')

'*Blagueur!*' (idle-talker.)

With this epithet of endearment, she ushered us up a difficult pair of stairs into a large room, already occupied by a dozen ladies, most of whom were strikingly attractive, and three or four gentlemen. The females, I at once perceived, were *artistes*, *id est*, actresses, and inferior stars of the opera. As for the men, they might have been any thing, from spies of the police up to diplomatists; for I could perceive nothing in their appearance or language which afforded the slightest indication of their condition, with the exception, indeed, of one rosy, merry, tight little fellow, called by the rest *Monsieur l'Abbé*, whose loud ringing laugh and droll twinkling eyes were too eminently, positively, and exquisitely theological to admit a doubt as to the character of his earlier studies.

'Gentlemen and ladies!' exclaimed Melanie, ushering us in, 'permit me to introduce Monsieur le Polonais, who will perform to-day in the farce of the '*Converted Ragman*,' or the '*Fop of Paris*.' As he has never practised or rehearsed it previously, the refined and illustrious audience are requested to pardon all small errors — *tra la, la, la, la!*'

'Permit me,' exclaimed my friend, 'to present with my right hand my *ami très deochicandard*, (my very up-to-snuff friend,) Monsieur Charles; and placing my left on my heart, to disclaim the possibility of my committing any of those small errors which Melanie talks about.'

'We thank you kindly for your friend,' replied a superb girl, with blue eyes and black hair; 'as for the rest, *Dame!* all the world knows that the Polish gentleman has no *small* errors or vices.'

'*Va, tu m'embêtes*,' (go, you annoy me,) was the elegant reply of my friend. 'But I own myself floored, Mamselle Eloise, truly *enfoncee*,' (used-up.)

'*Enfoncée!*' cried all the ladies, and sung in merry chorus:

'*Enfoncée, enfoncee,  
La boutique du patisier.*'

'*Sacré boutique, ventre biche et trou de l'air!*' roared my Pole. 'What, ho! *holà* there, Madame; bring these ladies their soup, and stop their mouths!'

'Stop your own profanity,' said Eloise, 'and know that nothing immoral or improper is tolerated here — except yourself!'

At this stage the *potage* made its appearance, and was speedily dispatched. The dinner was excellent, the wine exquisite. Long before the conclusion, I had satisfactorily determined that my knowledge of the French language, as well as of French nature in general, might in this seminary, if not *improved*, be at least very materially extended.

At one of the periodical pauses, a black-eyed little witch, who sat beside the Abbé, and to whom he seemed remarkably attentive, cried out:

'But, Monsieur l'Abbé — Monsieur le Farceur (Mr. Joker) — finish the story you began before the Polish gentleman entered.'

'What, about my German enemy? As thou wilt, O beautiful child! but let me forewarn thee, that it is a defeat, and not a victory, of thy best friend that I am about to sing.'

'*On ta donc flouée*, (somebody cheated you then,) *pauvre Abbé!*' cried the witch, laughing, and pretending to cry.

'Listen! Several of us were obliged at a Concurrency to present essays to the dean on a subject — *n'importe quoi!* My principal adversary was a great beer-barrel of an Alsatian. The essays were to be printed, and I, fearing that my Alsatian, who understood the subject as little as a Spanish cow does Latin, might obtain one, gave orders to the publisher to print only a limited number, and on no account to deliver a single copy to any person but myself. *Eh bien!* my Alsatian heard of this, and did his best to obtain one. He tried bribery, but the printer's devils were all *French*, and spurned with indignation the wages of infamy. And what did the *scélérat* do! He drew on a pair of white linen pantaloons, and entering the office, looked around until he found the essay set up in type and freshly inked. Being as broadly-built as a Flemish ship, he sat down upon it, as it were inadvertently, and rising, ran home unperceived, with four quarto pages printed on his pantaloons.'

The dessert over, Eloise turned smilingly to my Pole and said: 'Well, *mon ami*, will you lose a cup of coffee and a *petit verre* with me at cards, or would you prefer paying for it now?' '*Pas si jobard*,' (not so green,) grumbled the Pole; 'that is to say, wolves do n't eat each other, *belle amie*, so keep thy teeth from me!' '*Tais toi, gros serein!* (Hold your tongue, great stupid.) Oh, what a terrible spectacle to behold such sordid avarice lodged in so young a heart!'

'Will Mamselle permit me to offer her a *gloria*,' (coffee and cognac,) I said, 'as a sacrifice to the divinity of her beauty!'

'There, Monsieur le Pole,' cried Eloise, 'there's an example for you in your excellent friend! Oh, what goodness of heart! Bravest, best of men, suffer me to embrace thee!'

Which I actually did, to the intense delight of the Pole, and the heartfelt satisfaction of the *abbé*, who wafted his blessing by putting his elbow on the back of his left hand, and waving the right up and down,

(a gesture borrowed, I believe, from the Cancan,) and offered to marry us on the spot for a cigar. But Eloise drew herself up proudly, and with the air of Rachel exclaimed :

'Monsieur is worthy of a queen — an empress might be proud to wed him ; but I have sworn to remain a vestal !'

Here the Pole abruptly caught up his hat and cried : ' Fly ! let us save ourselves ; this is too holy a spot for an unworthy sinner like me.'

We bade adieu to the company, and receiving many pressing invitations to return soon, took our departure.

It was night, and as we strolled lazily along the Boulevards, the Pole drew his hat over his eyes, and muttered to himself from time to time. At last he broke out :

'*Volage* — changeable — fickle ! Poor butterflies of an hour — poor children, lost — for ever. The flowers sprung up in cool gardens, or beneath the pleasant green-wood, and the spoiler came and cut them away, and bore them in gilded vases to heated saloons, that they might exult for a few short hours in their beauty, and on the morrow be cast out, wasted and worthless, to rot by the way-side. *Telle est la vie !*'

'The fault of society,' I suggested, without reflecting, as a mere common-place.

The Pole glared upon me, almost fiercely, and exclaimed :

'It is *not* the fault of society ! Who declared that society should be the scape-goat to bear away the sins of the weak and wicked ? Is not the progress of the world the work of God, and is it not slandering God to declare his work the cause of *sin* ? Breathes there a man or woman on earth, to whom it has not in one form or the other been revealed, 'Thou shalt resist temptation ;' the nature of which temptation has also of its kind been made manifest ? But go and ask those children, those lost ones whom we have just quitted, and they will all sing you the same song : 'We are not to blame ; oh no, we are not bad ; the world and man made us what we are !'

With this the Pole spoke no more for a full half-hour. Suddenly calling a *coupé*, he entered with me, and said :

'Let us go to the CHAUMIERE. Drive on, coachman !'

On, along the brilliant Boulevard, gay with a thousand lights and thronged with myriads. Before the *cafés*, at little tables, sat crowds sipping their iced lemonade, and listening to itinerant harpers and guitar-girls. There was the portly citizen with his family, the lover and his dear one, all unconscious, it would seem, of 'the marketable vice and sin for sale,' which swam along mixed with the flood of life. At intervals a solitary *sergent de ville*, in his long frock-coat, cocked-hat, and rapier, strode silently on, a gloomy man without a will, alone in the gay throng. And above all, and in all, and through all, circulated the elements of blood and fire and death. They were there in the rapid glancing of eyes, the pressure of hands, in short words and hasty signs. In their distant quarters, in dens of vice, of squalidness and debauchery, the '*dangerous classes*' were laughing with fierce glee, and there was much meaning in the '*nous verrons*' of those days. For the great revolution of 1848 was then at hand. Down the Rue Richelieu, along the Quai, over the Pont

Neuf, and up the Rue Dauphine, on through old Paris and the Latin Quarter: at last we reached the summer-garden known as LA GRANDE CHAUMIERE.

LE CHATEAU ROUGE and *Mabille* may be superior to the *Chaumière* in ornament, and *Ranelagh* to the *Bois de Boulogne* in rank; but I doubt whether there be another place in Paris which exercises a greater fascination upon its *habitues*. These are for the greater part students, and of course *grisettes*, with a plentiful sprinkling of ladies and gentlemen of the stamp we had just quitted in the *Rue Cadet*. The price of admittance is trifling; the grounds beautifully laid out, tastefully decorated, and brilliantly illuminated. Nor are the amusements limited to dancing, smoking and refreshing. There are '*les montagnes Russes*,' the Russian mountains, adown which you roll in a small car with lightning-like rapidity; or as Moore describes it:

——— 'There are cars that set out  
From a lighted pavilion high up in the air,  
And rattle you down, DOLL, you hardly know where;  
These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through  
This delightfully-dangerous journey, hold fast.  
Some cavalier asks with humility whether  
You'll venture down with him; you smile—'t is a match;  
In an instant you're seated, and down both together  
Go thund'ring, as if you went post to Old Scratch!'

The cars of the present day are differently and less affectionately constructed. Beside the Russian mountains, are varieties of tables, where you may play at roulette or '*billiards Chinoises*,' for bonbons and other fancy articles.

We were seated at a table enjoying our cigars. The Pole seemed lost in a torpor of gloomy thought. Suddenly a merry female voice behind me exclaimed:

'*Tiens!*—*c'est bien lui!* What! Monsieur *Charles*, have you forgotten me!'

'*Au contraire*, my child, I love you better than ever,' I exclaimed, and then turned round to ascertain who the dear one might be. She was a decidedly good-looking girl, neatly and plainly dressed. Her countenance wore that mixed expression of refinement and energy, which not unfrequently results from an excellent education and thorough knowledge of the world. Her age might have been twenty, but a certain gravity of demeanor made her appear two years older. Add to this an occasional droll gleam of the eye, indicating the keenest appreciation of the humorous, and you have my new friend exactly. As for recalling or remembering her, the thing was out of the question. 'But, *Mamselle*,' I inquired, 'where then did I last have the pleasure of meeting you?'

'*Oh, mon Dieu!* has Monsieur then forgotten the little guitar-girl, who sang to him in the Isar Garden at Munich!'

'*Diable!*' I exclaimed, fairly taken aback by surprise.

'And the forlorn little English widow, whom you met last autumn at the *Cour de Hollande* in Mayence?'

'Why, what sort of an enchantress are you?' I cried. 'Yes, indeed, I remember you now!'

'Tis n't all yet. You did n't see me, I suppose, at Venice, but I made the landlady give you that nice room; that was my doing.'

'But what in the name of all that's mysterious are you then?' I exclaimed.

'I am *Annusha Vetjovsky* in Poland; *Prygoschee Dutja* in Russia; *Katarina Röschen* in Germany; *Victorine* in France, and anything I please every where.'

'Well, fair *Röschen*, (roselet, little rose,) I am a thousand times your debtor for the Venetian room.'

'*Du tout*, Monsieur! not at all, Sir. *Mon Dieu*, I shall never forget seeing the tears come to your eyes in that Munich garden, when I sung the little Austrian song! 'Ah,' said I, 'Rose, thou art certainly possessed of great musical talent, and the gentleman over there has an exquisite appreciation of the same.' So when I went round with the shell to collect what God and the company might choose to give, I determined to spare you, as you had already paid with tears. But you called me, and when I came near, because you had no small money, you gave me that pretty little ring: *tiens — la voilà!*'

With these words she held out the neatest little hand in the world, and showed me the ring, her eyes gleaming with fun, and her mouth puckered up into the most laughably-odd expression man ever beheld. At this instant the Pole raised his head slowly and abstractedly. He had evidently not heard a word of our conversation, nor was he aware of the young girl's presence; but as he rose, he fixed his eyes deeply and earnestly upon her own, exclaiming in Russian:

'*Prygoschee Dutja* — beautiful child — are you here?'

'*Da, moy Batiushka*,' (yes, my father,) she replied.

'I have some good news for you, my daughter; but I want my friend here to take part in our joy, and to do *that*, he must first hear the story of your life.'

With this the Pole ordered champagne, bade the wonderful one sit down, and lighted a fresh cigar. After reflecting an instant she began:

'I am ignorant as to my parentage or place of birth; I only know that my mother, described as a German lady, left me at the age of three months in charge of a country-woman of hers, whose husband, an old Frenchman, kept a small silk-store in Florence. Their own child dying, the pair adopted me. No one ever appeared to reclaim me, and I lived for ten years happily enough with the old couple. Being naturally quick, I learned French from my papa, German in the broadest Suabian dialect from the old lady, and Italian, of course, from every body. Reading, writing and singing were taught me at a little school near our house.

'But ah! these fine times did not last long, for one sad day the poor old couple died, leaving me with their *magasin* to a cruel old wretch of a Frenchman, (a brother of papa's,) who scolded, starved, and beat me, and finally let me run loose in the street. I should soon have been lost for ever, had it not been for a single fortunate incident.

'There was an agreeable, good-looking woman who had rented a little room for a short time in our house. She was by profession a guitar-player and singer, wandering from city to city, singing in the hotels and *cafés*. She loved me dearly, taught me to play the guitar, and finally begged me

of the horrid old Frenchman, who was glad enough to get rid of me. Under her protection I set forth on my travels.

'My duty was to go round with a shell, after Mona Lisa (such was my new mamma's name) had sung, and collect money. You will naturally suppose, Sir, that this, morally speaking, was as bad a life as the one I had just quitted. On the contrary, Mona Lisa made me behave myself, fed and clothed me well, taught me all she could, and treated me very kindly. *Mon Dieu*, gentlemen, it is a great mistake to suppose that all travelling players, such as we were, are lost to decency and goodness!

'Mona Lisa would never perform in any but the first-class hotels or *cafés*; there she was less exposed to insult, and was well paid, as her great talent deserved. Occasionally the directors of small theatres or concerts would engage her, but she always escaped as soon as possible, even when well paid. Constraint in any form was terribly irksome to her, and she only seemed happy when roaming about the world, forgetting every thing and herself.

'We wandered twice all over Russia and Poland, once as far as Constantinople, and several times through Italy, Germany, Hungary, France and England. What nonsense! I can truly say that there is no country in Europe with which we were not familiar, and very few languages which I did not learn. Is it not true, *Batiuschka*?' she suddenly exclaimed, turning to the Pole.

'True enough, *moya Duj'a*,' he replied; and turning to me, added, 'I speak fourteen tongues, but Rosa is my superior in such matters.'

'When Mona Lisa had laid by a large sum of money, as she frequently did, we would stop for months together in the large cities, living quietly and respectably. Her greatest delight was to lead me through picture-galleries or churches, and explain to me all that was wonderful or curious in the places we visited. I soon found out that she was highly educated, and had at one time lived in good society. She was often melancholy, and always reserved; avoided all acquaintance; but oh! what a good, gentle heart she had!

'When Mona Lisa was insulted, as poor strolling singers often are, she was terrible. By her tact and forbearance she generally escaped rough treatment or violence; but I have more than once seen her give the stab to a *scélérat*.

'During our long stay in Munich, Dresden, and several other cities, she had me taught drawing and lace-work. 'Remember, Rosa,' she said one day, 'I am a wandering singer; were I a duchess or queen I should in a month leave crown and all for the guitar and our gipsy-life: but thou art born for better things, and I trust that thou wilt some day earn thy bread more respectably.' Indeed, Monsieur *Charles*, I believe that there are few girls in Europe who understand lace-work better than myself. Mona Lisa made me read many books of history and poetry. Sometimes we conversed with great men; sometimes were thrown among the vilest, or were sent away by the police, as vagrants; sometimes during our long sojourns we found our way into great society, and sometimes slept by the road-side.

'At seventeen years of age I was as accomplished a *Bohémienne* as



ever lived — accomplished, I mean, in all things save vice. But a great and terrible misfortune awaited me. One day in Cracow, poor Mona Lisa fell sick. I watched by her, and wept over her, but in vain.

‘I am dying, Rosa,’ she said, as I knelt by her bed-side; ‘thou wilt never see thy poor mamma again: but oh, Rosa, be a good girl as thou always hast been; and if thou lovest poor Mona Lisa, leave this life.’

‘With these words she died. All that evening I lay in a stupor beside her corpse; but the family found me, aroused me, and hurried it to a careless burial. I was the only one to follow poor Mona Lisa to her grave.

‘The first shock of grief past, I began to reflect how I should earn my living. I was left with two guitars and three hundred florins; enough to subsist on for a long time, but not for ever. Return to my former life was impossible; for the present I contented myself with seeking for employment in lace-work and drawing, which in Cracow was difficult to obtain, and very poorly paid.

‘One evening my landlord, who was a good-natured, but not, morally speaking, very strict soul, came to me and said, ‘Miss Annusha, I will do you a good turn. A wealthy English family has just rented my first floor, and begged me to find them a nice young lady to teach their children French and music. Now no one need tell them that you came here on foot singing, and as you evidently know the ways of the great world, behold there is a place ready cut out for you.’

‘I at once accepted the situation, resolving at some time to make my new employers aware of the life I had previously led; but I had very little occasion to trouble myself about that. *Mon Dieu!* Monsieur Charles, never in all your life did you meet with such queer, droll, careless, good-natured souls. There was papa and mamma, uncle John, the eldest Rudolph, and three daughters. They were wealthy, refined, and well-educated people of the middle class, and in a social, practical way, a set of thorough democrats. Parents and children were all intimate friends, all on a par. They tried at first to treat me as a governess, but it was not in their nature: I was soon called only by my first name; had the same clothes and money as the young ladies, and was only required to teach a little and make myself agreeable. Such lovers of fun as they were! They began the day with jokes, and ended with amusements. They never went to England, but spent their life, as many English families do, all over the continent.

‘My knowledge of language, music, and the perpetual flow of anecdote with which my wanderings had supplied me, made me a general favorite. In a very short time I perfected myself in the English language.

‘One fine morning in Zurich, Mr. Rudolph made love to me, popped the question, and ran off to get pa’s permission and order luncheon. Mamma and the sisters looked a little grave; such a *mésalliance* startled even them; but when uncle John, for whom I was corresponding secretary and dragoman-general, (the good old man could never learn any tongue but English,) adroitly suggested that this was the only way to retain me always among them, and that ‘he would like to know for his

part—he would—whether such an absurdity was to be tolerated as the idea of losing me,' they all yielded, and I became the *fiancée* of the bravest, best-hearted, handsomest young man in the world.

'We were to be married in a year, but Rudolph, with all the impatience of youth, and I, with all the impatience of *prudence*, naturally desired to shorten the time. He was about to start for Paris on business, and began his preparations by betting large sums at dinner with papa and uncle John, and silk dresses with the girls, that he would run off with me and be married within a week. Which he brought to pass by going into the street, before dinner was fairly concluded, carrying my trunk down stairs. I ran out to bring him to coffee, and off we rode.

'We were to have been married in Paris. But at Cologne a great, a terrible misfortune awaited me.'

Here she paused; but the Pole, for whom she appeared to entertain a mysteriously uncontrollable awe or reverence, which contrasted strangely with her reckless manner, smiled and bade her proceed.

'*Batiuschka*, there, in addition to his other mysterious movements, always *has* been, always *is*, and I suppose always *will be*, up to the eyes in all manner of politics, plots, and revolutionary intrigues. I have many a time aided him in messages, interviews, and the like. Ah! Monsieur, who was it carried letters to you when in prison at Trieste? This was when I strolled with the guitar. And when I met him in Basle, a few days before my elopement, he visited in our family, and privately begged me, *in the name of the good cause*, to carry a small package of revolutionary pamphlets, printed in Switzerland, to a member of the *Harmonie Gesellschaft*, in Heidelberg. All such publications were strictly contraband in Germany. This bundle I put in my *coffre*, and thought no more of, until we reached Heidelberg: there I could not find it, and it lay *perdue* until nosed out by a thief of a Prussian *douanier*, who had been set on my track by some villanous spy of the police. *Diable!* if we *only* had him here!'

The slight, but quintessentially ferocious gleam of Miss Annusha Rosa's eyes, and the quiver of her lip at this instant, clearly indicated that Mr. Rudolph had, beyond all doubt, selected for his bride a young lady of very decided energy, and powerful mind. But infinitely more terrible was the quiet smile of my Pole, at the mention of that word so *intensely* hateful to all aspiring liberals—'A SPY OF THE POLICE!'

'Yes, they entered our rooms when Rudolph was absent, they broke open every thing, and cast me into prison. There I lay for three weeks, and only regained my liberty to learn that Rudolph had left the city, after having been informed that I was arrested for theft and smuggling; that I had been for years an abandoned stroller, lost to all decency, and criminal to the last degree.

'I did not attempt to seek Rudolph, or vindicate myself. Even if I could have cleared up my previous life in his eyes, the fact of my smuggling the packet would appear to him a piece of cruelty, of *keeping secrets* even at the time of marriage. Though God knows, gentlemen, I had not thought twice about the matter, so trifling did such an affair appear to *me*. I did not in fact mention it to him, for fear it might be annoying.

'Rudolph had left five thousand francs for me at our banker's, which were paid. I was ordered to quit the city, which I did, but twice revisited it during the same season, effectually disguised as an English widow. It was in this character, Monsieur *Charles*, that I astonished you so much at Mayence.

'I travelled once again over France and Italy, with an old English lady, as *compagnonne de voyage*. She paid me well, and when I left her in London, made me a handsome present. Since that time my attempts to obtain another situation have been fruitless. I live here *en grisette* in the Rue Dauphine, and earn a decent living by lace-work and the guitar. And now, *Batiuschka*, what is the good news?'

*Batiuschka*, or Little Papa, here took a deep drain of champagne; sighed for very joy; made up three faces; drank again, and twisting up his mouth, his great black eyes sparkling like diamonds with glee, said in a loud whisper:

'Papa and mamma and uncle John are in Antwerp with only two of the girls, for Anna has married young Georges, and gone to live in England.'

'I am glad to hear that they are happy,' sighed poor Annusha.

'But they are *not* happy,' cried 'Little Papa,' his eyes growing larger and larger, and sparkling like live coals. 'Not at all — don't think it; real miserable wretches, every one of them.'

'Oh, *mon Dieu*! — I suppose the disgrace —'

'*Bah*! — not a bit of it. It's all for a little polyglot guitar-girl. Uncle John has offered a thousand florins to any body who will bring her back unmarried. I laid the money out for her this afternoon, and meant to have got the police to-morrow to help and see if she were in Paris. Confound their souls, how I hate them!'

With these words the Pole, fairly weeping with joy, embraced Annusha, who nearly fainted.

'And Rudolph?' she gasped.

'I have explained every thing — vindicated you. He will arrive in Paris this evening — in time, I hope, to burn powder at the *coming festival*.'

Rudolph, my friends, *did* arrive, was married, and now lives happily, he writes the Pole, in England. But as for the happy pair ever residing six months in one place — *bah! c'est impossible!*

## I.

'Messieurs les étudiants,  
Montez à la Chaumière,  
Pour y dauser le Cancan,  
Et la Robert Macaire.

Toujours — toujours — la nuit comme le jour.

Rou piou piou — viva lera la! (Repeat.)

Rou piou piou viva lera la. Rou piou piou la lé, La — La.

## II.

Lorsque on n'a pas d'argent,  
On écrit à son pé — re;  
Qui lui répond: 'Brigand,  
Il ne fallait pas fai — re.'  
L'amour toujours, etc.

## III.

Mon père est à Paris,  
Ma mère est à Versailles;  
Et moi — je suis ici,  
Couchée sur la paille.  
Toujours, etc.

## A H E A R T - P I C T U R E .

BY LILY GRAHAM.

'A PICTURE, drawn within the brain,  
By Memory's faithful pencil.' — SHAKESPEARE.

## I.

MARY! I summon forth at thy command  
Thy features on my canvas, limn'd with words,  
Not with the vivid hues of orient birds:  
Thou tireless MIRROR of our girlish band!  
But if my etching faithful be nor bold,  
Deem not my love hath lessened or grown cold;  
Sweet cousin! chide my rude and skillless hand.

## II.

A girl's young face, nor sorrowful nor bright,  
Neither of sunshine nor of sorrow born,  
Nor yet wrought by the world's deep wrong to scorn,  
Rather a sunless Noon than radiant Night;  
A face that in its stillness gravely sweet  
Betrays no thought — a spirit too discreet  
In natural prudence for adventurous flight.

## III.

So young art thou, and yet so passionless,  
With the clear darkness of thy midnight eyes,  
Caught from a dreamer 'neath Italian skies —  
That land of love and love's wild tenderness;  
Yet are they calm and peacefully serene,  
As a deep lake within some forest's screen,  
Unstirred save by low winds of quietness.

## IV.

Will those still depths e'er tremble at the breath  
Of fervent passion or tumultuous pride!  
Will their calm glory life's fierce storms abide,  
Unchanging yet, till calmer grown — in Death!  
We cannot tell; we may not ever know  
What hides the Future, if of joy or woe —  
What mystery her dim veil covereth.

## V.

And yet it seems not hard to read aright  
The fate of one whose passions ne'er increase;  
To live and love — yet not too much for peace,  
A life-time long and pleasant, but not bright,  
Such be thy destiny. O! happier far  
Than the brief splendor of the wandering star,  
That glorious dawns, but sets in endless night.

## A SEQUEL TO SAINT LEGER.

A MERRY company were gathered at the cottage of George Fluellen. Of this we had abundant proof before we came up; for from open doors and windows, sounds of hilarity almost boisterous greeted our ears, so that I was not surprised on entering to discover a dozen young persons, of both sexes, beside the Fluellen family. It was evident they had not assembled by appointment or invitation, but had casually called, until the number was really formidable. It was quite impossible for me to comprehend what was going on. Macklorne stood in the centre of the room, as if for the purpose of better defending himself against the witty attacks which were made from every quarter—more especially from the feminine portion of the company. Of these, none seemed more zealous than Henrietta, who, as I entered, was letting off a sally which produced the most obstreperous laughter, in which Macklorne was fain to join, but which had no effect upon a very pretty, modest, sweet-looking young creature seated by the side of Josephine Fluellen, unless to make her shrink farther out of sight, under cover of her friend, who was placed so as partially to screen her from the rest. As soon as he discovered me, Macklorne ran forward and seized my arm, and before I knew what he was about to do, drew me toward his former position in the middle of the apartment.

‘Now,’ he exclaimed gaily, ‘I am reinforced, and will set you all at defiance. I can prove my innocence by my friend here.’

‘Oh, can you indeed!’ cried Henrietta, mockingly. ‘A fine road to justice you would make for us, with one criminal to swear to the innocence of the other!’

As I understood nothing of all this, I proposed very gravely, that, considering the odds we had to encounter, we should retire and hold a council before another conflict.

‘No, indeed!’ cried Henrietta. ‘This would only be giving the conspirators an opportunity to plan another plot. Let us first get at the bottom of this. A capital thought strikes me: they have had no opportunity to confer together; let us interrogate Herr—Herr—do forgive me, but your name?—I really shall never remember it.’

‘For shame!’ said Josephine; ‘you remember Herr Saint Leger’s name as well as I do; it is not a moment since you pronounced it.’

‘And how well do *you* remember it, my sweet sister?’ replied the other, running up and whispering the question in her ear, in the most confidential tone, but loud enough to be heard by every one in the room. This caused a general laugh at the expense of my favorite, who bore it with admirable humor, and seemed well satisfied in this way to draw attention from the pretty creature next her.

Still I gained no clue as to what was going on in this fun-loving company. I seized the opportunity, therefore, to step forward, and place myself in a vacant seat by the young Frau, Herr Fluellen and his wife having just left the room, and insist upon an explanation of the tumult.

‘I am the one to ask questions—you to answer them,’ replied this

inveterate tease. 'Your friend there is on trial—it is of no consequence to you for what; *he* knows, and that is sufficient. He has called on you as a witness; to this we agree; therefore please take your stand in your former position.' I obeyed. 'Now, witness,' continued the mad creature, 'let me advise you to speak the truth. You cannot save the wretched man with whom you are now confronted, for we are, by his own confession, abundantly satisfied of his guilt; but according to the custom of the land it is proper that this should be confirmed by testimony; we have seen fit to invoke it; answer truly as I shall inquire:

'You came from the village of Thun?'

'No.'

'Good. You came from Unterwalden, and spent the night at a *châlet* at the foot of the Grand Scheidegg——'

'I did not say that,' interposed Macklorne.

'Silence. I say it; gainsay who dare; do not interrupt again,' exclaimed the Frau, in a severe tone. 'You will answer.'

'Where we came *from*, most gracious judge, would be as difficult for me to inform you as to announce in what direction lies our journey hence, for I am a stranger in these parts. But in truth I must declare that we did spend the night near the foot of the Scheidegg, and in a *châlet*, consequently *not* in Thun.'

'But you were invited to proceed to that place? You see I know all.'

'Not from me,' again interrupted Macklorne. A menacing gesture was his only punishment, and I replied:

'I believe we were asked to join a gentleman who lived in that village, and who was walking homeward.'

'And what excuse did you or your companion give for not joining him?'

'None that I am aware of.'

'Recollect yourself.'

'I do perfectly. I answer confidently. No excuse was given.'

'Were the names of any ladies mentioned by the worthy Herr who extended this invitation?'

'I object,' said Macklorne, with inimitable gravity, 'to the introduction of third parties into this trial. I will cheerfully submit to the sentence, whatever it is, but I cannot permit others to be compromised.'

'Then it *would* compromise others, should an answer be given!' cried Henrietta, triumphantly. 'Well, we have only to say then—*Guilty*, GUILTY, GUILTY!' 'Of what?' asked Macklorne, pleasantly. 'Of what?' shouted the company. 'Of what?' I inquired, with an air of real curiosity. The delicate, child-like creature, whom I have twice mentioned, drew herself still closer to Josephine Fluellen, who gave her a sympathizing look while she whispered some kind word into her ear.

'Guilty of what?' rang round the room.

'On due consideration,' repeated Henrietta, solemnly, 'and appreciating the object as I do,' (she looked archly toward the same sweet girl who had attracted so much of my attention, and who was blushing crimson,) 'I cannot say Herr Macklorne has been guilty of *any thing* unreasonable or unwarrantable; and he is honorably discharged from custody. Now for a dance. Herr Macklorne shall be our first partner, as an evidence

that he has lost nothing in our estimation.' A most mirthful acquiescence went round. Macklorne gracefully kissed the hand of the fair judge, and led her into the room, and partners were soon on the floor. I hardly know why, but my confidence deserted me just as I was about to ask Josephine to be my partner. I secured, however, a charming, *naïve*-looking girl, who proved to be entertaining and agreeable. Josephine Fluellen did not dance. I asked myself several times why she did not; perhaps it was because — I could not finish the answer satisfactorily, and when I looked round again, she, with her timid companion, had left the room. Neither Macklorne nor I remained through the evening. Before we came away, Henrietta, laying aside her *brusquerie*, thanked us with easy politeness for our visit, and besought us to spend as much of our time as we could at her cottage. We returned to our own quarters, leaving most of the guests still amusing themselves.

Singularly enough, we encountered Josephine Fluellen walking arm in arm with her friend, in one of the pleasant walks of the garden adjoining the house. Macklorne stepped familiarly toward them, and taking the hand of the young stranger, 'Mademoiselle Annette,' he said, 'let me present to you my friend Saint Leger, a friend in all sincerity, and in the fullest acceptance of that much abused-word.' She seemed no longer the timid, shrinking thing I had seen, but a young maiden modest and retired, yet not wanting in a proper confidence. She received me with kindness and without embarrassment, yet with a natural delicacy and reserve. After standing a moment in conversation, it was the most natural thing in the world to resume walking, and if possible, it was still more natural that we should proceed in couples; and as Macklorne, without giving me any opportunity to choose my companion, walked on with Mademoiselle Annette, I found myself once more side by side with that superb young woman, Josephine Fluellen. I say, 'found myself,' for I have no distinct recollection of how I gained that position, and therefore have resorted to a process of reasoning, to show how it must have been gained. But I do remember that so it was. For the second time I *was* walking close by her. At that very minute the moon rose above the Finister Aar Horn, and shed its rays down upon the glistening *firnirs*, and along the fearful chasms of the glacier, and across the green belt of verdure which surrounds them, and over the forests — deep, dark, interminable forests, and through the beautiful valleys, and across the gulfs, and torrents, and cataracts, and rocks, and precipices, and along the wild dashing streams, and over the still quiet meadows, with houses and gardens and pleasant walks — upon all these shone the moon; a common matter enough, doubtless; yet just then and just there, as I was looking up and around, I was filled with awe: for an instant the earth seemed to revolve visibly, and a shudder passed across me. 'The scene impresses you?' said Josephine Fluellen, gently. I turned and looked at her. No pencil can paint the deep enthusiasm which beamed in those fine eyes — eyes which shone in the moon-light with a brilliancy that seemed supernatural.

'The scene impresses you?' she said.

'Deeply.'

'Upon me it always produces an effect strange but indescribable; not lessened, but rather increased as I become familiar with it.'

'Is this not invariably the case with objects of real sublimity, if regarded with an appreciating spirit?'

'I think so; and yet how common is the remark, that the grandest subjects fail to produce any very strong emotion, as soon as one becomes accustomed to them.'

'And the observation is generally true of those who make it. For the multitude experience on such occasions merely a feeling of surprise, which becomes more faint at every succeeding prospect.'

'I never drew that distinction, but it is a very satisfactory one. I can not reconcile myself to the idea that the most powerful effects produced by the grand and the sublime are to be attributed to astonishment and surprise. Nothing of these do I now feel, or have I ever felt, when regarding this—I know not what to call it.' And my companion gazed around, as if searching among the elements for a term which should adequately express her thoughts. Macklorne, with the pretty Annette, had wandered away toward the other side of the garden. We were left alone together. . . . Josephine Fluellen was the first to discover it; for, after a moment, she said, 'Where have our friends strayed! Let us seek them:' and we proceeded.

For the first time, it occurred to me that there might be something more than an ordinary acquaintance between Macklorne and his fair companion, and I was thus reminded that I had as yet no explanation of the scene at George Fluellen's. I immediately asked Josephine Fluellen to tell me what was the meaning of it.

'Only one of Henrietta's projects to tease Annette,' she replied.

'I thought Macklorne appeared to be the party under ordeal,' I said. 'Do explain.'

'True; but you observed how Annette was affected by it!'

'Yes; but who is Mademoiselle Annette!'

'Do you not know!' said Josephine Fluellen, with an air of surprise.

'No.'

'Has not your friend informed you? Did he never mention Annette Lindhorst?'

'Never. By the way, Annette *Lindhorst*? Can she be the niece of the worthy naturalist?'

'By adoption: her history is a romantic one. Your friend should have been more communicative. I am surprised he never explained to *you*.'

'It was because he relied on your kindness to save him from a revelation which our sex are not very free to make. Positively, he referred me to you for explanations of every kind.'

'Indeed! I was not aware that I had so much upon my hands: pray, what other explanations have you to demand?'

'Oh, none at present; but whenever a mystery arises, or something that I do not understand perplexes me, you are to be—in short, I am to apply to you for——'

'I think I understand you, and I am indebted to Herr Macklorne for this responsible office.'

'If you so regard it. He said you would explain, or at least that I might apply to you.'



'I fear you will be sadly disappointed. You expected to find some person of superior age and discretion, whose words should have the effect——'

'I must endeavor to reconcile myself to the reality.'

'And I will endeavor, since you show so much consideration, to discharge the duties of my new office acceptably.'

'You will tell me then something about Mademoiselle Annette, for her appearance interests me: beside, if she and Macklorne are friends, I am still more curious. In the mean time, I do not understand the sport at the cottage. I did not arrive until it had commenced.'

'It was simply this. Henrietta accused Herr Macklorne and Annette of planning a meeting here. Both insisted that it was accidental. One of my father's laborers chanced last night to be at the *châlet* where you lodged, and Henrietta heard his report of two gentlemen, whom he saw there; and when Macklorne mentioned his meeting with Dr. Lindhorst, Henrietta took it for granted that he would certainly have accompanied the doctor to Thun, had he not been informed by him that Annette was here. This began it, and you saw how it ended; but my poor Annette is so sensitive that she is an easy victim to one disposed to tease.'

'So far I understand. Now please to tell me something of this sweet girl, whose history you say is so romantic.'

'It is too late now: see, our friends are going into the house, and we should follow. I am glad that you are impressed so strongly by this moon-light view. If you rise early, you will find still another phase to the scene. For there seems to be a prospect peculiar to each part of the day. Good night!'

And she left me standing on the threshold, looking out on the scene, but thinking not of it, nor of Annette and the promised history, nor of Macklorne and his fortunes, nor of myself, nor of Theresa Van Hofrath, but only of Josephine Fluellen.

Somebody laid a hand upon my shoulder: it was Macklorne. At that moment his presence was not acceptable: his invariable, easy, cheerful mood did not suit with what was then passing within me: but I repented in season, and met his smile with a hearty expression of my obligation to him for bringing me into so charming a family.

'You do not know them yet,' he replied; 'words cannot express their praise: this you will feel more and more. I am pleased that you are satisfied from the first. Shall we not bid our hosts good night? Here every one is up with the dawn. If we expect to follow the example, I fancy we had best retire.'

Without farther remark on either side, we sought our separate apartments.

I had every incentive to adopt the hint of my friend, to take advantage of the first 'breath of morn;'; but I should certainly have failed to do so had it not been for Macklorne's kindness in rousing me as soon as he was dressed. Hastening down as speedily as possible, I left the house, and passing through the lane, soon reached the main road. It was scarcely sunrise. Although the elements were at peace, one could instantly feel, while gazing around, how terrible their strife must be. Heavy mists were rolling slowly up the mountains, and dark vapors en-

circled the highest peaks. It seemed as if the day was ushered in with a grandeur commensurate with the importance of time to the sons of men. For some moments I stood enrapt, unable to disengage myself. At length I strolled on, but stopped frequently to look about me, till by degrees I began to take a stronger interest in what lay directly in my path. The utmost order and regularity prevailed in every thing within my observation, as if all was under some one controlling influence. What most astonished me was, that those who were going forth to their labors, and whose work had already commenced, did not carry in their countenances the expression of an ordinary laborer, who goes about his task with a kind of dogged indifference. On the contrary, one would have supposed that those I beheld were engaged in some pleasant sport or pastime, so cheerfully and so happily did they seem to set their hands to it.

This produced in me a lightness of heart which I never before felt; for in these cheerful husbandmen I seemed to witness an exposition of the True Life. For I saw no one *toiling*. I beheld none *tasked*; although every body was full of industry — delightful, animating industry. A new light beamed on me; for suddenly, labor and dull submission, or what is worse, weariness, were separated, and the *work-man* stood forth with joyous energy to pursue his avocations.

There was here an abrupt angle in the road, made to avoid some immense rocks, which had in their time found their way from the mountain down into the valley, and which obstructed the view directly before me. Passing this bend, I came unexpectedly on Josephine Fluellen and Made-moiselle Annette, who were returning from their morning's excursion to the house. They were in a fine flow of spirits, as I judged from the first glance. Annette held her light hat in her hand; the ribbon which secured her hair had parted from its fastening, and the rich dark curls fell luxuriantly over her neck, while her face shone with animation — that timid, sensitive creature, whom I saw shrinking behind her friend at the cottage! Josephine was also in a pleasant mood; her hat, although still on her head, was thrown so far back as to be kept on by the strings only, and appeared 'most charmingly *négligé*.' Both ladies stopped short on seeing me: I stood still and bowed, but said nothing.

'Herr Saint Leger is up betimes, I see,' said Josephine. 'Do you enjoy the morning view so much as you anticipated?'

'I cannot describe how much more than ——'

'Here you are at last; I have found you!' exclaimed the familiar voice of Macklorn, who at that moment came round the angle of the road. 'How happens it, Saint Leger, that you succeeded in tracing the route of these heroines so unerringly! I thought I had quite half an hour the start of you.'

'I took admiration for a guide, and lo! it led me to a stand just here,' replied I, gaily, glancing first at Annette and then at Josephine.

'Well, if you are really so doubtful, let me assist your decision, by relieving you of the main difficulty;' and he took the hand of Annette.

'Herr Saint Leger can now say with truth,' said Josephine, 'that necessity knows no law!' The next moment I was again by her side, walking slowly toward the mansion of her father.

## C O U R T S H I P   A N D   M A R R I A G E .

FROM THE SWEDISH OF TEGNER.

BISHOP TEGNER is one of the most popular of all the modern poets of Sweden. Translations from his writings by our accomplished scholar-bard, LONGFELLOW, have made his name widely known in America. ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

I.

In the days of his courtship through Eden I ween  
Walked ADAM, with EVE by his side ;  
A beautiful couple, they pressed the soft green,  
As each park of the garden they tried.

II.

They kissed and caressed, as all fond lovers must,  
Gazing each on the other's fair brow ;  
They swore by the stars, by the moon pledged their trust,  
E'en as those who are courting do now.

III.

The nightingale sung in the tall palm-tree's top,  
While sighed the soft wind ere 't would pass ;  
And the red roses ran on the green hill-side up,  
Where the turtle-doves cooed in the grass.

IV.

No neighbors they had, and the day dragged so slow  
That they gazed, when night came, with a sigh,  
On the rich mellow fruit that hung tempting them so,  
Till they plucked — so had you done, or I.

V.

'T is a scandal, a shame !' the constitory bawled :  
' Shall he take fallen EVE for his own ?'  
So to better the matter, was suddenly called  
An angel, with mitre and gown.

VI.

Oh ! then came the bans, and a wedding off-hand  
Smoothly done up was all in a trice :  
It was o'er — but the angel with bright flaming brand  
Drove them out of their loved Paradise !

VII.

O'er the deserts of wedlock, with hearts growing cold,  
Toiled they on in the midst of life's bother ;  
One kiss sent they back to their Eden of old,  
But they never again kissed each other.

VIII.

Affianced young maiden ! accepted young swain !  
To the bride-couch press on, if ye will ;  
But your Eden of courtship ne'er turn to again,  
For the angel stands guarding it still.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

---

**HISTORY OF THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC, and the War of the North-American Tribes against the English Colonies after the conquest of Canada. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR. Boston: LITTLE AND BROWN.**

THOSE of our readers who followed in these pages the author of the present work in his '*Oregon Trail*' will not need to be informed that he writes with great spirit and simplicity, and that he possesses the rare faculty of making the reader see with his own eyes; mentally, we mean, for physically, we are sorry to say, his own are none of the best. But let us indicate what our author sets forth in his programme, and establishes in its fulfilment. The conquest of Canada, it is premised, was an event of momentous consequence in American history. It changed the political aspect of the continent, prepared a way for the independence of the British colonies, rescued the vast tracts of the interior from the rule of military despotism, and gave them eventually to the keeping of an ordered democracy. Yet to the red natives of the soil its results were wholly disastrous. Could the French have maintained their ground, the ruin of the Indian tribes might long have been postponed; but the victory of Quebec was the signal of their swift decline. Thenceforth they were destined to melt and vanish before the advancing waves of Anglo-American power, which now rolled westward, unchecked and unopposed. They saw the danger, and led by a great and daring champion, struggled fiercely to avert it. The history of that epoch, crowded as it is with scenes of tragic interest, with marvels of suffering and vicissitude, of heroism and endurance, has been, as yet, unwritten, buried in the archives of governments, or among the obscurer records of private adventure. To rescue it from oblivion was the object of the work before us. It portrays the American forest and the American Indian at the period when both received their final doom. Habits of early reading had greatly aided the writer in preparing for his task; but necessary knowledge of a more practical kind was supplied by the indulgence of a strong natural taste, which led him, at various intervals, to the wild regions of the north and west. Here, by the camp-fire or in the canoe, he gained familiar acquaintance with the men and scenery of the wilderness. In 1846 he visited various primitive tribes of the Rocky Mountains, and was for a time domesticated in a village of the western Dacotah, on the high plains between Mount Laramie and the range of the Medicine Bow. The most troublesome part of the task, he tells us, was the collection of the necessary documents. These consisted of letters, journals, reports, and despatches, scattered among numerous public offices and private families, in Europe and America. When brought together, they amounted to about three thousand four hundred manuscript pages. Contemporary newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets were also examined, and careful search made for every

book which, directly or indirectly, might throw light upon the subject. He visited the sites of all the principal events recorded in his narrative, and gathered such local traditions as were worthy of confidence. He expresses his indebtedness to the liberality of Hon. LEWIS CASS for a curious collection of papers relating to the siege of Detroit by the Indians. Other important contributions were obtained from the State Paper Offices of London and Paris, from the archives of this state, Pennsylvania, and other states, and from the manuscript collections of several historical societies. He was permitted to copy from the extensive collection of Indian documents of the late WILLIAM L. STONE such portions as would serve the purposes of his history. To numerous other high sources, native and foreign, our author acknowledges his obligations for contributions of authentic and very valuable matériel. The promiscuous mass of matter thus collected, we are not surprised to learn, presented an aspect by no means inviting: 'The field of the history was uncultured and unreclaimed, and the labor that awaited me was like that of the border settler, who, before he builds his rugged dwelling, must fell the forest-trees, burn the under-growth, clear the ground, and hew the fallen trunks to due proportion.' And in accomplishing this labor, the writer encountered obstacles of no ordinary nature; one of which was the condition of his eye-sight, which was seriously, yet let us hope not permanently, impaired. For about three years, he informs us, the light of day was insupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing was completely debarred. Under these circumstances, the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from his dictation. This process, though extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages. His authorities were even more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested, than they would have been under ordinary circumstances. We present but a single extract, which, although somewhat longer than it is our custom to give in this department, will not be found too long for the instruction and entertainment of our readers. It is a graphic and well-discriminated consideration of the Indian character:

'Of the Indian character, much has been written foolishly, and credulously believed. By the rhapsodies of poets, the cant of sentimentalists, and the extravagance of some who should have known better, a counterfeit image has been tricked out, which might seek in vain for its likeness through every corner of the habitable earth; an image bearing no more resemblance to its original than the monarch of the tragedy and the hero of the epic poem bear to their living prototypes in the palace and the camp. The shadows of his wilderness home, and the darker mantle of his own inscrutable reserve, have made the Indian warrior a wonder and a mystery. Yet to the eye of rational observation there is nothing unintelligible in him. He is full, it is true, of contradiction. He deems himself the centre of greatness and renown; his pride is proof against the fiercest torments of fire and steel; and yet the same man would beg for a dram of whiskey, or pick up a crust of bread thrown to him like a dog, from the tent-door of the traveller. At one moment, he is wary and cautious to the verge of cowardice; at the next, he abandons himself to a very insanity of recklessness, and the habitual self-restraint which throws an impenetrable veil over emotion is joined to the wild, impetuous passions of a beast or a madman.

'Such inconsistencies, strange as they seem in our eyes, when viewed under a novel aspect, are but the ordinary incidents of humanity. The qualities of the mind are not uniform in their action through all the relations of life. With different men, and different races of men, pride, valor, prudence, have different forms of manifestation, and where in one instance they lie dormant, in another they are keenly awake. The conjunction of greatness and littleness, meanness and pride, is older than the days of the patriarchs; and such antiquated phenomena, displayed under a new form in the unreflecting, undisciplined mind of a savage, call for no special wonder, but should rather be classed with the other enigmas of the fathomless human heart. The dissecting-knife of a ROUSSEAU might lay bare matters of no less curious observation in the breast of every man.

'Nature has stamped the Indian with a hard and stern physiognomy. Ambition, revenge, envy, jealousy, are his ruling passions; and his cold temperament is little exposed to those effeminate vices which are the bane of milder races. With him revenge is an overpowering instinct; nay, more, it is a point of honor and a duty. His pride sets all language at defiance. He loathes the thought of coercion; and none of his race have ever stooped to discharge a menial office. A wild love of liberty, an utter intolerance of control, lie at the basis of his char-

acter, and fire his whole existence. Yet, in spite of this haughty love of independence, he is a devout hero-worshipper; and high achievement in war or policy touches a chord to which his nature never fails to respond. He looks up with admiring reverence to the sages and heroes of his tribe; and it is this principle, joined to the respect for age, which springs from the patriarchal element in his social system, which, beyond all others, contributes union and harmony to the erratic members of an Indian community. With him the love of glory kindles into a burning passion; and to allay its cravings, he will dare cold and famine, fire and tempest, torture, and death itself.

These generous traits are overcast by much that is dark, cold, and sinister, by sleepless distrust, and rankling jealousy. Treacherous himself, he is always suspicious of treachery in others. Brave as he is—and few of mankind are braver—he will vent his passion by a secret stab rather than an open blow. His warfare is full of ambuscade and stratagem; and he never rushes into battle with that joyous self-abandonment with which the warriors of the Gothic races flung themselves into the ranks of their enemies. In his feasts and his drinking-bouts we find none of that robust and full-toned mirth which reigned at the rude carousals of our barbaric ancestry. He is never jovial in his cups, and maudlin sorrow or maniacal rage are the sole result of his potations.

Over all emotion he throws the veil of an iron self-control, originating in a peculiar form of pride, and fostered by rigorous discipline from childhood upward. He is trained to conceal passion, and not to subdue it. The inscrutable warrior is aptly imaged by the hackneyed figure of a volcano covered with snow; and no man can say when or where the wild-fire will burst forth. This shallow self-mastery serves to give dignity to public deliberation, and harmony to social life. Wrangling and quarrel are strangers to an Indian dwelling; and while an assembly of the ancient Gauls was garrulous as a convocation of magpies, a Roman senate might have taken a lesson from the grave solemnity of an Indian council. In the midst of his family and friends, he hides affections, by nature none of the most tender, under a mask of icy coldness; and in the torturing fires of his enemy, the haughty sufferer maintains to the last his look of grim defiance.

His intellect is as peculiar as his moral organization. Among all savages, the powers of perception preponderate over those of reason and analysis; but this is more especially the case with the Indian. An acute judge of character, at least of such parts of it as his experience enables him to comprehend; keen to a proverb in all exercises of war and the chase, he seldom traces effects to their causes, or follows out actions to their remote results. Though a close observer of external nature, he no sooner attempts to account for her phenomena than he involves himself in the most ridiculous absurdities; and quite content with these puerilities, he has not the least desire to push his inquiries farther. His curiosity, abundantly active within its own narrow circle, is dead to all things else; and to attempt rousing it from its torpor is but a bootless task. He seldom takes cognizance of general or abstract ideas; and his language has scarcely the power to express them, except through the medium of figures drawn from the external world, and often highly picturesque and forcible. The absence of reflection makes him grossly improvident, and unfits him for pursuing any complicated scheme of war or policy.

Some races of men seem moulded in wax, soft and melting, at once plastic and feeble. Some races, like some metals, combine the greatest flexibility with the greatest strength; but the Indian is hewn out of a rock. You cannot change the form without destruction of the substance. Races of inferior energy have possessed a power of expansion and assimilation to which he is a stranger; and it is this fixed and rigid quality which has proved his ruin. He will not learn the arts of civilization, and he and his forest must perish together. The stern, unchanging features of his mind excite our admiration, from their very immutability; and we look with deep interest on the fate of this irremediable son of the wilderness, the child who will not be weaned from the breast of his rugged mother. And our interest increases when we discern in the unhappy wanderer, mingled among his vices, the germs of heroic virtues; a hand bountiful to bestow, as it is rapacious to seize, and, even in extremest famine, imparting its last morsel to a fellow-sufferer; a heart which, strong in friendship as in hate, thinks it not too much to lay down life for its chosen comrade; a soul true to its own idea of honor, and burning with an unquenchable thirst for greatness and renown.

The imprisoned lion in the showman's cage differs not more widely from the lord of the desert, than the beggary frequenter of frontier garrisons and dram-shops differs from the proud denizen of the woods. It is in his native wilds alone that the Indian must be seen and studied. Thus to depict him is the aim of the ensuing History; and if, from the shades of rock and forest, the savage features should look too grimly forth, it is because the clouds of a tempestuous war have cast upon the picture their murky shadows and lurid fires.

Such a history is worth a hundred novels, or 'nouveauettes,' in illustrating the true character of the Indian race. Since the great genius of Coorxa created his matchless illustrations of the red man, he has been imitated and followed by minor intellects, north and south, until an 'Indian hero' has almost become a 'scoffing and a by-word' in the hands of struggling aspirants to a literary distinction wholly beyond their reach. With the foregoing passage we take our leave of this interesting history, commending it cordially to our readers as a work not only calculated to repay but to reward perusal. Its typographical excellence, we may add in closing, is not its least attraction; but this may be predicated of all the works which proceed from the well-established house whence it is issued; a house whose members seem to appreciate the fact, that there is almost as much in the becoming dress of a book as in that of a gentleman.

PARA; OR SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON. By JOHN ESALAS WARREN. In one volume: pp. 371. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM.

LIKE an oasis in the desert the relation of these scenes and adventures on the banks of the Amazon stands among the many books of travel constantly issuing from the press. Such a profusion of brilliant description, such a luxuriance of bright coloring, such an amount of positive information, are rarely embodied under one cover. We have taken up the book, read it, and it now lies closed before us. But we are still lingering among the fairy scenery which it describes. Tall palm-trees wave their feathery branches in the breeze; the orange and the mango, the lime-tree and the graceful banana, droop around us with their golden fruit; the perfume of flowers steals upon us with a dewy fragrance; the murmur of running brooks falls soothingly on our ears; while before our dazzled sight float visions of lovely Indian girls, who with their dreamy eyes cast languid glances upon us, while their raven hair floats gracefully down upon their rounded shoulders.

No country on the face of the globe affords such a rich field to the traveller as the mighty provinces of South America. And of all these, Brazil is the richest, and Para the fairest division of Brazil. The author tells us it is called the 'Paradise of the World,' and well has he daguerreotyped it. His writing breathes the very odor of the tropics. Like the land which he describes, the book is full of sunshine and of flowers. When yet a young man, he visited this romantic land, and the impressions that were then stamped upon his mind, as the wondrous beauties of its scenery were unfolded before him, are given with all the freshness and with all the enthusiastic eloquence of a youthful mind, exquisitely sensitive to the influences of nature in its pristine grandeur and magnificence.

MOORE has rendered us familiar with the groves of Persia and the valleys of India. The vale of Cashmere and Bendemeer's stream, on whose banks he says 'the roses blossom all the year long,' we have always been inclined to regard as portraiture of natural scenery too glorious to be realities. But by this narrative, we find that scenes as lovely as those the poet sung of, are common in the land of Para; that it is no fiction; that there the flowers *do* bloom through the whole year; that the 'summer is perpetual and undisturbed;' and that there 'mammoth rivers, flowing rapidly from the lofty mountains, in which their childhood was nurtured, wander through the recesses of forests of unrivalled grandeur, distributing their fertilizing influences on every side. No sound now breaks their pervading stillness, save the voices of occasional wanderers, or the notes of happy birds.' What can be more picturesque and charming than the following :

'FAIR rose the morning of the ensuing day, and gloriously bright were the varied tints that glowed along the bosom of the western horizon !

'Near us the dense foliage of the forest glistened in the sun-light, like an emerald drapery hung with dazzling jewels. The dew-laden branches rustled in the gentle breeze, and the low gurgling of the streamlet broke like music on our ears. Anon, the note of a distant toucan, or chattering of noisy parrots, suddenly disturbing the sublime solitude of the scene, seemed only to add to the intensity of its wildness and romantic interest. Insects innumerable sported with each other in the delicious atmosphere, and delicate little humming-birds floated gaily from flower to flower. Away off, on the green-mantled campos, herds of wild cattle and horses were quietly grazing; while now and then an immense flock of ducks or scarlet ibises would rise up in a body from the tall grass and soar triumphantly into the azure sky. Such was the picture which was presented to us on awakening, for the first time, from our delightful slumber at Jungal.'

The following may challenge comparison with any kindred description :

'WHILE winding through this natural labyrinth, the sun suddenly emerged from the golden east, and besprinkled us with a shower of luminous beams, which, trembling through the interstices of the leaves, seemed like the spirits of so many diamonds. A more divine spectacle of

beauty never was beheld. The most gorgeous creations of the poet's imagination, if realized, could not surpass in magnificence this sun-lighted arbor, with its roses and flowers of varied hues, all set like stars in a canopy of green. Sprightly humming-birds flitted before us, sparkling like jewels for a moment, then vanishing away from our sight for ever. Butterflies with immense wings, and moths of gay and striking colors, flew also from flower to flower, seeming like fairy tenants of the lovely paradise around us. But the indefatigable mosquitoes, who were continually pouncing upon the unprotected flesh of our faces and hands, as well as the mailed caymans who now and then plunged under our canoe with a terrific snort, kept up a vivid conviction in our minds of our own mortality.

In a notice like this, it would be impossible to do justice to the merits of the work; for, independent of its descriptive portions, it is rendered uncommonly interesting by sketches of personal adventures which the author encountered in his wanderings. Many of them are told with a good deal of quiet simplicity and unpretending humor. It contains also a fund of information, which to the student of natural history will be very valuable. But we must not anticipate the pleasure which all will experience who may peruse this book, by making too copious extracts, although we feel much tempted to do so. We cannot however forbear introducing our readers to *Monsieur le Boa Constrictor*, although somewhat out of his element, being confined in a miserable barrel. For all that, reader, have a care: let us test the strength of your nerves:

'COMING up to the barrel, we perceived that its cover was supplied with a kind of trap-door, made of netted wire. Looking through this, as the light shone upon it, we had an excellent view of the slumbering serpent, coiled up in prodigious folds, pile upon pile, until he almost reached the top of the cask. The captain gave the barrel a hard kick with his foot, which roused the drowsy animal from its death-like stupor, when, opening his capacious mouth, and thrusting out his forked tongue, he hissed so loudly that the infernal sound might be heard by a listening ear at the extremest part of the garden. Breaking upon the silence of a lonely forest, how intensely fearful it must be!'

There, that will do, Monsieur Boa: we are satisfied. Please put up your tongue, and do n't shake the sides of that frail barrel quite so hard: it might burst, or a stave or two tumble out, and *then*—clear the track! Commending the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* to the perusal of 'Para,' in whose pages much of it originally appeared, we leave them to be gratified with the gorgeousness of the additional scenes described, and with the facile pen of the author, which presents them so vividly to the imagination.

BULWER AND FORBES ON THE WATER-TREATMENT: a Revised Edition, stereotyped, with Additions and Improvements. New-York: FOWLERS AND WELLS, Clinton-Hall.

THIS work is a compilation of papers on the subject of Hygiene and Rational Hydropathy, edited, with additional matter, by ROLAND S. HOUGHTON, A.M., M.D., New-York. The leading paper in the book, SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON's 'Confessions of a Water Patient,' which originally appeared in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine* for September, 1845, is the only one of the number from a non-medical source. 'Its style is singularly quaint and pleasing, its manner warm and earnest, and its reasonings generally correct. It is addressed to literary men as a body, and written with a genuine friendliness and cordiality of tone.' Dr. FORBES's article on Hydropathy has already 'made its mark,' and provoked much controversial criticism. It is included in the volume, as the most thorough and satisfactory demonstration of the real merits and true province of the water-treatment yet offered to the public by any one member of the medical profession. The succeeding article embraces a couple of chapters from a '*Treatise on Healthy Skin*,' by ERASMUS WILSON, M.D., F.R.S., Consulting Surgeon to the St. Pancras Infirmary, Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology in Middlesex Hospital, author of a favorite text-book on Anatomy, etc. The fourth article consists of a careful abridgment of SIR CHARLES SCUDAMORE's elegantly-written account of his *Medical Visit to Graefenberg* in



*April and May, 1848.* 'The fifth paper in the compilation is an abridgment of a very able work entitled, *The Cold-Water Cure: its Use and Misuse Examined.*' The foregoing are doubtless the best arguments adducible in defence of the cold-water treatment yet advanced by its advocates; but we presume that many inmates of Sing-Sing prison would repudiate them entirely.

VOYAGES TO VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD: made between the Years 1799 and 1844. By GEORGE COSGESHALL. In one volume: pp. 213. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS volume is selected from a manuscript journal of eighty voyages made by the author, and is a simple record, in plain seaman's phrase, of very many interesting incidents and occurrences, for some of which we have tried, but unavailingly, to find space. We like the spirit in which our author went cruising about on the high seas, during 'war-time,' in his various little crafts, brave as JULIUS CÆSAR, capturing prizes six times his size, and sometimes with ten or twenty more guns. The voyages recorded are in the schooner 'CHARLOTTE' to Savannah, thence to the Mediterranean, and back to New-York, in 1800; in the schooner 'INDUSTAY,' to Teneriffe, in the years 1805 and 1806; cruise in the Bay of Biscay, in the letter-of-marque schooner 'DAVID PORTER,' in 1813 and 1814; in the letter-of-marque schooner 'LEO,' from L'Orient to Charleston, and her capture, in 1814 and 1815; in the ship 'JOHN HAMILTON,' from Baltimore to Savannah, thence to Lisbon and St. Ubes, and back to New-York, in 1815 and 1816; in the pilot-boat 'SEA-SERPENT,' from New-York to Lima, in 1821 and 1822; and from New-York to Cadiz, and thence to St. Thomas and Alvarado, in the brig 'NYMPH,' of New-York, in 1823 and 1824. Here is a great variety of scene, and as there were 'stirring times' about those days, there is no lack of incident. Our author is an AMERICAN, heart and soul; and we must not omit to quote the closing paragraphs of his preface, in which he justifies the use of privateers and letters-of-marque as legitimate and necessary features of ocean-warfare:

'ENGLAND assumed and boasted that a few broadsides from her 'wooden walls' would drive our paltry striped bunting from the ocean. Our seamen were impressed by them — our vessels searched in the most arrogant and offensive manner, and their people ill-treated. One outrage of this kind succeeded another, until one of their men-of-war fired her cowardly cannon into a harmless little unarmed vessel (April 26th, 1806) off Sandy Hook, and one of our citizens was killed. This was followed by the crowning wrong and insult of the attack by the British frigate LEOPARD upon the American frigate CHESAPEAKE, in a period of profound peace, and at a moment when from peculiar causes the latter ship was in a defenceless position.

'This act roused a spirit which nothing could quell. Congress declared war in 1812 against the mightiest of the nations. But 'thrice were we armed,' for we 'had our quarrel just.' In less than three years, two entire fleets of British men-of-war were swept from the Lakes. More than fifteen hundred sail of British ships and other vessels were captured. One of our frigates vanquished two frigates of the enemy, one after the other, in fair combat, and afterward encountered at once two of their ships-of-war with a like result. Other and gallant actions and victories followed. The spell was broken. British invincibility and British supremacy were at an end. The stars and stripes were no longer a theme of ridicule — our commerce was no longer at the mercy and conducted by the permission and sufferance of England.

'Far be it from the writer of these pages to indulge in either a revengeful or a boasting spirit; but it may be permitted to one who in early life encountered so much of annoyance and injury — so much that was galling to the spirit of every man who felt that the ocean was by right the free thoroughfare of all nations — to rejoice that wherever our flag now floats it carries security, respect and honor to all beneath its folds; that the 'right of search,' claimed so long and exercised so arrogantly, is now abandoned: that our nation and our people know no superiors; and that we present at this moment the most remarkable spectacle the world has ever known of a free, prosperous, powerful, and educated people. Let it be our aim to bear our prosperity with moderation, with dignity, and with gratitude to the great RULER of nations; and to remember that we shall become base whenever we wield our power against the weak and humble, or in any cause that has not honor, truth and justice for its foundation and its end.'

The volume is executed with great neatness, upon large, clear types, and contains, beside a well-engraved portrait of the author, two or three pictures of vessels in the critical situations described in the 'Voyages.'

WAYSIDE FLOWERS: a Collection of Poems. By Mrs. M. ST. LEON LOUD. In one volume: pp. 376. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

MR. PARK BENJAMIN, under whose capable supervision this work comes, in elegant guise, before the public, says in behalf of the poems which it contains, what no body who reads them will deny. They *do* 'deserve a cordial welcome from all who love terseness and purity of thought, joined to simplicity and grace of expression.' They seem like those wildings of nature from which they borrow their title — the spontaneous productions of a fertile soil — the free growth of an unartificial mind. Far sweeter are those buds and leaves which are wet with the dews of morning, than those on whose surface lie drops of moisture condensed from the steam of a conservatory. More beautiful, too, are flowers of nature's growth than exotics. A great part of the volume was written in the country, to whose mild influences the heart of the writer was captive; at first, in a secluded and beautiful valley of the Susquehanna, and later, in 'the sweet South,' from whose woods and fields she derived that inspiration which is not to be found among the brick walls and dusty streets of cities. Feeling predominates over fancy in the writer's lyrics, and the illustration is generally subordinate to the sentiment. We have room but for two short extracts, the first of which felicitously illustrates the voyage of life:

'Thou art flowing on, bright river !  
In gladness, to the sea ;  
And summer sun-beams quiver  
On thy waters joyously :  
The graceful willows bending  
With their shadow o'er thee thrown,  
In murmurs sweet are blending  
Their voices with thine own.

'Oh ! brightly art thou flowing,  
Green, sunny banks between ;  
And many a wild-flower glowing  
Is mirrored in thy shen ;  
And barks are gliding gaily  
Upon thy peaceful breast,  
Which skilful hands are guiding  
To the haven of their rest.

'But ere thou meet'st the ocean  
There are rocks and quicksands deep,  
And winds, in wild commotion,  
Will o'er thy bosom sweep ;  
And the barks, their sails unfurling  
To the zephyrs' gentle play,  
Lost in thy waters whirling,  
Thou wilt bear as wrecks away.

'Like thee, the heart beginneth  
Life when all things are fair ;  
Alas ! it seldom winneth  
The goal, untouched by care !  
Hope's fairy pinnace, freighted  
With dreams of future joy,  
Hastes to the quick-sands fated  
Its promise to destroy.

'Wrecks of the dreams so cherished  
Are floating darkly by,  
Like the gallant ships that perished  
When winds and waves were high ;  
The flowers that bloomed around it  
The fount now idly choke,  
And the sun-bright hopes that bound it  
Are like parted cables broke.

'But soon, O flowing river !  
Though wild thy course may be,  
Thou 'lt merge thy waves for ever  
In the deep, unbounded sea ;  
And to the heart is given  
A calm repose at last ;  
Though sorely it hath striven  
With the billow and the blast.'

Very pensive and tender is this little piece, which appears under the modest title of '*A Fragment*.' It may be a 'fragment,' but it is a fragment from a whole mind :

'PLANT not the cypress o'er my grave,  
When I am dead ;  
But let the fragrant sweet-brier wave  
Above my head.

'I could not sleep beneath the gloom  
Of yew-tree shade ;  
Then let the sweetest wild-flower bloom  
Where I am laid.

'And let the pleasant sun-light fall  
Upon my head ;  
And the fresh dews of evening all  
Their pure drops shed.

'And when the stars look from the sky,  
Come where I rest ;  
There kneel, and lift thine heart on high,  
That I am blest.'

A calm and thoughtful face, marked, it seems to us, with lines of care or sorrow, the likeness of the author, fronts the title-page. We commend her work to the affections of our readers, as a volume well calculated to elevate the head and heart over the unspiritual influences of this 'work-day world.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

A VIEW FROM 'TELEGRAPH-HILL,' SAN FRANCISCO.—We invite the reader's attention to the subjoined admirable epistle to the EDITOR, from a friend and correspondent in far-off 'Eldorado.' It is as graphic as a painting, and moreover is imbued with true feeling, which cannot be simulated. The letter was written in April last; and into it we plunge, *in medias res*: 'The rainy season has fairly commenced, yet the Storm-king is by no means inexorable, but often courteously gives place to the Sun, who readily avails himself of the privilege, and lights up the newly-washed face of Nature with a brilliancy of which the unhappy dwellers in Atlantic cities cannot have the faintest idea. At such times it is my delight to ascend 'Telegraph-Hill,' an eminence of some twelve hundred feet in height, and reclining upon the green slope, with a quiet cigar, to bask in the glorious sunshine, and look down upon this city of magic, and its beautiful surroundings. Though many of the accessories of a fine landscape are wanting, yet the scene is not without its charm. There is a delicious, dreamy haziness in the atmosphere, lulling the senses to repose, and lending enchantment to every thing upon which the eye can rest. Looking westward through the portals of the 'Golden Gates,' I see the mighty swell of the Pacific rolling onward with a dignified good-nature until it reaches the shore, when it loses its equanimity at once, and dashes the foam high upon the imperturbable rocks, proclaiming at the same time its resistless and overwhelming power in its own solemn and majestic tones. Glancing along the opposite shore of the bay, my eye rests with delight upon the graceful outlines of the magnificent 'WHITE SQUALL,' peerless among clipper-ships, as she gallantly dashes outward on her fleet career. In the distance I see the long line of green mountains of the 'Contra Costa,' varied only by a single forest of pines, far behind which is visible the summit of 'Mount Diabolo,' blue in the distance, yet with its outline clear and sharp in the pure atmosphere; before which rises abruptly the small matter-of-fact-looking island of 'Yerba Buena,' with the ghostly wreck of the ill-fated 'pent-up Utica' at its base.

'And now I look down upon the wonder of the nineteenth century, this miracle of progress and promise, which yesterday was not, and to-day ranks in the first class of cities; in whose history a period of four years carries us back to dim and remote antiquity. How shall I describe it, as it appears to me now, laid out in most scrupulous regularity, but built in every possible style of architecture which the heart of man can conceive, from the stately brick edifice, which would be respectable in any eastern metropolis, down to the most grotesque and nondescript shanty! In the place of innumerable spires that strike the eye of the beholder in more ancient and ad-

vanced communities, I see only the quaint belfry of the new Presbyterian church and the modest cupola of the City Hall. We are worshippers of MAMMON here, and there is nothing about his temples to point heavenward. Prominent in view is the Grand Plaza, 'Portsmouth Square,' tastefully ornamented with ancient boots, broken bottles, and superannuated counters, with the joint indications of an Artesian well in the centre, commenced some time since with great zeal by our city fathers, but speedily discontinued; doubtless on the principle that 'all's well that ends well.' Conspicuous, also, is the high form of the 'Union Hotel;' not much, certainly, in the way of architecture, but not to be excelled in any land for 'creature-comforts;' the 'Eldorado,' chief shrine of those who '*buck at monté*,' and otherwise disport themselves; and the new jail, gorgeous with granite and marble, on which the chain-gang have just commenced work, with most rebellious stomach. Hard by is Pacific-street, so called by reason of numberless rows, and the classic precincts of 'CLARK'S Point,' where the sons of NEPTUNE most do congregate. Even at this far distance come to my ears, on this calm afternoon, the tones of a gloomy fiddle, and a sound of most portentous dancing.

'It is a curious sight to see noble ships engulfed in the very heart of a populous city, but such a remarkable spectacle is presented here. In the olden time they were dragged far up into the mud to serve as store-ships, and the gigantic improvements of the money-making 'Yankees' have surrounded them with sand, and the city has reached and passed them in its wonderful progress. To a sailor it is indeed most pitiful to see these gallant ships doomed to such an ignominious fate, never more to bound 'o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,' but to rot ingloriously in these 'yellow sands.' At the foot of the hill upon which I recline are the white tents of the peaceful and enlightened 'Sydney coves,' gleaming in the sun-light like virgin snow; emblematic perhaps of the purity of the occupants. On the hills behind the city, I see houses in every stage of elevation, and some of them are of considerable pretensions. We are not civilized enough, as yet, for TUDOR cottages, but there are some faint imitations of Swiss chalets, standing boldly out from the barren hill, guiltless of foliage. Now I look again upon the noble bay, filled with a vast assemblage of vessels, of every clime and kindred and tongue. 'JOHN BULL' is here, sturdy and dogmatical; the noisy and garrulous Frenchman; the swarthy Italian; and all the other nations with their appropriate adjectives. The old heathen gods and heroes are here in full force: JUPITER is setting up his back-stays; APOLLO is full of candles; MARS has grown domestic, and holds a choice assortment of furniture; ARIADNE still lies sad and solitary on the shore, while THESEUS rides doggedly at anchor on the other side of the bay, regardless of her woe. Not is SHAKESPEARE unrepresented, for 'OTHELLO' is here, seeking new adventures to beguile the ear of DESDEMONA; 'HAMLET' has given up his moody speculations and gone rashly into the lumber-trade; 'BRUTUS' is 'up' for Panama; 'CLEOPATRA' is taking in ballast; and I notice 'MIRANDA' with her fore-topmast gone, having been roughly treated in a late tempest. 'BYRON' also sleeps here in a muddy grave. Apart from these are anchored the government-vessels, in sullen state, disdaining communion with the common herd. A Dutchman, with an unpronounceable name, is coming up, escorted by one of those fiery and vindictive little iron steamers, shrieking malignantly, as if fretting and fuming within herself that she cannot get on faster; like the workings of a proud and restless spirit in a feeble frame.

'But now I behold the long black form of the mail-steamer, as she threads her way through the mazy throng, rushing boldly outward on her certain though trackless course, regardless of the gathering mist and darkness, bearing her precious freight

that shall move the very heart-strings of mankind. As I gaze upon her receding form, I muse upon the varied contents of those grim-looking mail-bags. What tales of weal and woe do they not contain!—some of them gilded with the bright rays of hope and promise, and many, too many, the dark and despairing sentiments of those who have sunk beneath the influence of a malignant star! What gloomy returns of consignees; what out-pourings of love and devotion from the weary exile to fond hearts at home! All this, in every language, and addressed to every land, is contained within the narrow compass of that long black steamer. God protect that gallant ship, and may no link of the chain that binds millions of warm hearts to the Fatherland ever be broken!

'It is a good thing and a pleasant to meditate at eventide in this calm retreat. I love to withdraw from the plank-roads and bustling throngs, and gain, *ANTÆUS*-like, new vigor from every touch of earth. . . . But the blue waters of the bay are fast changing to a dull green; the top of 'Mount Diabolo' is veiled from mortal eyes; the 'Golden Gates' are golden no longer; the breeze comes in chill with the evening fog. I leave my 'bad eminence,' and mingle once more with the busy throng.

W. H. P.

---

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We make the following extract from a letter recently received from an old (nay, by 'r Lady, *not* old, but 'venerable!') and esteemed friend, who dates at 'Locust-Farm, Westmoreland county, Virginia:'

'MY DEAR KNICK.: It was only a few days ago that I shook hands with you in New-York. I am now away down here, on the northern neck of Virginia, and not far from the spot on which WASHINGTON was born; and scattered here and there, and all around me, are the birth-places of MADISON, MONROE, RICHARD HENRY LEE, FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE, etc., etc. Yesterday I was on the ground upon which rest the ruins of the former residence of RICHARD HENRY LEE. All that stands upright of this once imposing mansion is the kitchen-chimney. In front, scarcely half a mile distant, is the shore of the lordly Potomac, here about nine miles across, upon whose beach roll its billows. LEE is gone; his house is in the dust, his garden a wild; but here are the same sky, the same lands, the same Potomac, and the same dirge that of yore broke in murmurs on the shore. The remains of LEE lie in the midst of a corn-field, some five miles distant, over which, I am told, is a small stone, with his name engraven upon it. What a leveller is TIME! Talk of that ancient personage as you may, his foot-prints, although soft as down, crumble the hardest substances, and bury all things. 'Where is Carthage?'

'My friend, to whom I am indebted for many civilities, in returning from a ride over the grounds once cultivated by LEE, took the road home by the old Yeocomico church. This relic of the past I had seen a few days before. I wish I could send you a drawing of it, inside as well as out. It was built 'ANNO DOMINI 1706,' some twenty-six years before the birth of WASHINGTON. Think, for a moment, of the events that have happened since the sounds of the hammer, the saw, and the trowel were heard at the building of this church, now one hundred and forty-five years old; of the themes that have been handled in this ancient pulpit; of the hearts that have pulsed within these walls; of the eyes that have shone in hope, or been dimmed by despair; of the trains of sorrowing mourners that have followed, in sad step, one after the other, the beloved ones of whom death had bereft them; of the plighted vows at that altar; of the baptisms in that font;\*—and what crowds of images stand before one! And yet, like some sound in the stillness of the midnight hour, or some vision of the dreaming fancy, all, all are past—all is now vacant and still, and for ever vanished! What a 'ruin' is this church! It would seem, to look at its glazed and unglazed bricks, its massy timbers, and its brick floor and passage-ways, that TIME could not, in a thousand years, have worked so mighty a change in it.

---

\* This font, I am told, was long used by a Mr. TURBESVILLE as a punch-bowl. Many hundreds of lips have been regaled by the beverage once prepared in this now sacred appendage to the church.

But it has required only the years I have named to effect so signal a ruin. How true it is, as COWPER sings:

We build with what we deem eternal brass—  
A distant age asks where the fabric stood;  
But sifted, alas, and searched in vain,  
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

'I forgot to mention that few tomb-stones mark the spots where the dead lie; and those which remain are so broken up and scattered, and have the inscriptions so effaced, as to render them useless. The name of 'CARTER' is on the stone that has suffered least. Nor are the graves raised or sodded. How melancholy is all this, friend O —, and what a lesson it teaches! 'Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.'

THERE is that in the ensuing effusion which cannot fail to rouse the slumbering patriotism of every American heart. It was composed by a western poet, in 'one hour, by a Connecticut clock:'

'WHAT! bu't this glorious Union up,  
An' go to drawin' triggers,  
Just for a thunderin' passel of  
Emancipated niggers?  
The eagle of Ammeriky,  
That flue across the seas,  
An' throw'd the bluddy British lion  
Ker-slump upon his knees:  
Say!—shall we rend him lim from lim,  
Wun wing wun way, and wun t'other,  
And every sepperit pin-fether  
A flyin' at the other?'

This is the kind of spirit that is going to preserve our 'great and gel-lorious ked'n-try' from premature dissolution. . . . OUR friend DEMPSTER, the distinguished Scottish vocalist, was very successful in his recent entertainments at the south. This must ever be the case, where true feeling, melody, taste and musical expression are properly appreciated. A Charleston (South-Carolina) journal closes a notice of his last concert in that capital with the following tribute: 'The treat of the evening was certainly the 'May Queen.' Into this song Mr. DEMPSTER threw all the resources of a diversified melody: the strain was prolonged until the ear became entranced with its pathetic sweetness and expressive variety. He has been very happy in marrying the verse of TENNYSON to his own musical strains, making the melody as responsive to the sentiment as the sentiment is worthy of the melody. It must be considered as one of the most felicitous adaptations within the range of musical sympathy or correspondence, while in the execution the vocalist-composer appeared to feel the sweet influence of the voice which is represented to have broke, in melting cadences, from the dying subject of the song. Mr. DEMPSTER possesses fine original capabilities, both as a composer and a vocalist; a voice, if not of the utmost sweetness, yet of varied powers of modulation, and under a complete control; a taste that indicates careful, if not elaborate cultivation; and a talent that we regard as unrivalled for wedding, in happy bonds, melodious sounds to charming poetic inspiration.' . . . A most 'extr'od'nary' production is 'Belton's British Oil.' It must be, judging from the very remarkable cures which it has effected, as set forth in the proprietor's circular. Do us the favor to remark the following:

'JONAS ROBERTS, Tiler, in BLINKER'S COURT, St. JAMES, Bristol, was cured of a violent swelling in his right thigh; inasmuch that he was obliged to cut open his breeches with a knife, in three times dressing with 'British Oil.' Witness my hand,' etc.

'JOHN MITCHELL, of Salisbury: 'Had a violent pain in my hip, so that I went double in both of my legs' with two bottles. Witness my hand,' etc.

'AN apprentice to Mr. STONE, a Tinker in Taunton: was so deaf that he could n't hear the noise of a drum with three bottles: cured. Witness,' etc.

'MR. JARVIS, belonging to the 'Tall Woman,' at Norwich, had his hand bit by a mad dog with two bottles. Witness,' etc.

'MR. HUMPHREY COTTERILL, of the 'Royal Tun,' Coventry, by a fall from his horse, which

strained his ankle; and likewise his daughter cut desperately in the forehead with two bottles: cured with 'BETTON'S British Oil.'

'ELIZABETH SLOUGH, of Wellington, in the county of Salop, entirely lost the use of her hand in three times' bathing with this Oil. Witness her *hand,*' etc.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing these 'very remarkable cures;' and to those who believe them to be veritable, we have no hesitation in commending the 'Oil' in question. . . . We have complied with the desire of 'E. B. ;' but he must study condensation and simplicity of style, to insure due acceptance in these pages. Short expressions and clearly-defined sentences are much better adjuncts of good writing than any display of hard words and involved verbal combinations. . . . A THEOLOGICAL disputant having quoted a passage from one of the Evangelists, his opponent retorted: 'But what says *Epistle PAUL!*' He was dumb-founded! . . . 'THESE is perhaps no feeling of our nature so vague, so complicated, so mysterious, as that with which we look upon the cold remains of our fellow-mortals. The dignity with which DEATH invests the meanest of his victims inspires us with an awe that no living thing can create. The monarch on his throne sinks beneath the beggar in his shroud. The marble features, the powerless hand, the stiffened limb—oh, who can contemplate *these* with feelings that can be defined! These are the mockery of all our hopes and fears—our fondest love, our fellest hate. Can it be that we now shrink almost with horror from the touch of the hand that but yesterday was fondly clasped in our own! Is that tongue, whose accents even now dwell in our ears, for ever chained in the silence of death! Those dark and heavy eye-lids, are they for ever to seal up in darkness the eyes whose glance no earthly power could restrain! And the SPIRIT which animated that clay—where is it now! Does it witness our grief; does it share our sorrow! Or is the mysterious tie that linked it with mortality broken for ever! And remembrances of earthly scenes, are *they* to the enfranchised spirit as the morning dream or the fading cloud! Alas! 'all that we *know* is, nothing *can* be known,' until we ourselves shall have passed the dread ordeal. And well will it be, if in looking our last upon the dead body of a departed friend, we can say with the sainted WESLEY, in the full fruition of that faith which 'reacheth within the veil:'

'The languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
That quiet, immovable breast  
Is heaved by affliction no more:  
The heart is no longer the seat  
Of sorrow, or shaken with pain;  
It ceases to flutter and beat—  
It never will flutter again!

'No anger, henceforward, nor shame,  
Shall redden that innocent clay;  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion has vanished away:  
The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Sealed up in eternal repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep.'

The disciples of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG regard all death as a translation to a higher state of being. 'We say,' writes one of their eloquent ministers, 'of our departed friends, 'They are *gone!*'—the angels say, 'They are *come!*' We say, 'They are *dead!*'—the angels say, 'They are *alive!*' We say, 'They are fallen asleep in JESUS;' the angels say, 'They are awakened to a blissful and joyous resurrection-morning.' And that this faith of the 'New Church' is sufficient to staunch the fountains of parental or fraternal sorrow of its believers, we have ourselves had an opportunity of seeing. It is not many months since we attended the funeral of a young friend, who, with his family, belonged to the church of SWEDENBORG. The scene at the house surprised while it gratified us. There was no dead silence, no darkened windows and darker faces, glooming in the 'sad habiliments of woe;' but the windows and doors were open; the apartments were light and cheerful; there were no suppressed sobs or violent weeping. Until the minister began to speak, hopefully and cheerfully, of the departed brother, who had gone to another and a

better world, the friends and acquaintances of the deceased gathered about the coffin which stood in the hall, and spoke familiarly and affectionately of the spirit which had so lately informed the passive clay that lay before them. No bitter tears were shed — no heart seemed wrung with anguish. Certainly it was, to our eye, a perfect realization of the strength and sincerity of a faith which could thus 'overcome the darkness of death' and illumine the gloom of the grave. . . . 'I see you are in black,' said a friend of ours, the other day: 'Are you in mourning for a friend, THOMAS?' 'No; I am in mourning for my sins.' 'I never heard that you had lost any,' was the instant and keen reply. . . . MRS. R. S. NICHOLS, the gifted poetess of Ohio, we are glad to hear, has in complete preparation for the press a volume of her poems. We commend her collection to some of our northern publishers, for hers are writings that tell upon the heart, and for that reason, if for no other, would sell well. We hope by next autumn to see them in a volume which in beauty and chasteness of execution shall rival the internal purity it will set forth and perpetuate. . . . 'G. T.'s example of literary trifling is ingenious enough, but somewhat too labored to be effective. It reminds us of some lines which we stored away in one of the cells of our remembrance when we were a little younger boy than we are at 'this present writing.' They were upon the death of a young lady named ELEANOR GRAY, who died at Kew, near London, from the sting of a honey-bee in her eye. We can recall but two verses:

'PENELESS yet hapless maid of Q,  
Accomplished L N G,  
Never again shall U and I  
Together sip our T.

'For ah! the Fates (I know not Y)  
Sent midst the flowers a B,  
Which, ven'mous, stung her in the I,  
So that she could not C.'

WILL not some one of our many legal friends—for we have not a few, albeit we very infrequently patronize the calling—inform us what is the law of this case, which we derive from a correspondent learned in that science? An honest Dutchman once lived in one of the 'Rural Districts,' who scarcely knew enough to catch cold, yet could drive home his brother's cows, saw his wood, and do sundry small 'chores' about the house. He had as definite an idea of political principles as a horse has of silk stockings, but at every contested election he was sure to vote. Not because he took any interest in the act, but because the active electioneers would go for him; and, as it after many years turned out, because he supposed he was *obliged* to vote. He had no 'sides' in politics, but voted with those who brought him up to the polls. This soon became so well known to the b'hoys thereabout, that when 'BROMMY' made his appearance, there ensued a grand pulling and hauling to see which should lead him to the polls, and of course which party should have his vote. In these affrays, poor 'BROMMY' would sometimes be rather roughly handled; not unfrequently in the final consummation of this highest act of a freeman, he appeared somewhat denuded in his outer man; in plain English, the poor fellow's neck was sometimes almost broke, and his clothes fairly torn off his back. Still 'BROMMY' bore his afflictions with christian fortitude, and year after year thus gave his vote, amidst much tribulation. This however was not 'BROMMY's' only affliction. He was obliged to 'train' too. At company-training and general-training, BROMMY was duly 'warned,' and appeared armed and equipped as the law directs. But it was all 'hay-foot, straw-foot' with him. He knew as little of tactics as he did of politics, and with the same imperturbable gravity bore the laugh of the boys and the jeers of 'the unwashed' as a soldier, which he displayed as an elector. But all this time poor 'BROMMY' dreaded the election and trainings as he did losing the cows, or sawing a load of swamp-oak. By-and-by the time arrived toward which BROMMY had looked for many a weary year. He attained



the age of forty-five, beyond which no man is obliged to train; and it was with him a jubilee; inward, to be sure, but nevertheless quite real. The next election was a severely contested one, and they came after him as usual to go and vote. But no! He resisted all importunity and disregarded every threat. Both sides came for him, but all in vain. He had the same answer for both: 'Clear from training—clear from voting!' Poor BROMMY! He lived to threescore-and-ten, but he never voted again. . . . MR. CUTBERT SOUTHEY, speaking of ROBERT SOUTHEY, toward the end of his life, says: 'For a considerable time after he had ceased to compose, he took pleasure in reading; and the habit continued long after the power of comprehension was gone. His dearly-prized books were a pleasure to him almost to the end; and he would walk slowly round his library, looking at them, and taking them down mechanically.' This imparts additional interest to his touching lines '*To my Library*,' written a short time before his last illness:

'My days among the dead are passed;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old:  
My never-falling friends are they,  
With whom I converse, day by day.

'With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

'My thoughts are with the dead; with them  
I live in long-past years;  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

'My hopes are with the dead; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That shall not perish in the dust.'

MANY readers will remember MRS. KIRKLAND's anecdote, in her '*New Home*,' of the Michigan stage-driver, who 'drew rein' in a violent autumn-storm at the gate of one of the far-scattered cabins of a western forest, into which he ran, leaving his passengers, a burly Englishman and two querulous, 'stuck-up' daughters, to follow him, as best they might. The doughty JOHN BULL came in after him, leading his daughters, with rueful faces and sadly-bedraggled skirts, all three looking grouty and glum enough. 'I say,' said the Englishman to the driver, who had encooned himself in a warm and cozy seat by the fire, 'I say, that luggage ought to be brought in, ye kno'.' 'Wal, I should think so, tew. If 't was mine, I should bring it in, any how. 'T may get sp'ilet.' 'Well, fellow, why *don't* you bring it in?' 'Why don't I *bring it in*?' said the other slowly, and with an unmistakable sneer; 'why, I aint your servant, be I! Guess *not*: that's a berry that don't grow on the bushes about these diggin's. I *drive* you, Square, and I don't do nothin' else!' This incident came to mind a few moments ago, on hearing a friend relate the following anecdote. He said, that soon after the revolutionary war, a brave Yankee officer, a former captain in the service, happened to be at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and while there was invited to dine at the table of a distinguished merchant. There was a large number of guests at the table, and among the rest an English lady, who was anxious to appear as one of the 'knowing ones.' On understanding that an American was sitting near her, she expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened upon him like a tigress, making numerous inquiries touching our habits, customs, dress, manners, modes of life, education, amusements, etc. To all these queries the officer gave courteous answers, which seemed to satisfy all the company with the exception of the lady herself. She was determined *not* to be satisfied, and went on: 'Have the rich people in your country any carriages!—for I suppose there are *some* who call themselves rich.' 'My residence,' replied the captain, 'is in a small town upon an island, where there are but few carriages kept; but in the larger towns and cities on the main land there are quite a number maintained, suited to our

republican manners.' 'Indeed!!' replied his fair questioner, in a tone that was both interrogative and exclamatory; 'I can't fancy where you find coachmen: I shouldn't think the Americans knew *how* to drive a coach.' 'We find no difficulty on *that* account, Madam,' calmly rejoined the captain; 'we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them.' 'To England!' exclaimed the lady, speaking very quickly; 'I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English driving the Americans.' 'We *did*, Madam, in the late war,' rejoined the officer; 'but since the peace, we have permitted the English to drive us!' There was no more 'quizzing' of our American during the dinner. He waited in vain, like SAM WELLER in '*BARRELL vs. PICKWICK*,' for the next question. . . . '*The Scalpel, a Journal of Health*,' adapted to popular and professional reading, and the exposure of quackery, continues its onward way. It has reached the fourth number of its third volume; yet it is the Damascus-blade wielded by its editor, EDWARD H. DIXON, M. D., as bright and keen as ever. He 'wakes up the profession' all round. . . . 'NATURE is ever new;' love is natural; *ergo*, love is always new; 'leastways,' so we thought, early walking home 'by the light of the moon' the other evening, from a most agreeable metropolitan 'party,' for we 'heard the loud bassoon' and other musical instruments, at the door of a merchant-prince, who had that night given away his daughter in marriage. Some of the wedding-guests were departing, and two pleasant-spoken young men, walking in the moon-light before us, were discussing the wedding, the beauty of the bride, etc., and one of them, with a very fine voice, would ever and anon 'break forth into singing;' snatches from popular operas, a bit of a song of JENNY LIND's, etc. Presently he struck up 'Black-Eyed SUSAN, as if in some way suggested by the scene they had just left. We don't know that we ever felt so forcibly before the charm of these verses, from that most beautiful and artistic of all nautical songs:

'So the sweet lark high pots'd in air  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
(If chance his mate's shrill note he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest:  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy WILLIAM's lips those kisses sweet.

'If to far India's coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;  
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
Thy skin is ivory so bright:  
Thus every beauteous object that I view  
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely SUE.'

No wonder, when each sail its 'swelling bosom spread,' and his boat 'unwilling rowed to land,' bearing the 'lovely SUE,' that WILLIAM 'hung his head' from grief. Who could blame him! . . . It is well and forcibly put, in a late number of the '*Edinburgh Review*,' in an article upon the true policy of a popular government, that 'cheapness may be bought too dear;' that *undue* retrenchment may be as unwise as lavish expenditure; and we could not but think, while reading the article in question, of the case of the 'Saint Lawrence' government vessel, and its officers, to which allusion was made in our last number. 'In public affairs, as in private,' says the reviewer, 'there is a true and a false, a genuine and a counterfeit, a short-sighted and a comprehensive economy. There is a spirit of shallow, niggard, and ungenerous parsimony, which looks only at the cost of the public service, and not at the mode in which that service is performed; which would risk or sacrifice great objects in order to save a small expense; which is narrowly mercantile, instead of being broadly patriotic; which would cripple departments that, to be respected and honored, should be managed with a liberal hand.' Now all this may be 'out of *our* line,' but it

strikes us that the argument is a very correct one, nevertheless. . . . 'WHAT think you,' writes a western correspondent, 'of my being waked up one morning by a note from a young lady-friend, containing her 'compliments, and a request that I would loan her 'SCOTT'S novels,' as she 'felt like reading something,' and had 'heard that they were very good!' My gallantry is unquestionable; so I replied by sending her round the Boston edition of twenty-seven volumes on a wheel-barrow at once! This was exactly at eight in the morning. They were returned 'in good order and well conditioned' at five in the afternoon of the same day. I have rubbed up my arithmetic, and find that, making allowance for the 'out' and 'home' trips, the rate of perusal was one volume every nineteen minutes; a 'pace' hardly equalled as yet in the annals of literature. It entirely 'shades' the composition of the self-same works. I look now with envy and wonder at that young woman. How she would astonish the head-librarian of the Bodleian, if she should take up a fancy to patronize that book-stall! What food there is here for G. P. R. JAMES'S hopes to feed on!' . . . OUR friend and correspondent SAXE, of Vermont, thus hits off the '*Glorious Fourth*,' whose advent is now close upon us:

'LET the bold skeptic who denies our worth,  
Just hear it proved on any '*Glorious Fourth* ;'  
When patriot-tongues the thrilling tale rehearse  
In grand orations, or resounding verse ;  
When poor JOHN BULL beholds his navies sink  
Before the blast, in swelling floods of ink,  
And vents his wrath, till all around is blue,  
To see his armies yearly flogged anew ;  
While honest Dutchmen, round the speaker's stand,  
Forget, for once, their dearer father-land ;  
And thrifty Caledonians bless the fate  
That gives them freedom at so cheap a rate,  
And a clear right to celebrate the day,  
And not a baubee for the boon to pay :  
And Gallia's children prudently relieve  
Their bursting bosoms with as loud a 'vive'  
For 'l'Amérique' as when their voices swell  
With equal glory for 'la bagatelle ;'  
And ardent sons of Erin's blessed isle  
Grow patriotic in the Celtic style,  
And, all for friendship, bruise each other's eyes,  
As when ST. PATRICK claims the sacrifice ;  
While thronging Yankees, all-intent to hear,  
As if the speaker were an auctioneer,  
Swell with the theme, till every mother's son  
Feels all his country's magnitude his own !'

JUNE, (to touch upon 'the weather' topic,) has been a cold month. Nevertheless the people have patronized amusements warmly. On or about the '*Glorious Fourth*' most of our city theatres will close; and then how welcome will be MARETZKE'S opera troupe at Castle-Garden! The event of the month has been the HAMBLIN festival—a testimonial to industry, integrity and indomitable perseverance, at once worthy of the recipient and the donors. Among the 'stars' expected from the eastern world, we may name Mrs. WARNER, Mr. HUDSON and ANNA THILLON, CATHERINE HAYES, the renowned singer, and 'last, not least, ALFRED BUNN, of Drury-Lane, who it is said will visit this country and give his entertainment illustrative of SHAKESPEARE'S life and times, with anecdotes dramatic, running thence down to the present hour. Thus much of 'foreign affairs.' Among the notabilities of the city may now permanently be classed that excellently managed and delightful place of amusement, BROUGHAM'S LYCEUM. Conducted as it is by a man of taste, spirit and liberality, it has jumped at once into public favor, where it is certain to remain, if the same system be continued. The Lyceum now commands the most elegant and fashionable audiences in the city; the reason of which is obvious: nothing inimical to delicacy,

or at all subversive of good taste, is ever to be seen or heard on those boards, and CORRYN'S arrangements before the curtain are perfect. The company is carefully selected, and comprises artists of acknowledged talent: the manager's brain is unceasingly taxed for those light, pleasing, and sometimes brilliant productions, which the passing time suggests. We need only point to 'The World's Fair,' which has been 'staple' for the entire season; 'FAUSTUS,' a most amusing burlesque upon the spectacle; 'A Row at the Lyceum,' a capital piece of original fun; 'DAVID COPPERFIELD,' the very best rendering of DICKENS'S novel; 'DOMBEY and Son,' a household matter now; all of his own writing, with others which have escaped our memory. Notwithstanding his own exertions in authorship, Mr. BROUGHAM has received and remunerated with liberality the plays of others; for instance, 'The Fortune of War,' by LESTER; 'The Home-Book of Beauty,' etc.; and as we go to press, still another local peculiarity is announced, from the manager's prolific pen, founded, as the bills say, 'on recent sumptuary innovations' — meaning, of course, the new pantaloonery among the feminines — which is to be produced immediately. That excellent actress, Miss JULIA BENNETT, has been playing at the Lyceum with the greatest éclat, having made an extraordinary sensation in a new and successful drama, called 'The Ladies' Battle.' If the play had been produced early in the season, it would have had a run of months. . . . Is not the experience so exquisitely and so touchingly recorded in the lines below common to many a bereaved heart? We remember to have heard a twin-spirit, long since 'gone hence to be here no more,' repeat them with a fervor which rolled the 'cadent tears' adown his faded cheeks. The stanzas, we believe, are from the pen of WOLFE, author of the 'Burial of Sir JOHN MOORE.' They were written soon after the death of a beloved wife:

'If I had *thought* thou could'st have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I *forgot*, when by thy side,  
That thou could'st mortal be:  
It *never* through my mind had past,  
The time would e'er be o'er  
That I on thee should look my last,  
And thou should'st smile no more!

'And still upon that face I look,  
And think, "'T will smile again;'  
And still the thought I cannot brook  
That I must look in vain:  
But when I speak, thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;  
And *then* I feel, as well I may,  
Dear MARY! thou art dead!

'If thou could'st *st-y*, e'en as thou art,  
All cold and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been:  
While e'en thy chill, bleak *corse* I lave,  
Thou seemest still mine own;  
But as I lay thee in the grave,  
I feel I am alone!

'I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart  
In thinking, too, of thee:  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore!'

We cannot refrain quoting, in this connection, the following passage from a note just received from an esteemed friend and correspondent, who lost a little boy, an only child, nearly a twelve-month since: 'Your inquiry, "Why I have sent you nothing lately?" went like a dagger to my heart. I don't know how like bereavements affect other people, nor how soon they learn to forget; but the death of my little boy still clings to me like a perpetual horrid night-mare, and will not let me do any thing but attend to the ordinary routine of business. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness," and I am thankful that there is none other that knows mine. It is a great effort for me to write even this brief note on the subject, which perhaps you will appreciate, when I tell you that this is the first time that I have put pen to paper (for any other purpose than an ordinary business-letter) since the advent of my great sorrow. They say that TIME is a great healer of wounds, and consoler of grief God grant it may be so; but as yet my wound seems fresh and sore, and my anguish as great as at first. All the day long it is as a mill-stone about my neck

and in the still watches of the night it forgets me not. 'Spare me, O God! for the waters are come in even into my soul!' Think of this, reader, and with devout and fervent gratitude, while your 'friends are yet with you, and your children are about you' . . . 'You have never seen,' writes a Kentucky friend, the '*Note book of an Undistinguished Private*,' kept during the march from Vera Cruz to the 'Halls!' Of course you haven't! It's a private affair, entirely; and now, since the three-decker of KENDALL'S is launched, the taut little yacht will probably never be released from her stocks. Here's half a page, though:

'HUZZA, NEB! we have met the enemy and they are ours!'

'HUZZA!' shouted in return the 'Undistinguished Private,' and 'bang!' went his musket, as a salute in honor of the glorious news.

'Corporal of the Guard, Number Seven!' roared through the murky night-air of the Mexican *plante*, and in a few moments, like an echo to the call, came the corporal of the guard.

'The volunteer system occasionally made corporals of men who were admirably adapted to break the charge of the lancers, or storm a redoubt, but whose 'bringing-up' happened to be in parts of the country where the school-master was not 'abroad.'

'Who fired that musket off?' asked the corporal, in discharge of his duty.

'The 'Undistinguished Private' bowed acknowledgment, and saluted his commanding officer 'What was it *far*?'

'Patriotic ebullition of nationality!'

'What?' asked a sergeant.

'Oh, cuss the fellow! he's a furriner, and can't speak 'Merican,' interrupted the corporal; 'but I say, you Sir, you musn't do so any more, or (*very loud and with strong gesticulation*,) guard-house! Eh? You understand?'

'Yaw!' replied the Undistinguished Private, and the corporal *posses* returned to their tent.

'The U. P. whistled a long, *very* long note, rammed down another cartridge, and after trying to write a sonnet on a fly-leaf of a pocket-edition of the Iliad, resumed his sentinel duty, while his heart was away off, keeping watch over his 'young barbarians all at play.

We have glanced over, in the pages of an esteemed Southern contemporary, the first portion of a 'native drama,' by the voluminous Georgia 'novelist,' or 'nouvellette'-ist, Mr. WILLIAM G. SIMMS, entitled '*Norman Maurice, or the Man of the People*.' The subjoined is a random sample of the colloquial part of the play:

'SERVANT.	Major SAVAGE, Sir.	[Enter Servant.
'MAURICE.	Show him in.	
'SAVAGE.	Your name is MAURICE?	
'MAURICE.	'T is, Sir. Yours?	[Enter Savage.
'SAVAGE.	Mine is JOE SAVAGE — Major of militia.	
You got a letter, Sir, a week ago,		
From Colonel BLASINGHAME.		
'MAURICE.	And answered it.	
'SAVAGE.	That answer did not please him.	
'MAURICE.	I'm sorry for it, Sir; but you'll believe me,	
When I assure you, that in penning it		
I never once conceived it necessary		
To ask what were his tastes!		
'SAVAGE.	Eh, Sir; you did not?' etc.	

There is really something in this that reminds us of the caricature of WORDSWORTH'S '*Peter Bell*,' in the Rejected Addresses:

— 'He was in the autumn of his life,  
And wore a drab great-coat, on whose  
Pearl-buttons gleamed the beauty of the morning:  
As we walked, I could not choose but ask  
His age: assured that he was seventy-five  
At least; and, though he didn't own it,  
I'm convinced he was!'

A good play, however, is a difficult thing to write, especially an acting play; and the most palpable failures in this kind have often been made. It requires not only genius, but a knowledge of stage-effect, to succeed as a dramatist. . . . A MO-

best and well-written preface to a handsome little volume before us, introduces us to the '*Ballads and Songs of William Pembroke Mulchinock*,' a young Irish exile, of marked talent, whose name has been mentioned with praise, and whose poems published with good effect, in this Magazine. We commend this volume, upon which we cannot at present enlarge, to the generous favor of the public, and especially to the thousands of his own countrymen who are in flourishing circumstances among us. . . . GREAT men, great philosophers, are sometimes beaten on their own ground, by the simplest minds and the least-instructed intellects. We've laughed a hundred times at an illustration of this, which occurs to us at this moment. We have heard, or have read somewhere—but *where* we have not the slightest notion—that upon one occasion NEWTON, the immortal philosopher, was riding over some English plain or 'down,' when a boy who was keeping sheep called out to him: 'You'd better make haste on, Sir, or you'll get a wet jacket.' The sky was clear; there was not a cloud, nor a speck of cloud, to be seen; and the philosopher, considering the remark a hoax, or at least an impertinence, rode quietly on; but he had not advanced six miles before a rain-storm suddenly arose, which wet him to the skin! Saturated as he was, he nevertheless rode back, to ascertain how an ignorant lad had attained a precision in, and a knowledge of, elemental calculation, of which the wisest philosopher might well be proud. 'My lad,' said NEWTON, when he arrived where 'fed his flock, the rural swain,' 'I'll give you a shilling if you'll tell me how you foretold the weather so truly.' 'Will ye, Sir?' said the boy, scratching his head, and holding out his hand for the shilling. Having received it, he pointed to his sheep, and thus expounded his 'theory': 'When you see that black ram turn his tail toward the wind, it's a sure sign of rain within an hour!' Now,

'NEWTON's apple, FRANKLIN's kite  
Gave laws to lightning and to light:'

but either philosopher would as soon have consulted a hydraulic 'ram' as the best merino, for the keen *practical* knowledge got by '*Observation*' out of '*Experience*,' which was exhibited by the 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain;' for, if we remember rightly, it *was* on Salisbury plain where the incident which we have narrated occurred. . . . OUR friends MESSRS. STANFORD AND SWORDS have published '*The Angel's Song*,' by CHARLES B. TAYLER, M. A., an English clergyman of distinguished talent; a charming religious work, which bids fair to win its way to a permanent popularity. . . . ARE these lines original!—or did the correspondent who sends them to us as from his 'port-folio' intend to imply a common-place book, into which they had been copied? We ask, because, without being at all sure, we *think* we have encountered the stanzas before; although when or where, we cannot now remember:

'THERE is a state, unknown, unseen,  
Where parted souls must be;  
And but a step doth lie between  
That world of souls and me.

'The friend I loved has thither fled,  
With whom I journeyed here;  
I see no sight, I hear no tread,  
But may not she be here?

'The SAVIOUR, whom I long have sought,  
And would, but cannot see,  
Can He be here?—oh, wondrous thought,  
And will He dwell with me?

'I ask not with my mortal eye  
To view the vision bright,  
I dare not see THEM lest I die;  
Yet, LORD! restore my sight!

'Give me to see THEM, and to feel  
The mental vision clear;  
The things unseen, reveal—reveal!  
And let me know them near.

'Illumine this shadowy soul of mine,  
That still in darkness lies;  
Oh, let the light in darkness shine,  
And bid the day-star rise!'

COOKE, the great tragedian, (whose person and manners will still be remembered by many in New-York,) endeavored on one occasion, at the table of a friend, to make his host *guess* at the representation of certain passions, from the assumed expression

of his features. His 'power of face,' however, was too much lessened by the wine he had drank, to be successful. The misconception of 'Fear' for 'Anger,' and of 'Sympathy' for 'Jealousy,' on the part of his host, roused COOKE's ire. 'Look again, Sir!' he exclaimed, making up a face that was at the same time malignant and leering. 'What is *that*, Sir!' It was pronounced to be 'Revenge.' '*Re-venge*!' ejaculated the great actor — 'AR-RE-VENGE!! you dolt! — that's LOVE! Look *again*: don't you *see* that it is LOVE!' The attempt to heighten the doubtful passion by additional distortion was 'the last hair that broke the camel's back.' The host incontinently fled the table, leaving his guest alone in his maudlin glory. . . . '*Harpers' New York and Erie Rail-Road Guide*' should be in the hands of every traveller on that magnificent thoroughfare, which has conferred such immortal honor upon its originators, and those enterprising 'brave men' who have successively prosecuted it to completion. The work contains a description in detail of the scenery, rivers, towns, villages, and most important works on the road, accompanied by one hundred and thirty-six engravings, by Messrs. LOSSING AND BARRITT, from original sketches by Mr. WILLIAM MACLEOD. Of these sketches we are compelled to say, that while some of them, and especially of the larger ones, are faithful, their general characteristics are *feebleness*. Surely no one could recognize the beautiful and populous villages of Binghamton and Owego from the meagre transcripts in this book. Perhaps, however, as the artist remarks of the little village of Waverley, these towns have changed their appearance so much since the sketches were made, that they would be unrecognizable by the traveller. We looked to see some engravings of the scenery and towns near and at the western terminus of the road, but were disappointed. Doubtless these will form the attraction of a second and more complete edition. They *should* do so. . . . Is n't this a felicitous little '*Anacreontic*,' which has just been translated for us out of the Swedish of TEGNER, by an old contributor to these pages! Read it, young and fervent 'lov'yers,' and let us know what *you* think of it. Is n't it a 'sweet-pretty-piece!' The lines are entitled '*Near Thee*,' in the original:

'I STAND beside my window, near,  
To gaze on thine,  
Where sleepest thou, to me so dear;  
Twice ten fond steps, and thou wert here,  
Thy heart to mine!

'Would I could greet thee hand to hand,  
And look on thee;  
At thy soul's altar praying stand —  
Kiss thy soft cheeks, by lilies fanned,  
That bloom for me.

'Long could I watch, till thou didst fill  
My heart with song;  
Sighing, when'er thy voice was still,  
For notes more sweet than wild lark's trill  
Young morn along.

'I could be happy with thee; nay,  
*I* am happy, now;  
Watching, beneath the pure moon's ray,  
A shadow on my curtain play —  
The shadow thou!

'Awake thee! see the moon ascend  
The welkin blue;  
Two lovers with her upward wend,  
Two angels there in union blend —  
Were *we* the two!

'Then could our souls together flow,  
In fond caress;  
Murmuring the love of long-ago,  
Seeking from all the world below  
Forgetfulness!

H. W. ELLSWORTH.

OUR readers, at least all who have felt an interest in the late vexed question of copy-right in England, will recollect that some time since a very stupid Judge of the Court of Exchequer, in the case of BOOSEY *vs.* PURDAY, decided that 'a foreign author residing abroad was not an 'author' within the meaning of the statutes of ANNE and GEORGE III, and could not have a copy-right in his works; which acts were intended for the 'encouragement of British talent, by giving to British authors a monopoly in their literary works, dating from the period of their first publication here!' Shortly after, a similar decision was pronounced respecting BELLINI's '*Son-nambula*.' Both cases were taken up on error, and we have now to announce the gratifying intelligence, that in the Exchequer Chamber, sitting in Error: Present,

LORD CAMPBELL and Justices PATTISON, MAULE, COLERIDGE, CRESWILL and TALFOURD, and before a crowded court, judgment of reversal was given, which puts the rule on its former footing, namely: *That a foreigner, first publishing his work in England, is entitled to his copy-right therein, and can assign a work in like manner to the assignee, who shall be entitled to copy-right.* We cannot forbear quoting from the opinion of Lord Chief Justice CAMPBELL, who has rescued the English bench from the disgrace of attempting to pervert law, by way of petty retaliation upon America for not passing an international copy-right act. That we *ought* to pass such an act, this Magazine was the very first to contend, and has continued to contend, with such ability as it could command, from the time that the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK first opened the subject by a correspondence with Mr. CLAY, at Washington, down to the publication in the KNICKERBOCKER of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING's letters to the EDITOR, on this theme, including our own efforts, such as they have been, in the matter. Now that the English bench, with all its original dignity, has delivered impartial justice, surely we ought, at the eleventh hour, to retrieve our national good name, and yield honor and profit to those laborers in the field of Mind to whom profit, as well as honor, is due. But to our quotation:

'THE question really is, whether a foreigner, by sending to a publisher his work here, acquires a copy-right. Upon this depends his right to transfer his right to another. It is admitted that a foreigner, if he composes a literary work here, may acquire a copy-right, and Mr. PEACOCK would not deny that if a foreigner, being here for a temporary purpose, while here, wrote a poem, he might publish it, and acquire a copy-right in it here. If he had composed it in his own country, and brought it over in his memory, and produced it here for the first time, or if he had written out a book in manuscript, would it have made any difference as to his rights? Can his personal appearance within our realm be essential to his right as an author, if he does that by an agent which it is not disputed he might do in his own proper person? The right is, to acquire a monopoly in England for the sale of his work; the right is personal property, which he carries with him wherever he is; and all that is to be done to negotiate it he may do by another. Where, then, can be the necessity of crossing from Calais to Dover before giving instructions for the publication of his work, and entering it at Stationer's Hall? The law of England will protect his property, and recognize his rights, and give him redress for wrongs inflicted on him here.'

Premising, for the information of our British contemporaries, that the noisy and pretentious advocacy here of an international copy-right by certain of our smallest 'authorlings' has had the worst effect upon the question, we would in this connection pay a well-deserved tribute to the labors of that eminent publisher, RICHARD BENTLEY, Esq., whose amenity to American authors is proverbial, and who has year after year, and almost single-handed, battled against the pirates; year after year he has waged an unflinching warfare against them; and when even MURRAY, and other distinguished London publishers, gave up in despair, BENTLEY 'held on,' like a brave 'BULL'-dog as he is. We are permitted to make the following extract from a letter of this gentleman to our old and esteemed friend and correspondent, RICHARD B. KIMBALL, Esq., of this city, which was received by the last English steamer:

'CONGRATULATE me in regard to the recent decision as to the right of a foreigner to a copy-right in his works in Great-Britain, which was delivered on Tuesday last in Westminster Hall by the Lord Chief Justice, LORD CAMPBELL, and five other Judges. On all accounts I am glad of this; and for the sake of America, I do hope Congress will at once pass the international copy-right bill. It would be gracious, coming after this decision; it would make our literary men well-disposed toward America; and you will agree with me, that the greater number of interchanges of good offices the better.'

We believe that at the next session of Congress an international copy-right act will assuredly be passed. Such an act is demanded at our hands as a matter of jus-



tice and right, and therefore of national good faith and honor. Let us add, in conclusion, that in our judgment Mr. BENTLEY deserves the warmest thanks of every real author in this country, and we hope soon to see some appropriate public expression of them. . . . There is a touching picture of '*A Mother Watching over her Dead Babe*' in the ensuing lines. They are from the pen of a favorite correspondent of this Magazine:

Tis sad to fix the moistened eye  
On the loved form that DEATH hath prest,  
Though other hearts are bleeding nigh,  
For one so beautiful and blest;  
But sadder far, when all are gone,  
Save thou, and the dear sleeper there,  
To gaze upon the dead, alone,  
Till Memory sting thee to despair!

He was an accurate observer and a sound reasoner, who said: 'Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that, if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life for having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed again' . . . '*The Jenny Lind Glee-Book*' has been published by Messrs. BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY AND COMPANY, Boston. It contains all the various popular songs of the fair Swede, arranged for all musical divisions of the human voice. In appearance the work resembles one of the old-fashioned blue-covered Presbyterian singing-books. Not very good taste, as it strikes us. . . . 'WAKE snakes!' is a western phrase; but, reader, did you ever see a snake wake? It is a dark and unlovely sight. We once heard a friend, a lady who lived in the country, describe her first sensation at seeing a serpent. Her brother, a cruel wag, who 'would have his joke,' had killed, as he supposed, a rattle-snake, by running over it with two wheels of a light wagon, one of those old-fashioned vehicles with a box, a kind of 'catch-all,' behind. The snake, after being run over, lay dormant in the road: he picked him up and laid him in the box aforesaid. When he arrived home, he sent his sister out to bring in some purchase or other from the wagon-box. She opened the lid, and up rose the flattened head of the rattle-snake, his glassy eyes 'darting pale lustre,' and his forked tongue playing like a blue flame about his jaws, while his tail, slightly elevated above the coil, was rattling with a sound like the patter of a rain-shower upon a sky-light. Heavens! what a horrible sight! She dropped the lid—ran to the house—fainted at the door, and for a period of three weeks was confined to her bed with a dangerous nervous fever. She came within one of 'dying of a joke,' a cruel joke, which was little short of a positive crime. . . . 'Rex' tells a good story of a country genius who had gained considerable celebrity in his neighborhood in the concoction of a medicament, which he entitled 'The Ne plus ultra North-American Itch-Ointment.' Its 'popularity' induced him to enlarge his 'sphere of usefulness;' and accordingly he called upon all his old customers for their 'certificates.' His neighbor, Judge R——, an excellent, kind-hearted man, promptly certified that he had used the said medicament in his family for the last nine years, and that it gave him great pleasure to bear witness to its efficacy, in the most difficult cases! He did n't see the bearing of his certificate, until

it was printed in half the newspapers of the Union, with his name and residence prefixed! He was 'mad'—very mad, 'they say.' . . . Among the inedited works of the late Rev. WALTER COLTON, now in preparation by Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER, and to be published by Messrs. BARNES AND COMPANY, is an elaborate manuscript poem, from which we take the following '*Funeral Song at the Grave of Eve*.' It will commend itself to every reader:

- 'Sweet solace of my life! my gentle Eve!  
The idol of this heart thy beauty blest!  
More than for Eden's early loss I grieve,  
To close the earth above thy narrow rest.  
What now to me fair sky, or sparkling wave,  
Or day or night—since thou art in the grave?
- 'Forgive the frown that darkened on my brow,  
And fell on thy sweet face, like an eclipse,  
When the fair, fatal fruit was plucked its bough,  
And turned to ashes on our pallid lips:  
Thy thirst for knowledge triumphed o'er thy fears,  
And prompted crime, since cancelled by thy tears.
- 'When I remind me of the noontide hour  
I first beheld thee, near Euphrates' stream,  
And led thee, sweetly blushing, to my bower,  
The ills that we have felt appear a dream;  
So warm and blest the memory of the time  
When thou wert faultless—I without a crime.
- 'How freshly on our slumbers broke the morn!  
How sweet the music of the mountain stream!  
How all things seemed of bliss and beauty born,  
And bounding into life with day's young beam!  
Alas, the sin that could such joys forego,  
And fill an infant world with guilt and woe!
- 'But mine the fault, for I stood silent by,  
Nor sought dissuasion by a look or sign;  
But dazzled by the Tempter's gorgeous lie,  
That we should be than gods scarce less divine,  
Assented, fell, and found, too late to save,  
This virtue guilt—its only gift the grave.
- 'But Eden lost, this heart still found in thee  
A depth of love it else had never known:  
As clings the vine to its sustaining tree,  
When 'gainst its form the tempest's strength is thrown,  
So thou, as each new care or sorrow pressed,  
The closer clung to this unshrinking breast.
- 'The birds still sing to wake thee from thy rest,  
The young gazelle still waits to greet thy glance;  
The flowers still bloom thy early cares caressed,  
Thy shallop's sails still in the sun-beams dance.  
O that on these unheeding things were spread  
The deep and tender thought, that thou art dead!
- 'But now, to whom can my deep sorrows turn?  
Where find in others' tears for mine relief?  
I only live to dress thy gentle urn,  
And shrine thy virtues in a widow'd grief,  
Till near thy side I seek my native dust,  
And wait that signal-trump that calls the just.'

DICKENS has one of his inimitable papers in a recent number of his '*Household Words*,' giving a minute description of '*The Metropolitan Protectives*,' or London police. Observe with what perfect word-painting a drunken man, who has been robbed of his watch by a woman, is depicted:

"WHERE do you live, Mr. BAT?"

"Lumber."

"And what are you?—what business are you, Mr. BAT?"

"Fesher," says Mr. BAT, collecting his dignity.

"Profession, is it? Very good, Sir. What's your profession?"

"Sollrerer," returns Mr. BAT.

"Solicitor, of Lambeth. Have you lost any thing beside your watch, Sir?"  
 "I am nor aware — lost — any — arrickle — prorrery," says Mr. BAT.  
 "The Inspector has been looking at the watch."  
 "What do you value this watch at, Sir?"  
 "Ten pound," says Mr. BAT, with unexpected promptitude.  
 "Hardly worth so much as that, I should think."  
 "Five pound five," says Mr. BAT. "I doro how much. I'm not par-tick-ler (this word costs Mr. BAT a tremendous effort) abow the war. It's not my war. It's a frez of my."  
 "If it belongs to a friend of yours, you would n't like to lose it, I suppose?"  
 "I doro," says Mr. BAT, "I'm nor any ways par-tick-ler abow the war. It's a frez of my;" which he afterward repeats, at intervals, scores of times — always as an entirely novel idea.  
 "Inspector writes. Brings charge-sheet to window. Reads same to Mr. BAT.  
 "You charge this woman, Sir, (her name, age, and address have been previously taken,) with robbing you of your watch. I won't trouble you to sign the sheet, as you are not in good writing order. You'll have to be here this morning — it's now two — at a quarter before ten."  
 "Never get up till har par," says Mr. BAT, with decision.  
 "You'll have to be here this morning," repeats the Inspector decidedly, "at a quarter before ten. If you do n't come, we shall have to send for you, and that might be unpleasant. Stay a bit. Now, look here. I have written it down. Mr. BAT to be in Bow-street, quarter before ten."  
 "What mawrer is it?" says Mr. BAT, staggering back again. "T'-morrow mawrer?"  
 "Not to-morrow morning. This morning."  
 "This mawrer?" says Mr. BAT. "How can it be this mawrer? War is awr this abow?"

They take him away, but after a while he comes back again, and interrupts the examination and complaints of other parties, with:

"I say! Is it t'-morrow mawrer?" asks Mr. BAT, in confidence.  
 "He has got out of the cab," says the Inspector, whom nothing surprises, "and will be brought in, in custody, presently. No; this morning. Why do n't you go home?"  
 "This mawrer!" says Mr. BAT, profoundly reflecting. "How car it be this mawrer? It must be yesserday mawrer."  
 "You had better make the best of your way home, Sir," says the Inspector.  
 "No offence is interer," says Mr. BAT. "I happened to be passing — this direction — when — saw door open — kaymin. It's a frez of my — I am nor —" He is quite unequal to the word 'particular' now, so concludes with, 'you no war i me! — I'm awr! I shall be here in the mawrer!' and stumbles out again."

This is quite equal to, if indeed it does not excel, the drunken scene in 'DAVID COPPERFIELD.' . . . THE lines entitled '*It is her Angel*' may appear in our next; but they strike us as having been at least suggested by a beautiful poem of LONGFELLOW's, written for these pages, and as being not unlike these admirable lines of LOWELL upon the death of his little daughter:

'I HAD a little daughter,  
 And she was given to me  
 To lead me gently onward  
 To the Heavenly FATHER's knee.

'I know not how others saw her,  
 But to me she was wholly fair,  
 And the light of the heaven she came from  
 Still lingered and gleamed in her hair.

'She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,  
 And it hardly seemed a day,  
 When a troop of wandering angels  
 Stole my little daughter away.

'But they left in her stead a changeling,  
 A little angel child,  
 That seems like her bud in full blossom,  
 And smiles as she never smiled.

'This child is not mine, as the first was,  
 I cannot sing it to rest,  
 I cannot lift it up fatherly,  
 And bless it upon my breast.

'Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,  
 And sits in my little one's chair,  
 And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
 Transfigures its golden hair.'

It is MONTAIGNE who says — and we wish 'all those concerned' would remember it — that a tutor should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil, as if he were pouring it through a funnel; but, after having put the lad, like a young horse on a trot before him, to observe his paces, and see what he is able to perform, should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it to him to open; and by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil. . . . NEXT to the view from the Kaatskill Mountain-House, in variety, beauty, and vast extent, we know of nothing superior to a view which may be taken, any pleasant day, from the rustic tower recently erected amidst the umbrageous grove that crowns the apex of the 'Rockland Cemetery,' near Piermont. The ascent, by a winding wood-path, redolent of sweet

forest-odors, is gradual and pleasant, and the distance is scarcely a mile and a half from the Piermont 'platform.' On the east, Long-Island Sound, sprinkled with gliding vessels, rolls away in the distance; nearer by, are seen the green islands that gem the East River, near and beyond Hell-Gate; at the south rises the canopy of smoke that indicates, and always overhangs, the 'Great Metropolis,' with the pale-blue heights of Staten-Island faintly seen beyond. South-west, Newark bay, the city, 'Snake-Hill,' like a sleeping elephant, the Hackensack, Passaic, the villages of Paterson, Hackensack, Aquacknonk, and other places, including Tappaän, and the spot where ANDRE was executed, may be commanded at a glance. On the west, the view, toward the going down of the sun, is superb! Far off rise the picturesque Ramapo mountains, but far and farther still beyond them, swells up the great Shawangunk range, beyond which, 'great rivers seek the sea;' while on the north, 'Nature's boulders,' the West-Point Highlands, bound the view, 'with pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.' We lingered long upon the tower, and very loath were we to leave it at last. Over against us lay the pleasant villages that line the eastern shore of the Tappaän-Zee. There was 'Dobb's Ferry,' where aforetime so many agreeable hours were passed; and there, at that moment, could be seen, with a good glass, a friend of our boyhood as of our later manhood, walking down a lawn of softest green, and amidst grounds of rarest culture; a friend

'Whose kindness long ago,  
And still unworn away by years,  
Has often made our eye-lids flow  
With grateful and admiring tears.'

But the 'round red sun' drops below the distant Shawangunk; the Ramapo mountains melt into deep purple; the 'glimmering landscape' between begins to fade from the sight; and the chill air 'a solemn stillness holds.' We must needs depart hence. . . . HORACE GREELEY, of the '*Tribune*' daily journal, now abroad, in his first letter from on board the 'BALTIC' steamer, gives a sad, heart-rending and stomach-rending account of the horrors of sea-sickness; but he does not come within stone's-throw of 'CHAWLS YELLOWFLUSH' in depicting the agonies of the real *nausea-marina*. 'Hark till him,' as PAT says:

'GENTLE reader, av you ever been on the oton? 'The sea, the sea, the hopen sea!' as BARRY CROWWELL says. As soon as we entered our little vessel, and I'd looked to master's luggage and mine, (mine was rapt up in a wery small handcherker,) as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel; as soon as I saw the waiva, black and frothy, like fresh-drawn porter, a-daahin' against the ribs of our galliant bark; the keel, like a wedge, a-splittink the bilboes in two; the sails a-flappink in the hair; the standard of Hengland floatin' at the mask-head; the steward a-gittin' ready the basins and things; the captin' proudly treadin' the deck, and givin' orders to the sailers; the white rox of Albany and the bathin'-masheens disappearin' in the distans — then, *then* I felt, for the first time, the mite, the madgisty of xistence! 'YELLOWFLUSH, my boy,' says I, in a dialog with myself, 'your life is about to commence; your career, as a man, dates from your entrans on board this packit! Forgit what's past; throw off your inkly clerk's jacket — throw up your —'

'Here, I reckon, I was obleeged to stopp. A feelink, in the fast place singlar, in the next place paneful, and at last compleatly overpowerink, had come upon me while I was a-makin' the abuss speech, and I now found myself in a sityouation which Delixy for Bids to discribe. Seems to say, that now I discovered what Basins was made for; that for many, many hours I lay in a hagnony of exostion, dead to all intence and porpuses; the rain paterlink in my face, the sailers a-tramplink over my body — the panes of purgertory goin' on inside!'

'YOUNG KNICK,' has just come in, 'in the gloaming,' to tell us what a delightful season he has spent to-day at the *Annual Pic-Nic of the 'Church of Our Saviour,'* of Brooklyn, of which the Rev. Mr. FARLEY is pastor. The festival was celebrated in the spacious grounds of the late SAMUEL JUDD, at the 'west end' of the village, and gave the completest satisfaction to the six or seven hundred persons, inclusive of the 'little people,' who were present. There was singing by the children; there were admirable and effective addresses by Rev. Mr. FARLEY, Rev. Mr. OSGOOD, HON. JOHN

A. KING, and others; there was instrumental music, abundant and of the best; there was ball-play on the fresh greensward, in which 'children of larger growth' partook with the happy juveniles; and of 'creature-comforts' there was a superfluity of luxury, both in quantity and kind. Ah! boy, would that in *our* day innocent enjoyment had sometimes been associated with the 'human' relaxations of our religious teachers! . . . We have received from the publishers, MESSRS. LOOMIS, GILSWOLD AND COMPANY, Number 233 Broadway, the first number of an imperial quarto work, of rare excellence, entitled '*The Parthenon*.' It contains original characteristic papers by living American writers, illustrated by the practised and accomplished pencils of DARLEY, BILLINGS, WALON, WADE, CROOM, KIRK, and other the like artists. We fully endorse the praise of a contemporary, who remarks, that '*The Parthenon*' is one of the most beautifully illustrated serials ever issued in this country. The first number, now before us, contains articles from the pens of COOPER, MRS. SIGOURNEY, MISS HANNAH F. GOULD, DUGANNE, and WALLACE, illustrated by more than twenty engravings on wood, executed in the highest style of art. The work is intended to embrace original contributions from every American author of note, and will be embellished with more than two hundred engravings, the cost of which will be upward of twelve thousand dollars. The paper is of the finest quality, and the typographical appearance of the specimen-number is equal perhaps to that of any work ever issued from the American press. The entire series will consist of twelve parts, of forty pages each, on calendered paper, manufactured expressly for the work. The publishers say in their prospectus, that they aim at the production of a work which shall surpass any heretofore put to press in this country, and they certainly commence with a number which indicates a determination to fulfil this bold promise. A magnificent frontispiece and title-page are in preparation for the volume when complete. '*The Parthenon*' is to be sold at one dollar per number, and we regard it as a cheap publication at that price. . . . Not a few of our modern bardings would do far more toward achieving a poetical reputation by collating than by 'composing.' We subjoin a specimen for their guidance:

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,  
Survey mankind from Lapland to Peru;  
How oft by sinners shall thy courts be trod,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God!

YOU are an AMERICAN, reader, are you not? If you are, would'n't you like to read, just at this recurring period of the anniversary of our 'Sabbath-Day of Freedom,' an account of the reception of the first American Minister from the 'Rebel Colonies,' at the English court? 'If so, then why not?' In June, 1785, JOHN ADAMS, the first Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the court of London, had his introductory audience with King GEORGE the Third. An event so extraordinary, with circumstances so novel to us in America, led Mr. ADAMS to narrate the particulars, in a letter to an intimate friend, which was kept private till after his death. It ran thus:

'At one o'clock on Wednesday, the first of June, the master of ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the Secretary of State's office, in Cleveland row, where the MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN received me, and introduced me to Mr. FRAZIER, his under-secretary, who had been, as his lordship said, uninterruptedly in that office, through all the changes in administrations for thirty years, having first been appointed by the EARL OF HOLDERNESSE.

'After a short conversation upon the subject of importing my effects from Holland, which Mr. FRAZIER himself introduced, LORD CARMARTHEN invited me to go with him in his coach to court. When we arrived in the ante-chamber, the master of the ceremonies introduced him and attended me while the Secretary of State went to take the commands of the KING. While I stood in this place, where it seems all ministers stand upon such occasions, always attended by the master of ceremonies, the room was very full of ministers of state, bishops, and all other sorts of courtiers, as well as the next room, which is the KING's bed-chamber. You may well suppose I was the focus of all eyes. I was relieved, however, from the embarrassment of it, by the Swedish and Dutch ministers, who came to me and entertained me with a very agreeable conversa-

tion during the whole time. Some other gentlemen, whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments too, until the MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN returned, and desired me to go with him to his Majesty. I went with his lordship through the levee room into the king's closet. The door was shut, and I was left with his Majesty and the Secretary of State alone. I made the three reverences; one at the door, another about half way, and another before the presence, according to the usage established at this, and all the northern courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to his Majesty in the following words:

“**SIR:** The United States have appointed me Minister Plenipotentiary to your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands, that I have the honor to assure your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your Majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your family.

“The appointment of a Minister from the United States to your Majesty's court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection; or, in better words, ‘the good nature and the good old humor, between people, who, though separated by an ocean, and under different government, have the same language, a similar religion, a kindred blood.’ I beg your Majesty's permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been instructed by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself.”

The King listened to every word I said, with dignity it is true, but with apparent emotion. Whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I could express, that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said:

“**SIR:** The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered are so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly disposition of the United States, but that I am glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, Sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owe to my people. I will be frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I now say, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, that moment I shall say, Let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect.”

“I dare not say that these were the King's precise words; and it is even possible that I may have, in some particulars, mistaken his meaning; for although his pronunciation is as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated sometimes between members of the same period. He was, indeed, much affected, and I was not less so, and therefore I cannot be certain that I was so attentive, heard so clearly, and understood so perfectly, as to be confident of all his words, or sense; and think that all which he said to me should, at present, be kept secret in America, except his Majesty or his Secretary of State should judge proper to report it. This I do say, that the foregoing is his Majesty's meaning, as I then understood it, and his own words, as nearly as I can recollect them.

“The King then asked me whether I came last from France, and upon my answering in the affirmative, he put on an air of familiarity, and smiling, or rather laughing, said: ‘There is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France.’ I was surprised at this, because I thought it an indiscretion, and a descent from his dignity. I was a little embarrassed, but determined not to deny the truth on the one hand, nor lead him to infer from it any attachment to England on the other. I threw off as much gravity as I could, and assumed an air of gaiety, and a tone of decision, as far as was decorous, and said: ‘That opinion, Sir, is not mistaken: I must avow to your Majesty, I have no attachment but to my own country.’ The King replied as quick as lightning, ‘An honest man will never have any other.’

“The King then said a word or two to the Secretary of State, which being between them I did not hear, and then turned round and bowed to me, as is customary with all kings and princes when they give the signal to retire. I retreated, stepping backward, as is the etiquette; and making my last reverence at the door of the chamber, I went away. The master of the ceremonies joined me at the moment of coming out of the King's closet, and accompanied me through all the apartments down to my carriage.”

It would have made good old ELIAS HICKS himself laugh on ‘First-day’ to hear our friend BEARD, the distinguished western artist, mention the delivery of a conundrum which he once heard in this state. A tall, red-haired, ‘serio-dubious’ sort of over-grown boy, who was ‘designed for the ministry,’ and had just obtained his ‘parchment’ from an eastern college, was called upon, at a parting supper, to ‘make a speech.’ He excused himself by saying, ‘I don't know any speech that I can say now.’ He was asked for a song. ‘No, he never *could* sing; feound that out when he first went to singin'-school.’ However, being hard pressed for ‘something,’ he said, looking at and twisting bashfully his long freckled fingers, ‘I can tell a

conundrum that I made myself last week. It come to me first one night when I was abed, and I made it out next day, and wrote it down on a piece of paper. I got it here, neow.' So saying, he took from his waistcoat-pocket a slip of paper, and read: 'What village in 'York state is the same name as the Promised Land?' There was some 'guessing,' but at last it was 'given up,' and a 'solution requested.' '*Canandaigua*!' at length expounded the proposer. But the company were still as well in the dark as ever: '*Canandaigua*!' exclaimed a dozen in a breath; 'why—how—where is there any resemblance to the 'Promised Land?' Can't see the slightest.' 'Why, you see,' said the conundrum-maker, '*this is the way on't*; yeou must divide the word, and instead of *Can-an* you must say '*Ca-nan*,' and throw the '*daigua*' away! Canaan was the 'Promised Land,' see!' A resistless and united guffaw followed this 'forced construction,' which the expounder mistook for admiration. 'Aint it a fu'st-rate conundrum?' said he, with a visible chuckle, that only increased the obstreperous cachinnation. We should n't like to look at so bright an intellectual luminary as this, except through a piece of smoked glass. . . . WELL do we 'know to feel' (well *did* we know to feel, rather) the 'home-feeling' which 'M. P.' describes so well, in his '*Reminiscences of the Past*.' And although they have passed away who 'made' home '*Home*,' still,

'STILL in our thoughts HOME's sainted image glows,  
More blue the heavens there—more blushing far the rose!'

The '*Reminiscences*' are filed for early consideration, and most probably insertion. . . . THERE is a capital specimen of what is termed '*Catachresis*' in a passage of one of SOUTHEY's letters. It is the exordium of a provincial lawyer's speech: 'This man, gentlemen of the jury, walks into court like a motionless statue, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and is attempting to screw three large oak trees out of my client's pocket! But we shall remove the veil, gentlemen of the jury, and show the cloven foot!' . . . To 'M. P. S.'s' request for literary advice,' in connection with the article he has sent us for insertion, we answer in the language of one who was *qualified* to advise in such matters: 'When I have been asked the question what a young man should do who wishes to acquire a good style, my answer has been that he should *never think about it*, but say what he has to say as perspicuously as he can, and as briefly as he can, and then the style will take care of itself.' If we were to write all night, we could n't make our meaning more clear to our new correspondent. . . . OUR friends, the publishers, 'here and elsewhere,' must 'bear with us yet a little.' Some of the best books of the season await adequate notice at our hands, and they shall receive it anon. Correspondents, also, will please pardon similar short-comings. Many articles, received during the month, are filed for insertion. . . . We cordially commend to all citizens and strangers, who would spend an hour of the highest gratification, to visit 'SATTLE's Cosmorama,' corner of Broadway and Thirteenth-street. The new series, in variety, interest, and characteristic excellence of execution, is in no respect inferior to those which have preceded it. To see these pictures, is to be on the spot where they were painted, and look through the very eyes of the artist himself. No wonder they attract crowds of admiring visitors. . . . 'RALPH SEAWULF' 'got off' a pun the other morning. We were riding together toward SNEDEKER's matchless road-side inn, after a young, spirited, and a little restiff, horse. 'You hold him too *taut*,' said 'Old KNICK;' 'don't draw him in so hard.' 'That's the way he has been *taught* heretofore,' said SEAWULF, without moving a muscle. We rather think he did n't see the word-play himself until we told him of it, about an hour afterward. . . . THIS department is 'now adjourned *sine qua non* till next month,' as the president of a ward-meeting hereabout said 'once on a time.'





# Slander and the Dragon ;

A ROMANCE OF THE HARTZ PRISON.

BY REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON, M. A.,  
OF HUNTINGTON, NEW-YORK.

With Illustrations. Just published, by SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 Nassau street, and GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 155 Broadway, New-York.

The above is an original and striking Allegory on the subject of Slander. It is very neatly got up, and is sold at Fifty Cents, and may be had of all Booksellers.

## Cuba and the Cubans :

COMPRISING A HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA, ITS PRESENT SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND DOMESTIC CONDITION, AND ITS RELATION TO ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM CUBA."

With an Appendix, containing important statistics, and a reply to Senor Saco on Annexation, translated from the Spanish. Also, a Map of the Island, and its relative situation to the other West India Islands, and different parts of the United States. One Vol., 12mo. Price 75 cents.

SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 Nassau street.

## The Illustrated Domestic Bible,

NOW PUBLISHING IN NUMBERS, ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH.

In addition to the authorised version, this edition of the Bible contains seven hundred Illustrations, three steel Maps, very full References, Reflections, Notes, Questions, Dates for every day in the year, Family Record, Chronological Order, &c.

To be completed in Twenty-five Numbers, at Twenty-five Cents each.

Agents wanted in every town in the United States.

Address, *post paid*,

S. HUESTON, 139 Nassau street.

## Agents for the Knickerbocker.

NEW-YORK.		ALABAMA.	
W. C. Little & Co.,	Albany.	M. Boulemet,	Mobile.
J. C. Derby & Co.,	Auburn.	George Little,	Montgomery.
T. E. Hawes,	Buffalo.		
CONNECTICUT.		LOUISIANA.	
A. H. Maltby,	New-Haven.	J. C. Morgan,	New-Orleans.
VERMONT.		OHIO.	
E. Smith & Co.,	Burlington.	Post & Co.,	Cincinnati.
NEW-JERSEY.		INDIANA.	
M. R. Dennis,	Newark.	Perkins & Buckingham,	Terre Haute.
PENNSYLVANIA.		MISSOURI.	
W. B. Zieher,	Philadelphia.	E. K. Woodward,	St. Louis.
MARYLAND.		CALIFORNIA.	
Wm. Taylor,	Baltimore.	Cooke & Le Compte,	San Francisco
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.			
Frank Taylor,	Washington.		

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by J. R. SMITH, J. T. DENT, JASON TAYLOR, J. W. ARMSTRONG, PERRIN LOCKE, W. RAMSAY, DR. JOSHUA WADSWORTH, ALEXANDER B. LAWS, A. J. SMILEY.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Ala., is our General Travelling Agent for ALABAMA and TENNESSEE, assisted by B. B. BEETT.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our General Travelling Agent for the SOUTHERN and SOUTH-WESTERN States, assisted by WM. H. WELD, JOHN COLLINS, JAMES DEERING, A. KIRK WELLINGTON, E. A. EVANS, P. LOCKE, JOS. BUTTON, JOHN T. JUDKINS, GEO. P. BUTTON, and THOMAS D. NICE.

John A. Gray, Printer, 79 Fulton, cor. Gold St.

1.38 emp  
New Parkman

THE  
**Knickerbocker,**

OR



NEW-YORK  
**MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**

AUGUST, 1851.

NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 NASSAU STREET.

LONDON:  
JOHN CHAPMAN, 142 STRAND.

BOSTON:  
PETRIDGE & CO.: CROSBY & NICHOLS: REDDING & CO.  
PHILADELPHIA: W. B. ZIEBER.

1851.

JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER.

# KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE

FOR 1851.

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Is one of the chapters of the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts, yet in force, there is a declaration, "That the encouragement of the Arts and Sciences, and all good Literature, tends to the honor of God, the advancement of the Christian religion, and the great benefit of this and the other United States of America." It has ever been the highest purpose of the *Knickerbocker* to elevate the standard of American Literature. It has been the medium of introducing many of our most popular authors to the public. To those who take a pride in sustaining a good American Magazine, entirely national in its character, we look for support. Men of judgment need not be told that it is impossible to get up a Magazine entirely original at the same prices at which those made up from foreign sources are sold. The unremitting efforts of the Editor and Publisher will be continued to improve the work.

## THE THIRTY-EIGHTH VOLUME.

### REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

THE Thirty-eighth Volume of the *KNICKERBOCKER* commences with the present number, and this will be a very appropriate time for new subscribers to begin. We trust very many will be induced to do so by the great reduction in postage which will take place at that time. The *KNICKERBOCKER* can then be sent FIVE HUNDRED MILES FOR TWO AND A HALF CENTS, if prepaid. The subscriber will have to pay fifteen cents for three months' postage, if he is over five hundred miles from N. Y. or seven and a half cents for the same period, if within five hundred miles of this city. The latter rate will embrace Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North-Carolina, and portions of Ohio and Michigan. The postage for fifteen hundred miles will be but five cents, if prepaid, and this will include Texas and Iowa, and extend six hundred miles west of the Mississippi.

To all new subscribers who will commence with the January number, the publisher will send all the numbers for this year free of postage.

### FOUR YEARS FOR TEN DOLLARS.

The *KNICKERBOCKER* for 1848, '49, '50, and '51, will be sent to all who will forward Ten Dollars prepaid.

A full set of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, in thirty-seven volumes, for sale at the office.

## ST. LEGER; OR THE THREADS OF LIFE.

THE Publisher has great pleasure in announcing to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* and to the public generally, that he has effected an arrangement with Mr. RICHARD B. KIMBALL, the author of this popular and extraordinary Romance, to give the Sequel in the pages of this Magazine. The first chapter appeared in the January Number, and will be continued regularly until completed. This work has already passed through three editions in this country, and two in England, and has received more favorable notice from the American and English press than any work of fiction which has been issued during the last five years.

### Terms—Five Dollars per Annum, in Advance.

All remittances, and every thing relating to the business of the Magazine, must be addressed to the Publisher,

SAMUEL HUESTON,

139 Nassau street, New-York.

# ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. ARUNDINES CAMI. By F. W. SHELTON, . . . . .	95
II. THE WISSAHICON. By R. T. MACCOUN, U. S. N., . . . . .	109
III. A SKETCH OF GULF-SERVICE. By 'THE WANDERER,' . . . . .	112
IV. THE MINSTREL'S CURSE. FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND, . . . . .	121
V. THE BURIAL OF FRAZER. By E. W. B. CANNING, . . . . .	122
VI. JOHN BULL IN HIS OWN PASTURES. By a BOSTONIAN, . . . . .	125
VII. ANSWERED PRAYER. By RUFUS HENRY BACON, . . . . .	132
VIII. FLATTERY, FRIENDSHIP, AND LOVE, . . . . .	133
IX. SKETCH-BOOK OF ME, MEISTER KARL, . . . . .	134
X. A GLANCE AT THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE, . . . . .	138
XI. THE THREE-FOLD NATURE OF MAN: A LEGEND, . . . . .	139
XII. STANZAS: 'DUTY:' AN EXTRACT, . . . . .	145
XIII. THE JOURNEY OF LIFE. By 'SIGMA,' . . . . .	146
XIV. SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA. NUMBER THREE, . . . . .	147
XV. CHILDHOOD AND MANHOOD. By C. D. STUART, Esq., . . . . .	151
XVI. THE TWO ROADS. By HORACE RUBEY, . . . . .	152
XVII. THE BATTLE OF BUSHY-RUN. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR., . . . . .	153
XVIII. STANZAS: STAR-GAZING, . . . . .	160

## LITERARY NOTICES:

1. MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, . . . . .	161
2. FRESH GLEANINGS FROM OLD FIELDS. By I. K. MARVEL, . . . . .	163
3. AN INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES OF NATURAL DEATH, . . . . .	163
4. GENEVRA, OR THE HISTORY OF A PORTRAIT, . . . . .	164
5. SCENES IN OUR PARISH. BY A COUNTRY PARSON'S DAUGHTER, . . . . .	166

## EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR THE APRIL QUARTER, . . . . .	167
2. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, . . . . .	169
1. BRIEF RECORDS OF TRAVEL ABROAD: THE TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE STRAITS OF MENAI: IRELAND AND ITS PEOPLE: AN IRISH FAIR: THE LONDON BREWERIES: UNIVERSALITY OF TIPPING. 2. PURSUIT OF MUSIC UNDER DIFFICULTIES: A 'MINOR-THIRD.' 3. FRESH SALMON FROM THE CLYDE, SCOTLAND. 4. THE HOMES AND THE GRAVES OF BYRON AND MARY CHAMBERS. 5. MR. PAINE, THE GASEOUS GAS-MAN. 6. THE 'SOUTHERN ADVERTISER,' BUENA-VISTA, GEORGIA, OR THE 'BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF' OF THE SOUTH. 7. IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT: HUMANE MASSACHUSETTS: LINES BY WHITTIER ON THE SAME. 8. 'COOL' CONDUCT OF A CALIFORNIA CREDITOR. 9. 'SOME AMERICAN POETS,' AND SOME COMMENTS UPON 'BLACKWOOD.' 10. GENIN'S CHALLENGE TO ENGLAND AND THE WORLD'S FAIR. 11. A 'BLACK SHEEP' NOT A 'FLOCK' OF BLACK SHEEP: SELF-SACRIFICING RELIGION. 12. WEATHER-'COMPLAINANTS.' 13. DEATH OF A MOTHER: FROM 'FAUST.' 14. COMPULSORY PRAYING: 'LONG PRAYERS.' 15. LAMENT OVER THE RUINS OF A RUINED CHURCH. 16. A GREAT 'BORE.' 17. TUNNELLING THE ALLEGHANIES. 18. SUMMER RESORTS: A SIGH FOR THE COUNTRY. 19. A QUERY. 20. WOLFE, AUTHOR OF 'THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.' 21. ONCE MORE AT 'DOBB'S FERRY.' 22. MORE 'NEGRO SONGS' FROM 'E. P.' 23. 'DE OLE GRAY HORN,' ETC. 24. A 'DEED OF BLOOD' AT THE FERRY OF DOBB. 25. THE SISTERS CAREY: 'ANNIE CLAYVILLE.' 26. CRABBING: FUN AT FIRE-ISLAND. 27. SEA AND CITY BATHS OF THE MESSRS. RABINIAU. 28. A WORD AS TO KNICKERBOCKER 'CREDIT-MARKS.' 29. STANZAS TO AUGUST: BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER, Esq. 30. A PLEASANT EPISTLE FROM 'DOWN EAST.' SMOKING IN BOSTON: THE 'BLOOMER CUSTOM.' BUNSBY 'WISDOM' OF HORNE TOOKE: THE DEVIL A 'CONNECTICUT MAN.' 31. A BEE-SWARMING: OMENS. 32. 'SEA AND LAND:' FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS. 33. JOSEPH BARBER, Esq.: THE 'SUNDAY TIMES.' 34. VISIT OF THACKERAY TO AMERICA. 35. DEATHS OF JUDGE ABBOTT OF MACKINAW AND MR. JAMES SCHYMEGOUR OF NEW-YORK. 36. ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE FINE ARTS IN AMERICA. 37. DEPRECIATED APOSTLES: 'HALF-BAKED' SAINTS. 38. NEW MAP OF BINGHAMTON. 39. THEATRICAL AND OPERATIC FACTS. 40. APOLOGIC AND EXPLANATORY. 41. TO CORRESPONDENTS. 42. THE NEW POSTAGE LAW. 43. BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES, CLOSELY STRUNG ON A SHORT THREAD: 'JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.' SAKE'S POEMS: REPORT OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK: THE EVENING MIRROR: 'HARPER'S' AND THE 'INTERNATIONAL' MAGAZINES.	

---

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1851, BY  
SAMUEL HUESTON,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

---

1853 Jan 3 1854  
James Parker an Librarian

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

---

VOL. XXXVIII. AUGUST, 1851.

No. 2.

---

ARUNDINES CANI.\*

BY P. W. SHELTON.

THE spirit of the lofty, grave tragedians, and of the Greek and Latin Muse, has lived in the bosom of our English bards, and may be worthily incorporated in our noble English tongue. The lyrics of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Gray, and Collins are proof of this; and not to despise all which is not hallowed by a dim age, or is produced in our disenchanted time, we would add *Ion*, that sweet tragic Poem of Fate. The halls of learning in England, established on noble foundations, and promising to remain lasting monuments of all which is exalted in piety or refined in letters, have been for ages as a temple of refuge, and never suffered the sacred fires to go out upon their altars. With them, *Language* has been never dead. The correctness of the old models; the impetuous eloquence of Demosthenes, the pureness of Isocrates, the polished oratory of Tully, the exquisite felicity of Horace, the simple grandeur of Homer, and the sweet flow of Virgil's muse; have never ceased to be the delight of literary hours in the shadowy groves of their Academies, where, as in Plato's grove, the Attic bird

'Trills her sweet warbled notes the summer long.'

What a host of scholars have shed lustre on the halls which nourished them! Porson, Jones, Parr, Bentley, Heber, and others unknown to fame, who have carried the fruits of liberal studies into their dignified retirements, to embellish their walk of life, and to be the ineffable charm and solace of their age. The educated Englishman whose 'sound mind in a sound body' has brought him to that honored trophy of gray hairs, and to an old age sustained with grace, as it is free from burden, as he walks under his ancestral trees, is apt to recur to his classical studies with

---

\* ARUNDINES CANI; sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium Lusus Canori, collegit atque edidit HERRICUS DEURY, A.M. Cantabrigiæ: 1841.

an ever-fresh delight; nor does he think it unseemly to employ his hours in the construction of Latin verse, or to emulate the most renowned Grecians of his time :

‘Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.’

Wellesley is a remarkable example; and a compilation of all which such men have done in youth or declining years, or in their relaxation from severer studies, would be alike honorable to themselves, to their country, and to those noble systems of education which make the finished scholar. The influence of such pursuits cannot reasonably be doubted; since it is evidently to develop correct taste, to exercise the judgment, and to bring the whole mind to a matchless temper. But it is the attentive study, as well as the transfusion of the spirit of old originals, which has contributed to make English literature (which we all glory in and call our own) what it is; which otherwise, it is certain, would have less to boast of. We might go over the list of authors, from the earliest formation of a literature whose muster-roll would be more splendid than that of the army, as the simple laurels and ‘own rewards’ of letters are worthier than blood-red trophies, even though we should mention the glory of Marlborough and his well-earned estates, and we might mark how their works, without detracting from their originality, were begun, formed, and perfected on correct models: but if we were to exclude Milton alone, the whole catalogue would be but an imperfect scroll. Yet even he, had he drank less deeply at pure fountains, might have fallen into the contingency which Gray presumes of some in his famous Elegy, who for the want of learning now rest ‘mute and inglorious’ in their sepulchres; or might have shone in ‘dim eclipse,’ while the fruits of his sublime resignation would scarcely have come down to us without their copious grace of classical illustration, in his noble verse, and equally noble prose. Shakespeare, whether his scholarship be doubted or not, too clearly reveals that he had at least tasted the sources of those streams at which all genius which is heaven-born is contented to drink. And so we might note the influence of true learning and scholarship on all which is most lasting in English literature. The turning of some of our English poets into Latin or Greek verse seems to us, after all, not so difficult to those bred in the right school. It is but a natural transition: the giving up to the hands of the old masters what was received from them — the return of a spirit to the gods which gave it.

We have, in the work before us, a monument of affection and good scholarship, consisting mainly of divers compositions in Latin verse, the prolusions or recreations, so to speak, of men refined by a like taste, and educated in the same school: ‘*Arundines Cami; sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium Lusus Canori.*’ For these exercises, in some instances sportings, of the Cambridge muse, we find the names of such distinguished contributors as follow: Samuel Butler, late Bishop of Litchfield, Lord Lyttleton, Lord John Manners, Richard Porson, Francis Hodgson, Archdeacon Wrangham, Edward Craven Hawtrey, head-master at Eton, Thomas Drury, Benjamin Hall Kennedy, and others. Indeed, the editor could have found no lack of materials from the labors of Porson and some of the early scholars; but his chief labor seems to have been, to select from the compositions of his friends who wrote elegantly. We

are sure that scholars will thank him for this labor, and the pieces are, with few exceptions, worthy of the chaste style of art in which the work is produced. We are not prepared to say that no word might be found of questionable authority, or that there is no phrase to which a Latin of the purest age might object. Some people deny that it is possible now to write the dead languages correctly, or with any certain precision, unless we can refer to an exact authority for the meaning of every word. On the contrary, there are not wanting those who are so puffed-up and vain-glorious as to say that the moderns can write *better* Latin than did the ancients. Much learning has made them mad! But of the specimens before us, we will say, without making any pretension to be severely critical, that on a general perusal, to the eye, ear, and judgment of an educated person, they seem to be correct, while many will doubtless bear, on the score of Latinity, a somewhat close scrutiny, and others might be singled out for a chaste elegance which approaches very nearly to the old Roman muse. At any rate, they give evidence of efficient training, and could be the work of none other than scholars, working by correct rules, who understand the philosophy of the tongue, and apprehend the nice shades and distinctions of words; and who, if they are sometimes compelled by sheer necessity to invent phrases which ancient usage does not sanction, because it did not need, do it with a just regard for the genius of the language, and become themselves respectable authority for what might otherwise be deemed barbarous. This ingenuity has in some cases to struggle to a hard triumph, where the power of resistance is strong, and some purely original genius resolutely refuses to be put into a new dress. Here we are willing to smile in good-nature at efforts which, if they amount to a failure, are at least crowned with as much success as the nature of the case admits; nor can we turn with offended dignity from those comical portions of the work to which we chiefly allude, which might relax the brows of the most severe student, even while he should censure them as labor lost. Indeed, we sometimes admire most, where we have the most to pardon, but observe the greater ingenuity and skill. We shall not pass by these without farther mention, but first will allude to some others.

We have said that many of the master-pieces of the English poets are conceived in the full spirit of the ancients, so that they may be readily turned into the Latin or Greek idiom, and have a very natural grace in their new dress. Thus the Etonians, proud of Gray, have made numerous versions of his *Elegy*. One in Greek, (not included in this collection,) of uncommon elegance, and bearing upon it the seal of the highest critical authority, is printed at the end of an edition of Aristotle on Poetry, edited by W. Cooke. Cantab. 1785. The beautiful stanza, 'The boast of heraldry,' etc., is thus given:

Ἀ χάρις ἐνγενέων, χάρις ἢ βασιλῆϊδος ἀρχαί,  
 Δαμα τυχάς, χρυσᾶς Ἀφροδίτας καλά τα ὄψα,  
 Πανθ' ἅμα ταῦτα τέθνακε, καὶ ἦρθεν μόρσιμον ἄμαρ,  
 Ἡρώων κλῆ' ὅλωλε, καὶ ὥχρετο κοῖνον ἐς Ἀδαν.

Matthias ventures to assert that neither Bion nor Moschus ever exceeded this; he thinks they never *equalled* it. Perhaps not; but while it is the highest testimony which could be bestowed, that the learned, deprecating the exclusive possession of so great a gem, have attempted to



make common to many languages this really inimitable composition, it is something which can be bequeathed to those alone who read the English tongue. It is inimitable for its entire harmony; by which we refer not so much to musical effect, as to the elements of it; the nice fitting and correspondence of every part of its structure; that just combination, that preserved equality, which forbears as much to rise above the proper level as to sink below, and makes up a whole, perfect work, which, however inferior in dimensions, perfectly satisfies the taste, delights the soul, and leaves it nothing to desire. Such is Gray's *Elegy*, and imbued as it is with the calm, tearful melancholy of the time and place, will fill up a soothing hour in millions of hearts which have not yet begun to beat. It was a generous and convincing vindication of the value of letters over arms, pronounced by one on the eve of a splendid morrow, and when his own 'path of glory' had even then arrived at 'the grave.' As he (the gallant Wolfe) dropped down the river on that critical night, and having just received a copy from England, mused over its morality, and felt his heart affected by its solemn numbers, he said that all the trophies arms could win were not worthy to compare with the laurels of its author. It was a humane sentiment, and will be remembered as long as his last sublime words.

The Latin version here given is not so good as the Greek to which we have alluded; it is however creditable, and will bear a favorable comparison with others; for numerous writers have contended for the honor of turning it into the Latin tongue, and we have before us an illustrated edition of the *Elegy*, containing versions in Latin, Greek, French, German, and Italian — the *French*, we will just observe, barely tolerable. But here is something of Gray's which has a very classical air, and seems to invite translation, and we annex the version of it found in the 'Arundines:'

## TO POESY.

'THEE the voice, the dance obey;  
Tempered to thy warbled lay,  
O'er Idalia's velvet green,  
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen  
On CYTHEREA's day,  
With antic Sports and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet;  
To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow, melting strains their Queen's approach declare;  
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay;  
With arms sublime that float upon the air,  
In gliding state she wins her easy way:  
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.'

## AD PŒSIN.

'TE vox, te sequitur chorus,  
Si quando liquidum protuleris melos.  
Et quum Diva potens Cypri  
Natalæ Idaliæ concelebrat diem,  
Tum vittæ roseis Amor,  
Exultatque levis turba Cupidinum,  
Ludis junctis decentibus;  
Tum nudo viridem pulsat humum pede  
Audax Lætitie cohors;  
Incedunt, celeres mox revocant gradus,  
Turmæve orbibus invicem  
Occurrunt, hilares dum resonant modi,  
Concordeæ pedes micant.  
Adventum VENERIS carmine languido  
Lenti significant soni;

En! quâcunque jacet lumina, Gratias  
 Reginam obsequio colunt.  
 Sublatis manibus Diva per æthera  
 Molli tendit iter via;  
 Pulcher purpuream vibrat Amor facem,  
 Læti et flamma Cupidinis  
 Martis perque genas perque sinum movet.'

In company with this, we will place Milton's beautiful apostrophe to Echo:

'SWEET ECHO, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
 Within thy ætry shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That likest thy Narcissus are?  
 Oh! if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.'

## DULCIS ECHO.

'NÛMPHA, quam leni refluxentis amne  
 Ripæ Mœandri tenet, ambiente  
 Aëris septam nebula, uvidique  
 Marginis herba:  
 Sive te valles potius morantur  
 Roscidis pictæ violis, amorem  
 Qua suum noctu PHLOMELA dulci  
 Carmine luget;  
 Ecquæ, NARCISSE referens sfiguram  
 Visa te fratrum species duorum  
 Movit? ah siqua, Dea, sub caverna  
 Furta recondis,  
 Dic mihi qua nunc, male te secuti,  
 Florea tecum lateant in umbra  
 Vocis argutæ domina et canori  
 Filia cæli.  
 Sic et in sedem redeas paternam  
 Et, chori dum tu strepitum noveni  
 Æmulans reddis, geninentur ipsi  
 Gaudia Divis.'

Beside the above, we find translations from Shakspeare, Cowper, Pope, Goldsmith, Byron, Moore, Tennyson, and some of the minor poets. Perhaps in the range of English poetry, pieces better adapted to translation might be found than some which are here given, but the selection was to be made from materials already prepared. Here, in measured hexameters, is the great bard's awful contemplation of death:

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
 This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
 Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
 Imagine howling! 't is too horrible!  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death.'

'ATTAMEN; heu! quam triste mori! nec quos sit eundum  
 Scire prius — positum clausa putrescere in arca;  
 Membrorum alsi motus, alacremque vigorem  
 In luteam solvi molem — quam triste! capacem  
 Lætitieque Jocique animam torrentibus uri  
 Ignibus, aut montis claudi glacialis in alveo:

Suspensumve dari ventis, noctesque diesque  
 Huc illuc, invisâ vi, turbantibus orbem ;  
 Aut graviora pati, quam quos cruciatibus actos  
 Tartareas implere feris ululatus umbras,  
 Anxia mens hominum, mirum et miserabile ! finxit,  
 Horrendum ! quodcumque mali ferat ægra senectus,  
 Pauperisve dolorve gravis, tractæve catenæ,  
 Omnia quæ possunt infestam reddere vitam,  
 Esse voluptates lætæ Elysiumque videntur,  
 Spectanti mortem prope, venturamque timenti.'

Moore's verses about a 'tree or flower,' which seem so exquisitely beautiful on a first reading, but which have been so bequoted and whined over by boarding-school misses and melancholic persons, that, like some popular airs of the operas, we have got weary of them, we willingly peruse in the Latin version, by Mr. Drury, the Editor ; although in truth they present an instance where language and sentiment are so happily married, that, so to speak, they cannot exist except in an eternal union. You cannot bear away the beautiful spirit, and enshrine it in another form, for the one it occupies is already moulded by its plastic art, and there it finds its calm and fitting repose. The sorrowful and dejected, suddenly meeting with the verses of Moore, would pore over them with a heart-felt, tearful delight, loving them for a sympathy and mournful passion, for a true and natural utterance of griefs which might seem exceedingly mawkish in the best prose. But with us their frequent quotation, (which, however, is the surest mark of an intrinsic beauty,) and self-application by persons of good appetite and fancied wrongs, have brought about a distaste, if that were possible, and made us less sensible of their great beauty, and we present them in their new dress, whether it well fits or not :

## SIC SEMPER.

'Sic mihi de teneris spes infeliceiter annis  
 Et vota et cupidæ et præteriere preces !  
 Arbusta in sylvis, in aprico flosculus horto,  
 Sub manibus percunt omnia pulchra mea.  
 Si forte effusi mirantem fulgur ocelli  
 Jam me surperat cara capella mihi,  
 Cum sciret vocem, peteret mea basia, mecum  
 Luderet ; ad certam milititur illa necem.'

The beautiful fragment of Simonides, *Ἰάριναξ ἐν δαιδαλίᾳ ἀνεμος*, π. τ. λ., is thus translated :

'QUANDO insonaret sub trabe dædala  
 Vis ævea ventorum, et pelagi palus  
 Concussa suaderet timorem,  
 Inque oculis premeretur humor,  
 Favit tenellum Persea brachia,  
 Dixitque Mater : Me miseram, quibus  
 Curis laboro ! tu sed æneis  
 Vectibus implacidoque lecto,  
 Mollissima ætas, sterneris, et gravem  
 Carpis soporem : te pelagi premit  
 Cælique caligo ; sed ipse  
 Immemori frueris quiete ;

Quantum capillis imminuant aques,  
 Quantumque venti vis crepet, unice  
 Securus : ut pulcher nitensque  
 Purpureo recubas in oestro !  
 Quod si timeres quæ mihi sunt metu,  
 Et lenes consilium imbiberes meum,  
 Dormi juberem ; dormiunto  
 Dura fugæ mala, dura ponti.  
 Sic et benignus consilium pater  
 Mutet refigens in melius, neque  
 Hæc nollit ulcisci, precando  
 Ni fuerim nimium molesta.'

How can any translation do justice to the original ? and we fear that the following, attempted for the English reader, is unworthy both of the Latin and Greek. Beside, several excellent English versions already exist :

## DANAË.

'THE winds were shrill, the waters mountain high,  
 The fragile barque was lifted on the wave,  
 And DANAË poured her bitter, bitter cry,  
 And gazed on PERSEUS and the yawning grave.

'“ My child,” she said, “ while billows toss our chest,  
 And chilly night-winds rush across the deep,  
 In balmy sleep thou liest, as at the breast,  
 Thy coral lips are smiling through thy sleep.

"The gentle moon, with a voluptuous light,  
Is up, and quivers on the heaving sea,  
But in my dank, unjoyous barque, the night  
Is doubly dear to me.

"Enwrapt within thy purple mantle warm,  
Thou dost not hear the billows booming wild,  
Thy clustering locks are sheltered from the storm,  
Beautiful child!

"Ah! couldst thou half thy mother's anguish know,  
Thy lips, as yet 'unsullied with a tear,'  
With sympathetic grief would overflow,  
Thy tranquil bosom palpitate with fear.

"Yet, darling, sleep! ye billows cease to roll!  
And ye wild winds that battle with the main;  
Ye fiercer storms that rage within my soul,  
When shall that soul be lulled to peace again?"

Not to proceed any farther with extracts like the above, we now come to the *Nugæ*, if they may be so called, or literary trifles and curiosities, interspersed throughout the book in such large plenty as to give it a character of mirth very winning to those who shrink from the too severe brows of scholastic learning. Here is ample relief, and nuts to crack for the most sportive person who delights in fun:

'Quem jocus circumvolat.'

We had scarcely deemed that English scholars — and among them we refer to some of the most learned, grave, and reverend seniors of the land — had expended their talents so liberally on this field, and that the fruits of their classical studies would include a class of compositions which are the charm of the nursery, and have been most thoroughly learned by the national heart. It is here that tact and ingenuity have to work around difficulties which cannot be surmounted; idioms and forms of expression of their own, which can hardly be turned into corresponding idioms and forms of expression, or in any other than a literal way, as witness the following little gem, which the reader will easily recognize:

HEI DIDULUM.

'Hei didulum! atque iterum didulum,  
Felleque, Fidisque!  
Vacca super Lunæ cornua prostulit:  
Nescio qua catulus risit dulcedine ludi;  
Abstulit et turpi lanx cochleare fuga.'

A few more trifles of this sort may not be rejected with disdain by the learned:

'Ba! ba! black sheep,  
Have you any wool?  
Yes, master, that we have,  
Two bags full;  
One for our master,  
And one for our dame,  
But none for the naughty boy  
That lives in the lane.'

POOR ROBIN.

'The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will poor Robin do then,  
Poor thing?

'He'll sit in a barn,  
And keep himself warm,  
And hide his head under his wing,  
Poor thing!'

PRAVIS PUERIS QUOD ACCIDIT.

'Bis salveto, ovium phalanx nigrorum,  
Lanæ delicias meas habetis?  
O quidni duo saculos habemus.  
En, unum domine, alterum magistro!  
Sed pravus puer est in angiporitu,  
Et pravis pueris nihil feremus.'

RUBECULA.

'INGRUIT ævus BORRAS, nivesque  
Jam per argentem glomerantur auram;  
Tempore hoc tristi tibi, cara, quid, RUBECULA,  
Flet?

'Horreo tu stramineo sedebis  
Et vel hibernæ glaciæ calescens  
Dulce sub pennâ caput usque tu, RUBECULA,  
condes.'

## LITTLE BOPEEP.

'LITTLE BOPEEP has lost her sheep,  
And does not know where to find them;  
Let them alone, and they'll soon come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.'

## THE MAN OF THESSALY.

'THERE was a man of Thesaly,  
And he was wondrous wise:  
He jumped into a quickset hedge,  
And scratched out both his eyes.

'And when he saw his eyes were out,  
With all his might and main  
He jumped into another hedge,  
And scratched them in again.'

## PARVA BOPEPIA.

'PARVA vagabundos BOPEPIA perdidit agnos,  
Nescia secreti quo latuere loci;  
Bellula, cant, abeant; ad pascua nota redibunt,  
Et, reduces, caudas post sua terga gerent.'

## VIR THESSALICUS

'THESSALUS acer erat sapiens præ civibus  
unus,  
Qui medium insulit spineta per horrida  
sepem,  
Effoditque oculos sibi crudelissimus am-  
bos;  
Cum vero effossos orbes sine lumine vidit,  
Viribus enisum totis illum altera spes  
Accipit, et raptos oculos cito reddit egenti.'

But in trifles of the above sort, the great Porson outstrips all competitors, and they serve, as much as his more serious labors in criticism, to illustrate his profound learning. The following is admirable in all its expressions, and is found in the present collection, although already familiar to many:

'THREE children sliding on the ice,  
All on a summer's day,  
As so fell out they all fell in,  
The rest they ran away.

'Now had these children been at school,  
Or sliding on dry ground,  
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,  
They had not all been drowned.

'You parents that have children dear,  
And eke you that have none,  
If you will have them safe abroad,  
Pray keep them safe at home.'

'Χρυσταλλοστέκτους τρίπτυχοι κόροι ροῆς,  
Πρὸς θέρους ψαίροντες εντάσσοις ποτὶ,  
Διναίς ἐπιπτον, διαδὴ πίπτειν φιλεῖ,  
Ἀπαντες· εἰτ' ἐφευγον οἱ λελειμμένοι.

'Ἄλλ' εἰπερ ἦσαν ἐγκλεισμένοι μοχλοῖς,  
Ἢ ποτὶν ὀλισθάνοντες ἐν ξηρᾷ πέδῳ,  
Χρυσῶν ἂν ἠθέλησα περιδύσθαι σταθμῶν,  
Εἰ μὴ μέρος τι τῶν νέων σώζετο.

'Ἄλλ' ὦ τοκεῖς, ὅσοις μὲν ὄντα τυγχάνει,  
Ὅσοις δὲ μὴ, βλαστήματ' ἐντέκνου σποράς,  
Ἦν εὐτυχοῖς εὐχῆσθε τὰς θυράς· ὁδοὺς  
Τοῖς παισίν, εὖ σφᾶς ἐν δόμοις φυλάσσετε.'

We might draw farther from this treasury, and are strongly tempted to introduce the history of the prolific old woman who lived in a shoe. But *oh, jam satis!* We are contented, in adducing the above tragic lines, to have borne our testimony to the superior genius of RICHARD PORSON, who stands first as a Hellenist, not even excepting Bentley, by whose side he sleeps in Trinity. What a natural aspect have these verses to any one accustomed to the Greek Drama. Many persons of considerable learning make awkward attempts at composition, and for the want of training, with as poor success as those who enter into the palaestra with unelastic limbs. They are as stiff and unnatural, sometimes as ridiculous, as those who, with no inbred sense of the propriety of things, adjust their outward manners to a set of fixed and unyielding rules. No doubt their prefaces and learned theses are unexceptionable in minutiae, and betray even an intense scholarship which leaves little room for verbal criticism. Their mode of proceeding is to bring together from all quarters a great number of detached and idiomatic phrases, and having shaken them together, as the old hero did the lots in the bottom of the helmet, to draw them forth into an artificial patchwork of learned sentences. It is not that they sit down to write from the fulness of their minds, and with a native ease; but they are like those who have the squares and pieces of the ivory puzzle before them, and fit them together as they best can, so as to have the appearance of some regular figure. They have certain peculiar terms which must be lugged in at all hazards. Here *non dubito quin*, or *quæ cum ita sint*, herald in some sentence of more than Ciceronian elegance; then you recognize the *omnis homines*, the

antiquity, and affected brevity of Sallust, with an abundance of *tum tums*, and every sort of correct structure formed in the most approved rules of CROMBIE'S GYMNASIUM, or ELEGANTIÆ LATINÆ. A vengeance on the audacious critic, who takes upon him to demur at any part or parcel of what has been culled from such undoubted sources! They fly to the rescue with the terrible aspect of those who have justice on their side, and exhibit a malicious pleasure, as if the enemy had been caught in his own snare. The worst of it is, that they overshoot the mark—they are super-elegant—they out-Cicero Cicero; in short, they do not know how to write Latin; they are mere slavish imitators, and want the taste, training, and sort of knowledge, to strike out boldly into a style of their own, to invent where invention may be necessary, yet all after a strict analogy, and in accordance with the true genius of the tongue. These remarks might be easily illustrated by appropriate examples, if it would serve any purpose to disturb the serenity of those who are too happy in contemplating their own works, which they seem to imagine that some old genius has invested with a great part of its own grace:

— 'quæ VENUS  
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuît.'

We have yet to allude to a hardly legitimate branch of composition, forming the third part of the 'Arundines,' the imitations of the rhymes commonly called monkish. Rhyme, as Miller calls it, is a modern bondage, but the attempt to discard it, by himself and others, and to establish English poetry on the foundation of quantity and measure, is something which the structure of the language scarce encourages, or indeed admits. We want the musical chime, to make up for other deficiencies in point of harmony; and, in spite of the rhetoricians, think that it is consistent even with the sublime in writing. A few have succeeded in blank verse; but especially the attempts sometimes made to manufacture English hexameters are not good, and had better be abandoned. They are forced, barbarous, and contrary to nature, and can give the ear no delight. But however indispensable to modern language, rhyme can add nothing to the satisfactory melody of Greek or Latin verse, whose fixed quantities and sonorous sounds confer a high advantage on the poet. It was scarce thought of by the ancients, although certain similar endings, the *epitaphes* of the Greek orators, are spoken of as a sort of authority. There are no rhymes in Latin until some time after the language began to decline; when in several ages it had greatly fallen from its purity, they abounded. We can call some to mind which do not sound very *monkish*. Some of the religious rhymes, however, considered merely as compositions, and unconnected with the music of the cathedral, are possessed of great merit, as we need scarcely instance that one in which Pergolesi has achieved a durable triumph, as also in our own day Rossini; and that marvellous blast of the trumpet in the 'Dies iræ:'

'TUM mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.'

A few compositions in this kind are agreeable for their novelty, and to show how much tact and ingenuity may accomplish with the limited capabilities of the tongue. But the *bondage of rhyme* in Latin will be

very apt to force the writer into barbarisms and vague expression. We shall, however, select a few pieces from this part of the volume also :

## LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 'In the hour of my distress,  
When temptations sore oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me !
- 'When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me !
- 'When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drowned in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes their vigils keep,  
Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me !
- 'When the passing-bell doth toll,  
And the furies in a shoal  
Come to fright my parting soul,  
Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me !
- 'When the tapers all burn blue,  
When the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me !
- 'When the priest his last has prayed,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me !
- 'When (God knows) I'm tossed about,  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet, before the glass runs out,  
Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me !
- 'When the tempter me pursueth  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half damns me with their truth,  
Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me !
- 'When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright my ears and fright my eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise,  
Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me !
- 'When the judgment is revealed,  
And that open, which was sealed,  
When to thee I have appealed,  
Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me !

## AD SANCTUM SPIRITUM.

- 'HORA in calamitatis,  
Cum tener et prober satis,  
O ! ut solvar a peccatis,  
Solare, dulcis SPIRITUS !
- 'Cum capite et corde eger  
Miser intus lecto tegar,  
Ne in tenebras releger,  
Solare, dulcis SPIRITUS !
- 'Quando domus flet et gemit,  
Atque sopor mundum premit,  
Nec vigilis me demit,  
Solare, dulcis SPIRITUS !
- 'Quum campana sonat mortem,  
Furisque vim consortium  
Jungunt, rapiant ut fortem,  
Solare, dulcis SPIRITUS !
- 'Lampas fuscas dat dolores,  
Pauci adstant, qui dolores  
Levent — veri pauciores !  
Solare, dulcis SPIRITUS !
- 'Cum sacerdos summa dabit  
Verba, quas nutu probabit  
Caput hoc, si vox negabit,  
Solare, dulcis SPIRITUS !
- 'Cum huc illuc (DEUS novit)  
Ferat, sicut terror movit,  
Nec stat sanguis, qui me fovit,  
Solare, dulcis SPIRITUS !
- 'Cum peccatis me juvenas  
Serpens premit violentas,  
Vero heu ! consentiente,  
Solare, dulcis SPIRITUS !
- 'Aures gemitus obtundunt !  
Ignes oculos confundunt !  
Nervi sine te succumbunt !  
Solare, dulcis SPIRITUS !
- 'En ! judicium declaratur ;  
En ! patet quod celabatur ;  
En ! vox iras deprecatur,  
Solare, dulcis SPIRITUS !

## BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

- 'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,  
When we remembered thee, O Sion.  
As for our harp, we hanged them up  
Upon the trees that are therein.  
For they that led us away captive  
Required of us then a song,  
And melody in our heaviness :  
Sing us one of the songs of Sion.  
How shall we sing the LORD's song in a strange land ?  
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,  
Let my right hand forget her cunning.  
If I do not remember thee,  
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ;  
Yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.  
Remember the children of Edom, O LORD,  
In the day of Jerusalem ; how they said,  
Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.  
O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery,  
Yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee  
As thou hast served us.  
Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children  
And throweth them against the stones.'

## PROPTER AMNES BABYLONIS.

'Propter amnes Babylonis  
Sedebamus lacrymantes,  
Templi sancti et Sionis  
Triste fatum compiorantes;

'Et ad salices propinquas,  
Consporgentes ora fletu,  
Fractas figebamus lyras,  
Plurimo eum ejulatu:

'Namque amabilem conceitum  
Exquirebant vexatores,  
Jubilamus ut recentum  
Inter cladium dolores;

'Et clamabant, 'Delectentur  
Hostes versibus divinis!  
Quomodo Dæi cantentur  
Carmina in peregrinis?

'Dextra moveri negato,  
Si Sionis obliviscar;

Lingua hæreat palato,  
Templi si non reminiscar.

'Pendo exultationem,  
Dæus, Arabum et minas  
Quas fuderunt, ut Sionem  
Convertebant in ruinas.

'Ut fremebant, 'Devastate  
Solymorum ornamenta,  
Et cum solo adæquate  
Urbis alta fundamenta.'

'Felix erit, Babylonis  
Nata, curis jam vexata,  
In te die ultionis  
Qui rependet nostra fata.

'Felix erit, qui infantes  
Cum parentibus excidet,  
Et ad lapides extantes  
Vitam fragilem elidet.'

On the whole, we can mention no department of the 'Arundines' where the labor of the editor has been expended in vain, and we regard the whole work as honorable to English scholarship as it is a luxurious monument of the press.

Perhaps the present may afford us a seasonable occasion to say of our own country what may be more in accordance with truth and justice than flattering to the national ear. We never look over a publication of the kind just mentioned, without questioning when, if ever, we shall be blessed with those excellent systems which shall be productive of like fruits; when the learned professor shall not be the last source of appeal to the ignorant many, but the charmed circle being widened which cannot admit within it the ignorant or profane, the good scholar may be found in every walk of life, while a tone of feeling and exalted aim is given to all educated ranks, which shall be itself the best vindication of letters. That the standard of classical education is lamentably low in this country, is a truth which will hardly be questioned, notwithstanding intelligence on common topics is universal, under the fostering influence of our institutions and laws. Science, in its application to the useful arts, is pursued with unfailing energy, perhaps to a hasty development of our resources, but for the rest, *cui bono?* Let us not be understood as chiming in with the remarks of certain insolent querists, or as depreciating American scholarship, when we know for a certainty that there are individuals among us whose own love of letters would carry with it a sufficient reward and inducement; that their laborious works in classical criticism and research are reprinted and circulated with every mark of approbation as school-books in England; that there is scarce a department of science, learning, or literature, in which one or more are not found distinguished; and that in nearly all of our many colleges there are men whose attainments are of the highest respectability, although, as things are now managed, it is impossible for them to perfect the education of scholars, partially trained, and under modes as different from one another as the states and territories whence they come. So far, we shall deny the imputation of knowing 'little Latin and less Greek,' and shall protest against relinquishing any of the respect or merit which is justly due. Some years ago a stranger, delighting in the euphonious name of FIDLER,



published a superficial and trashy book, purporting to be his 'Observations' in the United States of America, wherein he states that there are not only no scholars in the land, but if all the books in the land should be collected together there are not the materials out of which a scholar could be made. This man came hither to seek his own ends, which, it seems, had never been enough promoted at home, although, as he modestly observes, 'I was possessed of more than ordinary acquirements.' How profound his acquirements really were, would be evident to the most casual reader from the very wretched composition of his book. His darling project appeared to be, after gaining some preferment, to effect the publication of what is alluded to on almost every page of his volume as 'MY SANSKRIT WORK.' In the way of this there were, according to his account, several small obstacles: first, the necessary type; secondly, a publisher willing to bestow on him the princely reward of his pains; and lastly, a learned body of men fit to appreciate his learning. Pity that he should have brought his oriental merchandise to so bad a market, after bearing it on his asinine back so long! In Boston, which he states to be the hot-bed of American letters, he represents himself as magisterially examining the Professors in Sanskrit, and the result was, that not one could say boo to this goose of a pedant, so that he soon found out that he had 'little to fear,' and he despaired to find any able to cope with him. Perhaps if he had continued the search, he had succeeded better. We could point him, without having to seek long, to men, modest, retiring, well appreciated in their own seats of learning, who could come even to an alternate contention in Sanskrit with this very impudent and conceited pedagogue. The truth is, without going back into our history, we can record at present some of the noblest examples of enthusiasm in the pursuit of classical learning to be found in any country.

We remember to have seen, some years ago, a life of WASHINGTON, written in very good Latin, by a backwoodsman, under circumstances of peculiar want and discouragement. The editor states, that while residing in the far west, being desirous of pursuing classical studies, he had the good fortune to fall in with the author, Mr. Francis Glass, who was at that time the presiding genius of a district school. The account which he gives of his introduction to him is interesting, and worthy to be transcribed:

'I FOUND him in a remote part of the country, in a good neighborhood of thrifty farmers who had employed him to instruct their children, who in general were then acquiring the simplest rudiments of an English education. The school-house now rises fresh on my memory. It stood on the banks of a small stream, in a thick grove of native oaks, resembling more a den for druidical rites than a temple of learning. The building was a low log-cabin, with a clap-board roof, but indifferently tight. All the light of heaven found in this cabin came through apertures made on each side in the logs, and these were covered with oiled paper, to keep out the cold air, while they admitted the dim rays. The seats or benches were of hewn timbers, resting on upright posts placed in the ground to keep them from being overturned by the mischievous urchins who sat on them. In the centre was a large stove, between which and the back part of the building stood a small desk, without lock or key, made of rough plank, over which a plane had never passed; and behind this desk sat Professor GLASS when I entered his school.

'The moment he learned that my intention was to pursue the study of the languages with him, his whole soul appeared to beam from his countenance. He commenced in a strain which in another would have seemed pedantic, but which in fact was far from being so in him. The following imperfect sketch, drawn entirely from memory, may serve to give some idea of his peculiar manner: 'Welcome to the shrine of the Muses, my young friend, *salve!* *Xaïpe!* The temple of the Delphian god was originally a laurel hut, and the Muses deign to dwell, accordingly, even in my rustic abode. '*Non humilem domum fastidiunt, umbrosamque ripam.*' Here, too, the winds hold converse, 'EURUS, and CAURUS, and ARGÆUS loud;' and the goddesses of the Castalian fountain, the daughters of the golden-haired ΜΝΕΜΟΣΥΝΗ, are sometimes silent with the lyre,

'*cithara tacentes*,' that they may catch the sweet murmurs of the harp of *Æolus*. Here, too, I, the priest of the Muses, *Musarum sacerdos*, sing to the young of either sex strains before unheard: *Virginibus puerisque canto*. *Plutus*, indeed, that blind old deity, is far away; and far away let him be, for well has the prince of comic poets styled him a 'filthy, crooked, miserable, wrinkled, bald, and toothless creature, *πυρρὰν κνύδον, ἀθλίον, πνυρὸν μαλίστῃ, νεκρόν*.' Such was my first interview. It was a display perfectly natural, and without the least apparent effort on his part. . . . *Glass* knew nothing of the world, more than a child. He was delicately formed in mind and body, and shrunk from all coarseness, as a sensitive plant from the rude touch. A cold or unfeeling word seemed to paley every current of his soul, and every power of his mind; but when addressed in gentle, confiding tones, he was easy, communicative, full of light and life. At such hours, he poured out a stream of classical knowledge, as clear, sparkling, and copious as ever flowed from the fountains of inspiration in the early days of the Muses. . . . I had been with him about three months, when he communicated to me his long-cherished intention of writing the life of *WASHINGTON* in Latin, for the use of schools. He, after this time, often adverted to the subject, with an earnestness I shall never forget. By parcels I got something of his history. He was educated in Philadelphia. While acting as an instructor, in the interior of Pennsylvania, he contracted an unfortunate marriage, in a state, as he said, of partial insanity: no wonder he thought so, when he found himself surrounded by evils which his imprudence had brought upon him. He did all he could for his wife and rapidly-increasing family, but his efforts procured for them but a scanty subsistence.

With all ambition prostrated, and with a deadly sickness at the heart, he somewhere in the year 1817 or '18 left Pennsylvania for the west, and settled in Miami county. From that time to the period I became acquainted with him, he had pursued the business of school-keeping, subject to the whims of children and the caprices of their parents, enough alone to disturb the greatest philosopher. Every new change of school-district gave *Glass* some new cause of suffering, which had an effect on his health and temper. During all the time he had been in the western country he made little or no progress in his contemplated work. In the drudgery of a daily school he could not think of sitting down to such a labor. He would often discover the deepest sensibility when any allusion was made to the deeds or fame of *WASHINGTON*, and his own contemplations on the wishes of his heart seemed to break down all the energies of his mind, and unfit him for the common duties of life. Every day his misfortunes were making inroads upon his slender form, and hurrying him to the grave. He viewed his situation without dismay, only fearing that he should die before he had written the Life of *WASHINGTON*. The winter had now drawn nearly to a close; still nothing had been definitely arranged in reference to the subject. He renewed it again and again. . . . From the moment he learned my determination to meet his requirements in the prosecution of his work, his gloom and low spirits forsook him, and he appeared like a new being.

I now visited his house for the first time. I shall not attempt a description, nor do I exaggerate when I say that his worldly goods and chattels of all descriptions could not have been sold for the sum of thirty dollars. Clothing for himself and family was now ordered, and at the end of his term arrangements were made for the removal of himself and family to Dayton, on the Miami, sixty miles from Cincinnati, where he immediately set about his work; and ere the close of the following winter the whole was completed. At this period I paid him a visit, and received from him the manuscript. His request was most earnest that the result of his labors might be published. I promised him it should, and have never seen him since; and though years have rolled around, I have never, until the present moment, had leisure to attend to its publication or to redeem the promise I had made to its author.<sup>2</sup>

We think that the heart of the editor who writes thus must visit him with some reproaches, for when he had tardily fulfilled his word to the poor scholar, it was but raising a monument to the dead. We have in our mind several examples equally sad, and could record some hard-won noble triumphs in the same field; but individual cases of good scholarship and zeal in the pursuit of learning stand only in stronger relief amid the general deficiency. We have many colleges, but they fail to keep up a succession of ripe scholars. It would be better if all their resources should be concentrated on a few renowned seats of learning, which are all the country requires. Honors and degrees would then cease to be 'as plenty as blackberries,' instead of being given at the mere asking to men notoriously unworthy of them. Even those who are trained for the learned professions are urged on by a precipitate haste very consistent with the genius of the people, but incompatible with a finished education. A year or two at the grammar-school prepares them for the college, from which they are discharged, in three or four years at the most, with its highest honors, although many are unable to read their own diplomas. Whatever courses of study yet remain, are disposed of in the same summary way. How can it be wondered at, then, that when the foundations are so slightly laid, a structure should fail to be raised which is either dura-

ble or imposing? Our primary schools are numerous, each professing to have its own system, but we have no uniformity, no one standard, no aim in our education. A system of drilling, such as prevails at Harrow, in England, is not practised in this country. How many of our graduated youths could compose Latin verses such as are found in the 'Arundines?' On the score of *quantity* of words, we imagine that work will bear a pretty rigid scrutiny. Yet this particular, to transgress in which is considered a grievous sin among English scholars, is almost wholly disregarded among us. There are scarcely any scholars at our universities, who, as regards *quantity*, could read a single passage in an ancient author without outrage to the most unscrupulous ears.\* We believe that we are stating nothing more than the truth on this subject. We know it from personal observation, and regret that it is so, only hoping that the time may not be far distant when candor may be enabled to render a better verdict. There are too few among us who pursue learning for its own sake. But perhaps the cause for this is to be sought in the peculiar stage of advancement to which we are arrived. The nation, as such, is poor, and the whole energy of the people is naturally bent on the development of the great resources of the country, and, *true to their English origin*, on the promotion of individual weal. Arts and the refinement of letters are secondary, and riches and all luxury but the representatives of so much mortal toil. Wealth is accumulated first, and then, overflowing, it summons to its aid the resources of genius, and delights in the treasures of art. But until it waves its magical wand, the Muses are found in a sacred privacy. Men live in their unadorned dwellings. There are few among them to give the language of Fancy utterance, to embody in enduring forms the delicate creations of an old mythology, whose essence was a passion for the Beautiful, the very religion of the Greeks. Where shall we look for the three forms of Art, which are, in fact, one, and may be comprised under the name of *Poet*? For the marble and the canvas are creative, and eloquent as 'thoughts that breathe,' or 'words that burn.' But as yet few worship art. There is no Claude to diffuse his delicious tints over the canvas; no artist to sculpture the lovely Venus from the stone; no genius to upheave the dome which makes infinity comprehensible; no Angelo to hang the Pantheon in air. A few ages pass away, and sordid gain has amassed its treasures, when, sinking into its despised grave, it leaves the legacy of tears and toil to others. But a new race has arisen, not born to labor. Witness then the transfusion of the gold. Wealth speaks the word, and whatever we choose to imagine is accomplished. Nature and Art submit to the allegiance of Taste. The very fields are regulated in their wild luxuriance, and the landscape is neat with culture. Painting, sculpture, architecture, embellish the splendid cities. Music breathes voluptuously. The theatre reflects the manners of the age, which a higher education polishes. The lofty mansion bespeaks pride. Lines of ancestors are on the walls. It may be a very museum, where Art has collected her most precious gems; every nook contains some triumph, and every niche a master-piece. The humane letters indeed may flourish under every discouragement. Penury

---

\* COLUMBIA COLLEGE, in New-York, forms, as we believe, a solitary exception to the above remarks.

and cold neglect cannot make the genius dim which struggles to shine. But every congenial element must be brought to bear to raise up a body of learned men, and to make the seats of learning rival those of old renown. In the mean time let us as far as possible correct what is deficient, and plant the seeds at least of good systems, in hopes that time shall develop their fruits, and that the treasures which are now attainable by a few, may be diffused among the many.

---

T H E   W I S S A H I C O N .

---

A REMINISCENCE: FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A VOYAGER.

---

SWEET WISSAHICON! dear romantic stream!  
Thy sight recalls my boyhood's happy dream,  
And from the fount of Memory once more  
I quaff the freshness of those days of yore;  
Bright days of innocence and gushing joy,  
When Pleasure smiled without the world's alloy,  
When not a cloud obscured life's sunny sky,  
And Hope, bright Hope, illumed futurity.

'T was then, with springy step and laughing brow,  
I sought thy shades, as blithe and gay as thou;  
'T was then I loved to roam thy grassy side,  
And view thy crystal waters downward glide,  
That now run deeply through their rocky bed,  
Now in one mirror'd basin widely spread,  
And now o'er babbling rapids dance away,  
Or dash o'er beauteous falls, in dazzling spray.

Dear to my heart was then the varied scene  
Of hills and rocks, and banks of smiling green,  
Of shady wood and deep majestic grove,  
Where Nature's works I first began to love.  
And though all changed, thou still to me art dear,  
For fond associations linger here;  
And as sweet Memory weaves her silken chain,  
I call to mind those happy days again,  
When from thy stream, with thrill of pure delight,  
I drew the perch, all writhing, silvery bright;  
Launch'd the light skiff from off thy pebbly shore,  
And o'er thy mirror'd bosom plied the oar;  
Or on thy turf, in many an artless play,  
The gilded hours, unnumber'd, sped away.

In genial Spring I early sought thy shades,  
Roam'd o'er thy hills, and wander'd through thy glades;  
Pluck'd the first flower with perfumed petals gay,  
That oped its bosom to the orb of day,  
And paused to hear the merry songster's lays,  
That welcomed back once more the sunny days:

And oft I loved, at Summer's eventide,  
To come alone, and wander by thy side,  
When sombre twilight shed her mystic veil  
O'er wood and bower and stream, o'er hill and dale;  
When echoing shouts along thy grassy shore,  
And joyous laughter's sounds were heard no more:  
When the blithe songster sought his airy nest,  
And all the sounds of life had sunk to rest.

And when at last dark Autumn's hour drew near,  
With change prophetic of the dying year,  
I loved thy forest in its coat of brown;  
I loved to view the leaf that rustled down,  
To watch the changing tints from day to day,  
Till dreary Winter snatch'd each charm away,  
And e'en to hear the voices of the breeze,  
That mournful sigh'd among the leafless trees.

Where'er around my wandering eyes are cast,  
Some relic greets me of the cherish'd past:  
This crystal spring, fit emblem of the time  
When innocence and purity were mine,  
Still gayly bubbles from its pebbly bed,  
Though many a long and weary year has fled  
Since, when a boy, upon its mossy brink,  
With eager thirst I stoop'd me down to drink.

Here is the oak, beneath whose spreading shade,  
In sportive pranks and artless games, I play'd!  
Like some true friend, that absence cannot change,  
Nor time nor distance in the least estrange,  
It seems to stretch its brawny arms with joy,  
To welcome back once more the wandering boy.  
Still, still I view, upon its rugged frame,  
The marks of many a well-remember'd name,  
That youthful friendship once with ardor traced,  
But which the hand of Time has quite defaced;  
And still among its glossy leaves I hear  
The breezy voice that charm'd my boyish ear,  
As, 'neath its shade reposing, oft I lay,  
And idly dream'd the sultry hours away.

Ah! even now, as pensive Memory strays,  
With fond delight, to those long-vanish'd days,  
Sweet o'er my senses steals the fancied sound  
Of youthful footsteps from each grove around;  
While, on the bosom of the evening breeze,  
Methinks is wafted from yon clump of trees  
The shout, the laugh, the joyous loud halloo  
Of friends beloved, that once my boyhood knew.  
But ah! 't is fancy! Here again no more  
Those friends shall greet me as they did of yore!  
No more, disporting on this smiling green,  
Shall we together all again be seen.  
Relentless Time, whose course no power can stay,  
With rapid flight has wing'd our youth away;  
And on the bosom of its mighty tide,  
In all the strength of manhood, now we glide,  
Far from the pleasures of this quiet spot,  
Whose early friendships have been long forgot.

Changed art thou, Wissahicon! since the hours  
I gayly sported mid thy shady bowers.  
Then lovely Nature o'er the beauteous scene,  
In calm and solemn stillness, reign'd supreme,  
And scarce a sound broke on the wakeful ear,  
Save wild-bird's note, thy solitude to cheer.  
But now, the noisy mill, the hammer's sound,  
The axe's stroke, from every side resound;  
Houses appear between the straggling trees,  
And busy footsteps float on every breeze.

And must the lingering charms that still remain  
Fade one by one before Improvement's train!  
Must these long groves, these woods of beauteous oak,  
Bow down to dust before the woodman's stroke,  
And every view that warm'd each feeling heart  
Be sullied over by the hand of Art!  
Stay, stay, O man! thy sacrilegious hand,  
And blot not out the beauties of the land!

Stay, if thou canst, Improvement's ruthless sway,  
Ere each remaining charm be swept away,  
And sacred let this cherish'd spot remain  
To Nature's lovely, solitary reign:  
Then 'neath her kindly hand shall quickly fade  
Th' unsightly blemishes that Art has made;  
Then in these bowers the wood-bird's note once more  
Shall sound as sweetly as it did of yore,  
And artless childhood shall again be seen  
In many a pastime sporting o'er thy green;  
While youthful lovers in the shady grove  
Shall breathe their vows of constancy and love.

Sweet Wissahicon! swiftly fades the day,  
And evening's shadows bid me haste away.  
Farewell, farewell! and should I come no more,  
To roam thy hills, or wander by thy shore,  
Full oft to fancy's eye shall reappear  
These lovely haunts, still to this bosom dear;  
And Memory's chords shall then responsive sing  
Of those bright days when life was in its spring.

And when these eyes are dim, this hair is gray,  
And life's brief hour is hastening swift away,  
My lips shall say to each inquiring friend,  
Who fondly o'er this sinking form may bend:  
'Oh! place my ashes by that beauteous stream,  
Where once I roam'd in boyhood's sunny dream;  
That on my breast may rest the self-same sod  
In those bright hours I oft so gayly trod;  
That o'er me still may wave the ancient tree  
Whose spreading boughs so oft have shelter'd me;  
Where many a bird, through each succeeding spring,  
May tune its throat my requiem to sing,  
And the bright waters, sweetly warbling by,  
Shall join to swell the pleasing symphony.'

## A SKETCH OF GULF-SERVICE.

BY THE WANDERER.

It was a lovely morning in the month of March; not that cold, bleak, rainy March, which chills the bones of the dweller in higher latitudes; but the March of the Gulf of Mexico, interspersed indeed with icy 'northers,' but between them the air is of that delightful temperature which sometimes blesses the Manhattaner in the latter part of April and early part of May; being neither too hot nor too cold.

Our stately vessel was anchored off Tuxpan river, about nine miles from shore, under the lee of the reef that would defend it in bad weather from the force of the sea, which during storms rolls in with great violence, gathering strength as it comes along the whole extended surface of the widest part of the Gulf, and wastes its fury in snow-capped billows on the coral reefs that rise to arrest its progress.

Old father Sol had just shown his smiling head about a handspike high in the eastern horizon, and threw a golden streak of sunshine over the waters that now lay tranquil as a sleeping infant, as if to form a pathway by which we might pass from the ship to the footstool of his resplendent majesty. A light breeze scarce ruffled the face of the ocean, as if the zephyr wished to greet old Neptune with a morning kiss; but the lazy fellow was so locked in slumbers that he scarce felt the chaste salute.

The officer of the watch sauntered up and down the holy-stoned deck, whose snowy whiteness seemed almost insulted by the touch of his *négligé* high-lows. The sentry at the captain's door reports six bells, and in a moment the echoes of the gun-deck are awoken by the measured sound of the old brazen-tongued time-teller. 'Messenger-boy, tell the boatswain to call away the barge and second cutter.' 'Ay, ay, Sir;' and now are heard the merry notes of the pipe as it peals thrillingly on the air. 'Away there, barges, away! Away there, second cutters, away!' Each boatswain's mate in turn, or rather in tune, takes up the burden of the song: 'Away there, barges, away! Away there, second cutters, away!' Quick at the word, the well-disciplined crews fly to the gangway and descend to their respective boats, which have been hauled alongside the accommodation-ladder by their keepers. 'Pass those arms into the boats!' 'Ay, ay, Sir!' and a musket, cutlass and pair of pistols for each man were handed down the side.

In a few minutes we all had taken our seats in the stern-sheets, armed in like manner with the men, save the musket, which was exchanged for a short carbine that loaded at the breech, and thus was rendered much more convenient for service, not needing the use of the ramrod for sending the charge home. 'Shove off,' says the captain; and now, the word given, the oars, that had been held erect with their blades pointing to heaven, fell all at once splashing into the quiet waters, and threw the drops, rainbow-dyed, high into the air. 'Give way!' cries the coxswain;

and taking the time from the stroke-oar, the sturdy sailors sent us skimming along in our course to the shore, our boat taking the lead. We were all so wrapped up in the beauty of the scene, that for some time no sound broke the silence, save the measured dip of the oars as they cut their way into the mirrored element, and sent the eddies spinning far behind us. At length the captain said softly, as if hesitating to interrupt the train of thought by the noise of speaking: 'Steward, have you got every thing as I directed?' 'I believe I have, Sir,' said José, as he rummaged in his baskets to see that all was right in the commissariat department. Once commenced, the conversation was carried on in a light strain, as if heedless of the coming day's work. About half an hour had passed, when a sound as of distant thunder broke upon the ear, telling us that the treacherous bar at the mouth of the river was at hand, and a long extent of foaming billows spread before us like a huge marble tomb-stone, to mark the sepulchre where, not long before, the gallant brig Truxtun had laid her shattered hulk. 'In bow-oar! Tend the lead! Give way, men, give way; bend your backs! Mind your helm, coxswain!' And away we flew with lightning-speed through the boiling cauldron, lashing in fury the sides of the frail boat, whose single plank was all that stood between us and death. Now, like a rearing charger high in air, the lifted prow seems almost overhead; and again, as the combers roll on in quick succession, the stern points to heaven, while the baffled billow bears us along as if she would dash us to pieces in her course. 'And a half two! deep two! quarter less two! half one!' cries the leadsman, in rapid succession. Ha! we touch the ground, and every plank seems shivering with terror. That coming wave will swamp us; it is just breaking over the stern: no, it passes under us. 'Once more! One strong pull, boys! Another!' and away we glide in safety along the sandy shores, leaving old Ocean far behind, gnashing his teeth that his prey has escaped him.

O long-to-be-remembered Tuxpan bar! Scarce a month had passed after the time of which I am speaking, when on just such a tranquil day others were added to thy list of murdered victims, numbering among them one of the noblest hearts that ever gloried in his country's honor: need I say that I mean the brave Pinkney? 'Requiescat in pace.'

Not far from the bar in a little bay floated the beautiful schooner Tampico, the stars and stripes hanging languidly at the peak, half opening now and then, as if extending their expectant arms to woo the zephyr that played with the lighter pendant at the mast-head. The boarding-nettings were triced up in the rigging, and the long Tom forward shone glistening in the sunshine under the paternal care of the gunner, with a kind of 'nunquam non paratus' air, to inform intruders on the premises, like the 'Beware of the dog,' that they would be dealt with according to law. But we of course were welcome, for the same glad emblem that told to what country the 'Tampico' owed allegiance, floated also over our heads; and as we pulled alongside, the pipe was heard announcing that a commander of the United States Navy was about to honor the little vessel with his presence, and the side boys, with hat in hand, held out the man-ropes to assist the embodiment of naval power to gain the deck. The friendly greetings over, we had time to make the happy discovery that breakfast was just ready — happy, because we had left our ship too early to



perform that pleasing personal duty which every man owes to himself; and ere long we were all seated round the table in the cabin, on which stood luxuries known only in southern climes. Side by side with the white loaf was the delicious plantain, in its own covering of golden hue, smoking from the pan. Oysters from the lagoon, mullet from the river, venison and wild fowl from the surrounding forest, with accompaniments of fresh-picked oranges, bananas, et cetera. Justice was of course done to the repast, for how could we help doing justice when invoked by such enticing suppliants? But the best of friends must part, at least on this sublunary globe, and so at last we bade adieu to the breakfast table, and lighting a fragrant Havana, regained the deck. Having had our boats' crews called away, we shook hands with our friends, more than one of whom offered his services as a volunteer; but having already as many as we wanted, we shoved off.

No doubt the gentle reader has before this time wondered what all this is about, and deluded himself with the idea that he is going to be entertained with some tale of battle and bloodshed, daring foray or midnight assault; but sorry as I am to disappoint him, I must tell him, that if he has read thus far with any such expectation, he had better fling down the article in disgust, and vent his vexation in calling me 'humbug.'

Virgil writes, '*Arma virumque cano*;' but I do no such thing: mine is a more peaceful, and I think more useful theme, for the better understanding of which I must for a moment look back over the past.

The time of which I am writing was during the armistice. The Rio Grande had been passed, Monterey had been taken, and Taylor had advanced his victorious standard far into the heart of the country. Vera Cruz had fallen; the stars and stripes, like Napoleon's conquering eagles, had flown over many battle-fields; and now the old gridiron, God bless it! hung peaceful from the flag-staff in front of the halls of the Montezuma, beneath whose roof Scott penned dispatches to many subjugated cities. The hardly-treated navy guarded the rock-bound and sand-girdled coast. Perry's blue pendant floated from the royal-mast-head of the frigate Cumberland, moored off the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. Orders had been given by the Commodore for the squadron to survey the coast, reefs, harbors and rivers, from Cape San Roque to Sisal. In the execution of these orders we had proceeded to Tuxpan, and after having surveyed the outer reefs and roadstead, were now about to proceed up the river for the same purpose.

By the time that we left the vessel, the sun was high in the heavens, but a light breeze blowing down stream had sprung up while we were at breakfast, rendering the air just cool enough to be delightful, all laden as it was with the perfume of the blossoming orange-orchards, over which it passed on its course to the sea, pilfering as it went the sweets from the unconscious flowers that knew not of the theft. The joyous strains of many warblers, from the mingled chapperal and forest that lined either side of the river, fell on the ear and entranced us with their tuneful music. As we rowed along, hundreds of large blue and white cranes, startled from their reveries on our approach, bent their long necks toward us as if to gain a nearer view; then slowly opening their wings, flew lazily away, but soon, tired by the exertion, lit again on some branch that overhung the water,

to await our coming for another removal. The more easily-startled scythe-billed curlew, or rainbow-feathered wood-duck, sprang quickly from their repast among the sedges; at the first sound of the measured dip of the oar, and flew toward the lily-covered, sheltered lagoon. High overhead was heard the chattering of a flock of parrots we had disturbed from a colloquy on a withered tree, and seemed to fling back from the sky in unintelligible words their threats of anger at our interruption. Anon a stately deer looked at us from out his large sleepy eyes over the top of some leafy thicket; then, fearing the vicinity of that universally-dreaded creature, man, turned quickly round and darted away into the depths of the primeval forest. Truly, such a scene of dreamy beauty never do I expect to see again; and at the moment I would fain have been alone, for the idea of companionship did not at all harmonize with the surpassing sweetness of the hour.

It was not what might be called a scene of grandeur, though far in the interior, to the southward, the snowy crest of Peroté loomed misty and dim in the distance, circled by many smaller heights of the same chain of mountains, over which its lordly peak reigns high above his fellows, and flings an envious look toward the loftier, crater-crowned Orizaba. The scenery in the immediate vicinity of the lower part of the river would be better characterized by the term tranquil, as the country is of a more level nature and covered with a beautiful, luxuriant growth of forest and flower. Here and there rich savannahs, like a verdant carpet, stretch far away on either side, sometimes bordered on the banks by the white-thorned chapperal, as if to defend them from all approach, often sloping down gradually to the very margin of the river, that seems to kiss the rich velvet sward, and gives the flowers on its borders lovelier hues in gratitude for its condescension. Again the forest trees spread out their rich foliage over the stream, and dip their branches into the babbling waters, as if they too desired to rest in the embrace of the liquid element that murmurs untranslated secrets as it flows past them, and hangs in glee round the intruder clusters of pearly oysters.

We, immediately on shoving off from the schooner, began to make preparations for the survey, which being rather singular, I think it might be well to explain them.

Each boat is provided with sextant, watch, and a red flag, beside pencil, book, etc., for noting the observations.

One boat pulls ahead, and planting its flag in the bank, at a convenient distance, crosses over to the other side of the river, the second boat remaining still at the starting-point. A right-angled triangle is thus constructed, the first boat forming the right angle, and the second boat and flag the other two angles. Observations are then taken with the sextants, from each boat to the flag, whereby the length of two of the sides of the triangle is obtained; and thus, from the well-known rule, two sides of the triangle with the angle included being known, the other is ascertained. The whole river is surveyed in like manner, by forming one triangle after another. From each of the boats at every station, guns are also fired, and the length of time being noted by a well-regulated watch, from the seeing the flash to hearing the report, the distance in a straight line is also very accurately found out, as the speed at which sound travels is

well known; so that the number of seconds elapsing between the flash and report denote the number of feet from one object to the other.

But the mere surveying part is in itself rather dry sport, so I have passed over it as rapidly as possible.

About one o'clock our interior monitors reminded us that as there was not much chance of our having any regular dinner, we had better see what apology might be made for the omission; so signalling the other boat to come alongside, we ran our bows in toward the shore, and making our boats' painters fast to a tree that stood hard by, we began to inspect our hampers, with a view to the consumption of their contents; after having first ordered the crews to take their dinners, which they had brought along with them.

Billy and I, who were mess-mates, pulled out a liberal supply of hard tack, salt pork, and ship's pickles, with a pocket-pistol, which I had deposited in one of my monkey-jacket pockets, of course in case of sickness; for to tell the truth the steerage mess was often rather hard up on board the good ship M —, and sometimes the members of it were obliged to submit to rather indifferent commons. From the appearance of the other boat's store, the ward-room was not in much better condition. '*Nil desperandum!*' The captain's steward, José, noble fellow, was able to make up for all deficiencies; and the captain's invitation for all to join our forces together received what would be called in Congress a unanimous vote in the affirmative.

One by one, from José's magic basket, which seemed to have no bottom, so bountifully was it filled, appeared in succession, first a splendid Westphalia, then two bottles of fine old London dock, next a pair of roast chickens, and two more bottles of Gordon sherry; now a boiled tongue, now an enormous loaf of soft tack, and numerous smaller packages of crackers and butter, cheese and anchovy-paste; and then, last but not least, (forgive me, ye friends of the Temperance Society, for making your mouths water,) lay in the depths of the wicker receptacle, side by side, in loving union, a half-dozen of Barclay and Perkins XXX, with six more of sparkling Heidsieck.

But, sad the tale, pride must have a fall; and poor José, drawing out his head from the hamper, in which for some time past he had been almost entirely concealed, exclaimed, with a doleful face, almost crying with vexation, '*Dio mio!* we have got no knives and forks;' and on farther inspection but one tumbler was to be found, and that, like the Irish woman's tub, was no tumbler at all, for it was all broken to pieces. '*Mais n'importe;*' what with borrowing some tin cups and sheath-knives from the men, as also taking advantage of the old adage that fingers were made before forks, we got along swimmingly. What a merry party we made of it, all seated round on the gunwale of the boat, a large cracker in one hand for plate, on which was a piece of ham, chicken, or whatever else might be desired at the moment.

We had of course left our quarter-deck etiquette with our uniform coats on board ship, and were here 'hail fellows well met,' as much with the captain as each other. 'Mr. W —, will you have another piece of chicken?' holding out the fowl by one leg. 'Thank you,' taking hold of it by the other, and jointing it with the sheath-knife. 'José, another

bottle of champagne.' Pop! went a salvo of Bacchus' own artillery, scaring away a wise-looking crane that had been inspecting us hard by. 'Mr. P——, you are nearest; I'll trouble you for another slice of that ham.' 'I say, Billy, if there are any guerillas around, I hope they'll have the kindness to stay away till we finish our dinner.' 'Here, José, pass these two bottles forward to the men.' Thus we went on laughing and joking. It was really one of the best dinners I ever eat; at least I thought so at the time.

'Gentlemen,' at last said the captain, 'may I have the honor of offering a sentiment?'

'Certainly, certainly! hear, hear!' and all, bottle in hand, 'intentique ora tenebant.'

'Absent friends.'

Ah! what means this rising of the heart almost in the throat? this tear on the eye-lid? I looked round among the others, as they drank the toast in silence, and on more than one weather-beaten cheek was a shining drop. It was not rain, for the heavens were blue overhead; no, it was the voiceless, yet speaking tribute of the sailor to the remembrance of the far-away home and the loved ones there. Rich drop, priceless offering! and since that time I have paid the same to more than one of those who were with me then, now absent indeed, on a long, long journey, from which will they ever come back? A whispering spirit answers, 'Never, never! You may go to them, but they cannot return to you.'

We spent an hour or so at our dinner; then casting off from the shore, proceeded with our surveying. We had thus gone over about five miles, when, on looking at the watch, we found that it was some time past five o'clock; so holding a council of war, we determined to leave the rest of the work for the next day, and proceed up to a little island, abreast of the town, which is nine miles from the mouth of the river.

We had determined on encamping here, deeming it imprudent to pass the night in the town, as we were not very confident of the good-will of the inhabitants, and as also the men would most likely get scattered, perhaps intoxicated, in which case it was more than probable a quarrel would ensue. Our plans having been made, we turned our bows up stream, along which we had been advancing in a zig-zag, Virginia-fence kind of fashion before.

Side by side, we pulled slowly against the current, having an hour or two of day-light yet left, and not caring to fatigue the men more than necessary, as they had had rather a hard day's work of it.

The sun was just setting behind the tall bluff which rises on the bank of the stream, where it takes a sharp turn to the right, on the opposite shore, a little below the town, and gilded the jagged outline of the little, dilapidated fort that crowns its summit. This fort, when the American forces attacked the place, was in a fortified condition and garrisoned with Mexican troops, who, on the first appearance of the vessels, fired one harmless salvo, which went far over the mast-heads, as if to salute their unwelcome visitors; then, without waiting for the return of the courtesy, turned their backs and ran away into the country as fast as their legs could carry them: whereas, if they had bravely defended their post, which from its position was of great strength, commanding a very long reach in the river, the Americans might have had a very different tale to

tell; and when at last victorious, as no doubt they would have been in the end, under any circumstances, many a mother would have mourned the son who fell at the capture of Tuxpan.

The windows of the town were just beginning to show lights from within when we landed at the island, which, from appearances, had been in former times of some extent, but, being gradually worn away by the rapid current, was now nothing save a little knoll, about one hundred yards in circumference, covered in part with tall, reedy grass; but at the lower end was a square spot of green turf, as if formed expressly for the purpose to which we intended to put it. Here we hauled our boats to the shore, the depth of water alongside the island at this part being so great as to allow them to float with their bows touching the bank; and driving into the ground two boarding-pikes, of which we had a supply, we fastened our craft securely for the night. Some of the men set about spreading the awnings over the boats, to keep off the dew, so that those who wished might sleep under them; others built a fire alongside the fallen stump of a tree, which must have grown there formerly and been of immense size, but now lay with one end in the river, which no doubt had been the cause of its overthrow, by undermining it, and not content with the victory already obtained, had torn from the parent stem, one by one, all the green branches that adorned it, then left it a shattered, shapeless trunk, to mourn in vain the loss of its former beauty; the other end, with the huge roots projecting in all directions, like knotted snakes, lay on the island, and looked like some huge monster, the guardian genius of the spot.

Night was now advancing apace, and the twinkling stars, one by one, shone out in the blue ether above us. The men, supper over, were now, some in the boats and others lying around the fire in picturesque attitudes, sleeping after the fatigue of the day; and as the flames shot up into the sky, they threw out in bold relief the reclining figures of the tired sailors reposing on the cold ground, with their arms under their heads for pillows and monkey-jackets for covering, calmly, as if rocking in their pendant hammocks on board ship, sung to sleep by old Ocean's lullaby. The captain and Lieutenant D—— had brought their beds along with them, which had been spread in the stern sheets of the boats, and they were now there courting the embrace of the drowsy god. Billy and I, however, preferred remaining on shore; and a little apart from the rest, but near enough to enjoy the warmth of the fire, we lay, with our coats under us, and a large Mackintosh boat-cloak, which the captain had lent to us for the purpose, spread over to protect us from the falling dews. Not being inclined to sleep, we conversed of home and friends, and many a tale was told of happy hours passed among far-distant loved ones, who perhaps were even then sending up to heaven the earnest prayer for the welfare of the wanderers. It was truly fit time and place for opening the secrets of the soul to the sympathizing ear of a cherished companion. The slow tramp of the watch, as he paced round the narrow island, was all that disturbed the tranquillity of the scene, and even this harmonized with it, for, with a little stretch of the imagination, an unseen looker-on might have supposed us some band of exiled patriots reposing with our weapons beside us, in expectation of the sudden attack of the pursuing enemy.

We were just composing ourselves to sleep, when one of the most beautiful sights that I ever beheld burst on our astonished view. As I before mentioned, the fire had been built beside an old fallen trunk of a tree, overgrown with a parasitical plant, which, from the lapse of years, had circled it a foot thick all round, and, twining in and out, hung down from the pendant ends of the spreading roots like a curtain of fairy web-work. The heat of the fire had by degrees dried all the moisture from the leaves, and now, some stray spark catching them, in an instant the whole was one mass of flame, which continued to burn brightly for some time, taking fantastic shapes as one by one the charred fragments fell off; and at last it shone far into the interior, under the roots, and formed a bower of fire, fit mansion for the spirits that held watch and ward over the romantic isle. While this was still burning brightly, the gentle Somnus gradually claimed our unwilling allegiance.

The pleasure of our expedition came very near meeting an unfortunate termination; for during the night Billy woke up, and finding the fire burning rather dimly, he got up, determining to put some more wood on it, and seeing a log lying nearly in the fire, he took a boarding-pike which had been used for a poker, and made a thrust, in order to push it into the fire. He happily missed the log, and was horrified to see it move, then sit up, and rubbing its eyes, ask him what the devil he was about! Upon inspection, he found it to be P——, the lieutenant of marines, who was notorious for having a hard head, and who, feeling cold, had crept up to the fire and gone to sleep with his head nearly in the flames. He immediately turned over and went to sleep again. I had been aroused by Billy's getting out from under the cloak, and we both enjoyed a hearty laugh over what might have been a rather serious affair.

With day-light we all turned out, and made our ablutions in nature's own hand-basin; then, having seen that every thing was right in the boats, we started for the town.

It had been determined to get our breakfast there, and while that was preparing, go up to a look-out which stood on a hill near by, and commanded a view of the river as far as the ocean. By the time that we got alongside the little wooden wharf that jutted out into the stream, the inhabitants were all on the *qui vive*, and a number of them stood round to watch our landing. This was effected in martial style, by taking one half of each boat's crew, with musket on shoulder, and pistols and cutlass at side, and ranging them in double file on the wharf; then the captain, with us composing his staff, also armed, giving the word, we marched into the square, and grounded arms alongside the little jail and court-house, which was a small, one-story-and-a-half building, with three or four rooms on the lower floor, opening directly on the street. In one of these apartments was a cross-barred door, which was all that confined twenty or thirty prisoners, of all ages, from the old white-haired *hombre* of sixty to the young rascally-visaged *muchacho* of sixteen, all villanously clad, and some with chain-balls attached to their legs, who on our arrival peered out at us from between the bars, and begged '*los Americanos, por el amor de Jesu y todos santos,*' to give them something to buy '*aguardiente, de beber á la salud de los caballeros.*'

The remaining part of the crews had been left in the boats, with orders

not on any account to leave them unless relieved. After having made arrangements for procuring breakfast for the men, and accepted an invitation from the alcaide of the place to *tomar el desayuno* with him — for which, by-the-by, after eating, he politely informed us he would take whatever our 'Excelencias' chose to give him — we marshalled the men again and proceeded to the look-out. Our road lay first through the principal street of the town, which is mostly built of low houses, one story high, and then it continued along the side of an orange-orchard, on whose trees were both blossoms and ripe fruit at the same time, that extended as far as the foot of the hill, winding round and round which was a path that led to the top. From the summit of the look-out might have been seen a beautiful undulating stretch of country, which of course the reader expects me to describe in glowing terms; but I shall do no such thing, for the fog, charmed with the serenity of the landscape, had not yet left its verdant couch, and now lay covering with its misty curtain river, trees, hills, and village, although the sun, by this time high in the heavens, strove hard to conquer his insidious adversary. We were forced by this unexpected difficulty to descend without enjoying the prospect, (which I have since seen and can vouch for its loveliness,) and also to leave our observations for a subsequent part of the day.

On returning to the town, we found that all was ready for breakfast, both for the men and ourselves; so ordering those who had remained in the boats to make them fast to the wharf and leave them, having found the inhabitants so well disposed as to banish all fear of attack, we told them that they might have two hours to themselves to see the place after breakfast; and cautioning them to avoid all quarrel with the town's-people, we left them to themselves, first having seen them well provided for. We, with the captain, then followed the alcaide to his house, which was of rather a better class than most of the others, where we sat down to a bountifully-spread table, although our appetites needed no stimulus in the way of luxurious fare, hunger having rendered us ready to be pleased with any thing.

I could give you a detailed account of all the good things set before us, but I will not, as I have already spun my yarn out to a greater length than I intended, so I must travel over the rest of my ground as fast as possible.

Breakfast being disposed of, we held a council to determine our course for the day, and concluded to wait till the fog was dispersed, and then, having taken an observation from the look-out, to start and work from the town down stream to where we had left off the day before, then return to the ship.

This was accordingly done, and some time past night-fall we set our feet again on the deck of the good ship M —, heartily tired, and glad of a chance to rest after the fatigues of two days' hard work.

I may perchance at some future time give an account of what happened on our way down the river, which of course is very entertaining; but I will now hook on the boat's tackles, and piping, 'All hands in boats,' 'man the falls,' and hoist them chock up to the davits; then taking a turn with my yarn round the belaying pin, send the watch below, and bid the gentle reader 'Buenos noches.'

## THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

In olden times a castle so proud and high there stood,  
Far o'er the lands it glistened, on to the deep blue flood;  
And wreaths of fragrant gardens around it blooming lay,  
From which the freshest fountains sprang upward to the day.

There reigned a haughty monarch, for lands and triumphs known;  
With gloomy look and paleness he sat upon his throne;  
His every glance was fury, and fear his every thought,  
And all his speech was scourging, and blood was all he wrote.

One day unto the castle two minstrels held their way,  
The one with locks all golden, the other old and gray.  
With harp in hand the elder — upon a horse he rode;  
His young and fair companion beside him briskly strode.

Out spake the aged minstrel: 'My son, make ready now!  
Thy sweetest lays remember, cause softest tones to flow.  
Call all thy powers together, both grief and holy love;  
The stony heart of the monarch to-day we hope to move.'

And now the noble minstrels within the halls were seen,  
Upon his throne the monarch, and by his side his queen;  
The king in fearful splendor, like bloody north-light shone,  
But sweet and mild the princess, as if the moon looked on.

Then strikes his harp the elder; he strikes it wondrous well,  
And rich the sounds, still richer, upon the soft air swell;  
And then with heavenly clearness the fair boy's notes begin,  
While, like a spirit-chorus, the old man's voice chimes in.

They sing of the golden season, of love, and gentle spring;  
Of manliness and freedom, of truth and faith they sing;  
They sing of all things pleasing, the human heart that move;  
They sing of all things lofty, that bear the soul above.

The courtier-crowd around them forgot the scoff and frown;  
The monarch's cruel warrior before his God bowed down;  
The queen, o'ercome and melted, with joy and sadness too,  
The rose from off her bosom down to the minstrels threw.

'Corrupters of my people! would ye bring my queen to shame?'  
The monarch raging bellowed, and shook in all his frame;  
He hurls his sword, which, flashing, pierces the young man's throat,  
Whence, 'stead of golden music, a blood-stream gushes out.

As if by tempest scattered is all the hearing crowd,  
Upon his master's bosom the dying boy is bowed;  
He folds him in his mantle, he sets him on the horse,  
He binds him firmly upright, and outward bends his course.

But by the lofty gateway the minstrel takes his stand,  
His harp, that prize of harps, he seizes in his hand;  
Then by a marble pillar its scattered fragments lie;  
Through castle and through garden he sends his fearful cry:



'Wo to ye, halls so haughty ! may harp and song out-pour  
Through your deserted chambers their music-tones no more !  
But sighings sound, and groanings, and slavish steps alway —  
Avenging Fury treading o'er ruin and decay !

'Wo to ye, fragrant gardens, blooming in May's sweet light !  
This dead, disfigured visage I offer to your sight,  
That, seeing, ye may wither — that every spring may dry ;  
That ye for ever after all desolate may lie !

'Wo to thee, cruel monarch, thou curse of minstrelsy !  
In vain may all thy strivings for bloody glory be ;  
In deep oblivion buried, thy name be never known,  
But faint away and vanish, like to a dying groan !'

The aged man has spoken, and HEAVEN has heard his call :  
The walls are lying lowly, the towers are ruined all ;  
Yet *one* high pillar only tells of its old renown,  
And that, already broken, a night can crumble down.

And dreary wastes around it instead of gardens stand ;  
No tree its shade diffuses, no fountains pierce the sand ;  
No songs, no books of heroes the monarch's deeds rehearse :  
Lost and forgot for ever ! this is the minstrel's curse.

---

## THE BURIAL OF FRAZER.

BY H. W. D. CANNING.

---

No incident in our revolutionary annals is fraught with greater interest than the fall and burial of General Frazer. It rests, we believe, upon traditionary, but, we fear, too credible authority, that the death of that officer was attributable to the commanded aim of the American sharpshooters, whose fatal ability was signalized by the havoc of British officers in many battles of the Revolution.

The story runs, that early in the conflict of Bemis' Heights, October seventh, 1777, General Morgan, of the American riflemen, remarking the invariable effect of Frazer's presence in restoring order and confidence in the hard-pressed and wavering British lines, called several of his men to him, and thus addressed them : 'You see yonder officer upon that white horse. It is General Frazer. He is a noble fellow, and I greatly honor him ; but it is necessary for our good that he should die. To your posts, and let me not see him long.' Shortly after, Frazer fell by a ball that pierced his stomach, and the hearty breakfast he had eaten that morning aided the office of the deadly missile. He was carried to the house where the Baroness Reidesel and her children were staying, near the field of battle. Here he lay until six o'clock next morning, suffering much, and frequently exclaiming, 'Poor Burgoyne ! Fatal ambition !' His dying request was, that he might be buried at six in the evening of the

same day, in a redoubt which he had aided in constructing on the summit of a neighboring height.

Accordingly, at that hour they bore him forth, General Burgoyne and his staff following as mourners. The rest will be better told in the beautiful and expressive words of that officer's journal : 'The incessant canonade during the solemnity ; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the clergyman officiated, though frequently covered with dust which the shot threw up on all sides of him ; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance ; these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited. To the canvas, and to the pen of a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory ! There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction ; and long may they survive — long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten.'

It ought, in justice to the Americans, to be stated, that when they ascertained that the collection upon which they had fired was a funeral, they promptly apologized for the apparently inhuman transaction.

Can you not, Mr. Editor, inspire some of our artists to take advantage of the above suggestion, and execute a national painting, representing the Burial of Frazer ?

Ox Saratoga's crimsoned field,  
When battle's volley'd roar was done,  
Mild autumn's mellow light revealed  
The glories of the setting sun.  
On furrow, fence and tree that bear  
The iron marks of battling men,  
The radiance burneth calm and fair,  
As though earth's ead sinless been.  
The gory sods, all scathed and scarred,  
And piled in trenched mounds, declare  
A thousand war-orn, fallen and marred,  
Have found a final bivouac there.  
Across the scene of deadly fray  
Infrequent strollers pace afar ;  
Perchance to muse where comrades lay,  
Or weep above the wrecks of war.  
And list ! from yonder bulwarked height,  
The faint-heard martial signals come ;  
For those that keep the watch to-night  
Are gathering at the evening drum.

As the last sunbeam kissed the trees,  
That sighed amid its dying glow,  
Borne softly on the evening breeze,  
Floated the soldier's note of woe.  
From out the Britons' guarded lines,  
With wailing life and muffled drum,  
While gleaming gold with scarlet shines,  
A band of mourning warriors come.  
With arms reversed, all sad and slow,  
And measured tread of martial men,  
Forth on their lengthening path they go —  
But not to wake the strife again.  
No plunging haste of fight is there ;  
No serried ranks or bristling lines ;  
No furious chargers headlong bear  
Their riders where the death-flash shines.  
The pennon is the soldier's pall ;  
The battery for the bier is changed ;  
And plumes of nodding sable all,  
On chieftains' brows are roundly ranged.

The noblest leader of the host  
 They carry to his dreamless sleep ;  
 The heart of British hope is lost,  
 And vain the tears that Britons weep.  
 Thine arm of valor, proud BURGOME,  
 Is paralyzed for ever now ;  
 While comrades, gallant FRAZER, join  
 Fondly to wreath thy fallen brow.

On yonder hill that skirts the plain,  
 A lone redoubt, with haste upraised,  
 O'erlooks around the trampled grain,  
 Where oft the dying hero gazed.  
 'Bury me there at set of sun,  
 His latest words of abbing life :  
 'I may not see the triumph won,'  
 Nor mingle with the final strife.  
 If gloom awaits our path of fame,  
 I die before the ill befalls ;  
 These ears shall tingle not with shame,  
 Nor longer list when glory calls.  
 At set of sun in yon redoubt,  
 Lay me to rest as rest the brave.'  
 The flickering lamp of life went out,  
 And strangers' land must yield a grave.

Slowly in mournful march they wend  
 Their upward way to reach the tomb ;  
 Unwittingly the foemen send  
 Their shots around with heavy boom.  
 Peals sullenly the distant knell,  
 And the dread missiles hurtle by ;  
 No muttered tones of anger swell,  
 But grief and ire work silently.  
 They reach the height, commit their trust,  
 And silent round uncovered stand ;  
 While booming shots updash the dust  
 In clouds around the listening band.  
 Robed, and with dignity serene,  
 The man of God reads calmly on ;  
 No terror marks his quiet mien,  
 As hoarse responds the evening gun.  
 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust :'  
 Thus the solemn accents fall :  
 Earth receives the precious trust,  
 Evening saddens over all.  
 Pile the mound ! No living form  
 Nobler soul enshrines than he,  
 Now bequeathed the darkling worm,  
 Pride of British chivalry !  
 Flashing through the twilight gloom,  
 Lo, the volleyed honors roar !  
 Latest tribute at the tomb  
 War can o'er its victims pour.  
 All is done : there wait for thee,  
 Fallen chief ! no more alarms ;  
 But thy mourners soon must see  
 Shameful 'field of grounded arms.'

Years have trolled their changes by ;  
 Harvests oft have robed the plain ;  
 And the leafy honors high  
 Sigh no more above the slain.  
 Sons of aires who in the black,  
 Doleful days of 'seventy-seven  
 Rolled the tide of battle back,  
 Seeking hope and strength in heaven,  
 Wondering tread the storied ground,  
 And with glowing accents tell  
 How their fathers' victory found,  
 And the spot where FRAZER fell.  
 Gallant chieftain ! nobler song  
 Ought to speak thy honored name ;  
 But our sons, remembering long,  
 Worthier tribute pay thy fame !

## JOHN BULL IN HIS OWN PASTURES.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

AFTER the usual monotony of crossing the Atlantic ocean — with waves now rough, then smooth, fair winds and adverse ones, storm, calm, clouds, sunshine, with the other usual events on board of ship — we were greeted at the mouth of the river Mersey by the motley-colored spire of the church of Saint Nicholas; the saint being the patron of sailors, and the church the finest in the borough of Liverpool.

This spire, by the way, owes its variegated hues to no architectural design, or fantasy of decoration, but purely and simply to the hand of Time, and the neglect, if not of ages, yet certainly of a long lapse of years; for the discolored remnants of a different time of workmanship are so apparent, that stone-color of very varied hues, with fragments of a daub here and a daub there, with now and then a sheet or two of planished tin, a small attempt at fresco, and a smaller touch of gilding, with a huge rusty old weather-cock surmounting the whole, gives to this otherwise well-proportioned spire the patched-up and garbled appearance of a poverty and neglect by no means creditable to deacons, wardens, parish, people or priest.

By this time, perhaps, this venerable appendage to the church may have gotten a fresh daub of stone-color, for it must be borne in mind that we can speak only of the past; yet is Liverpool so remarkable now for its bad-conditioned churches, that the lampoon in an old play of the year 1600 is as applicable as ever:

*'BOTTEN and forgotten as a Leiverpools church,  
Parson, people, and beadle all left in ye lurch.'*

Our voyage, made in the good old original mode of sailing by canvas, was a rapid one, for the eighteenth day after leaving New-York we were landed at Liverpool, in the dominions of Her Majesty Victoria the First.

Without any formalities from custom-house officials — these being reserved for another day, and our luggage left on board — the passengers were immediately set on shore; and to effect this purpose, a steam-boat, blacker than 'Vulcan's stithy,' old, shattered, and filthy, was moored alongside our noble ship. This steam-boat, I imagined, must have been engaged in the colliery trade, for every part of her was begrimed with soot and smoke; the men, too, who managed her, were covered, hands, faces, and clothes, with coal-dust and lamp-black; and it was amusing to behold the well dressed American passengers, of both sexes, scudding over the rickety plank that was supported on one end by the bulwark of the ship, while the other was rigged by a rope to the steam-boat chimney, and presented a footing of very questionable security. Our passengers, all of them well dressed, and many of them too much so for the occasion, now ventured to tread the plank, then looked most despairingly at the clouds of black vapor in which they were enveloped, as they descended their narrow foot-hold in single file from the ship to the steamer:

then again their dismay at finding no chairs or means of sitting down, save only that of the black wooden benches, all covered with thick successive layers of smoke, dirt and dust that had become incorporated into a hard consistency ! The steamer, too, on loosing her hold of the ship, from some mismanagement — for he in command was tipsy — gave a most tremendous lurch, that brought several of its passengers flat upon the deck. However, the soiled garments, and fright were but trifles, for in a few minutes we reached the pier-stairs, up which we scrambled, and once more enjoyed that delightful sensation to a landsman, of pressing our feet upon the solid earth.

Furnished with many addresses, we now took leave of our fellow-passengers and separated, each as fate might lead him. A better theatre than a ship for the study of all the virtues that dignify our nature could not well be chosen ; and generally speaking, the companionship of fellow-passengers is an agreeable one : people thus thrown together at once break through the restraining conventionalities of ceremony, and become suddenly sociable. Yet, strange too as it may seem, there are few passages made across the ocean without some disagreements ; for men, like tigers, are rarely ever cooped up together without showing their teeth.

Unless pressed by the importunities of important business, there are few occasions on which we are more disposed to be idle than in the days immediately subsequent to landing after a sea-voyage : there is a listlessness about us, bodily and mental, nay, a very sense of weariness, though our preceding voyage has been spent in sheer idleness and time-killing, for no man can be industrious at sea ; still there is always an inaptitude for occupation, seeming as if it took a little time to renew again our acquaintance with mother earth ; our limbs feel fatigued and move more clumsily than was their wont ; our minds are, as it were, out of joint, and over-much thinking is a burden ; we shun exercise, and sleep enormously.

But the necessities of our nature are now-a-days many and important, and there are few things of life more so than is the luggage, inseparable from him who travels. So on the third day of our arrival — our ship being housed in the Waterloo dock — after running the gauntlet through a train of tide-waiters, bargemen, boatmen, excise-officers, searchers, inspectors, weighers, gaugers, handlers and feelers, with their thousands of deputies, our two trunks and carpet-bags, hat-case and umbrella, were permitted to pass into the possession of their legal owner, on his payment of the sum of eight shillings and eleven pence halfpenny to the revenue of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. We could never ascertain what the excisable articles were. A few old books, English editions, too, returning to their native land, were carefully weighed in the balance and mulcted in the sum of two shillings and four pence ; a music-box, too, had to pay its share, as did also an unfinished case containing three bottles of claret wine, a rocking-chair, and a jar of apple-sauce.

The officials about English custom-houses are rude, burly kind of men, who, in the pride of their petty authority, pull the effects of luckless passengers about, oftentimes to their no small injury, and clutching at a suspected box, parcel or bundle, play off their bull-dog tricks as if they had really nabbed so much concealed treason. On the present occasion, our trunks were no sooner passed over to us, than a horde of ruffianly-looking fellows beset us with, 'Remember the porter, Sir !' 'Please your honor,'

says another, 'I'm the bargeman.' 'Summut to drink your honor's health,' screams a third. 'Tide-waiter, Sir.' 'Boatman, Sir.' 'This way, your honor:' all shouting and screaming, pulling you this way and that, until, wearied and annoyed with insolence and extortion, one is compelled to elbow himself through them, and literally to pay away with both hands in no very mild manner. The carman, who takes your luggage in a huge cart, piles in the same vehicle that of as many other passengers as he can get; and unless you go with him yourself over perhaps two-thirds of the town as he delivers each at their respective addresses, you will probably find yourself minus a hat-case, carpet-bag, or something else, as the case may be. This happened to two of our fellow-passengers, who, trusting to the honesty of the carman, found that their umbrellas and hat-cases were among the missing. These, to be sure, are among the common annoyances of those who travel, but in Liverpool they exist to a greater extent perhaps than in any other city in Christendom. No city in Europe has so large a share of travellers arriving by water as Liverpool; hence there are constantly plying about those newly arrived, harpies who live, support families, get rich, and are of course respectable; for above all places, is wealth here respectability, though attained by the tolerated system of knaveries that are practised upon the ignorant and careless.

Behold us domiciled in lodgings, the usual mode of living throughout England. It is pleasant, somewhat domestic, and very unsociable. In engaging your rooms, the services of the servant to the family are generally included, to attend to keeping them clean, and also to do your cooking, go to market, run of errands, take in messages, and look after the thousand other affairs that come within the duties of a servant of all work. For these duties, in addition to the stipulated rent paid for your rooms, it is customary to give the servant some gratuity when you leave. This mode of life, much less pleasant than our American boarding-houses, is certainly for families more economical than the hotels. Lodging-houses of every condition abound in Liverpool, and it was our fate to be the inmate of an excellent one in Slater-street, near Bold-street, the fashionable quarter.

Comfortably established in our own household, with many strong predilections in favor of England, with abundance of leisure, and yearning to be pleased, there was in our bosom a satisfactory sensation of delight, that we were in the land of the mighty, the intellectual: there was an honest sense of pride in the thought of its great glory, claiming as we do descent from its people; its domestic, political and legislative institutions; the abode of genius, of science and the arts; a land that for ages had been the model and prototype for all Christendom, and whose various advances in every department of art and knowledge had been the wonder no less than the envy of foreign nations. These, and similar reflections, connected with others of a domestic nature, had led us with many strong affections toward England as our future land of choice and dwelling-place on earth. We premise these remarks as showing a disposition to take things as we found them, and with a willingness to be pleased, without a too keenly fastidious taste to find fault with the cut of our coat, quarrelling with our bread and butter, or growling at the incidental good things we now and then met with.

That there is a reverse side to the good things of England as well as other lands is most indisputable, and some of the prominent ones that beset the sojourner there, we hold it fair and just faithfully to describe. We had the good fortune to bring with us sufficient and good letters, securing to ourself thereby many of those gracious acts of hospitality which English people so well know how to perform. As the proverb of 'judging a man by the company he keeps' is to some extent not without its value, we should, in good faith to our readers, inform them that we had no introductions to royalty or to its attending satellites, princes, dukes or lords. On these, then, their habits, manners, or modes of life; their splendid palaces, equipages and banquets; their degrees of rank, from simple knighthood up to royalty itself, with all the intervening conditions and phases of that most factitious of all things, noble blood; on these, then, we repeat, it is no more our intention to dwell, than it is upon the pedigree and rank of their horses and hounds. With many of the distinguished professional men, divines, counsellors, physicians, and philosophers; with merchants, tradespeople, and mechanics; with many worthy people in the ordinary pursuits of life, we had that extensive intercourse that will never be forgotten. To many of these, too, we feel grateful for much information and kindness; and many individual recollections now in our mind, are more important than a knowledge of the value of a dukedom or the jewels that glitter in a crown.

Liverpool, that immense mart of commerce, where the ships from all quarters of the navigable globe do centre, and pour forth their cargoes, is a corporate borough town, situated at the point of the river Mersey where it empties into the sea. It is governed by a mayor, bailiffs, recorder, sixteen aldermen, forty-eight councillors, clerks, and enough other subordinate officers to do all the municipal business. It sends two members to Parliament. And thus much for its government. Its early history and name is involved in obscurity and much silly fable. Some historians contend that the etymology of its name is derived from a bird called the liever, that used to abound on the river, coming there at stated periods to drink from a pool; and hence the name Liever or Liver-pool. Most unfortunately, however, for this tradition, although the corporation still retains the bird in its signet, its existence, like that of the phoenix, is purely fabulous. Yet so great is the belief in this origin, that a member of the city corporation assured us of its truth; and insisted farther, 'that there must 'ave been formerly such a hanimal as a dragon; for otherwise, 'ow could Saint George 'ave conquered 'im? and, Sir, if 'e 'ad not conquered 'im, 'ow could 'e be so represented on the coin of the realm?' Here, to be sure, was the *argumentum non disputandum*. Still, notwithstanding the argument of the learned alderman, naturalists are so perverse and obstinate as to refuse the liever a place in their classification, and assign it a rank with the dragons, unicorns, phoenixes and mermaids, and such-like outlandish and unknown monsters.

The great commercial prosperity of Liverpool is of rather modern date; for we find that in the year 1570 it contained only one hundred and forty houses, and but two hundred and twenty-three tons of shipping.

Apart from its immense commercial relations, Liverpool has but few objects of interest, and except to mercantile men, is by no means an

attractive place of residence. There are to be sure a number of very fine buildings here, among which the Town Hall and the Exchange are the most prominent.

The warehouses here are as old and ugly as decay and time can make them. To be sure, for the mere purpose of storing goods, elegant buildings are by no means necessary; yet if we compare the same things in America, we cannot but be struck with the superior convenience and beauty of the warehouses and stores that are to be found in Boston, New-York, and many other cities in the United States.

The docks of Liverpool, far more than its churches, make the great glory of the place. These are immense walled dépôts furnished with huge gates in which the ships on arriving are enclosed. Here they all lie packed very close together, with their yards and rigging interlocked with one another, so as to present an appearance of all being inextricably united together. The Prince's Dock is the largest, in which the American liners generally lie. The vessels enter the docks at proper times of the tide through huge gates, under the management and direction of the Dock-Master, a most important functionary, and one, too, who enjoys a fat salary: his office is to direct the entrance, appoint suitable places for the ships, beside various other duties, such as the berthing, changing, and departure of each ship. No fire for cooking or other purposes is allowed on board of any vessel while in dock, under a very heavy penalty; and the sailors are consequently compelled to live on shore during the stay in dock, often at serious inconvenience. Liverpool abounds in charitable institutions and hospitals of every description; yet beggary, squalid, loathsome and disgusting, meets one at every turn.

At the upper part of the town, on a gentle rise of ground, we come to the principal public promenade, called St. James's Walk. It is arranged with some taste and neatness, the walks gravelled, and the shrubbery in better preservation than the flowers. It is not, however, a place of much resort, being situated at one end of the town, a long distance from the thickly-populated portion: with the exception of a stray nurse or two, with a few consumptive children, it is generally as lonely as a desert. But then the climate of England, now too in the month of June, is about as cold and raw as a down-east April, and presenting but small inducement to walk for pleasure.

Passing through this walk, we come to St. James's Cemetery. This is indeed a beautifully-arranged repository for the dead. It occupies the site of a stone quarry, a part of which has been excavated for its present purpose. At the entrance stands on one side the sexton's house; we enter the enclosure through an archway cut out of the rock, and winding in its passage by a gently-descending slope to the level of the burial-place below, while above and around are many fine large trees, of a deep green foliage, intermingled with shrubbery, and occasionally a cypress or tall pine-tree, waving their leaves in seeming harmony with the solemn purposes of the place. A funeral procession entered the cemetery, and the mournful pageantry, preceded by a venerable clergyman reading the impressive Service for the Burial of the Dead, presented a most picturesque and solemn scene, impressing forcibly on the mind the truth of the line:

'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'



At the end of the cemetery nearest to Duke-street stands the oratory. It is placed upon a rock, and on one side is thirty or forty feet above the level surface of the burial-place. It is a neat building of the Doric order, and made after the model of some Grecian temple. Its interior is fitted up in a judicious and impressive manner, and the ceremony of the consecration of the grounds for their present purpose was performed by the Lord Bishop of the diocese. There are a great number of pretty monuments scattered about, but it would add much to their solemn influences if there was less fulsome and indiscriminate praise of the individual who rests below. Some writer justly observes, that he only wished the world contained as many affectionate husbands and wives and dutiful children as we read of on the tomb-stones of every church-yard. And then, too, how often do we find all solemnity shocked by the doggerel of some village moralist. In France there is attached to all the burial-grounds a 'Bureau des Inscriptions,' to regulate and correct the epitaphs, none being allowed that are in decidedly extravagant or ludicrous taste. Some office of this kind is much needed in England, where more ribaldry is to be found cut deep in stone and marble, than in any other land in all Christendom. But few, to be sure, of this description are to be found in the cemetery we allude to; but then even here the false spelling and old see-saw doggerels with which many pretty monuments are defaced are truly disgusting. A very universal custom here — and it strikes us as rather an odd one — is to inscribe upon the tomb-stone, at the same time that it commemorates the virtues of the defunct, the particular trade or calling for which he was famous while an inhabitant of upper air. Of what importance it can be to be told in epitaph that the departed Mr. Snooks was an excellent blacksmith, or that the lamented Mr. Green was a clever stone-mason, we are at a perfect stand-still to discover: it might do well enough as a sign-board announcement for the living, but seems quite out of place 'after life's fitful fever' is over; yet this custom is universal in all English church-yards, burial-grounds, and depositories for the dead.

Near the centre of the cemetery there is an ill-proportioned hectagonal building, enclosing the statue of the distinguished statesman, the late Mr. Huskisson. His mortal remains were deposited beneath. This ugly building has on one side a small half-glass door; and it is only by peeping through the unwashed, dirty panes of small glass, that the visitor is permitted an imperfect glance of this most beautiful statue. It stands upon a pedestal of white marble; and the resemblance that it bears to the original in life is said to be most striking.

This shameful spirit of hiding elegant monuments from the public sight is strongly characteristic of the English people: with very few exceptions, every thing in the way of art is carefully shut up from the public, and can only be seen by a long routine of application to one functionary or another, or else by a system of feeling that is no less disgraceful than it is illiberal.

To return to our subject. It will be recollected by many that Mr. Huskisson, one of the cabinet ministers of England, met with his death by an accident on the Liverpool and Manchester Rail-road, on the day it was first opened to the public, in the year 1830. The injury that befell him was a compound fracture of the thigh-bone, or, as the surgeons

technify it, a comminuted fracture, by which the bone is broken into small pieces; in this case the ends of the fractured bone were protruded through the flesh of the thigh, and the hemorrhage was frightful. This terrible disaster happened at what is now called the Parkside station, about seventeen miles from Liverpool. There are three distinct notches that were cut in the rail on the precise spot where the accident happened, and on the stone-wall close by is a large marble slab sunk in the wall, and bearing the following inscription:

**This Tablet,**

**A TRIBUTE OF PERSONAL RESPECT AND AFFECTION,**

**HAS BEEN PLACED HERE TO MARK THE SPOT WHERE, ON THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, IN THE YEAR 1830, THE DAY OF THE OPENING OF THIS RAILWAY,**

**THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM HUSKISON, M. P.,**

Singled out by the decree of an inscrutable PROVIDENCE from the midst of the distinguished multitude that surrounded him, in the full pride of his talents and the perfection of his usefulness, met with the dreadful accident that occasioned his death, which deprived England of an illustrious statesman, and Liverpool of its most honored representative.

There is another cemetery at the opposite end of the town, called the Necropolis. In this burial-place business is done on a more liberal scale, since here the particular religious opinions of the deceased are no objection to his interment. This degree of religious liberality to those not of the established church is quite rare in England, where the spirit of persecution and insult is often visited upon the poor remnants of mortality itself, as if the mouldering dust of those who differ from the established creeds of the land were a becoming subject for the petty vengeance of a nation. We remember to have met a tomb-stone on the side of a public road, placed there over the remains of a Jew, who was not allowed interment in any consecrated ground:

‘The last sad vengeance that the state could take.’

But a short walk from the Necropolis, passing from the dead men to the living beasts, we reach the Zoological Gardens. They occupy a very large space of ground, and are well arranged, with gravel walks bordered by pretty and well-scented flowers, with thick shrubberies, fine young trees, and little ponds of water, to the surface of which little consumptive red fishes now and then pop, hoping from the visitor a crumb of bread. The menagerie contains a well-selected assortment of caged-up animals, lions, tigers, panthers, bears, wolves and monkeys, with the other rare beasts usually met with in such places. During the summer season and on certain other particular occasions, concerts are given here, and pitiful efforts are sometimes attempted at an illumination. A few spare strings of variegated colored lamps are suspended from tree to tree, with here and there a light about as large as an ordinary tallow candle of six to the pound; then, for what are called fire-works, some half a dozen unambitious rockets, that hardly rise, with a few dim squibs, lighted only to make one feeble hiss and expire; then, again, a very faint cannon-ding, with a flash or two of gunpowder, three candle-stuffers, with turbans on their heads and swords in hand, running about and smashing at each other in front of a paste-board castle, make up what was styled the grand spectacle of the storming of Seringapatam and the death of Sir John Moore! Sir John Moore and Seringapatam! Genius of history, where art thou!

However, all these things together, with the lion's roar, the chattering of the monkeys, the hyena's howl and braying of the jackass, made up on the whole one of the most extraordinary medleys that can be conceived; while outside the gate a huge boy, dressed in a red jacket and a bit of coarse white cotton cloth twisted round his head, his face grimed with soot and ringing a bell exclaiming, 'Valk up and see! sixpence the grand hillumination — tuppence the bears.'

That this is considered no small affair in the way of a show, may be understood from the extravagant expressions of delight from crowds of well-dressed people that flock to see, and from the remarks that incidentally drop from their lips. A worthy English merchant, by whom we were accompanied, as we came out together, exclaimed :

'Ah, Sir, don't you think this is uncommon nice? Upon my word, it was wonderful! — dear me! And 'ow them lions roared! must 'ave strong cages for them fellows. Ah! I suppose you never saw nothink like this in America, Sir?'

The reply was, of course, 'No, never.'

#### A N S W E R E D P R A Y E R .

A CHILD,

With full blue eyes and softly clustering hair,  
An orphan, by the flinty-hearted world  
Forgot, one evening in the dewy light  
And calm serenity of the blessed stars,  
Knelt to her MAKER. She had learned to pray,  
Catching deep, holy whispers from the lips  
Of her sweet mother; and while now she prayed,  
Large tears of grief and bitter loneliness  
Welled from the hidden fountain of her heart.

She prayed: and, like some wingéd dream, her prayer  
Flew upward to the throne of God, and HE  
Received it to His bosom; and there came,  
Mingled with star-light, a soft, inaudible  
Reapouse, that filled her soul with balmiest hope;  
And, burdened with the excess of the new feeling,  
She sobbed herself to sleep.

The morrow came,

With gilded morn, and song of early birds,  
And bubbling of the joyous rivulet;  
And with it also came an angel form,  
That wakened this poor child with tenderest kisses;  
Took her from want and tearful loneliness,  
And was a mother to her.

Then she prayed

With a full heart of gratitude, so long  
As on the earth she walked, and ever said,  
And taught her children thus to say,  
'Our HEAVENLY FATHER, blessed be THY NAME!'

## FLATTERY, FRIENDSHIP, AND LOVE.

ONCE — 't is no matter when — a fay  
 (Another ARIEL, authors say,  
 In gentle girlhood's likeness dressed)  
 A little parchment book possessed,  
 Upon whose leaves of spotless white  
 Did Flattery, Love, and Friendship write.  
 First, in a fair Italian hand,  
 These verses witching Flattery penned :  
 'There's not a fay in fairy land,  
 There's not a nymph by DIAN kenned,  
 Whose vaunted beauty would, my fair,  
 With thy rich loveliness compare.  
 Thy mind is mirrored in thy face ;  
 Its charms I will not seek to trace,  
 Lest Justice should not have her due,  
 Nor half thy worth be brought to view.  
 Envy must own, and Truth proclaim,  
 Perfection ought to be thy name.'

The quill next smiling Friendship took,  
 And thus *she* wrote within the book :  
 'My fair, may gladness e'er as now  
 Sit throned upon thy lovely brow :  
 Although between us seas should roll  
 Wide as the space 'twixt pole and pole,  
 Though high you sit, though low you be,  
 This aye will be my prayer for thee.  
 And oh ! should aught of ill e'er seek  
 To pale the roses on thy cheek,  
 My care 't will be to soothe the pain,  
 And make those roses bloom again.  
 The world may shun thee, and deride,  
 Yet Friendship will not leave thy side.

Love next advanced ; he grasped the book.  
 Cast toward the fair an ardent look,  
 Then touched by Hope, who chanced to be  
 That moment gliding noiselessly  
 Along the way, he traced these lines :  
 'By every star in heaven that shines,  
 By every power that rules above,  
 I love thee, nymph, thee only, love !  
 Thee at my side, oh ! life to me  
 One long bright day of joy would be.  
 Permitted in thy smiles to bask,  
 Light, light would seem the heaviest task.  
 Should changeful Fortune ever lower,  
 I ne'er should heed the frowning power ;  
 Of such a gem as thee possessed,  
 I never could be aught but blest !'

The nymph then taking up the book,  
 On Flattery's page first chanced to look .  
 Though well the little fairy knew  
 That Flattery's words were all untrue,  
 Yet, while she read them, one could spy  
 A laugh of pleasure round her eye.  
 Next glaced she to the leaf which showed  
 The lines that Friendship's hand bestowed

'Oh, nymph!' she said, 'were't not for thee,  
A dreary desert life would be!  
Our joys would joys no more remain,  
Our ills would be acuter pain.  
Oh, what a dismal cave the breast,  
Shouldst thou refuse to be its guest!  
Though Flattery's voice is sweet, I own,  
Thine, thine hath a far sweeter tone.'

The fair, from legends old we learn,  
Did next to Love's warm verses turn.  
She read; she blushed, and then she smiled:  
Those looks declared the words had wiled  
Her little heart: she read them o'er  
Again, and blushed and smiled once more.  
The heart found free from Love's soft chain,  
True love will rarely fail to gain:  
This to herself the nymph confessed;  
Love caught her glance, and — both were blest!

## Sketch-Book of Mr. Meister Karl.

### CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

#### THE GAST-HAUS IN FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

'Or de reyse moet men doen als de bien, en niet als de spinne-coppen.' — FLEMISH PROVERB.

['Travellers should act like bees, and not spiders.']

'To what hotel, Sir?'

'To the first.'

Midnight — in Frankfort — at the beginning of the annual fair! I knew that all the Gasthäuser would be crowded, and application to at least a dozen would be necessary ere a room could be secured; as it indeed proved, for the '*Roman Emperor*' was full; the '*English*' and '*Russian Courts*' fuller; and the '*Schwan*' and '*Weidenbusch*' fairly overflowing. The landlords were in high feather, charging double prices, and happy as angels; while the waiters and police ran around busy as devils. Dim visions of hiring the *Lohnkutscher's* vehicle as a temporary residence, and eating wherever it might please God, flitted past the gate of my soul; but the coachman drove them away with the remark, 'If the Herr would not mind roughing it for the night, I could take him to a quiet little tavern near by: to-morrow may bring better things.'

On we went, up one street and down another, through court, lane, and alley, until I thought that the Cretan Labyrinth had come again. After *chasséing* all over the city, we stopped at the low door of a house whose overhanging stories and old-fashioned carvings indicated, if not respectability, at least age; while the double tin triangles which swung and creaked over the door, gave the usual German intimation of beer and schnapps.

'*Du lieber Gott!*' swore the stout little landlord, bustling to the door,

casting a wink of recognition to my driver. 'I have but one room left. Lieschen, see to the gentleman's trunk.'

A good-looking, black-eyed girl appeared, and shouldering my baggage, led me through a long, low-arched passage, across a court-yard, into the most singular-looking apartment I had seen for many a day. On three sides of the room boxes of cigars were evenly piled, so that not an inch of wall and but one window was visible. On the fourth or door-side stood a heavy little table, with two intensely-polished, black-brown oaken chairs, as supporters. Their high backs were formed like shields, in whose midst was the inscription, *L. v B. ANNO RDMPT. 1540*; an immensely high Flemish beer-tankard, its top surmounted by two affectionate angels, and its sides encrusted with all manner of Low-Country ornaments and hieroglyphs, stood upon the table, with three coffee-cups and as many gilt liqueur-glasses kneeling in adoration at its feet. Add to this a very German bed, with an ordinary mirror, and some highly-colored devotional prints hung against the wall, and you have my long-sought room.

With some little difficulty, I found my way into the large *speise saale*, or eating-room of the establishment, in which at a long table sat a party of solid-looking *Bürgers*, with their glasses and pipes. I assumed a chair among them, and began, as the Germans say, to '*orientiren*,' or conjecture the character of my new neighbors. They were all men of nearly the same caste — Frankforters and citizens. A fresh-looking, elderly gentleman, with purple cap and long gray locks, who was frequently addressed as '*Herr Professor*,' seemed to be the don of the party. But my researches were quickly stopped by a lively 'What would the gentleman be pleased to have?' from the landlord.

'Beef-steak, potato-salad, a bottle of Forster, Traminer, and — hold — a cigar. Don't say you have n't any, for I know the contrary.'

This allusion to my room called forth roars of laughter from the company, and a thousand apologies from the landlord, with a promise of speedy removal to a better.

'*Ei, was!*' cried my vis-à-vis. 'The landlord, it seems to me, most honorable Sir, has paid you a high compliment in thus embalming you, like a noble and costly vanilla bean, in his tobacco-box, as we call the room.'

This was evidently an old joke of the establishment, but I had been a Turk not to laugh.

'Permit me to wish you a very good appetite,' said my neighbors, bowing politely, as the supper and wine appeared.

The steak was good; the wine superb.

'Permit me to wish you a very good digestion,' exclaimed my friends, bowing as before, when Lieschen disappeared with the fragments.

This intensity of politeness served as oil to the wheels of conversation, which now revolved with wonderful celerity. The assembly was too gloriously and genially German to render a cigar advisable. Ordering another flask of Traminer, I hauled forth a mighty *meerschäum*, and in a few minutes was running high tides with the rest. *Gluck, gurgle* and *puff*. New supplies of beer, wine, and tobacco continually made their appearance, while the increasing rattle of conversation, and an occasional couplet sung in no sober tones, clearly indicated their influence. '*Hurra!*

*hurra! juchei! juvivallelala!* shouted one who seemed to have attained the very acme of excitement of which a German is capable. '*Meine Herren, ich bin — bin — besoffen!* Gentlemen, I confess intoxication; but let Herr Johann take his guitar, and strike up!' The landlord bowed, and taking down an old instrument from the wall, burst into a Low-Dutch camp-song, with which, however, the whole party seemed familiar, roaring out the refrain, and banging and clattering upon the table with their pipes and glasses, as if breakage was of no consequence. The song was as follows:

Wel, ANNE MARIËLSEN, waer gaet gy naer toe—toe?  
Wel, ANNE MARIËLSEN, waer gaet gy naer toe?  
— Ik gane naer buiten al by de soldaten.  
*Hopsasa, fahala — ANNE MARIE.*

Wel, ANNE MARIËLSEN, wat gaet gy daer doen — doen?  
Wel, ANNE MARIËLSEN, wat gaet gy daer doen?  
— Haspen en spinnen soldatjes beminnen.  
*Hopsasa, fahala — ANNE MARIE!*

Wel, ANNE MARIËLSEN, hebt gy er geen man — man?  
Wel, ANNE MARIËLSEN, hebt gy er geen man?  
— Heb ik geen man! Ik kryge geen slagen.  
*Hopsasa, fahala — ANNE MARIE!*

Wel, ANNE MARIËLSEN, hebt gy er geen kind — kind?  
Wel, ANNE MARIËLSEN, hebt gy er geen kind?  
— Heb ik geen kind! Ik moete niet zorgen.  
*Hopsasa, fahala — ANNE MARIE!*

#### ENGLISH.

And where are you going to, ANNE MARIE — RIE,  
And where are you going to, ANNE MARIE?  
— I'm off on the tramp to where soldiers encamp.  
*Hopsasa, fahala — ANNE MARIE.*

And what will you do there, my ANNE MARIE — RIE?  
And what will you do there, my ANNE MARIE?  
— I'll knit and I'll spin, a lover I'll win!  
*Hopsasa, fahala — ANNE MARIE!*

And seek you a husband, my ANNE MARIE — RIE?  
And seek you a husband, my ANNE MARIE?  
— Husband! oh, no! he might give me a blow.  
*Hopsasa, fahala — ANNE MARIE!*

Well, have you an infant, sweet ANNE MARIE — RIE?  
Well, have you an infant, my ANNE MARIE?  
— Infant I've none — I'm better alone.  
*Hopsasa, fahala — ANNE MARIE!*

Ending the song with a loud *hei hurrah*, the worshipful company clasped hands and danced madly around the landlord, who continued to beat his guitar and roar out the *hopsasa fahala* chorus. Staggering to their chairs, they resumed their places, calling loudly on a certain Herr Becker for the soldier's funeral oration!

Herr Becker, a quizzical-looking genius of forty, with his broad-brimmed hat cocked keenly down over his left eye, intimated his acquiescence by taking the head of the table; a proceeding greeted by such a thunderstorm of approval, that I feared lest my ears might give way. Nor was it until the ceremonies had fairly begun that I ascertained their reason. On a distant settee lay one of the reverend signors, very decidedly dead — drunk, and the survivors were now about to honor his memory with a funeral.

Captain Becker — for the funeral was to be done *en militaire* — with the largest carving-knife the house afforded, held sword-wise in his hand,

now gave the word of march. *Rat-tat-too, rat-tat-too*, the feet of the companions beat a death-march under the table, rapping meanwhile upon it with their fists. The Herr Professor trumpeted through his closed hand, while the Wirth performed something like military music upon his guitar. Not a smile was to be seen; all was done with an earnest and most German gravity.

'*Halt!*' roared the captain. 'Make ready, present, fire!' With the first word the company were silent; with the second all their chairs were tilted back on the hind-legs; and with *fire*, all came smacking together on the floor, with a crash which afforded no bad imitation of a discharge of musketry.

'*Aller Teufel!* Who's that firing out of time?' roared the captain, as one of the privates toppled heavily backward, and went down, chair and all, with a thump which shook the house to its foundations.

'*Potz donner wetter und sapperment!*' roared the recumbent; 'out of time! why, my gun's burst, and I'm maimed for life. Help, all good Christians—help!'

For the worthy man, wishing to produce an extra report, had indeed overloaded his piece by leaning too far backward. But he was speedily righted, and his wounds healed with a fearful draught of beer.

Then the captain, who had in his time made two sessions at Heidelberg as a student of *economie*, arose, and with great dignity harangued his company:

'Silence there, gentlemen and fellow-sinners! *In dulci jubilo*, I cry aloud; let the sight of yonder corpse stimulate you, if not to decency, at least to silence.'

Here the worthy man made a false step and had nearly fallen; recovering himself, he cried:

'*Gressus meos dirige*—oh direct my foot-steps! Let us not go astray, as yonder sinner went. *Parce servo tuo*. But a few hours since and he sat here sound as a sausage! *Ach, du lieber Gott, der war aber ein kreutz fider Kerl!* (but he was a glorious fellow!) and now—er *ist nicht mehr* (he is or eats no more) and drinks no more!'

Here the captain evidently became bewildered, and lost himself in a perfect chaos of slang and blasphemy, bursting at last into scraps of song, in the vain hope of starting a new train of ideas:

'Vinum bonum et suave,  
Bonis bonum, pravis prave,  
Cunctis dulcis sapor, ave,  
Mundana lætitia.'

'Wohl auf ihr gesellen in die tavern!  
Aurora luce rutilat,  
Ach lieben gesellen, ich trink so gern  
Sicut cervus desiderat.'

Understood by no one in the room save myself and the professor, who continually hammered the most frantic approbation on the table.

'Deus in adjutorium meum intende—e,  
Spoke a pretty little nun—oh, she was fair to see:  
*Inclinate capita vestra!*  
It happened in the carnival—*sectamus genua!*'

With these words he dashed a quart of beer over the face of the defunct, who thereupon sprung to his feet in a tremendous rage. A terrible



confusion ensued, and the climax of all noise seemed to be attained. Not caring to see more, and in truth slightly apprehensive that the same obsequies might, if I remained, be ere long performed over me, I seized a candle and departed to my cigar-walled room.

---

L I N E S :

CONTAINING A GLANCE AT THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

---

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

---

I.

TWELVE summer's flowers have bloomed and faded,  
 Since thou in all thy youthful beauty's pride  
 With one, the chosen of thy heart, beside thee,  
 Before the altar stood — a blushing bride :  
 What pen could paint thy young heart's fond emotion,  
 As thy sweet lips breathed out all tremblingly  
 The holy vows, which, registered in heaven,  
 Bind heart to heart with Love's most sacred tie !  
 Clasped in the fond embrace of thy heart's chosen,  
 No higher rapture could thy soul attain ;  
 Thy cup of bliss was full to overflowing,  
 For thou didst love — and thou wert loved again !

II.

Twelve summer's flowers have bloomed and faded,  
 Yet each returning summer's sun hath brought  
 New joys to thee, whose bloom is still unfading,  
 And life for thee with happiness is fraught :  
 Twelve summer suns have shone since thou wert wedded,  
 And thou a matron art, in life's bright prime ;  
 And as a rose is clustered, bloom around thee  
 Sweet buds of love — sweet images of thine !  
 These lovely flowers, in beauty now unfolding,  
 May sorrow's blasts ne'er blight, nor gloomy cares ;  
 And may their future promise be the brightest  
 A mother's heart can hope — a mother's prayers !

III.

Dear 'HERRY !' may the opening Future  
 Be bright to thee as all the Past hath been ;  
 And though old TIME may in his train bring changes,  
 Yet be his steps by thee unheard, unscen !  
 May Hope and Love e'er wait upon thy foot-steps,  
 And cull for thee their choicest, fairest flowers ;  
 And should thy heart, dear one ! know aught of sadness,  
 May it but make more sweet thy happy hours :  
 So may'st thou live, that when life's day is over,  
 And evening's gloom around thy path doth lie,  
 Thy happy spirit from this earth may sever,  
 To seek a blissful home beyond the sky !

## THE THREE-FOLD NATURE OF MAN:

A LEGEND OF THE ONEIDA INDIANS.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

THE world has recently been delighted with a new history of ancient Greece, but nothing is more surprising to literary novices than the enlargement of minute detail which history acquires as it advances from the period of the recorded occurrences. Such novices innocently suppose that a modern historian can accomplish no more than to collect diligently the narratives of the original actors and their contemporaries; but this is as great a mistake as it would be to suppose that Milton could narrate nothing of Paradise but what he found in the Bible. Any historian is permitted to dilate to the extent of his imagination, provided he says nothing that contradicts authenticated records or established characters; just as a man who purchases a mummy at Cairo may exhibit it at Boston as a priestess of ancient Thebes, or as the wife of Potiphar; but should the mummy prove to have been fabricated, or, even if genuine, prove to be the remains of a man, the exhibition will over-step the license of genius, and be condemned as an imposition. When Psalmanazar, some century ago, pretended to be the native of a hitherto unknown country, whose history and language he invented and published, he was, on detection, stigmatized as a cheat; though the same nonsense, had he published it without a false personation, might have descended admiringly to posterity, with the adventures of Robinson Crusoe or the travels of Gulliver. The man Ireland, who pretended to have found some unpublished plays of Shakspeare, lost by the fraud all the merit of having written dramas which were mistaken for Shakspeare's, and was known only as a detected liar. We commend the conjuror who admits that his tricks are sleight-of-hand, while we imprison the fortune-teller who performs kindred tricks as veritable necromancy. Still, a man who employs a fiction as a sort of intellectual condiment, is not compelled to announce its imaginative origin, any more than 'Snug the joiner' was bound to assure his audience that he was not a real lion. But the partition is not always obvious between the tweedle-dum that is allowable and the tweedle-dee that is disreputable; and a rule by which the boundaries between them can be clearly defined is yet a desideratum in literature.

Happily, our tale needs no such demarcation, for its verity will be sufficiently apparent to judicious readers, and such are all who read the *KNICKERBOCKER*. We shall therefore only premise farther, that the Oneida Indians were quite numerous at the commencement of the present century. Their play-ground was called the Oneida Castle, but why called a castle we know not, for no castle existed at the era of our narrative. The place was situated some twenty miles west from Utica, and to visit it constituted one of the prime recreations of the early inhabitants of the Central City, and one of the curiosities to which they always hospitably invited their visitors from Connecticut and other old settlements; not omitting to

rest by the way at Lard's celebrated half-way tavern, and to dine at Wemple's, near the Castle. The Indian play-ground was an extensive unenclosed quadrangular lawn, which was kept closely mown, or it was so constantly trodden as to assume such an appearance. Through the grounds ran, within deep banks, the wild waters of Oneida creek; and, except the trees which lined both sides of these banks, no tree could be seen on the play-ground, not even to shade spectators and loiterers; which peculiarity from the surrounding country, and a total absence of all stumps and under-brush, constituted an abiding curiosity to all beholders. But the greatest attraction of the place consisted in seeing the young warriors play a species of racket, with ball and clubs, while the fathers of the tribe were lounging on the green-sward, and by an occasional guttural interjection, peculiar to Indians, indicating their interest in the agility of the players, as they chased a stricken ball in its aerial course, arrested it by their racket, and hurled it back to some concerted goal. Indian women constituted no portion of the spectators, but they might be seen in distant enclosures, hoeing the forthcoming corn, and often each with an infant hanging at her back, laced so as to be immovable, in a sort of fancifully-decorated perpendicular cradle, made of bark, and ornamented with beads and paint.

The chief of the tribe was named Schonandoah, and was exceedingly old; a relic of the pristine man of the forest, before Indians had become physically degenerated by the fire-water of the whites, or intellectually humbled by a knowledge of the superior skill of civilization, or morally depraved by its communicated vices. He was a tall man, still erect in stature, and apparently venerated by his subjects; but more assiduously attended, in true patriarchal style, by his grandchildren, and perhaps remoter descendants. To visit the old chief in his wigwam was a part of the programme of every pleasurable excursion to Oneida; while he was pleased with the interest thus manifested toward him, mistaking probably for respect to his kingly power what was simply curiosity at his extreme senility. With a pride characteristic of pure Indians, he never condescended to speak English, or to admit he understood it; but aware of the tribute-money which was generally paid by his gay visitors, he was always attended by an Indian to receive it, and who also interpreted the short colloquies that the visits occasioned. Like all old men, Schonandoah delighted to talk over the incidents of the past; and when strangers seemed inquisitive as to the history of the Indians, the old chief would recount various legends, which, had they been collected and preserved, would have embodied traditions that are probably lost now for ever. One narrative has escaped the common oblivion. It seems to evince a knowledge, not too extensively known by white men, of the three-fold nature of man, physical, moral, and intellectual, making him a kind of triune being; or in other words, a being who combines in one person the three distinct and inconvertible properties of intellect, physical motion, and passion. The story may have constituted a sort of moral allegory, though it was always related as a history of the tribe; for like other rude nations, Indians seem ambitious of a supernatural origin. In repeating the story, we shall take the liberty of anglicizing the mythological Indian machinery; just as, if we had occasion to speak of God, Physician, and President, we

would use those words, rather than misrepresent the intelligence of red men by translating (as is usual) the Indian names for these ideas or persons into the childish equivalents of Great Spirit, Medicine Man, and Great Father :

### *The Story.*

DURING one of the predatory excursions of a party of the Agoneseah Indians, they fell into an ambuscade of the Satanas, with whom they were almost constantly at war, and the Agoneseah were all killed, excepting one woman, who by good fortune had been left some hours behind on the trail, to pack up and bring on a quantity of dried venison. She arrived, staggering under her load, in time to escape the massacre, and to discover that she alone remained of the busy party who had parted from her in the morning dawn. With true Indian fortitude, she resolved to make the best use she could of her situation ; and judging accurately that the Satanas no longer occupied the vicinity around her, she determined to abide there till some chance might bring thither another party of her friends, or she might seek them more securely than she could at present. She soon sheltered herself by the construction of a wigwam, hung around it the venison in her possession, and leisurely made a bow and some arrows, to procure farther sustenance as the occasions therefor should offer. After living unmolestedly thus during several years, she gradually became fond of the exemption which she enjoyed, for the first time in her life, from the slavery which Indian habits impose on woman ; and she resolved to end her days in the solitary independence which PROVIDENCE had created for her. Time, however, brought with it infirmities, and as she felt their increasing pressure, she lamented that she possessed no daughter to relieve the tedium of solitude, and to succeed her in the procurement of venison after she should become disabled by debility. As she indulged these reflections, she became unhappy at the want which her imagination had created. Her unhappiness increased, as usual, with its indulgence, till she wept often and much, that she possessed no daughter. But she at length became satisfied that crying was not the proper remedy in such a case, and she began to turn her efforts into the wiser direction of devising some means by which her great want could be relieved. The moment her thoughts took this practical direction, she recollected the traditions acquired during her childhood, and which peopled every secret and curious place with supernatural beings, who busied themselves in satisfying the desires of favorite devotees. Just such a place lay in her vicinity, screened from view by trees, whose branches seemed to know so well the mysteries they were formed to conceal, that no light ever penetrated the enclosure, except a gloomy haze, which exhibited a spring of water, swift, pellucid, and phosphorescent, that gushed from the earth toward a deep basin formed out of solid rock at the bottom of a deep declivity. She had suspected that this spring was inhabited by supernatural spirits, for while it was intensely cold in summer, it was never arrested by frost in winter, and was rarely resorted to by deer, who seemed alarmed at its roar. The water that she drank was always procured from another source, and she never passed the spring without a devotional feeling, which began to assume much intensity. To this

spring, therefore, she determined to resort. Having waited for a night when the moon was at its full, but so obscured by clouds as to be invisible, (that was the propitious period,) she issued from her cabin and glided slowly toward the indicated spot; though the solemnity of her mission filled her with trepidation. She persisted, however, and parting the thick boughs which screened the source of the gushing stream, she bent over the projecting bank, and throwing into the water a lock of her hair as a propitiatory sacrifice, and three good arrows as an offering, besought the spirits of the spring to be favorable to her wishes. A blast of wind shook the trees, the water sparkled in its descent, while a soft whisper seemed to say, 'Go home, Catena; you shall have a daughter.' The poor woman was exceedingly delighted, but lest her senses might be suffering under a delusion, she again said, 'Oh! spirits of the rushing spring, give Catena a daughter!' 'Go home, woman; you shall have a daughter,' was again the response, but in a loud voice, that indicated some displeasure. She became alarmed lest she had unwittingly omitted some ceremony, and created offence where she had intended nothing but devotion; she therefore said again, 'Oh! spirits of the spring, Catena would only have a daughter!' 'Go home!' replied the voice, louder than before; 'you shall have a daughter with a vengeance!'

The woman was frightened; but being sure of a daughter, she retraced her steps toward home, as she had been commanded; but when she approached her wigwam, which on her egress she had carefully closed to keep out wolves, that occasionally prowled around at night to steal her venison, she found the entrance unclosed. She entered with true Indian stealth, not knowing what she might encounter; but instead of an enemy, she found on the floor three interesting little female pap-pooes. Each was swathed in an Indian upright cradle, ornamented with hieroglyphics, by which she knew that one of the girls was named *Intellecta*, another *Appetita*, and the third *Limbina*. 'A daughter with a vengeance!' said Catena, repeating the malediction with which she had been dismissed from the spring; but if the evil was to extend no farther than to give her three daughters, she felt rather benefited thereby than injured, and inferred, perhaps correctly, that as she had repeated her supplication three times, the three-fold response had occasioned three infants instead of one. Something wrong about the children was, however, soon suspected by the foster-mother, for *Appetita* was the only one of them that could eat; *Limbina*, the only one that could move its limbs; and *Intellecta*, the only one that possessed a tongue or could utter words.

When poor Catena fully ascertained the organization of her offspring, she regretted that she had ever prayed for a daughter. Why could not a human being receive a benefit once without an attendant evil? She accordingly cried over the calamity of mankind, and over her own particular calamity; and probably would have soon become so weary of the cares which the children imposed, that the consequences to them might have been tragical, had nature not come to their aid by creating in Catena maternal feelings, that gradually made the children's happiness identical with her own. Like all fairy productions, the children grew rapidly, and *Limbina*, after a few years, was able to assist her mother in the care of *Intellecta* and *Appetita*, who could not move of themselves.

Limbina would roll them about the floor, and eventually lift them from place to place, and carry them into the open air. But the mother had long discovered, that though Limbina possessed the power to be thus useful, she would never move hand, foot, or body, unless one of the sisters commanded her; indeed, she seemed unable to understand the commands of any other person. Appetita possessed more influence in this respect than Intellecta, though Appetita could not articulate words and Intellecta could speak fluently. When, however, Intellecta chose to speak authoritatively, as was occasionally her custom, she was implicitly obeyed by both Limbina and Appetita.

One day in summer the mother determined on taking a rather long stroll through the woods to collect ginseng-root, which she was fond of chewing, and accustomed to dry for use during the winter. She entreated Limbina to keep the door closed during her absence, not to move her sisters where they could be hurt, and to be especially careful not to disturb the embers which had been covered with ashes, after having been used in cooking the family breakfast, with many other directions which a careful old woman usually thinks necessary to give her volatile daughters before leaving home. The mother might, however, as well have spoken to a log of wood, for Limbina neither heeded the commands nor heard them. The mother, therefore, was scarcely out of sight before Limbina took up the children, at the command of Appetita, and strolled with them over a small patch of planted corn in search of strawberries, which grew wild in the vicinity. In this excursion the corn became trodden down and broken; but when the girls were carried back to the wigwam by Limbina, Intellecta discovered that Limbina had omitted to shut the door, and that the wind had kindled the embers left of the morning fire. The fire scorched and ruined a quantity of deer-skins that had been carefully prepared for winter moccasins and other articles of clothing, and been placed by the mother where the smoke from the covered embers could dry them.

The mother returned before farther mischief had been consummated; but when she saw that her injunctions had been disobeyed, that her deer-skins were rendered almost worthless, that her corn had been trodden down, she lamented more fervently than ever that she had wished to procure a daughter; the foregoing events being but a specimen of the constant waywardness of Appetita and stupidity of Limbina. Intellecta escaped blame, because the mother knew that she never participated in disobedience, and always prevented it when she happened to be awake; but Appetita usually watched till Intellecta was asleep, before she induced Limbina to gratify her unruly desires.

Poor Catena cried till bed-time, and when she was in bed she cried till midnight, which is the period when unearthly spirits, of every kind, are permitted to visit human beings; and presently she heard a great shout of laughter, which caused her instinctively to raise her head and look around. The room was filled with a dim light, like the phosphorescence of water, and three little women, of whom the tallest was not an inch high, were dancing and shouting with an activity and noise that seemed wholly disproportioned to their diminutive bodies. When they had amused themselves till they were apparently exhausted, the shortest of

the three, but who seemed the most important of the group, hopped near to the old woman's cheek, and told her that they had been laughing at the trick which they had played her at the enchanted spring, in separating her daughter into the three constituent parts of a human being — the intellectual, physical and moral parts. But they had come to remedy the evil, and to unite the three into one person, and that the united parts should become just such a comfort as old age required.

In the morning Catena seemed to awake from a profound sleep; and seeing nothing supernatural around her, she began to suspect that the events of the night were a dream. Resuming the few simple articles which constituted all her dress, she walked sorrowfully out of her little cabin, to prepare, as usual, under the shade of an adjoining maple, some pounded corn for breakfast; but she found the corn already prepared, with an addition of ripe whortleberries and savory succotash. No body was visible but Limbina, who, running toward her mother, kissed her, and wished her good-morning. This was the first time that Limbina had ever spoken, and the voice sounded like that of Intellecta, while the kiss seemed the affectionate pressure of Appetita. 'How now!' exclaimed the astonished Catena; 'I am happy to hear you speak; but where are your sisters?' To this question Limbina could give no definite answer, except that three very little women had appeared before her in a dream, and said that hereafter she and her two sisters should occupy but one body; that the two sisters immediately disappeared, Intellecta seeming to jump up into Limbina's head, and to sink down into it, leaving nothing on it that could be felt externally but certain bumps, of various sizes, which she desired her mother to examine by way of confirmation. Appetita had seemed also to spring upward, but alighted on Limbina's breast, and then seemed gradually to vanish by dispersing herself therein, into Limbina's heart, gall, liver and spleen.

From this time Catena began to realize the comforts of possessing a daughter, while previously she had known nothing as a mother but solicitude and trouble. Appetita and Intellecta could still make their wishes known to Limbina; but she soon ascertained that the wishes and commands of Intellecta always led to good results, while the wishes and commands of Appetita were often productive of evil, especially when they were disapproved by Intellecta. Limbina, therefore, determined eventually that she would never obey Appetita till she first obtained the consent of Intellecta, who by such continual consultation lost all her former drowsiness, and became wakeful and active.

The old wigwam soon put on a new appearance of neatness, cheerfulness and abundance, for Limbina was self-denying of her own appetites, and sought only to make Catena happy. One day, when she was some distance from home, in pursuit of deer, she suddenly came upon the newly-formed camp of Indians, who were also in search of game. Limbina attempted to avoid them, but they had seen her, and escape became impracticable. The party proved to be under the command of a young chief, who was agreeably surprised when he discovered that Limbina could understand and speak the language of the Agoneaseah, which was his own nation. The interview resulted in a visit of all the party to the wigwam of Catena, when she recognized the warriors as

belonging to the tribe from which she had been separated. Her history was soon told, and tradition had preserved among the new generation, of which the present warriors were a part, an account of the ambush and battle that had been fatal to the companions of Catena, and in which she also was reputed to have been killed.

The meeting was gratifying to the old woman, though she wept afresh as she related the sad slaughter of the friends of her youth, and learnt from her visitors that by the progress of time, and the casualties of Indian life, most of the persons she had known among her tribe were no longer in existence. She refused, however, to return with the young warriors and leave the solitude which had become endeared to her by habit; though, with a disinterestedness which might have dignified any heroine of antiquity, she urged Limbina to accept the offer made by the young chief to receive her as his wife, and to take her with him to Schoharie, where the tribe resided. Limbina would not yield in generosity to her mother, and insisted on remaining with her, despite the utmost efforts of the young man to induce a change of resolution. Nothing therefore remained but to separate, or for him to remain with Limbina. Love induced him to adopt the latter alternative. He sent back to Schoharie the warriors who had accompanied him in the chase, but took up his own abode in the wigwam of Catena, with Limbina as his wife. Her conduct continued to be exemplary, and he never regretted his determination; and from them, in a direct line, though after several generations, descended Schonandoah, the old chief of Oneida; and from them also descended collaterally, and with various admixtures, the whole tribe of the Oneidas. The spring at which Catena invoked the aid of the fairies, or water-spirits, is still to be seen at the creek which runs through the Oneida Castle, though it no longer exhibits so large a gush of water as distinguished it during her day; but it, together with a large stone that used to be at the bottom of the declivity, (and which was lately removed with much solemnity to Forest-Hill Cemetery, at Utica,) were always respected by the tribe as relics of great historical interest; and a superstition was connected with them, to the effect that while the water continued to run and the stone to gravitate, every human being would be prosperous who subjected his appetites and actions to the control of his intellect. The water still runs, the stone still gravitates, and the moral prescription is said to be still effectual, though the simple people who rudely originated it are passed away for ever.

---

DUTY: AN EXTRACT.

— Yon path of greensward

Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion;  
There is no flint to gail thy tender foot,  
There 's ready shelter from each breeze or shower.  
But DUTY guides not that way. See her stand,  
With wand entwined with amaranth, near yon cliff.  
Oft when she leads thy head must bear the storm,  
And thy shrunk form endure heat, cold and hunger;  
But she will guide thee up to noble heights,  
Which he who gains seems native of the sky,  
While earthly things lie stretched beneath his feet,  
Diminished, shrunk, and valueless.



## THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

How can a wanderer, far astray,  
Discover where he missed his way,  
When phantoms mock his straining sight,  
And all the sky is black with night!

At early morn, with buoyant heart,  
They watched him from his home depart:  
The April sky was calm and bright,  
The clouds were touched with rosy light,  
And in the shadow of the dawn  
The fading moon-beams glimmered wan.

He said, it was a cloudless day,  
He could not miss his easy way;  
That long before the noon his eye  
The golden city would descry;  
And he beneath its turrets dwell  
Until the evening shadows fell. —

A moment, and the boy was gone  
Across the rising ground;  
And then his foot-steps mingled with  
The multitude around.

The tears upon his earnest face  
Too soon, alas! were dry;  
So full of wonders was the place  
That met his eager eye.  
The busy crowd swept to and fro,  
And sported on the track:  
Some onward ever seemed to go,  
And some were crowding back.

'The way is rough and hard,' they said,  
'We cannot climb the mountain's head,  
And know not if the rugged height  
Does not to other steeps invite.'

Again there came a goodly band  
Of youthful maidens, hand in hand:  
They stopped upon the neighboring green,  
And danced the stalwart oaks between.

'The day is long: this calm retreat  
Is sheltered from the noon-day heat;  
And when the sun is sinking low,  
Upon our journey we will go;  
For why is all about so fair  
If none were meant to linger there?'

At morn he listened to the young,  
And laughed and danced the gay among;  
And when the sun was over-head,  
He thought of what the elders said.

The mountain hourly seemed to grow  
 More distant to his weary gaze ;  
 And as he mused, the single path  
 Was hidden in the evening haze.

Far up a lofty pinnacle  
 Gleamed with fair and silvery light  
 A beacon and a sign of fear  
 Unto his unbelieving sight ;  
 For there the temple glimmered through  
 The darkness of the growing night.  
 A beacon — *yet the day was past,*  
 And all the valley deep  
 Was shadowed in the silence of  
 A never-ending sleep.

The mother standing at her door  
 Saw not her erring offspring more.  
 Nor did the Temple's opening gate  
 Receive the wanderer coming late.

SIOMA.

---

## SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

---

### NUMBER THREE.

---

ABOUT nine miles from the mouth of the Dande, on the left bank of the river, we saw one of the old store-houses or prisons for human cattle, while their owners were awaiting opportunities to ship them from the coast. As this was by far the most interesting object that we met with on our excursion, a description of it may not perhaps be uninteresting to whoever may chance to read the pages of this journal. The poor creatures were congregated during the day-time, in fine weather, in an enclosure about fifty feet square, having on two of its sides a kind of shed or pent-house to afford some protection from the intense heat of a burning sun at mid-day. Adjoining this enclosure, and opening into it by a strong door, was the prison or barracoon, where they were confined during the night and in rainy weather. The barracoon was fifty feet in length by twenty in width, and built with a stone wall four feet high, into which, three or four inches apart, were let strong palisades, ten feet high, the whole roofed over with cane and thatch of bamboo and Guinea-grass, affording ample protection from bad weather, at the same time admitting a free circulation of air to the unfortunate beings, who were without doubt often packed in here like herrings, by their inhuman owners.

As I wandered over this place, now, thank God! nearly in ruins, my fancy peopled it with the poor helpless Africans, as they were confined here previously to leaving their own loved land for the plantations of their future task-masters beyond the seas. What must have been their agonies and terror of soul and body, at being torn from all they held dear, their sufferings during the long wearisome march in chains from the

interior to the sea-coast, their utter desolation when given over to the hands of the slave-captain or his agent at the barracoon, forsaken by those even of their own race and color who lived on the sea-shore, without one cheering hope of better things in the future, and having but one wish — to die before being delivered over to that greatest of all hells on earth, the horrors of a slave-ship? It is well known that many preferred death, and were ready enough to obtain it at all hazards, and in spite of the strict watchfulness of the overseers, while awaiting shipment in the barracoons, rather than be sent on board the slaver, of which, alas! they had received too true an idea from their free countrymen about them. I have been told by slave-merchants on the coast, that in former times many deaths took place from determined voluntary starvation; but *now*, said one of these scoundrels, 'they are watched closely at their meals, and if each one does not eat the allowance, the overseer has their mouths forced open and the food stuffed down their throats, beside giving them a taste of the 'cats' for obstinacy.'

And here too, upon the borders of this beautiful stream, have these scenes of iniquity been perpetrated for years, and its pure waters and gentle current have borne many and many a canoe, as it came freighted with human flesh from the slave-prison on its banks to the slave-ship at its mouth!

One would naturally be led to inquire, if he were unacquainted with the details of the slave-trade, why such a place as this barracoon is left standing now, by the natives who live about here; why they do not purge the earth of such a foul stain, such a dismal monument of unavenged and horrible sufferings sustained for years by their countrymen, and raze it to the ground until not one stone stands upon another? The undoubted fact is, that in place of seeing it destroyed, nothing would please them better than to see it again in full operation, for the various tribes who inhabit the sea-coast are, and have been for many long years, not only favorable to the slave-trade, but they have been the medium through which the trade was carried on. These tribes, or many of them, are generally at war with the tribes in the interior, and being better supplied with the means of fighting by their intercourse with whites on the coast, they are very successful in their battles, and the prisoners which they take are sold to the white slave-dealer. The tribes of the interior, or 'bushmen' as they are called, also sell their captives taken in battle with each other to the tribes on the sea-coast, who in turn sell them to the owners of the barracoons. Had it not been for these native wars, the slave-trade would have long since died a natural death; and it is an undeniable fact that these wars are engendered, fostered and kept up for no other reason than the great inducement offered to the belligerent parties of selling their captives or slaves to the white slave-dealer. As the trade is broken up at any point on the coast, as it is here at the Dande river, the natives lose their principal means of support, and naturally become poor and miserable; and I have heard some of the head men among these natives at the Dande, old sinners grown gray in iniquity, mourn over the good old times gone, (I hope never to return,) when '*plenty ship come takee slave*;' and this slave-barracoon, and the house of the slave-dealer himself, which I omitted to mention stood at a short distance from it, will

stand here, so far as the natives are concerned, until time shall crumble them to dust.

We proceeded up the river for several miles farther, and stopped to dine under the shade of a large monkey bread-fruit tree, having come a distance of twelve or thirteen miles from the mouth. The country here was entirely open, with very few trees and those of a large growth, the banks low, free from mangrove, and landing effected quite easily at any point. Far off in the horizon we descried the blue tops of what appeared to be very high mountains; but, alas for the causes of science and geography! the natives knew nothing about them, and I am not speculative enough to advance even a hint that they might have been a part of the mysterious and unknown chain of the 'Mountains of the Moon.'

Finding nothing more to interest us in proceeding farther, and as the hour was getting late, as soon as we had taken dinner and washed it down with deliciously cool draughts of fresh cocoa-nut milk, we turned our boat's head round, and ran down quite rapidly with a two or three knot current in our favor to the mouth of the river, and from thence to the ship, where we arrived just at sundown, rather tired, but much pleased with our visit to Dande river.

During our stay at Dande Point, every facility was afforded by the Portuguese commandant for obtaining wood and water for the ship; and for the former, which he procured for us himself, he could hardly be prevailed upon to accept any payment. He wished to pay us, as the first Americans who had ever visited the place, the very substantial compliment of supplying all our wants gratuitously. We had an opportunity, while at his house one day, of observing with what an iron rule the Portuguese govern the natives in their African colonies.

Our launch had been sent on shore in the carpenter's charge to bring off our fire-wood, which had been collected and piled on the beach by the natives. An account was taken of the number of sticks, both by the carpenter and the sable fellow who had charge of it, as it was passed into the boat, and it seems that the accounts of the two did not agree, the carpenter making a less number than he had really received, and the other making the exact number that should have been delivered. In settling the payment for the wood with the commandant, the purser mentioned to him that by the carpenter's account the wood had fallen short of the amount agreed for; at which the black who had delivered the wood was sent for, and by the commandant's order lashed to a gun; a huge fellow made his appearance armed with a heavy 'cow-skin,' and the poor devil would have received a most terrible whipping had he not been begged off by our captain, who was present, and who suggested that the mistake might have been the carpenter's, instead of the poor fellow who was shivering and moaning with terror before them. This eventually proved to have been the fact, for in counting the number of sticks again on board the vessel, the darkey's number was found correct, and right glad were we that he had not been cruelly whipped for another's mistake.

On the thirtieth of October we got under weigh from Dande Point and went to sea; leaving the place, it must be confessed, with some reluctance, for as we are to stay so long on the coast, we know that we could have killed another week or two here very pleasantly; and I fully believe

it to be as interesting a place as we shall see on the coast, if the accounts of our friends in the other cruising vessels, many of whom have nearly completed their two years, are to be relied on.

Our run from Dande Point to the Congo river, which was the next place at which we made any stay, was enlivened by beautiful weather and fine breezes. We anchored one night at the trading post, Ambriz, but left early the next morning. At Ambriz, the English, Americans, French, Spaniards and Portuguese have trading factories, and a very large business is carried on with the natives in trading for ivory, gums, wax, copper ore, and other articles of African produce. As might be supposed, a strong spirit of opposition and competition exists between the different factories, and many are the 'artful dodges' practised by the white traders to circumvent each other and the natives. A story which I once heard at this place is so strongly illustrative of the go-ahead-iveness of the Yankee character, that it will bear relating, although I will not vouch for its entire authenticity; it happened in connection with the article of copper ore, which was discovered to exist near here in large quantities, comparatively but a very short time since.

One morning a native brought to the American factory, tied up in a mat, what appeared to be some small fragments of stone, which he offered for sale. On examining these stones, the man in charge of the factory, inexperienced as he was in mineralogy, thought that he detected the presence of copper in them; and concealing his surprise from the native, he offered a small trade for them, which was eagerly accepted, as he had already offered them for sale at the other factories, and been laughed at for bringing pieces of stone for sale. Our Yankee friend fortunately had some acid amongst his 'traps,' with the help of which he soon found that he had not only obtained specimens of copper ore, but that they were so rich with the metal, that it would be well worth his while to make a shipment of it home, if a sufficient quantity could be obtained. Silently and cautiously he managed to collect a large amount of the ore, which he obtained at a merely nominal price from the ignorant natives, without his neighbors in the other factories having the slightest suspicion of what was going on; and on the arrival of a vessel belonging to the house of which he was the agent, he put on board of her nearly a hundred tons of the stones, ostensibly as ballast. In this way he contrived to ship several large lots of the ore, before any one at Ambriz suspected how he was getting to windward of them. The peculiar ballast which it appeared it was always necessary to ship in the American trading vessels, in such quantities, to ensure their safety, at last drew attention and remark from the heads of the other factories, and they were not long in finding out and availing themselves of the discovery of their enterprising neighbor; and as a natural consequence, the demand soon exceeding the supply, the competition became so great to obtain the ore, that the natives raised their prices so high that it now hardly pays freight to ship it in any quantity. It is hardly necessary to add that our Yankee copper-discoverer was 'raised' and brought up in Salem.

I shall have occasion to notice this copper ore and its source in a future sketch of Ambriz and the adjacent country; but our thoughts are full of nothing now but the great Congo, toward which we are dashing along

with a glorious breeze, and speculating on all the strange stories we have heard of that river. As we came out of Ambriz this morning with the wind quite light, we discovered a large turtle asleep on the water, and dispatched three of our Kroo-boys in their light canoe to capture him. They soon returned with him thoroughly waked up, and I doubt not wondering at the situation he found himself in, when his dreams were disturbed in such an off-hand manner. I have often wondered at the dexterity of these same Kroo-boys in taking these heavy sea-turtle. They steal alongside of them when sleeping on the water, and when near enough, overboard, head first, go a couple of the darkeys, and seizing the turtle on one side, capsize him in the water, in which position he is as harmless and helpless as he would be in a like situation on land; and the canoe coming up, the united efforts of the three, with a great deal of shouting, heave him into her and lay him on his back. They rarely fail; but I remember on one occasion that Tom Will, our head Krooman, tackled a huge fellow singly and alone; the turtle took him down, and he was so long under water that our fears for his safety began to be aroused; at last his woolly pate appeared above the surface, and blowing the water from his nose and mouth, he sung out, '*Me hole him long time, Sar, but he too much 'trong, Sar—e'-yah e'-yah.*'

MONTGOMERY D. PARKER, W. S. C.

## CHILDHOOD AND MANHOOD.

TO FREDERICK W. SHELTON.

WHY are the scenes which we loved in our childhood  
 Dearer when age sets its seal on the heart?  
 Scenes where we wander'd in valley and wildwood,  
 Thoughtless of evil and guileless of art.  
 The scenes are unchanged: a calm rolling river,  
 Nature repeats but the tale she has told,  
 And we should see her and love her for ever  
 Fondly, if hearts were not wither'd and cold.

I weep when I know 't is hearts disenchant'd  
 By evil conceits, that tarnish the gold  
 Which gilded each spot where fairy feet haunted  
 Valley and wildwood, the mountain and wold,  
 When wond'ring and fresh in feelings and fancies,  
 Glory was sunshine and beauty was bloom,  
 And Innocence played in the light of Love's glances,  
 Fearless of death, or the turf of the tomb.

The birds sing sweet as they sang in life's morning,  
 Meadows are green, and the brooks are as clear;  
 The flowers as fragrant, earth's bosom adorning,  
 Zephyrs as balmy and soft to the ear:  
 Dear NATURE remains the same as in childhood,  
 Only the heart is grown withered and sere,  
 And never again will valley and wildwood  
 Golden and fresh as in childhood appear.

C. D. STUART.

## THE TWO ROADS.

BY HORACE RUBY.

ONE round whose brow Life's morning beam is throwing  
 Its radiant halo, stands with doubtful air  
 Where parts the road whereon he hath been going —  
 On either hand a mighty thoroughfare.

The sides of one with lofty trees are shaded,  
 Whose grateful coolness lures the traveller on,  
 While underneath, in rich luxuriance braided,  
 Are flowers as fair as e'er were gazed upon.

There, flecked with sun-light, are fresh fountains springing,  
 Scattering around their globes of crystal sheen;  
 And birds of rainbow plumage there are ringing  
 Loud carollings amid the foliage green.

And midst the flowers stroll groups of joyous maidens,  
 Singing old songs with voices sweet and clear;  
 While, like some angel-hymn, the far-off cadence  
 Falls on the tranced youth's enraptured ear.

Some with white arms, and long, luxuriant tresses,  
 Like sunlight-drenched clouds, and azure eyes  
 Upturned to heaven; and some with wildernesses  
 Of locks of jetty darkness, like the skies

Of a black starless midnight, beckon to him,  
 That lonely youth, with the thought-clouded brow;  
 And strains of festive music sweetly woo him  
 To tread the path where constant pleasures grow.

He turns unto the other: bleak and arid  
 It stretches onward o'er a desert plain;  
 By no refreshing shades its course is varied,  
 No voices sweet, no songster's warbled strain.

But far away, in the dim distance rearing  
 Their skiey peaks into the upper air,  
 Are tower-crowned mountain heights, of aspect cheering,  
 Bathed in the fervid sun-light's noon-day glare.

Oh, cold, and dim, and desolate, and dreary,  
 Appears the way unto those summits bright;  
 And those who walk therein wax wan and weary,  
 And many faint in toiling up the height.

But then the wise and good of by-gone ages,  
 With crowns of gold and garments star-enwrought,  
 Those who still live in Earth's immortal pages,  
 Abide, the calm-browed, god-like kings of Thought.

Yet dwell not there Fame's crowned darlings only,  
 But 'many more whose names on earth are dark;  
 Those who have walked the earth obscure and lonely,  
 But in whose bosoms glowed a heavenly spark:

him. The number of the slain on that bloody day exceeded the whole force of Bouquet, while the strength of the assailants was far inferior to that of the swarms who now infested the woods. Except a few rangers, whom Bouquet had gathered on the frontier, the troops were utterly unused to the forest service; a service, the terrors, hardships, and vicissitudes of which seldom find a parallel in the warfare of civilized nations. Fully appreciating the courage of the frontiersmen, their excellence as marksmen, and their knowledge of the woods, Bouquet had endeavored to engage a body of them to accompany the expedition; but they preferred to remain for the immediate defence of their families and friends, rather than embark in a distant and doubtful adventure. The results involved in the enterprise were altogether disproportioned to the small numbers engaged in it; and it was happy, not only for the troops, but also for the colonies, that the officer in command presented, in every respect, a marked contrast to his perverse and wrong-headed predecessor Braddock.

Henry Bouquet was by birth a Swiss, of the canton of Berne. His military life began while he was yet a boy. He held a commission in the army of the King of Sardinia; but when the war between France and England broke out, in 1755, he was engaged in the service of the States of Holland. At this time, a plan was formed, under the auspices of the Duke of Cumberland, to organize a corps to serve in the provinces, and to be called the Royal Americans. The commissions were to be given to foreigners, as well as to Englishmen and provincials, while the ranks were to be filled chiefly from the German emigrants in Pennsylvania and other provinces. Bouquet was induced to accept the commission of lieutenant-colonel in this regiment; and his services soon proved of the utmost value, since his military talents and personal character were alike fitted to command respect and confidence. His person was fine, his bearing composed and dignified. In the provinces, and especially in Pennsylvania, he was held in the highest esteem. He was a master of the English language, writing in a style of great purity; and though enthusiastic in the study of his profession, his tastes led him to frequent the society of men of science and literature. As a soldier, he was distinguished by great activity, an unshaken courage, and an unfailing fertility of resource; while to these qualities he added a power of adaptation which had been lamentably wanting in some of the English officers who preceded him. He had acquired a practical knowledge of Indian warfare, and it is said that, in the course of the hazardous partisan service in which he was often engaged, when it was necessary to penetrate dark defiles and narrow passes, he was sometimes known to advance before his men, armed with a rifle, and acting the part of a scout.

The route of the army lay along the beautiful Cumberland Valley. Passing here and there a few scattered cabins, deserted or burnt to the ground, they reached the hamlet of Shippensburg, somewhat more than twenty miles from their point of departure. Here, as at Carlisle, was congregated a starving multitude, who had fled from the knife and the tomahawk.

By the last advices from the westward, it appeared that Fort Ligonier, situated beyond the Alleghanies, was in imminent danger of falling into



jaws, while the pine-trees, scorching in the hot sun, diffused their resinous odors through the sultry air. At length, from the windy summit the Highland soldiers could gaze around upon a boundless panorama of forest-covered mountains, wild as their own native hills. Descending from the Alleghanies, they entered upon a country less rugged and formidable in itself, but beset with constantly-increasing dangers. On the second of August they reached Fort Ligonier, about fifty miles from Bedford, and a hundred and fifty from Carlisle. The Indians who were about the place vanished at their approach; but the garrison could furnish no intelligence of the motions and designs of the enemy, having been completely blockaded for weeks. In this uncertainty, Bouquet resolved to leave behind the oxen and wagons, which formed the most cumbrous part of the convoy, since this would enable him to advance with greater celerity, and oppose a better resistance in case of attack. Thus relieved, the army resumed its march on the fourth, taking with them three hundred and fifty pack-horses and a few cattle, and at night-fall encamped at no great distance from Ligonier. Within less than a day's march in advance lay the dangerous defiles of Turtle Creek, a stream flowing at the bottom of a deep hollow, flanked by steep declivities, along the foot of which the road at that time ran for some distance. Fearing that the enemy would lay in ambuscade at this place, Bouquet resolved to march on the following day as far as a small stream called Bushy Run, to rest here until night, and then, by a forced march, to cross Turtle Creek under cover of the darkness.

On the morning of the fifth, the tents were struck at an early hour, and the troops began their march through a country broken with hills and deep hollows, every where covered with the tall, dense forest, which spread for countless leagues around. By one o'clock they had advanced seventeen miles, and the guides assured them that they were within half a mile of Bushy Run, their proposed resting-place. The tired soldiers were pressing forward with renewed alacrity, when suddenly the report of rifles from the front sent a thrill along the ranks; and, as they listened, the firing thickened into a fierce, sharp rattle, while shouts and whoops, deadened by the intervening forest, showed that the advanced guard was hotly engaged. The two foremost companies were at once ordered forward to support it; but far from abating, the fire grew so rapid and furious as to argue the presence of an enemy at once numerous and resolute. At this, the convoy was halted, the troops formed into line, and a general charge ordered. Bearing down through the forest with fixed bayonets, they drove the yelping assailants before them, and swept the ground clear. But at the very moment of success, a fresh burst of whoops and firing was heard from either flank, while a confused noise from the rear showed that the convoy was attacked. It was necessary instantly to fall back for its support. Driving off the assailants, the troops formed in a circle around the crowded and terrified horses. Though they were new to the work, and though the numbers and movements of the enemy, whose yelling resounded on every side, were concealed by the thick forest, yet no man lost his composure; and all displayed a steadiness which nothing but implicit confidence in their commander could have inspired. And now ensued a combat of a nature most harassing and discouraging. Again

it to be as interesting a place as we shall see on the coast, if the accounts of our friends in the other cruising vessels, many of whom have nearly completed their two years, are to be relied on.

Our run from Dande Point to the Congo river, which was the next place at which we made any stay, was enlivened by beautiful weather and fine breezes. We anchored one night at the trading post, Ambriz, but left early the next morning. At Ambriz, the English, Americans, French, Spaniards and Portuguese have trading factories, and a very large business is carried on with the natives in trading for ivory, gums, wax, copper ore, and other articles of African produce. As might be supposed, a strong spirit of opposition and competition exists between the different factories, and many are the 'artful dodges' practised by the white traders to circumvent each other and the natives. A story which I once heard at this place is so strongly illustrative of the go-ahead-iveness of the Yankee character, that it will bear relating, although I will not vouch for its entire authenticity; it happened in connection with the article of copper ore, which was discovered to exist near here in large quantities, comparatively but a very short time since.

One morning a native brought to the American factory, tied up in a mat, what appeared to be some small fragments of stone, which he offered for sale. On examining these stones, the man in charge of the factory, inexperienced as he was in mineralogy, thought that he detected the presence of copper in them; and concealing his surprise from the native, he offered a small trade for them, which was eagerly accepted, as he had already offered them for sale at the other factories, and been laughed at for bringing pieces of stone for sale. Our Yankee friend fortunately had some acid amongst his 'traps,' with the help of which he soon found that he had not only obtained specimens of copper ore, but that they were so rich with the metal, that it would be well worth his while to make a shipment of it home, if a sufficient quantity could be obtained. Silently and cautiously he managed to collect a large amount of the ore, which he obtained at a merely nominal price from the ignorant natives, without his neighbors in the other factories having the slightest suspicion of what was going on; and on the arrival of a vessel belonging to the house of which he was the agent, he put on board of her nearly a hundred tons of the stones, ostensibly as ballast. In this way he contrived to ship several large lots of the ore, before any one at Ambriz suspected how he was getting to windward of them. The peculiar ballast which it appeared it was always necessary to ship in the American trading vessels, in such quantities, to ensure their safety, at last drew attention and remark from the heads of the other factories, and they were not long in finding out and availing themselves of the discovery of their enterprising neighbor; and as a natural consequence, the demand soon exceeding the supply, the competition became so great to obtain the ore, that the natives raised their prices so high that it now hardly pays freight to ship it in any quantity. It is hardly necessary to add that our Yankee copper-discoverer was 'raised' and brought up in Salem.

I shall have occasion to notice this copper ore and its source in a future sketch of Ambriz and the adjacent country; but our thoughts are full of nothing now but the great Congo, toward which we are dashing along

## T H E T W O R O A D S .

BY HORACE RUBY.

ONE round whose brow Life's morning beam is throwing  
 Its radiant halo, stands with doubtful air  
 Where parts the road whereon he hath been going —  
 On either hand a mighty thoroughfare.

The sides of one with lofty trees are shaded,  
 Whose grateful coolness lures the traveller on,  
 While underneath, in rich luxuriance braided,  
 Are flowers as fair as e'er were gazed upon.

There, flecked with sun-light, are fresh fountains springing,  
 Scattering around their globes of crystal sheen;  
 And birds of rainbow plumage there are ringing  
 Loud carollings amid the foliage green.

And midst the flowers stroll groups of joyous maidens,  
 Singing old songs with voices sweet and clear;  
 While, like some angel-hymn, the far-off cadence  
 Falls on the tranced youth's enraptured ear.

Some with white arms, and long, luxuriant tresses,  
 Like sunlight-drenchéd clouds, and azure eyes  
 Upturned to heaven; and some with wildernesses  
 Of locks of jetty darkness, like the skies

Of a black starless midnight, beckon to him,  
 That lonely youth, with the thought-clouded brow;  
 And strains of festive music sweetly woo him  
 To tread the path where constant pleasures grow.

He turns unto the other; bleak and arid  
 It stretches onward o'er a desert plain;  
 By no refreshing shades its course is varied,  
 No voices sweet, no songster's warbled strain.

But far away, in the dim distance rearing  
 Their skiey peaks into the upper air,  
 Are tower-crowned mountain heights, of aspect cheering,  
 Bathed in the fervid sun-light's noon-day glare.

Oh, cold, and dim, and desolate, and dreary,  
 Appears the way unto those summits bright;  
 And those who walk therein wax wan and weary,  
 And many faint in toiling up the height.

But then the wise and good of by-gone ages,  
 With crowns of gold and garments star-enwrought,  
 Those who still live in Earth's immortal pages,  
 Abide, the calm-browed, god-like kings of Thought.

Yet dwell not there Fame's crownéd darlings only,  
 But 'many more whose names on earth are dark;  
 Those who have walked the earth obscure and lonely,  
 But in whose bosoms glowed a heavenly spark:

Those who have striven Life's load of ills to lighten,  
 And humbly labored in Truth's glorious cause;  
 Who deemed it were enough, could they but brighten  
 Man's path, without the meed of vain applause :

Those who have toiled in patience unrewarded,  
 Who from low joys to raise mankind have tried;  
 And though unknown to Fame, and unrewarded,  
 Have not less nobly lived and greatly died.

Such are the different roads his steps inviting :  
 Shall he to tread that hero-path refuse ?  
 Can he resist those voices, soul-delighting !  
 Which shall the wavering youth, O reader! choose !

## THE BATTLE OF BUSHY RUN.

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR.\*

. . . THE miserable multitude were soon threatened with famine, and gathered in crowds around the tents of Bouquet, soliciting relief, which he was too humane to refuse. In the mean time, the march of the little army had been delayed beyond expectation, since, from the terror and flight of the inhabitants, it was almost impossible to collect upon the frontier the necessary horses, wagons, and provision. Recourse was had to the settlements farther eastward; and, after the lapse of eighteen days, every obstacle being now overcome, Bouquet broke up his camp, and set forth on his dubious enterprise. As the troops, with their heavy convoy, defiled through the street of Carlisle, the people crowded to look on, not with the idle curiosity of rustics, gazing on an unwonted military spectacle, but with the anxious hearts of men whose all was at stake on the issue of the expedition. The haggard looks and thin frames of these worn-out veterans filled them with blackest forebodings; nor were these diminished when they beheld sixty invalid soldiers, who, unable to walk, were borne forward in wagons to furnish a feeble reinforcement to the small garrisons along the route. The desponding spectators watched the last gleam of the bayonets, as the rear-guard entered the woods, and then returned to their hovels, prepared for tidings of defeat, and ready, on the first news of the disaster, to desert the country, and fly beyond the Susquehanna.

In truth, the adventure would have seemed desperate to any but the manliest heart. In front lay a vast wilderness, terrible alike from its own stern features and the ferocious enemy who haunted its recesses. Among these forests lay the bones of Braddock and the hundreds who fell with

\* THE unpublished work whence this spirited and most graphically-described sketch is taken, is the 'History of the Conspiracy of PORTIAC,' of whose attractions an *avant-courier* was presented in the 'Literary Notices' department of our last number. The volume will appear late in the autumn.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

him. The number of the slain on that bloody day exceeded the whole force of Bouquet, while the strength of the assailants was far inferior to that of the swarms who now infested the woods. Except a few rangers, whom Bouquet had gathered on the frontier, the troops were utterly unused to the forest service; a service, the terrors, hardships, and vicissitudes of which seldom find a parallel in the warfare of civilized nations. Fully appreciating the courage of the frontiersmen, their excellence as marksmen, and their knowledge of the woods, Bouquet had endeavored to engage a body of them to accompany the expedition; but they preferred to remain for the immediate defence of their families and friends, rather than embark in a distant and doubtful adventure. The results involved in the enterprise were altogether disproportioned to the small numbers engaged in it; and it was happy, not only for the troops, but also for the colonies, that the officer in command presented, in every respect, a marked contrast to his perverse and wrong-headed predecessor Braddock.

Henry Bouquet was by birth a Swiss, of the canton of Berne. His military life began while he was yet a boy. He held a commission in the army of the King of Sardinia; but when the war between France and England broke out, in 1755, he was engaged in the service of the States of Holland. At this time, a plan was formed, under the auspices of the Duke of Cumberland, to organize a corps to serve in the provinces, and to be called the Royal Americans. The commissions were to be given to foreigners, as well as to Englishmen and provincials, while the ranks were to be filled chiefly from the German emigrants in Pennsylvania and other provinces. Bouquet was induced to accept the commission of lieutenant-colonel in this regiment; and his services soon proved of the utmost value, since his military talents and personal character were alike fitted to command respect and confidence. His person was fine, his bearing composed and dignified. In the provinces, and especially in Pennsylvania, he was held in the highest esteem. He was a master of the English language, writing in a style of great purity; and though enthusiastic in the study of his profession, his tastes led him to frequent the society of men of science and literature. As a soldier, he was distinguished by great activity, an unshaken courage, and an unfailing fertility of resource; while to these qualities he added a power of adaptation which had been lamentably wanting in some of the English officers who preceded him. He had acquired a practical knowledge of Indian warfare, and it is said that, in the course of the hazardous partisan service in which he was often engaged, when it was necessary to penetrate dark defiles and narrow passes, he was sometimes known to advance before his men, armed with a rifle, and acting the part of a scout.

The route of the army lay along the beautiful Cumberland Valley. Passing here and there a few scattered cabins, deserted or burnt to the ground, they reached the hamlet of Shippensburg, somewhat more than twenty miles from their point of departure. Here, as at Carlisle, was congregated a starving multitude, who had fled from the knife and the tomahawk.

By the last advices from the westward, it appeared that Fort Ligonier, situated beyond the Alleghanies, was in imminent danger of falling into

the enemy's hands before the army could come up ; for its defences were slight, its garrison was feeble, and the Indians had assailed it with repeated attacks. The magazine which the place contained made it of such importance that Bouquet resolved at all hazards to send a party to its relief. Thirty of the best men were accordingly chosen, and ordered to push forward with the utmost speed, by unfrequented routes through the forests and over the mountains, carefully avoiding the road, which would doubtless be infested by the enemy. The party set out on their critical errand, guided by frontier hunters, and observing a strict silence. Using every precaution, and advancing by forced marches, day after day, they came in sight of the fort without being discovered. It was beset by Indians, and, as the party made for the gate, they were seen and fired upon ; but they threw themselves into the place without the loss of a man, and Ligonier was for the time secure.

In the mean time, the army, advancing with slower progress, entered a country where as yet scarcely an English settler had built his cabin. Reaching Fort Loudon, on the declivities of Cove Mountain, they ascended the wood-encumbered defiles beyond. Far on their right stretched the green ridges of the Tuscarora, while in front mountain beyond mountain rose high against the horizon. Climbing heights and descending into valleys, passing the two solitary posts of Littleton and the Juniata, both abandoned by their garrisons, they came in sight of Fort Bedford, hemmed in by encircling mountains. Their arrival gave infinite relief to the garrison, who had long been beleaguered and endangered by a swarm of Indians, while many of the settlers in the neighborhood had been killed, and the rest driven for refuge into the fort. Captain Ourry, the commanding officer, reported that, for several weeks, nothing had been heard from the westward, every messenger having been killed, and the communication completely cut off. By the last intelligence, Fort Pitt had been surrounded by Indians, and daily threatened with a general attack.

Having remained encamped, for three days, on the fields near the fort, Bouquet resumed his march on the twenty-eighth of July, and soon passed beyond the farthest verge of civilized habitation. The whole country lay buried in foliage. Except the rocks which crowned the mountains, and the streams which rippled along the valleys, the unbroken forest, like a vast garment, invested the whole. The road was channelled through its depths, while on each side the brown trunks and tangled under-growth formed a wall so dense as almost to bar the sight. Through a country thus formed by nature for ambuscades, not a step was free from danger, and no precaution was neglected to guard against surprise. In advance of the marching column moved the provincial rangers, closely followed by the pioneers. The wagons and cattle were in the centre, guarded in front, flank, and rear by the regulars, while a rear-guard of rangers closed the line of march. Keen-eyed riflemen of the frontier, acting as scouts, scoured the woods far in front and on either flank, so that surprise was impossible. In this order the little army toiled heavily on, over a road beset with all the obstructions of the forest, until the main ridge of the Alleghanies, like a mighty wall of green, rose up before them, and they began their zig-zag progress up the woody heights, amid the sweltering heats of July. The tongues of the panting oxen hung lolling from their

jaws, while the pine-trees, scorching in the hot sun, diffused their resinous odors through the sultry air. At length, from the windy summit the Highland soldiers could gaze around upon a boundless panorama of forest-covered mountains, wild as their own native hills. Descending from the Alleghanies, they entered upon a country less rugged and formidable in itself, but beset with constantly-increasing dangers. On the second of August they reached Fort Ligonier, about fifty miles from Bedford, and a hundred and fifty from Carlisle. The Indians who were about the place vanished at their approach; but the garrison could furnish no intelligence of the motions and designs of the enemy, having been completely blockaded for weeks. In this uncertainty, Bouquet resolved to leave behind the oxen and wagons, which formed the most cumbrous part of the convoy, since this would enable him to advance with greater celerity, and oppose a better resistance in case of attack. Thus relieved, the army resumed its march on the fourth, taking with them three hundred and fifty pack-horses and a few cattle, and at night-fall encamped at no great distance from Ligonier. Within less than a day's march in advance lay the dangerous defiles of Turtle Creek, a stream flowing at the bottom of a deep hollow, flanked by steep declivities, along the foot of which the road at that time ran for some distance. Fearing that the enemy would lay in ambuscade at this place, Bouquet resolved to march on the following day as far as a small stream called Bushy Run, to rest here until night, and then, by a forced march, to cross Turtle Creek under cover of the darkness.

On the morning of the fifth, the tents were struck at an early hour, and the troops began their march through a country broken with hills and deep hollows, every where covered with the tall, dense forest, which spread for countless leagues around. By one o'clock they had advanced seventeen miles, and the guides assured them that they were within half a mile of Bushy Run, their proposed resting-place. The tired soldiers were pressing forward with renewed alacrity, when suddenly the report of rifles from the front sent a thrill along the ranks; and, as they listened, the firing thickened into a fierce, sharp rattle, while shouts and whoops, deadened by the intervening forest, showed that the advanced guard was hotly engaged. The two foremost companies were at once ordered forward to support it; but far from abating, the fire grew so rapid and furious as to argue the presence of an enemy at once numerous and resolute. At this, the convoy was halted, the troops formed into line, and a general charge ordered. Bearing down through the forest with fixed bayonets, they drove the yelping assailants before them, and swept the ground clear. But at the very moment of success, a fresh burst of whoops and firing was heard from either flank, while a confused noise from the rear showed that the convoy was attacked. It was necessary instantly to fall back for its support. Driving off the assailants, the troops formed in a circle around the crowded and terrified horses. Though they were new to the work, and though the numbers and movements of the enemy, whose yelling resounded on every side, were concealed by the thick forest, yet no man lost his composure; and all displayed a steadiness which nothing but implicit confidence in their commander could have inspired. And now ensued a combat of a nature most harassing and discouraging. Again

and again, now on this side and now on that, a crowd of Indians rushed up, pouring in a heavy fire, and striving, with furious outcries, to break into the circle. A well-directed volley met them, followed by a steady charge of the bayonet. They never waited an instant to receive the attack, but, leaping backward from tree to tree, soon vanished from sight, only to renew their attack with unabated ferocity in another quarter. Such was their activity that very few of them were hurt, while the English, less expert in bush-fighting, suffered severely. Thus the fight went on, without intermission, for seven hours, until the forest grew dark with approaching night. Upon this, the Indians gradually slackened their fire, and the exhausted soldiers found time to rest.

It was impossible to change their ground in the enemy's presence, and the troops were obliged to encamp upon the hill where the combat had taken place, though not a drop of water was to be found there. Fearing a night attack, Bouquet stationed numerous sentinels and outposts to guard against it, while the men lay down upon their arms, preserving the order they had maintained during the fight. Having completed the necessary arrangements, Bouquet, doubtful of surviving the battle of the morrow, wrote to Sir Jeffrey Amherst, in a few clear, concise words, an account of the day's events. His letter concludes as follows: 'Whatever our fate may be, I thought it necessary to give your excellency this early information, that you may, at all events, take such measures as you will think proper with the provinces, for their own safety, and the effectual relief of Fort Pitt; as, in case of another engagement, I fear insurmountable difficulties in protecting and transporting our provisions, being already so much weakened by the losses of this day, in men and horses, beside the additional necessity of carrying the wounded, whose situation is truly deplorable.'

The condition of these unhappy men might well awaken sympathy. About sixty soldiers, beside several officers, had been killed or disabled. A space in the centre of the camp was prepared for the reception of the wounded, and surrounded by a wall of flour-bags from the convoy, affording some protection against the bullets which flew from all sides during the fight. Here they lay upon the ground, enduring agonies of thirst, and waiting, passive and helpless, the issue of the battle. Deprived of the animating thought that their lives and safety depended on their own exertions; surrounded by a wilderness, and by scenes to the horror of which no degree of familiarity could render the imagination callous, they must have endured mental sufferings, compared to which the pain of their wounds was slight. In the probable event of defeat, a fate inexpressibly horrible awaited them; while even victory would by no means insure their safety, since any great increase in their numbers would render it impossible for their comrades to transport them. Nor was the condition of those who had hitherto escaped an enviable one. Though they were about equal in numbers to their assailants, yet the dexterity and alertness of the Indians, joined to the nature of the country, gave all the advantages of a greatly superior force. The enemy were, moreover, exulting in the fullest confidence of success; for it was in these very forests that, eight years before, they had well nigh destroyed twice their number of the best British troops. Throughout the earlier part of the night, they kept up a



dropping fire upon the camp, while at short intervals a wild whoop from the thick surrounding gloom told with what fierce eagerness they waited to glut their vengeance on the morrow. The camp remained in darkness, for it would have been highly dangerous to build fires within its precincts, which would have served to direct the aim of the lurking marksmen. Surrounded by such terrors, the men snatched a disturbed and broken sleep, recruiting their exhausted strength for the renewed struggle of the morning.

With the earliest dawn of day, and while the damp, cool forest was still involved in twilight, there rose around the camp a general burst of those horrible cries which form the ordinary prelude of an Indian battle. Instantly, from every side at once, the enemy opened their fire, approaching under cover of the trees and bushes, and levelling with a close and deadly aim. Often, as on the previous day, they would rush up with furious impetuosity, striving to break into the ring of troops. They were repulsed at every point; but the English, though constantly victorious, were beset with undiminished perils, while the violence of the enemy seemed every moment on the increase. True to their favorite tactics, they would never stand their ground when attacked, but vanish at the first gleam of the levelled bayonet, only to appear again the moment the danger was past. The troops, fatigued by the long march and equally long battle of the previous day, were maddened by the torments of thirst, more intolerable, says their commander, than the fire of the enemy. They were fully conscious of the peril in which they stood, of wasting away by slow degrees beneath the shot of assailants at once so daring, so cautious, and so active, and upon whom it was impossible to inflict any decisive injury. The Indians saw their distress, and pressed them closer and closer, redoubling their yells and howlings, while some of them, sheltered behind trees, assailed the troops, in bad English, with abuse and derision.

Meanwhile the interior of the camp was a scene of confusion. The horses, secured in a crowd near the intrenchment which covered the wounded, were often struck by the bullets, and wrought to the height of terror by the mingled din of whoops, shrieks, and firing. They would break away by half-scores at a time, burst through the ring of troops and the outer circle of assailants, and scour madly up and down the hill-sides; while many of the drivers, overcome by the terrors of a scene in which they could bear no active part, hid themselves among the bushes, and could neither hear nor obey orders.

It was now about ten o'clock. Oppressed with heat, fatigue, and thirst, the distressed troops still maintained a weary and wavering defence, encircling the convoy in a yet unbroken ring. They were fast falling in their ranks, and the strength and spirits of the survivors had begun to flag. If the fortunes of the day were to be retrieved, the effort must be made at once; and happily the mind of the commander was equal to the emergency. In the midst of the confusion he conceived a stratagem alike novel and masterly. Could the Indians be brought together in a body, and made to stand their ground when attacked, there could be little doubt of the result; and to effect this object, Bouquet determined to increase their confidence, which had already mounted to an audacious pitch.

Two companies of infantry, forming a part of the ring which had been exposed to the hottest fire, were ordered to fall back into the interior of the camp, while the troops on either hand joined their files across the vacant space, as if to cover the retreat of their comrades. These orders, given at a favorable moment, were executed with great promptness. The thin line of troops who took possession of the deserted part of the circle were, from their small numbers, brought closer in toward the centre. The Indians mistook these movements for a retreat. Confident that their time was come, they leaped up on all sides, from behind the trees and bushes, and, with infernal screeches, rushed headlong toward the spot, pouring in a most heavy and galling fire. The shock was too violent to be long endured. The men struggled to maintain their posts, but the Indians seemed on the point of breaking into the heart of the camp, when the aspect of affairs was suddenly reversed. The two companies, who had apparently abandoned their position, were in fact destined to begin the attack; and they now sallied out from the circle at a point where a depression in the ground, joined to the thick growth of trees, concealed them from the eyes of the Indians. Making a short detour through the woods, they came round upon the flank of the furious assailants, and discharged a deadly volley into their very midst. Numbers were seen to fall; yet though completely surprised, and utterly at a loss to understand the nature of the attack, the Indians faced about with the greatest intrepidity, and boldly returned the fire. But the Highlanders, with yells as wild as their own, fell on them with the bayonet. The shock was irresistible, and they fled before the charging ranks in a wild, tumultuous throng.

Orders had been given to two other companies, occupying a contiguous part of the circle, to support the attack whenever a favorable moment should occur; and they had therefore advanced a little from their position, and lay close crouched in ambush. The fugitive multitude, pressed by the Highland bayonets, passed directly across their front, upon which they rose and poured among them a second volley, no less destructive than the former. This completed the rout. The four companies, uniting, drove the flying savages through the woods, giving them no time to rally or reload their empty rifles, killing many, and scattering the rest in hopeless confusion.

While this took place at one part of the circle, the troops and the savages had still maintained their respective positions at the other; but when the latter perceived the total rout of their comrades, and saw the troops advancing to assail them, they also lost heart, and fled. The discordant outcries which had so long deafened the ears of the English soon ceased altogether, and not a living Indian remained near the spot. About sixty corpses lay scattered over the ground. Among them were found those of several prominent chiefs, while the blood which stained the leaves of the bushes showed that numbers had fled severely wounded from the field. The soldiers took but one prisoner, whom they shot to death like a captive wolf. The loss of the English in the two battles surpassed that of the enemy, amounting to eight officers and one hundred and fifteen men.

## S T A R - G A Z I N G .

I.

THOU little twinkling star,  
That in the spangled arch above dost tremble,  
Why dost thou thus thy placid rest dissemble,  
By fluttering thus afar !

II.

We need no art of man,  
To tell of thee in language of the schools,  
Or track thy path by calculated rules,  
With telescopic scan.

III.

Things brighter we discern  
In the imagination's longing flight,  
Flooding thy orb with Heaven's own beaming light :  
Wise lessons thus we learn.

IV.

Say, wast thou one of those  
Who sang with joy on Eden's natal morn,  
And burned with holy love ere man was born,  
Or death from sin arose !

V.

And oh, star ! wilt thou be  
Among the spheres when hoary earth shall die —  
Drop from her orbit in the sun-lit sky  
Into Eternity !

VI.

Or haply shalt *thou* fall,  
To wander 'darkling through eternal space,'  
Of thy first brightness leaving not a trace  
To deck thy sable pall !

VII.

No answer from the deep  
Of infinite, irradiating sky !  
While with a restless brightness in thine eye,  
Earth's vigil thou dost keep.

VIII.

Then, let the fancy soar,  
On shining wing, to visit thine abode,  
And praise thy glittering handiwork of God,  
Unrecognized before.

IX.

And, when man's change shall come,  
To Faith immortal plumage shall be given,  
That all the sons of God may soar to Heaven,  
Star-built, star-radiant home !

J D W.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

---

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Poet-Laureate, D. C. L. By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster. In two volumes. Edited by HENRY REED. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

THESE are two very pleasant and readable volumes; authentic and particular, so far as regards its facts, and containing numerous letters from the 'Poet of Nature' to his friends, which open the secrets of his inner man, and show the reader the moving impulses which governed his life, and were the well-springs of his poetry. The work has been carefully edited, and with excellent taste, by Professor REED, of Philadelphia. WORDSWORTH was his intimate friend and correspondent, and many of the most interesting letters in the volume are addressed to him. From one of these we take the subjoined passage, descriptive of a scene which will remind those who were present, of the late picnic at Jamaica, Long-Island, to which we adverted in our last number:

'In your last letter you speak so feelingly of the manner in which my birth-day (April 7) has been noticed, both privately in your country, and somewhat publicly in my own neighborhood, that I cannot forbear adding a word or two upon the subject. It would have delighted you to see the assemblage in front of our house, some dancing upon the gravel platform, old and young, as described in GOLDSMITH's travels; and others, children I mean, chasing each other upon the little plot of lawn to which you descend by steps from the platform. We had music of our own preparing; and two sets of casual itinerants, Italians and Germans, came in successively, and enlivened the festivity. There were present upward of three hundred children, and about one hundred and fifty adults of both sexes and all ages, the children in their best attire, and of that happy and, I may say, beautiful race, which is spread over this highly-favored portion of England. The tables were tastefully arranged in the open air; oranges and ginger-bread in piles decorated with evergreens and spring flowers; and all partook of tea, the young in the open air, and the old within doors. I must own I wish that little commemorations of this kind were more common among us. It is melancholy to think how little that portion of the community which is quite at ease in their circumstances have to do in a *social* way with the humbler classes. They purchase commodities of them, or they employ them as laborers, or they visit them in charity for the sake of supplying their most urgent wants by alms-giving. But this, alas! is far from enough; one would wish to see the rich mingle with the poor as much as may be upon a footing of fraternal equality.'

In a letter describing a visit to poor SOUTHEY, after his intellect began to desert him, WORDSWORTH says: 'He is past taking pleasure in the presence of any of his friends. He did not recognize me until he was told who I was. Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he soon sank into the state in which I had found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately, like a child. Having attempted in vain to interest him by a few observations, I took my leave after five minutes or so.' We can cordially commend this memoir of WORDSWORTH as a work well calculated to reward an attentive perusal. It sets before us, that we may read and profit by it, the familiar, every-day life of a simple-minded good man, in whom the elements of poetry were so mingled that they became part and parcel of his very existence.

FRESH GLEANINGS: OR A NEW SHEAF FROM THE OLD FIELDS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE. In one volume: pp. 336. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THOSE who have encountered in the journals heretofore any of the chaste and graphic sketches which compose the work before us, will be delighted to find them brought together and presented in the shape of a tasteful and beautiful volume, such as Mr. SCRIBNER has learned by experience to produce. As touching the merits of Mr. MITCHELL'S writings, the time has gone by when it could be necessary to declare them. Under his sobriquets of 'IX. MARVEL' and 'JOHN TIMON' he has established a permanent reputation as a keen, watchful observer, a man of true feeling, delicate and refined sensibility, and a versatility of thought, if not of style, which is as remarkable as it is refreshing. We present a single picture, from our author's description of a scene at Torquay:

'It is worth mentioning, that five-and-twenty years ago, Torquay was as humble a little fishing-place as when HARRY of Richmond landed in the bay with his army; but it came to be known, some way or other, that no where on the British coasts were the winter suns so soft and warm; and, *præsto*, sprung forth little cottages and villas on every shelf of the hills, and the inns where one could buy only a stoup of fisherman's ale will now make you a bill as long as the bills at Bath.

'The hills sweep round the bay so as to shut off every rude wind of the north; and the sun goes glancing over their green sides — now here, now there — but never leaves them from morning till night. I lost myself, wandering in the little valleys among them; along the bosom of each were walks made, and from under the tangled limbs of fir-trees I would now and then climb suddenly upon a level spot where the sunshine lay, and where sat a gem of a cottage; and from the paling round the cottage I would see the town lying along the lip of the bay under so new an aspect that I would look two or three times before I could be sure that it was the same town of Torquay. Some old church-tower that had grown familiar would have disappeared, and a new and taller tower would rise from the houses, that I did not know; and as I went to other openings upon the hills, the old tower would come back and the new one vanish — but always the bright waters of the bay sleeping below.

'Here and there came upon me companies of invalids, luxuriating in the sun. One face I saw — that of a sick girl — comes to me now much oftener than it ought.

'She was sitting in one of the little Bath chairs, and a serving-man was drawing her up the hill. Her mother was walking on one side, and her brother, or he may have been her lover, the other — if he was a lover, I pity him, for she must be dead before now. Her hair was flaxen, and once or twice she laid it back with a gentle motion, from her cheek; her eye was bright, too bright, and swimming with a tender expression, that seemed to me a tender thankfulness for so glorious a day.

'The man drew her to the edge of the cliff where I was standing, and her expression grew more earnest as she looked out over the sea, where the sun lay in a flood. There was no ripple, only a gentle waving motion that did not break the surface, but which at intervals came rocking up to the beach, and the low murmur it made was all that broke the stillness.

'The sick girl looked out upon the water — and from that turned to the face of her mother — and then to the face of the young man — and then to the sea again — and from that up to the sky — and her small hands met together, and were clasped for a moment — and I thought a tear or two fell from her eyes.

'I turned away as if I had seen nothing of it; but I did see it, and it made a different man of me for a week.'

Now here is a little scene, with no lack of 'still-life,' 'action,' and 'character,' which might be transferred at once to canvas; and there are a dozen others, equally felicitous, in other portions of these 'Gleanings.' We would suggest to our author, however, in a spirit which we are sure he will appreciate, a more frugal husbandry of his dashes, long and short. They seem natural, and doubtless in most cases they are. If it be art, then is there the '*ars celare artem*' to hide all; yet there was a 'dashing' fellow who wrote aforetime, 'which his name, we'll not denyges of it,' as Mrs. GAMP would say, was LAWRENCE STERNE; and kindred thought, though wholly original, may lose something of its real desert, by being wedded closely to a style which, however spontaneous and indigenous, may still be deemed to partake of the exotic. And now that the biographical researches of THACKERAY have shown how merely mechanical, and not from the heart, were the 'emotions' indicated by these pauses and starts, one can hardly regard STERNE as a model of a writer, any more than he was a 'model of a man.'

AN INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES OF NATURAL DEATH, or Death from Old Age. By HOMER BOSTWICK, M.D., author of 'The Family Physician,' 'Hints to Young Physicians,' etc. In one volume: pp. 149. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

THIS little volume, which, whatever else may be said concerning it, is written with a COBBETT-like correctness and directness of style, is intended 'to develop a new and certain method of preventing the consolidation or ossification of the body, and of thus indefinitely prolonging vigorous, elastic, and buoyant health, and of rendering parturition easy and safe.' Its several chapters divide the work into an elaborate and yet succinct consideration of the following matters: The changes in the body during its progress from the womb to the grave, involving the nature of healthy and unhealthy blood, its circulation, and the natural and unnatural fluids of the body; the causes of the changes which occur in the body during its progress to old age, accessories to which are given, an analysis of the blood and bones, and the chemical difference between young and old animals; the nature of the solid earthy matter, which by gradual accumulation in the body brings on those changes which terminate in old age and natural death; the source of the phosphate of lime, which chokes up and consolidates the body, producing old age and death, with an analysis, etc., of different kinds of food, and their particular characteristics; proofs, various and at large, that the calcareous earthy matter of the body is derived solely from the food and drink; other proofs, that the duration of life is proportionate to the amount of earthy substances presented in said 'victuals and drink;' various opinions respecting the preservation of life, the nature of calculi, gravel, and bladder disorders, cause of stone in the bladder, gouty diseases, etc.; cause of motion, secretion, digestion, nature and composition of the brain and nervous system, etc.; together with a 'curtailed abbreviation compressing the particulars' of the whole argument, in the shape of a general summary and practical suggestions, 'of and concerning' the scope and tendency of the book. Now of the inculcations of this work we are indifferently prepared to speak. We have always (thanks to a kind PROVIDENCE) enjoyed robust health. Yet we have taken our food, animal and vegetable, '*cum grano salis*;' but salt, according to Dr. Bostwick, is the very 'p'isonest thing' going: forgetting that, according to JOB, it's impossible to do *without* salt, in certain articles of provant—the white of an egg, for example. Taboo salt, Dr. Bostwick, when a man's case is made hopeless by the verdict that 'salt can't save him!' Look at Lot's wife: has n't she 'lived to a most numerous age,' and was n't she *all* salt! Did n't the Dead-Sea Expedition people see her, and find her in 'excellent preservation,' even in 'this our day and generation?' The great CALHOUN, when dying, said, figuratively, of course, to that clever writer, and his firm friend and favorite, Mr. JOSEPH SCOVILL, that 'man was like a tree;' but he did n't mean, we fancy, that the natural laws which would apply to a tree would in the same degree apply to a 'human.' Nevertheless, we cannot deny that there is much, *very* much, in the present work that is worthy of especial heed and warm commendation. In the chapter containing proofs that the duration of life is proportionate to the amount of earthy substances presented in our food and drink, we find this sketch of 'old PARR:'

'OLD THOMAS PARR was born in Winnington, in Shropshire, in the year 1483, and although in his youth he was greatly afflicted with the king's evil and bloody flux, lived to the age of one hundred and fifty-two years. He was first married at the age of eighty-eight, and seemed no older than at forty-five; he married a second time at the age of one hundred and twenty; at the advanced age of one hundred and forty-five he was able to run races, thresh corn, and accomplish any kind of laborious work. He frequently ate by night, as well as by day, and always preferred the plainest food. He might be seen early in the morning:

' 'LUSTRY as health, come ruddy to the field,

And there pursue the sport; as if he meant to overtake time,  
And bring back youth again.'

'His body was found to be in the most perfect condition when opened after death, as it was by the celebrated HARVEY. TAYLOR, the water-poet, thus describes his habits:

'Good wholesome labor was his exercise,  
Down with the lamb, and with the lark arise;  
In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,  
And to his team whistled time away;  
He was of old PYTHAGORAS' opinion,  
That green cheese was most wholesome with an onion,  
Coarse mealin bread, and for his daily swig;  
Milk, buttermilk, and water, whey, and whig;  
Sometimes metheglin, and by fortune happy;  
He sometimes sipped a cup of ale most nappy;  
Cider, or perry, when he did repair  
To Whitsun' ale, wake, wedding, or a fair;  
His physic was good butter, which the soil  
Of Salop yields, more sweet than candy oil;  
And garlic he esteemed above the rate  
Of Venice treacle, or best mithridate.'

'The body of 'old PARR' is said to have been covered with hair:

'From head to heel, his body had all over  
A quick-set, thick-set, natral hairy cover.'

It would be interesting to know the general diet of METHUSALEH. He must have sowed all his 'wild oats' by the time he reached the age of five hundred years; and the excesses of his youth aside, some account of his regimen would supply an important desideratum. NEBUCHADNEZZAR was seven years at grass, and throve, although he 'neglected his nails,' which was not gentleman-like,\* and it is barely possible that METHUSALEH also flourished upon a vegetable diet. But he never could have survived 'GRAHAM-crackers!' Enough, however, 'on *this* pint.'

GENEVA; OR THE HISTORY OF A PORTRAIT. BY AN AMERICAN LADY, a Resident of Washington City. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON.

We learn that this is the work of a young lady, only eighteen years of age at the time it was written; and as the creation and composition of one so young, it must be regarded as a remarkable production. Both in the descriptive portions, and in the dialogues of the characters, the language is easy and flowing, and for the most part, natural: somewhat over-fervid, indeed, sometimes, in scenes which indicate, by their external *sensuousness*, a fervid and excited imagination, but in the main, as we have said, natural and forceful. Without entering upon an analysis of the narrative and autobiography, for which we have neither time nor space, and which we can only briefly designate as being full of various and often exciting incident, we shall content ourselves with two extracts, illustrative, as we conceive, of the comments we have made upon the style of our fair authoress. The first involves a few very natural reflections upon old age and its effects, and a very graphic picture from 'behind the scenes' at the San Carlo opera-house in Naples:

'THE door closed, and I was left alone. I set my little lamp in the fire-place, and after I had undressed and repeated the rosary, I stepped into the pretty bed, draped with white, and drew its curtains close around me. I could scarcely realize that I was not in Madame SCHILLER'S dormitory; and at dawn I started suddenly from my slumber, imagining I heard her voice calling the girls to rise. Finding myself wide awake, I thought I would get up, and did so; all was quiet in the house, no one stirring; faint hues of morning sun were rising slowly in the east. I heard the sound of deep, sonorous breathing, as I passed a door at the head of the stairs, which I justly concluded were the nocturnal tones of my guardian. I went into the parlor, and finding

\* **SPEAKING OF NAILS:** It would seem that careful experiments have shown that a man's finger-nails grow their complete length in four months and a half. A man, therefore, who lives seventy years, renews his nails one hundred and eighty-six times! Allowing each nail to be half an inch long, he has grown seven feet and nine inches of finger-nail on each finger, and on fingers and thumbs an aggregate of seventy-five feet and six inches! 'Given' the foregoing, to ascertain the length of NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S nails at the end of the time he was 'out on grass.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

on the table an interesting novel, took it in my hand, and sought the garden; under a wide-spreading acacia-tree, I sat down upon a rustic bench. I saw an old female domestic making a fire in the kitchen, and beginning to prepare breakfast; I looked at her as she moved about, and wondered if I should ever live to become as old and ugly as she; if my cheeks, now so round and firm, should become shrivelled and hanging like pieces of dried skin; my form attenuated and hideous; my hair turn gray and fall out; my eyes watery and blinking, like those of a sick lap-dog: yet it was natural to suppose, that in the course of nature all those things would come to pass. If mind is soul, and if the soul is immortal, should we not reasonably suppose that this ethereal principle would preserve itself bright and untarnished from the gathering gloom of years; that time, instead of dimming, would only add new glories to its spiritual splendor?"

'AFTER breakfast, I accompanied Monsieur to the San Carlo opera-house, where he took me, he said, that I might see the actors rehearse, and observe stage-trick and manner. Since then, I have seen tricks enough played off upon the stage of life, independent of the drama. We need not go to the theatre to see actors and actresses. We ascended through the basement story, the passage obstructed by old rubbish, stage furniture, to the green-room—a miserable-looking apartment, draped with green baize. Several actors and actresses stood in groups, conversing, in their ordinary dress. I looked out behind the scenes; I saw on all sides the rough boards of the theatre, and the large open spaces through which the actors went upon the stage, and the scenes were shifted backward and forward. Every thing looked unfinished and bare; it looked like the skeleton frame of a house, and in no way realized my romantic visions of a theatre. Several of the actors held opera-books in their hands, which they appeared to be studying. Monsieur went around the room, bowing, and shaking hands with all, receiving and paying compliments in return.'

'Secondarily and lastly,' let us now give a specimen of what we have called fervid and 'sensuous' (not sensual, exactly) writing. It is a love-scene, including a declaration and an acceptance:

"GENEVRA," said he, in the low, deep tone of impassioned feeling, taking both my hands in his left hand, and with the other playing with the curls of my hair: "GENEVRA, I am about leaving town, perhaps for some months; perhaps from contingency or fatality I may never return. I have come to say farewell. I could, I think, almost feel happy at going, could I for a moment suppose that a heart so pure as yours would cherish toward a forlorn, unhappy being like myself a single sentiment of kindness or regret. Say, Mademoiselle, may I hope I shall not be forgotten?"

"He grasped my hands fiercely as he said this, and looked closely in my face. I felt frightened, and scarcely knew what to say. At last I stammered out:

"You have my best wishes, Monsieur, for your future happiness."

"Best wishes! Is that all? Yes, I see I was a fool to suppose —" He stopped abruptly, and bending down his stately head to a level with my eyes, riveted his gaze on mine. I could feel his warm breath hotly fan my cheek, and the beams of moon-light showed his broad, full chest, as it rose and fell with contending passions. Nearer and nearer did he draw me to him, till his head sank upon my shoulder, his beautiful mouth sought mine, and with his arms tightly clasped around my waist, I felt myself irresistibly drawn into an embrace, which, by a strange paralysis of all power of will, I had no strength to avoid. He drew me forcibly off my chair upon his lap, and there imprinted on my lips a hundred kisses before I could summon strength and determination to break away. I forced myself from his iron grasp, and ran to the other side of the room. He followed me, his beautiful face distorted by passion, and falling on his knees, again seized my hands in his, and exclaimed: "Pardon me! oh, pardon me, beautiful GENEVRA! but I love you with a wild, intense passion. Forgive me, if I have offended your pride or modesty. Take pity on me, GENEVRA, and encourage me to hope that my love may meet with a return."

"Monsieur de SERRAL!" I cried, at length recovering breath to speak, "your conduct is incomprehensible, inexplicable; what can you mean by it? Is it gentlemanly—is it honorable, thus wantonly to insult the modesty and wound the pride of a defenceless girl?"

"By JUPITER, you misconstrue me!" he vehemently exclaimed; and starting to his feet, he again traversed the room with rapid strides. "Has my bearing toward you ever been any thing save respectful?"

"Does not this look marvellously like insulting familiarity?" I indignantly demanded.

"I forgot myself for a moment. And are you so remorseless as to refuse forgiveness for an unintentional fault? Yes, here in this very room, I swear I love you, and you alone. With a crazy passion have I adored you since our first meeting at the Countess's; till now I have stifled it, concealed it as much as possible from your observation; but now, on the eve of departure from Naples, I tell you how I love you, and honorably offer you my heart and hand in marriage. If you will accept me, I will return; otherwise I never shall."

"I had sunk into a chair, overpowered by this strange scene. Again, as if impelled by some invisible influence, he came and put his arms around my waist, and kissed me as before. This time, after what he had just said, I did not resist him."

"I have sometimes thought," he whispered, "from the expression of your eyes, that you loved me. Say, dearest, is it so? Put your beautiful arms around my neck, and say, 'Dear RINALDO, I love thee!'"

"Unconscious, almost stupefied, I mechanically complied, and whispered after him, 'Dear RINALDO, I love thee!' Then he remained motionless for some minutes, seeming to have lost all recollection in a delirium of sense, his arms tightly locked around my waist, his head resting in my lap. His wild, impassioned manner had in some degree magnetized and inspired my naturally cold temperament with something like a return of the volcano-like passion which animated him."

"Monsieur de SERRAL," I said, finding he made no effort to rise, "recollect yourself, I beg of you. Come, seat yourself here on the sofa, and let us talk quietly. Why should you rage and storm thus? What is it disquiets you? You say you love me; but surely love is a gentle feel-



ing. Where is the necessity of these tempestuous emotions? These bursts of passion alarm me. Be composed, and tell me why you are miserable and unhappy, as you just said you were. Explain your grief; and at least let me endeavor to console you.'

'My quiet manner served to soothe him. He rose from his knees, and sat reclining on the sofa, still holding my hands in his, while I wiped the perspiration from his agitated countenance. I was not exactly in love with him then, but my disposition always prompted me to compassionate the sorrowful. He appeared to be unhappy, and I would have given much to have known, shared, and alleviated his sorrow.'

The foregoing passages will indicate to the reader somewhat of the style and character of the work before us. We wish we could say something in favor of the external execution of the volume, but that is impossible. Its coarse whitey-brown paper, and ragged, unpressed leaves, would belie at once praise so grossly unfounded.

SCENES IN OUR PARISH. By a Country Parson's Daughter. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author, by her Sister. In one volume: pp. 374. New-York: STANFORD AND SWORDS, Number 137, Broadway.

THE publishers of these 'Scenes in our Parish,' a work which has been for some years out of print in this country, have done a good service to the public in reproducing the book at this time. Few works of the kind have achieved a wider or a better-deserved popularity. The pious and gifted author has recently been taken to that heaven toward which she directs the affections of her readers; but although dead, she 'yet speaketh.' A sister has written a beautiful memorial of the departed, which the publishers have caused to be placed in the front of the book, and which adds not a little to its interest and value. The maiden name of the author was ELIZABETH EMMA, but it was by her married name, MRS. MARCUS H. HOLMES, that she became known as a writer. Of her younger years, her sister mentions this incident: 'She was blessed with a considerable measure of health; and, though her frame was small and delicate, she was not deficient in strength; but while yet very young, she, together with several of her sisters, was attacked by the small-pox, and, though its virulence was thought to be abated by previous vaccination, it assumed in her case a severe form, exciting painful apprehensions at the time, and long after leaving its traces on a brow and neck which had been so very smooth and fair. Her patience, however, failed not under this severe trial; and some verses, among the first which her manuscripts contain, scarcely wanting the finished elegance of her later compositions, manifest that her fancy already roved among poetic visions, and, what is far better, that she humbled herself under the chastening of what she felt to be her FATHER'S hand. They were occasioned by her being refused *water*, and may be thought of sufficient interest to be inserted here:

'HEALTH to the sick, and cordial to the faint,  
Why is thy sparkling draught denied to me?  
Oh! could I see thee, as thou gushest forth  
From the green hill, and murmuring gild'st along,  
Fever would leave these veins and health again  
Bound in each pulse, and flow through every vein.  
Oh! who will bear me to the lone retreat,  
Where freshest moss is press'd by fairy feet;  
Where the low fern her graceful leaf extends,  
And with the wild bee's kiss the dewy primrose bends?  
Cease, burning fever! beating heart, be still!  
Soul, meekly suffer, 't is thy SAVIOUR'S will!  
His arm sustains, His smile shall comfort thee,  
And HE himself shall LIVING WATER be.'

Numerous passages, poetical and others, from her diary, and kindred miscellanies, show MRS. HOLMES to have been a woman imbued with deep feeling, true piety, and no small share of graceful if not powerful intellect. Her unpretending sketches will be read with pleasure and profit by thousands of the present generation.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

'NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW' FOR THE JULY QUARTER.—The present is a decided improvement upon the last previous issue of this venerable and able Quarterly, which struck us, in a hasty perusal, as being much below the average excellence of the work. Moreover, it came to us with the leaves rough and unpressed, and altogether seemed like a gentleman and a man of character getting sadly careless of his personal appearance. But the number before us, in interior quality and external aspect, reassures us. It contains eleven articles proper, together with three briefer critical notices. The first paper is upon the 'Life and Correspondence of ROBERT SOUTHEY,' and is well worthy the post of honor which it holds in the Review. It is admirably written, and contains a clear *résumé* of the daily life and personal and literary character of its subject. We remark, near the commencement of this article, an observation which we respectfully commend to those authors or 'authorlings' who mourn over the bad taste of the public because they do not choose to purchase and peruse their 'things in books' clothing: 'to the effect, namely, that no literary man in our day can find his account in standing out against the taste and judgment of his contemporaries. The world is competent to sit upon their claims, nor can prejudice, intrigue, or caprice sway the opinions of the majority. The multitude, therefore, form the tribunal, and their collected verdict is the judgment of truth and nature. We have spoken once or twice recently in these pages of SOUTHEY'S idolatry of his books. A passage from one of his own letters pleasantly illustrates this feature in his character:

'You would rejoice with me, were you now at Keswick, at the tidings that a box of books is safely harbored in the Mersey, so that for the next fortnight I shall be more interested in the news of FLETCHER (the name of a Keswick carrier) than of BONAPARTE. It contains some duplicates of the lost cargo; among them, the collection of the oldest Spanish poems, in which is a metrical romance upon the Cid. I shall sometimes want you for a Gothic etymology. Talk of the happiness of getting a great prize in the lottery! What is that to the opening a box of books! The joy upon lifting up the cover must be something like what we shall feel when PETER the Porter opens the door up stairs, and says, Please to walk in, Sir. That I shall never be paid for my labor, according to the current value of time and labor, is tolerably certain; but if any one should offer me ten thousand pounds to forego that labor, I should bid him and his money go to the devil, for twice the sum could not purchase me half the enjoyment. It will be a great delight to me in the next world to take a fly and visit these old worthies, who are my only society here, and to tell them what excellent company I found them here at the lakes of Cumberland, two centuries after they had been dead and turned to dust. In plain truth, I exist more among the dead than the living, and think more about them, and, perhaps, feel more about them.'

SOUTHEY was an indefatigable hard-worker, and as methodical as a Quaker. He needed, says his reviewer, no other relaxation than a change of the subject of his literary employment, with which he was always supplied. He gives himself a graphic sketch of his ordinary routine of labor:

'My actions,' he writes about this time to a friend, 'are as regular as those of St. DUNSTON'S quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast, (equivalent to five in small quarto print-

ing;) then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humor, till dinner-time; from dinner to tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta; for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good, substantial theory to prove that it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write, and copy till I am tired, and then turn to any thing else till supper; and this is my life — which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish. At least, I should think so if I had not once been happier; and I do think so, except when that recollection comes upon me. And then, when I cease to be cheerful, it is only to become contemplative; to feel at times a wish that I was in that state of existence which passes not away; and this always ends in a new impulse to proceed, that I may leave some durable monument and some efficient good behind me.'

Yes, and at the last he thought so much and so long upon that 'state of existence which passes not away,' that his o'erwrought brain became a 'whirling realm of phantasy and flame.' We find in SOUTHEY's memoirs, as in WORDSWORTH's, additional illustrations of the noble character of the late Sir ROBERT PEEL. While in power, there was in his benefactions to men of genius a tact and a delicacy which bespoke a true gentleman, with a warm and generous heart. Observe the following:

'THERE are two beautiful letters from Sir ROBERT PEEL to SOUTHEY, written during the short period of the former's control of the government in 1835, and when the latter was beginning to sink under the effects of literary toil too intense and long continued, while the future, as his family was imperfectly provided for, seemed darkening before him. In the first, Sir ROBERT offers him a baronetcy, as a public tribute of honor due to 'a name the most eminent in literature, and which has claims to respect and honor which literature alone can never confer.' In the second, marked *private*, anticipating that the baronetcy would be declined, as it was, on the ground of a want of pecuniary means to sustain the dignity of advanced rank, the writer asks: 'Will you tell me, without reserve, whether the possession of power puts within my reach the means of doing any thing which can be serviceable or acceptable to you, and whether you will allow me to find some compensation for the many heavy sacrifices which office imposes upon me, in the opportunity of marking my gratitude as a public man for the eminent services you have rendered, not only to literature, but to the higher interests of virtue and religion?' Nothing could be more kindly or delicately offered. SOUTHEY gave in answer a frank and exact statement of his circumstances, and on the ground only of a failure of his health, and recent severe affliction in his family, (his wife had become insane,) from which causes he could no longer feel sure of his own power to continue his literary exertions, he asked for a moderate increase of his pension. The request was granted as soon as made.'

The paper upon SOUTHEY is followed by a very long review of 'A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Race,' which we have not as yet found leisure to read. 'FREUND's Latin Lexicon' and 'International Exchanges' are also two heavy-looking papers which we are compelled to skip. The articles on 'Sanitary Reform' and on the good deeds of a benevolent Parsee Merchant, named JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHAY, ('one of the B'hoys' of India, and no mistake,) are well worth reading. We commend to especial perusal the articles on BLIENNERHASSET and on 'the Unity of Language and of Mankind.' The first, although upon an old theme, is interesting, on more accounts than one: the second is remarkable for the vigorous treatment of an argument which is supported by great research and with decided ability. We are surprised to hear that this article is from the pen of a lady. The only remaining article of the 'North-American' which we have read is the scorching review of that book of affected bombast and fustian, GILFILLAN's 'Bards of the BIBLE.' We give a passage or two from this exhorting critique:

'THE title is certainly in good keeping with the book. If the sound of it is somewhat strange to our unpractised ears, and incongruous with that sober reverence with which we are accustomed to hear the writers of the BIBLE spoken of, it is not more so than the 'critical poem' which follows. It is from this that we first come to know that the Pentateuch (besides its few poetic fragments and fewer lyric songs) is *en masse* a piece of poetry; that the historical books in general are poetry; that the Gospels are poetry; and that the writings of PAUL and JAMES are poetry. If this piece of information were of any value, we should be bound to thank the writer for having made such a discovery, and having communicated the knowledge of his achievement to the world.

'How much the writer values his efforts and his success in writing a poetical critique, is plain from what he says: 'Many elaborate and learned criticisms,' he remarks, 'have been made on the poetry of the BIBLE; but the fragmentary essay of HERDER alone seems to approach to the idea of a prose poem on the subject.' He thinks that 'a new and fuller effort is demanded.' He says of preceding writers: 'They seem, in search of mistakes, or in search of mysteries, to have forgotten that the BIBLE is a poem at all.' But to speak of *forgetting* what was never before

known or taught is hardly proper. Surely Mr. GILFILLAN is the first man that ever discovered the whole BIBLE to be a poem; and this discovery has been first developed in this prose-poetic critique. To him exclusively belongs the honor attached to the discovery; and he should not speak disparagingly of others, who do not possess his gift of 'second-sight.'

'We have been in the habit of supposing that the genealogical catalogues in the Pentateuch; and the architectural details in respect to the formation of the tabernacle, which occupy somewhat of a large space in Exodus; and also the whole of the Mosaic ritual directions, and of the laws, civil and social, were something quite distinct from poetry. We have, hitherto, come far short of finding out the poetry of the first nine chapters of the first book of Chronicles; or of the corresponding lists of names in EZRA, NEMEMIAN, and elsewhere. But no matter. It was said, some time ago, in England, that 'the Muses had never been able to get a passage across the Atlantic.' If so, and if even steam-boat accommodations are not sufficient to tempt those ladies to cross the great waters, then it cannot be any matter of wonder that we of the New World should be quite incompetent to write a 'poetical critique' on the poetry of genealogies, of architectural details, of ritual precepts, and of civil ordinances. Not even in historical narratives, as such, have we been able to discover it.'

In concluding his article, the reviewer observes: 'Nothing can be more erroneous, in taste or in fact, than to make all the BIBLE into poetry, as Mr. GILFILLAN has done. Is he not aware that prose, after all, has higher powers than poetry; that poetry is the offspring, for the most part, of a state of society not highly advanced in cultivation; in a word, of that state wherein men's feelings predominate over their intellect? A highly-cultivated state of society usually withdraws somewhat from the cultivation of the poetic art. Such is the state of things at present. We have no more epics in these days; or if they are born, they are consigned to an early grave. Discussion of every kind, history, eloquence, chooses prose. It is impossible that poetry, constricted as it is by metre, should give us the completeness of a prose picture. MACAULAY understands this; PRESIDENT and IRVING know this.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We said a few months ago, to a young American going to England, 'When you get abroad, just jot down for us a record of whatever may impress you as new or odd, and let us have it for the 'Old Knicker.' He alleged his want of literary ability, taste, etc., but finally consented. His journal, kept in England and France, is now before us; and it contains much that would prove of interest to readers on this side of the Atlantic. We have segregated, here and there, a few passages. The subjoined particular description of the new tubular bridge over the Straits of Menai is interesting:

'At three P. M. I engaged a 'fly' to take a flying visit to see the Tubular and the Suspension Bridges that cross the Straits of Menai, dividing the island of Anglesea from the main land. The tubular bridge is two thousand feet in length, and weighs upward of twelve thousand tons. It has thus far cost six hundred thousand pounds. The under side of the tubes is one hundred feet above high-water mark. This bridge is yet unfinished: when completed, it will be of the great height of two hundred and fifty-seven feet from its foundation. The land-towers are two hundred feet high. The material is a kind of lime-stone, which is called 'Anglesea marble,' and which receives a high polish. Each end of the bridge is ornamented with two immense lions, couchant, elevated on stone platforms: they are twenty-five feet in length! The suspension bridge is more imposing to look at than even the tubular. A ship of three hundred tons burthen can pass under it, and have plenty of room to spare. The dimensions of this bridge are as follows: Extreme length of chain, seventeen hundred and fifty feet; height of road-way from high-water line, one hundred feet; suspending piers, one hundred and fifty-three feet from high water, and fifty-three from the road. There are two carriage-ways, of twelve feet each, with a foot-path of four in the centre. The length of the suspended part of the pier is six hundred and fifty-three feet. The chains are sixteen in number, consisting of five bars each: length of bar, ten feet three inches. The total weight of iron in this work is four million three hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and eighty-one pounds! Before leaving this place, I cannot help noticing a splendid monument erected to the *leg* of the Marquis D'ANGLESEA, whose residence is in sight of the bridge. The monument is built upon an elevated rock, and consists of a plain shaft of great height, from the summit of which a magnificent view of the country is obtained.'

The journalist visited Ireland; but his records of this naturally lovely but most

unhappy country present little beside the old picture: wretchedness, filth, misery and starvation. Coming away, he writes:

'I CANNOT take my leave of this beautiful country, without noting down some of the reflections which have resulted from observations made during my brief sojourn. In the first place, I look upon it as a fixed fact that the present generation of Irishmen are a doomed race. I regard it as a moral impossibility to reclaim them, as a nation, by any hasty legislation. They have, as a people, lost caste among the nations of the earth. On every side you will meet with idleness, squalid misery, and utter degradation. Whether this wretchedness has been the result of political oppression, or famine, or the strife that has arisen from conflicting creeds, or the combined effects of all, I know not; but certain it is, that there is no material left on which the superstructure of her former greatness can be raised. The frequent failures of men actuated by the most praiseworthy motives are easily accounted for. There is no union of feeling or action in the land; and so long as local prejudice and gross ignorance go hand in hand, the efforts of patriotism will end in defeat, and the hope of reclaiming the land is worse than madness. In after years, under trans-Atlantic influence, the children of this unfortunate country may become regenerated, and the scintillations of their former genius be reflected in the rays of republican glory.'

Our correspondent took a jaunt in a 'low-backed car' to Carrickfergus, where he was entertained with the humors of one of the celebrated Irish fairs:

'This morning I took a trip to Carrickfergus, about eight miles from Belfast, on the coast-road. There is a large castle at this place, and all the executions for the north of Ireland take place within it. At present it has a garrison of about four hundred men. Here I saw a genuine Irish fair, and a most amusing affair it is. The streets were completely crowded with people, who had come from every direction, for many miles around, to sell horses, donkeys, cattle, pigs, turf, and make love—beside doing a little in the fighting way. Through the midst of this motley group our jarvey drove at the top of his speed, lashing his long whip to the right and left, and shouting with an energy that would have thrown one of our western Indians into the shade. Bedlam would be a 'concord of sweet sounds' compared with the continual din at one of these fairs. Old women singing ballads, with their shrill, squeaking voices; pipers playing on rude tin pipes, shaped something like clarionets, but minus the keys; pigs carried about in bags, squealing like the devil; all sorts of traps being sold at auction; men and women dancing on the turf; and in addition to all this, just imagine a few fights, accompanied with broken heads, etc., and you will have some idea of an Irish fair.'

A visit to the great brewery establishment of Messrs. BARCLAY AND PERKINS, who go the 'entire' in the way of malt liquors, must close our quotations for the present:

'To-day I have devoted to the BREWERY department, and am perfectly surprised at the magnitude of their operations. BARCLAY AND PERKINS, one of the largest, covers fourteen acres! There are a number of others nearly as large. I have 'sampled' so many butts of fine malt to-day that I am compelled to take some future time to describe these monstrous establishments, each one of which is a town in itself, inhabited by a strange and singular sort of people. But notwithstanding the roughness of their exterior, they are good and true men, and their conduct toward the blackguard HAYNAU proves it. Their horses and drays are quite a feature of the establishment: they all look in fine condition. I have never seen one more faster than a walk, but the immense loads they draw are perfectly astounding. And to see one of the draymen drain a quart-mug of stout, without taking breath, is amusing; yet it is a feat that almost any of them can accomplish without the slightest effort. All visitors are requested to register their names and address in a book kept for the purpose, and no gratuities are allowed to the servant who shows you around. They permit you to taste as often as you like; but if one is not very careful, he will get gloriously drunk before he knows what he is about, as I had an opportunity of observing, in more than one instance. Some of their old ales are quite as intoxicating as the same quantity of spirits would be; notwithstanding which, they appear very mild and pleasant to the palate, and so long as you are kept in the cool cellars you do not feel the effects of your potations, to any very great extent; but wo be unto the poor devil who has indulged too freely, when he comes to the upper air! His head reels, objects around him become indistinct, he feels a slight nausea, and in a moment swoons, insensibly dumb, to the great amusement of his more fortunate companions, who consider it a feat to drink their verdant friend beastly drunk. It may not be out of place here to assert, that in all classes of society that I have met in England, I have met with more 'soaking' than I ever saw before in my life.

The lower orders drink gin to an excess that is perfectly astounding; and the higher orders are quite as much given to this kind of indulgence. Even the ladies are not exceptions to this rule. Their drink consists of malt, port, and claret, and the quantity that is drank every day at dinner is miraculous; thus explaining, without much penetration, the cause of that fine ruddy complexion, which is so characteristic of the English. Almost every Englishman that you meet with is constantly complaining of rheumatism, gout, asthma, etc., etc. East winds are to him a perpetual night-mare; and the draft, even through a key-hole, would frighten him into hysterics. He never goes out without bundling himself up with shawls and mufflers, and all sorts of things, for fear of taking cold. He drinks an extra quantity of ale for 'a tonic,' takes port to 'strengthen him,' and imbibes any quantity of hot spirits and water to 'warm him up a bit;' and thus he wags on his way through life, until some fine morning he is found dead in his bed, or drops suddenly in the street, and every body is astonished at the sudden death of 'a man in such fine health!'

But we must pause here. . . . OUR right-hand 'MAIN' mentions an amusing instance of professional enthusiasm. He was coming down from Albany the other evening, in one of our noble Hudson River steamers, and was about going to take his place near the entrance to the supper-table, when his arm was seized, almost convulsively, by a man who was watching the movements of the engine, and apparently listening intently to some unusual noise. 'Do you hear *that*?' said he; 'do you hear *that*, Sir?' 'No,' said 'MAIN,' a little scared, thinking that there might be a sound indicative of 'a b'iler a-bu'sting;' 'no, I d-don't notice any thing unusual.' 'Wait a bit; hear *that*?' 'Ko-chung! ko-chung!'—that's a *minor-third*, Sir!—a *perfect minor-third*! Such a musical critic as that would assign the 'yowl' of a tom-cat, the 'ye-ö-a-w!' of a pussy, or the bray of a jackass, borne on the night-wind, its specific position on the musical scale. What a beautiful thing it is to have 'an ear' for music—especially *such* music! . . . We are indebted to our friend Major HANCOCK, of the '*Herald*' daily journal, for a capital feast of '*Fresh Salmon from the Clyde*.' It was hermetically sealed in a small oval-shaped tin vessel, which must be opened at the top, placed in boiling water nearly to the top of the canister, and boiled 'ad lib.' It was as 'fresh and fine' as if taken panting from a stall of the 'Sant Market o' Glasgow' the day before. . . . A CORRESPONDENT of the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, writing from Nottingham, England, gives a very interesting account of a visit which he paid to '*The Homes and the Graves of Byron and Mary Chaworth*.' Speaking of his visit to the church where BYRON lies buried, the writer says: 'I stood for some time meditating on the changes and troubles of the life of him whose ashes were beneath my feet. A beautiful young girl of seventeen summers, with an 'eye as blue as heaven,' and a face expressive of sinless purity, was my guide. She was the daughter of the parish clerk, and during her father's absence waited on strangers to the tomb. I recorded my name in a book she kept for visitors, and on looking over it noticed the names of a great number of Americans. I asked her if she saw many of my countrymen, to which she replied in the affirmative. More of them visit Hucknall than of any other foreigners, and all of them take great interest in every thing relating to BYRON. 'Has Lady BYRON ever been here?' I asked. 'No,' said she, 'not within my recollection; but last summer Lady LOVECLACE was here, BYRON's daughter. She came with MRS. WILDMAN, the lady of the present occupant of Newstead Abbey. When she came in she burst into a flood of tears, and wept long and audibly. It was an affecting scene, Sir, and I could not help but weep with her. She stood some time leaning over the vault against the tablet, and sighed as though her very heart would break. Ay, Sir, she loved her father; and could he have seen her, and known her affection for him, he would have been a better and a happier man. She never came but once to the grave, and then it was a difficult thing to get her away. I believe she grew ill in consequence of grief after that visit, and it was deemed prudent not to renew

it." How infinitely touching are the concluding stanzas of the third canto of 'CHILDE HAROLD,' when taken in connection with this affecting anecdote! Familiar though they may be, we cannot resist the inclination to quote them here:

'My daughter! with thy name this song began;  
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end.  
I see thee not — I hear thee not — but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee: thou art the friend  
O'er whom the shadows of far years extend;  
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,  
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,  
And reach into thy heart, when mine is cold,  
*A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.*

'To aid thy mind's development; to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys; to sit and see  
Almost thy very growth; to view thee catch  
Knowledge of objects — wonders yet to thee!  
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss —  
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;  
Yet this was in my nature; as it is,  
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

'Yet though dull hate as duty should be taught,  
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name  
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught  
With desolation — and a broken claim;  
Though the grave closed between us, 't were the same:  
I *know* that thou wilt love me; though to drain  
My blood from out thy being were an aim,  
And an attainment — all would be in vain:  
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life retain.

'The child of love, though born in bitterness  
And nurtured in convulsion: of thy sire  
These were the elements — and thine no less.  
As yet such are around thee — but thy fire  
Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher.  
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea  
And from the mountains where I now breathe,  
Fain would I waft such blessings unto thee,  
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!'

We have always believed, and always *shall* believe, that if Lady Byron had not been as unbending as a statue and colder than an icicle, Byron would never have been the desolate man he became. Right glad are we to find that the 'dull hate' for the father was inculcated upon the daughter with so little effect. The following passage, touching Byron's first and only true love, will be read with interest: 'Below Nottingham on the Trent, here a pretty and romantic stream, there is a large estate known as 'Colwich Hall.' It is the property of the *MUSTERS* family, and the burial-place of *MARY CHAWORTH*. During the reform riots in the town, some years ago, at which time Nottingham Castle was burned, the mob set fire to Colwich Hall, but did not destroy it. Mrs. *MUSTERS* was driven from the house and took refuge in the woods on the estate. From the fright and exposure during the night, she contracted a fever which soon terminated her existence. She is buried in Colwich Church, an old ivy-clad edifice immediately adjacent to the Hall, and her tomb is an object of frequent visit by tourists. She left four children, two of whom are living, one of them a daughter, now married, and the other a son, a clergyman of the Established Church. The eldest, who would have been heir to the joint estates of herself and husband, died a few years ago, leaving a son, who, by the death of his grandfather, is lord of the manors of Annesley and Colwich. The elder *MUSTERS* was a great huntsman, and, from all accounts, very much of a brute. He was a tyrant to the poor, which explains the visit of the mob to his Hall. It is currently reported in Nottingham that he frequently used personal violence toward his wife, and more than once beat her severely. He died about five months ago on his

own estate, not much regretted, but a good deal despised, and now lies buried at the side of his wife in his family vault at Colwich Church.' Poor BYRON — poor MARY CHAWORTH! . . . MR. PAINE, the gas-man; will he *show* us any thing! — will he *do* any thing! *Has* he any thing to show, or *can* he do any thing! If he can, why *don't* he! *Has* he light from simple water! Then why not let it shine, so that others may see his 'good works!' Does he harness the atmosphere to his apparatus! Then *let us see him do it*. The gorge of the most incredulous begins now to rise when even the *name* of PAINE is mentioned. No more notices, if you please, Mr. PAINE, as to what you are 'going to do.' You've talked about what you are *going to* do, of what you are 'just on the *eve* of accomplishing,' long enough. Therefore, gentlemen capitalists, let the gaseous gas-man 'gas' about his gas, without putting your hands into your pockets. It will be time enough for *you* to do something when *he* does. . . . SOME wag has sent us, as a specimen of skill in the 'art preservative of all arts,' a copy of the '*Southern Advertiser*,' printed at Buena-Vista, Georgia. Such a newspaper we never saw before. It is a positive curiosity. It looks as if it was printed with dirty tar on an old dingy rag. Moreover, it is crowded with blunders, types askew, letters and lines up-side down; parts of the same article in two different columns; the same matter divided with dashes out of place, and none where they ought to be; and the whole printed on types which look as if they were of soft worn-out wood! Moreover, the errors in orthography are so many and of such a character, that they imply ignorance rather than carelessness in the printer and editor. Shade of FAUST, but the '*Southern Advertiser*' is a curiosity! Here is one of his editorials, divided in the middle by a dash out of place, and closing with half a word, separated by a hyphen:

'OUR PAPER. — Perhaps nothing has caused more excitement and wonder, in our village, during the last two or three weeks, than the appearance of a printing-office in it, and the appearance of the late '*Southern Advertiser*.' Most all of the villagers, and some from the country, have visited our office, to see what sort of wonderful machinery was put in motion on this side of town. At first, some would say, with much wit: 'Your office is not on the right side of the public square; you will not make it profitable unless you have it on the business side of the public square.' Others, after the first number of our paper appeared, said: 'Your paper is entirely too small, and is entirely too ugly, and too badly printed.' Others said: 'If you don't make better print, and make your paper larger, (but did not say that they *read* all of it), and take off that blank paper from its margin, and leave a whole syllable at the end of the line, where you put in a hyphen, and make your paper as large and as neat as the 'Columbus papers,' I'll be d — if I'll pay you any thing for it!' Others would come into our office and make much confusion by loud talking, and by handling and misplacing the type and other materials, and would say: 'He does not look like an editor!' We suppose they thought that an editor must appear walking across the street now and then, with a fine cane in his hand, embossed with gold; his person covered with the finest cloth, and his long gold watch-chain dangling from its fob, and his bosom studded around with gold and diamonds! Well, if they thought so, they will be disappointed with respect to us, for we assure them that we will pursue our own course, and act independently in all things pertaining to our office.'

There were at least a dozen errors of typography in this short paragraph; errors in spelling, overturned types, etc. Talk of the 'Bunkum Flagstaff!' Mr. WAGSTAFF would 'repudiate an exchange with his Southern cotrumpery?' . . . We perceive that the prisoners for debt in Baltimore have been liberated by a new law of Maryland, and that they held a jubilee on the occasion, in which they fired cannon, united in a torch-light procession, etc. Would it not be well for the old commonwealth of Massachusetts, even at the eleventh hour, to imitate the states that one after another have abolished the barbarous custom of imprisonment for debt? She stands now nearly alone, we believe, in the retention upon her statute-book of this inhuman law. It is but very recently that we saw in a Boston journal an account of a man taken to jail for a small debt, who was dying of consumption, and who was so weak when he reached the steps that he had to be supported by the officers to enter the prison-doors. His inexorable creditors, whose names were BARTON and STUART — names now handed down to infamy in thousands of Ameri-



can journals — when told by the officers that their victim was dying, declined to interfere; and 'sick and in prison,' with none that 'came unto him,' he yielded up his life. Now is not this shocking! In Boston, too, the refined Athens of America — in much and loud-boasted Massachusetts! WHITTIER based his '*Prisoner for Debt*' upon the fact that a man who had fought in four battles of the Revolution was in confinement within plain sight of Bunker-Hill, on a Fourth of July, for a debt of fourteen dollars! The poet gave vent to his manly indignation in these among other stirring lines:

'And so, for such a place of rest,  
Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain,  
On Concord's field, and BUNKER'S crest,  
And Saratoga's plain!  
Look forth, thou man of many scars,  
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;  
It must be joy in sooth to see  
Yon monument upreared to thee:  
Piled granite and a prison cell —  
The land repays thy service well!

'Go ring the bell and fire the guns,  
And fling the starry banner out;  
Shout 'Freedom!' till the lisping ones  
Give back their cradle-shout;  
Let boasted eloquence declaim  
Of honor, liberty, and fame;  
Still let the poet's strain be heard,  
With 'glory' for each second word;  
And every thing with breath agree  
To praise our 'glorious liberty!'

'And when the patriot cannon jars  
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,  
And through its grates the stripes and  
stars

Rise on the wind, and fall,  
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear  
Rejoices in the general cheer?  
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,  
What is your 'carnival' to him?

'Down with the Law that binds him  
thus!

Unworthy freemen, let it find  
No refuge from the withering curse  
Of God and human kind!

Open the prison's living tomb,  
And usher from its brooding gloom  
The victims of your savage code,  
To the free sun and air of God.  
No longer dare as crime to brand  
The chastenings of the ALMIGHTY'S hand!

Even a barbarous people would be ashamed of such inhumanity as has been exhibited in Massachusetts. Every body will remember the reply of the Oneida Indian to a person who was showing him a prisoner for debt in a county jail. 'What had him do?' asked the Indian. 'He could n't pay his skins,' said the other, alluding to the Indians' currency, at that time, of furs. 'He catch no skin locked up in house!' was the sensible and unanswerable reply of the 'savage Indian.' . . . THAT was a somewhat cool reply which was given by a boarder to a landlord in San Francisco, when he asked him for the 'amount of his little bill.' 'You have now, my dear Sir, been boarding with me for a month, and I have not troubled you; but I am now seriously in want of the money. Every thing I purchase for the house is at a high figure; and I really can't afford to lie out of your bill any longer.' 'Can't afford it!' exclaimed the delinquent; 'then why the d—! I don't you sell out to some body that can afford it! That's your best way!' . . . '*Some American Poets*' is the title of the leading article in the May number of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine. We shall glance at it slightly, and make a few quotations from it; not because we agree with the critic by any means, for in many instances we do not, but to show what BUNSEY 'wisdom' sometimes passes for critical acumen. The 'some' poets who are here discussed, are LONGFELLOW, BRYANT, WHITTIER, LOWELL, and HOLMES; and all these are 'some,' as they say at the west, without any doubt. The writer in opening, speaking of the fact that there is doubtless much good poetry published here which does not reach England, makes use of the annexed felicitous illustration:

'Much meritorious poetry may exist and give pleasure amongst an almost private circle of admirers. And why not sing for a small audience as well as for a great? It is not every COLIN that can pipe, that can now expect to draw the whole country-side to listen to him. What if he can please only a quite domestic gathering, his neighbors or his clan? We are not of those who would tell COLIN to lay down his pipe; we might whisper in his ear to mind his sheep as well, and not to break his heart, or disturb his peace, because some sixty persons, and not six thousand, are grateful for his minstrelsy.

'One fine summer's day we stood upon a little bridge thrown over the deep cutting of a newly-constructed railway. It was an open country around us, a common English landscape — fields with their hedge-rows, and their thin elm-trees stripped of their branches, with here and there a

slight undulation of the soil, giving relief to, or partially concealing, the red and white cottage or the red-tiled barn. We were looking, however, into the deep cutting beneath us. Here the iron rails glistened in the sun, and still, as the eye pursued their track, four threads of glittering steel ran their parallel course, but apparently approximating in the far perspective, till they were lost by mere failure of the power of vision to follow them: the road itself was straight as an arrow. On the steep banks, fresh from the spade and pick-axe, not a shrub was seen, not a blade of grass. On the road itself there was nothing but clods of earth, or loose gravel, which lay in heaps by the side of the rails, or in hollows between them: it was enough that the iron bars lay there clear of all obstruction. No human foot, no foot of man or beast, was ever intended to tread that road. It was for the engine only. From time to time the shrill whistle is heard; the train, upon its hundred iron wheels, shoots through the little bridge, and rolls like thunder along these level grooves. It is soon out of sight, and the country is not only again calm and solitary, but appears for the moment to be utterly abandoned and deserted. It has its old life, however, in it still.

'Well, as we were standing thus upon the little bridge, in the open country, and looking down into this deep ravine of the engineer's making, we noticed, fluttering beneath us, a yellow butterfly, sometimes beating its wings against the barren sides, and sometimes perching on the glittering rails themselves. Clearly, most preposterously out of place was this same beautiful insect. What had it to do there? What food, what fragrance, what shelter could it find? Or who was to see and to admire? There was not a shrub, nor an herb, nor a flower, nor a playmate of any description. It is manifest, most beautifully butterfly, that you can not live here. From these new highways of ours, from these iron thoroughfares, you must certainly depart. But it follows not that you must depart the world altogether. In yonder hollow at a distance there is a cottage, surrounded by its trees and its flowers, and there are little children whom you may sport with, and tease, and delight, taking care that they do not catch you napping. There is still *garden-ground* in the world for you, and such as you. Sometimes, when we have seen pretty little gilded volumes of song and poetry lying about in the great highways of our industrial world, we have recalled this scene to mind. There is garden-ground left for them also, and many a private haunt, solitary or domestic, where they will be welcome.'

MR. LONGFELLOW occupies the first place on the critic's list, and is pronounced a writer who 'holds a recognized place in that literature of the language which is common to both countries.' The reviewer goes on to say:

'MR. LONGFELLOW has relied too much, for an independent and permanent reputation, on his German and his Spanish friends. An elegant and accomplished writer, a cultivated mind—a critic would be justified in praising his works, more than the author of them. He has studied foreign literature with somewhat too much profit. We have no critical balance so fine as would enable us to weigh out the two distinct portions of merit which may be due to an author, first as an original writer, and then as a tasteful and skilful artist, who has known how and where to gather and transplant, to translate, or to appropriate. It is a distinction which, as readers, we should be little disposed to make, but which, as critics, we are compelled to take notice of. We should not impute to Mr. LONGFELLOW any flagrant want of originality; but a fine appreciation of thoughts presented to him by other minds, and the skill and tact of the cultivated artist, are qualities very conspicuous in his writings. Having once taken notice of this, we have no wish to press it farther; still less would we allow his successful study, and his bold and felicitous imitations of the writings of others, to detract from the merit of what is really original in his own. What a noble lyric is this, 'The Building of the Ship!' It is full of the spirit of SCHILLER. A little more of the file, something more of harmony, and it would have been quite worthy of the name of SCHILLER. The interweaving of the two subjects, the building and launching of the vessel, with the marriage of the ship-builder's daughter, and the launching of that *other bride* on the waters of life, is very skilfully managed; whilst the name of the ship, *The Union*, gives the poet a fair opportunity of introducing a third topic in some patriotic allusions to the great vessel of the state.'

In quoting our poet's lines 'To the Twilight,' we find an example of that 'wisdom' to which we have alluded: 'The first verse,' says the reviewer, 'we cannot quote: we suspect there is some misprint in our copy. Mr. LONGFELLOW could not have written these lines:

'And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white-caps of the sea.'

Whether women's caps or men's night-caps are alluded to, the image would be equally grotesque. What nonsense! If there had been a sailor in Edinburgh, he could have told the critic that 'white-caps' have represented the breaking crests of waves since they first rolled in the Frith of Forth. At any rate, the term is as common in America as thistles in a Scotch glen. The critic does not like 'EVANGELINE' 'at all at all,' although he praises the sweetness of the poetry. He pronounces it 'one of those painfully unlucky metrical experiments which poets will every now and then make upon our ears. They have a perfect right to do so: happily there is no statute which compels us to read. A man may, if he pleases, dance all the way from London to Norwich: one gentleman is said to have performed this feat. We would not travel in

that man's company. We should grow giddy with only looking upon his perpetual shuffle and *cinq-à-pace*. The tripping dactyle, followed by the grave spondee, closing each line with a sort of *curtsey*, may have a charming effect in Latin. It pleased a Roman ear, and a scholar learns to be pleased with it. We cannot say that we have been ever reconciled by any specimen we have seen, however skillfully executed, to the imitation of it in English; and we honestly confess that, under other circumstances, we should have passed over *Evangeline* unread.' The notice of BRYANT is very feeble. The comparing of our noble poet with Mrs. HEMANS will sufficiently indicate the critic's power of discrimination. There is not a British writer who in the last fifty years has written a finer poem than the 'Evening Wind;' and we could name twenty other pieces of BRYANT's, which are of an excellence that is wholly matchless. The best efforts of CAMPBELL or of WORDSWORTH will not live longer in the affections of their countrymen than will many of the beautiful lyrics of BRYANT among his American admirers. Perhaps it is not surprising that the reviewer should complain of WHITTIER that he is too 'national;' in other words, that he introduces English readers into a sort of society, and to a kind of scenery, to which they have not hitherto been accustomed. They do n't understand it. Very possibly; but WHITTIER did n't write for English readers; he wrote for his own countrymen; nor did he care, when he wrote, nor does he care, having written, whether the trans-Atlantic critics approve or condemn. 'Time was,' as SHAKESPEARE says, when this was not so; but it is quite otherwise now. We have 'lived down,' as WASHINGTON IRVING well expresses it, the disparagement and contumely of the 'other side;' and all that we have to say is, 'Say nothing.' 'You shall see, anon,' JOHNNY BULL: it's a glorious piece of work, this our Republic; and you cannot choose but see it, for 'necessity is laid upon you' to do so. In the mean time, we of 'this side' look on with 'a still smile.' However, hear our reviewer, and sift from his bushel of prejudice the grains of sense and sound reasoning which he exhibits: 'Mr. WHITTIER's poems are not only national, but they are national in a very disagreeable point of view: they introduce us into the controversies of the day. Mr. WHITTIER appears to be one of those who write verses, hymns, or odes, instead of, or perhaps in addition to, sundry speeches at popular assemblies in favor of some popular cause. His rhymes have the same relation to poetry that the harangues delivered at such meetings bear to eloquence. We were at a loss to understand on what wings (certainly not those of his poetic genius) he had flown hither, till we discovered that his intemperate zeal against slavery, as it exists in the southern states of America, had procured for him a welcome among a certain class of readers in England. If we insert his name here, it is simply to protest against the adoption by any party, but especially by any English party, of such blind, absurd, ungovernable zeal, upon a question as difficult and intricate as it is momentous. Both Mr. LONGFELLOW and Mr. BRYANT write upon slavery; and both have produced some very touching poems on the subject; but they treat the topic as poets. Mr. WHITTIER treats the subject with the rabid fury of a fierce partisan. No story so preposterous or ridiculous but he can bend it to his purpose. He throws contumely upon the ministers of the gospel in the southern states, because instead of attempting, every moment of their lives, to overthrow the unfortunate organization of society that is there established, they endeavor to make the slave contented with his lot, and the master lenient in the exercise of his authority. Sentence of death was passed, it seems, on a man of the name of BROWN, for assisting a slave to escape. The sentence was commuted, but this does not prevent Mr. WHITTIER from hanging the man in his own imagination.' And hereupon Mr. WHITTIER is dismissed; although his calm, contemplative pieces, in which is no bitterness, no controversy; his descriptions of natural scenery, which are actual daguer-

reotypes; are passed by unnoticed. Instead of such consideration of his poetical efforts, enlarged and various, we have the following closing sentences: 'We dismiss Mr. WHITTIER, and venture to express a hope, that those who appear to be looking into American literature, for the purpose of catering for the English public, will be able to discover and import something better than strains such as these: which administer quite as much to the love of calumny, and an appetite for horrors, as to any sentiment of philanthropy.' 'For the purpose of catering for the English public!' Well, that is as modest as it is characteristic! There is a *little* occasional 'catering' going on, on *this* side of the 'Big Drink,' but we do n't consult the 'English public' about the matter. We cater and caper in our own way, for our own 'folk' and our own amusement. Of LOWELL the reviewer remarks: 'He has, we think, much of the true poet in him — ardent feelings and a fertile fancy; the last in undue proportion, or at least under very irregular government. But he lacks taste and judgment, and the greater part of the two small volumes before us is redolent of youth, and we presume that those compositions which stand first in order were really written at an early age. To the very close, however, there is that immaturity of judgment, and that far too enthusiastic view of things and of men, which is only excusable in youth.' Mr. LOWELL's faults 'lie on the surface; they cannot be disguised, nor will there be the least necessity to quote for the purpose of illustrating them. He is an egregious instance of that *half excellence* which we have ventured to attribute to such American poets as have come under our notice. The genius of the poet is but partially developed. The peach has ripened but on one side. We want more sun, we want more culture. To speak literally, there is a haste which leads the writer to extravagance of thought, to extravagance of language and imagery; an impatience of study, and of the long labor that alone produces the complete work.' With all this, the reviewer cannot help admitting that there is 'a vein of genuine poetry running through the book,' all which is very true. Of our favorite HOLMES the critic thus speaks: 'It is fit that, among our list, there should be one representative of the comic muse. Mr. HOLMES, however, is not always comic. Some of his serious pieces are not without a certain manly pathos. Some, too, are of a quite didactic character, and have the air of college exercises. Mr. HOLMES portrays himself to us as a boon companion; a physician by profession, and one to whom poetry has been only an occasional amusement; one of those choice spirits who can set the table in a roar, and who can sing himself the good song that he indites.' After quoting 'The Music-Grinders,' which closes, it will be remembered, with a word of advice to the reader to go 'quietly and drop a button in the hat' when the strollers take up their collection, the reviewer adds: 'Excellent advice! How many hats there are, and not of music-grinders only, into which we should be delighted to see the button dropped!' But our task is ended, and BLACKWOOD's article used up. . . . GENIN, the eminent hatter, has given a well-written challenge to the English and to the 'World's Fair' to compete with him in *Hattery*. They can't 'begin to do it.' We never saw an English hat that we would have worn in Broadway for a ten-dollar note. They are stiff as a section of stove-pipe; as hard, and as shapeless. Let GENIN challenge *Paris*! . . . WE 'respectfully decline' the '*Thoughts suggested by the Recent 'Clerical Case' at Springfield, Massachusetts.*' One 'black sheep' can not be deemed evidence that the universal flock of the GOOD SHEPHERD is also impure. The very day, for example, that our correspondent's communication was received, we had been reading, in a morning journal, of 'Father DE SMET' and 'Father CHRISTIAN HÆKKEN,' two distinguished Catholic missionaries to the far western Indian tribes. Fifteen or sixteen years these devoted messengers of peace have spent among the most savage of all the western aborigines; exposed, in their

wigwams and on the open plains, to privations of every kind; but in and through all, so demeaning themselves that the Indians always hailed them with joy, even when they were on terms of bitterest hostility with all around them. Only last winter Father HÖKKER attempted to visit the Sioux, under the conduct of a French guide who had been thirty-four years on the plains. They were overtaken by a violent snow-storm, which lasted three days, succeeded by such intense cold that they were able to walk upon snow from ten to twenty feet deep; were prevented by the high winds from erecting a tent, or any means of repose, for three weeks, and subsisted for ten days on the half of a prairie-chicken! Unable to reach their destination, they were obliged to retrace their steps, and arrived half dead on the frontier of civilization. Let our correspondent put *this* case of 'priesthood' against his own 'bad exemplar,' and strike the balance in favor of our common humanity. 'Men are not all evil.' . . . 'WHAT a perfectly horrible day this is!' says your complaining, querulous citizen, as he wipes the perspiration from his glowing face; 'I detest such weather!' Dear Sir, you should n't say so; the rivers of water which run down your body are in obedience to a law of nature that preserves your health. Moreover, the heat of which you complain is ripening the 'kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them.' Nature is getting ready to publish her 'cereals,' and her timely heat is swelling into pulpy lusciousness the great clusters of Isabella-grapes, which shut in the parlor-piazza, darken the windows of our sleeping-room in the second story, screen those of the nursery in the third from the sun, and actually hang, in all forms of grace, from the very eaves! Also the vari-colored pinks, verbenas, heliotropes, dahlias, and a large family of nameless flowers, are shedding their beautiful hues and perfume between the 'house-vine' and the 'back-vine,' which creeps over its broad trellice, and suspends there, in long pendulous 'bunches,' its rich abundance of fruit. Yes; and every day as we look out at these things, we see the green ivy visibly growing over the pinnacles of the towers of our 'Church of St. PETER' in the rear — a beautiful and graceful sight. P. S. It is a pretty hot day, though, 'that's a fact.' Must go and take a 'shower' in the adjoining bath-room. Pheugh! *This* kind of heat can't ripen any thing, unless a 'blast-furnace' will do the same thing. It is 'horrible' hot weather! . . . We have always thought these lines in 'FAUST,' descriptive of the death of a mother, to be very touching. We think the reader will agree with us:

' Ah! it is the spouse, the dear one!  
 Ah! it is that faithful mother!  
 She it is that thus is borne,  
 Sadly borne and rudely torn  
 By the sable Prince of Spectres,  
 From her fondest of Protectors;  
 From the children forced to flee,  
 Whom she bore him lovingly,  
 Whom she gazed on day and night  
 With a mother's deep delight.'

SOME months ago a person was committed to jail in Northampton, Massachusetts, and placed in a room with a maniac, who had been confined there temporarily, previous to his being taken to the In-sane Hospital at Brattleboro'. After the new-comer had 'turned in' for the night, his crazy chum ordered him up, told him to dress himself, and then make a prayer, or he would choke him to death! There was no way but to obey, and after making what he supposed to be a sufficiently long prayer, he stopped. His inquisitor told him to keep on, and he actually kept him praying all night! The poor man was not relieved until the jailor carried in his breakfast. From the fact of his having been 'committed to jail,' probability favors the conclusion that he had not prayed for some time previously. Perhaps, how-

ever, he was a Massachusetts prisoner for debt. Be this as it may, it seems to us if he were not blessed with a great natural gift, being thus appealed to to 'lead in prayer' must have 'come tough' It would seem, at first sight, a dreadful situation to be kept praying all night, and *ex tempore* too; but we well remember a good old wordy clergyman, of our 'boyhood's days,' who would have beaten the victim in an *involuntary* offering of the kind. His *hearers* were the victims, however, in *his* case; and when he came to pray for the bringing in of God's 'ancient covenant people, the Jews,' which was his last division, his audience always felt as rejoiced as did the aforesaid prisoner when the jailor came to deliver him from his unwilling service. 'Wo unto them that make long prayers!' — and, as a general thing, 'wo is unto them' who hear them! . . . In reading the proof-sheet containing the description, by a correspondent, in the last KNICKERBOCKER, of the old Yeocomico church in Virginia, and his reflections upon the scenes it had witnessed, we were reminded of the following lines, from a lament over a similar scene in England:

'Then I said in woful sorrow, weeping bitterly the while,  
Was a time, when joy and gladness reigned within this ruined pile;  
Was a time, when bells were tinkling, clergy preaching peace abroad,  
Psalms a-singing, music ringing praises to the mighty God.

'Empty aisle, deserted chancel, tower tottering to your fall,  
Many a storm since then has beaten on the gray moss of your wall;  
Many a bitter storm and tempest has your roof-tree turned away,  
Since you first were formed a temple to the God of night and day.'

ONE of the most agreeable brief excursions we have made for many a day, was to Mount Fordham, in Westchester, on the recent occasion of the *Annual Sale of Blood-Stock*, by Lewis G. Morris, Esq. The dignity and picture-queeness of the proprietor's palatial residence; the beauty, order, and wide extent of his grounds, overlooking the Harlem-River and the Hudson; and the noble character of the animals offered for sale, were the praise of all present, a company including a great number of the most prominent of our citizens. The sale was conducted by Mr. MILLER, the distinguished metropolitan auctioneer, in a very admirable and expeditious manner. He held in his hand a quarter-minute glass, and 'While the glass runs!' was his substitute for the usual 'Going, going, gone;' and when the sands were run, all farther bids were at an end. A bountiful collation, spread in the ancestral halls of the proprietor, testified alike his liberality and the appreciation and enjoyment of his guests. . . . MR. JOHN RUTTER, of Yorkville, near this city, is one of the greatest *bores* in the United States; that is, if boring more and deeper tunnels for rail-roads and other the like improvements than any other one man, may be considered as constituting him a 'bore.' Mother EARTH, and the eternal rocks with which she is 'ribbed,' must be of 'our way of thinking,' at all events. The last contract of Mr. RUTTER, with whom is associated his son, is the tunnelling of the Summit Mountain, a spur of the great Alleghany range. It will be four-fifths of a mile long, of wide proportions, and when completed will be one of the most stupendous works of the kind in the Union. This is a portion of the extension of the Pennsylvania Rail-road from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, and will have the effect to do away with inclined planes, which are not now regarded with much favor, we believe, either by rail-road companies in particular, or by the 'people in general' . . . WHAT a treasure has been the '*Hamilton-House*,' at Fort-Hamilton, during the recent fervid weather! Well kept, luxuriously appointed, matchlessly situated, mosquitoless, half-hourly accessible by beautiful routes of land or water; no wonder that it has been crowded by delighted boarders, permanent and transient: and for some two months more its comforts will be in demand. And speaking of summer resorts, oh! for an hour at CRANSTON'S Fairfield 'Pavilion;'

oh! for a room at SHERRILL'S enlarged and beautiful 'Lake-House,' hard by the lovely Horricon; oh! for a sail this very day on its broad silver bosom in the clipper craft named of 'Old KNICK;' oh! for a ramble by the trout-streams that pour their clear waters into Lake George!—and 'oh!' for a good many other places 'and things,' for which there is no use in sighing, for we must 'stay at home and work.' Perhaps our 'day' may come, however. Even a dog, in fact every dog, must have his, at some time or other, which is one of the things that elevate his condition over that of a 'dead lion,' who has *had* his. . . . WHAT poet wrote the following lines? We supposed them to be POPE'S, but we can not find them in his works. It may be an exposure of unwonted ignorance, but we do not know who wrote them, nor can several persons whom we have asked inform us:

'I know the right, and do approve it too;  
Abhor the wrong, yet still the wrong pursue.'

WE beg leave to call upon 'M. W.' for his *proofs* of the alleged facts set forth in his note to us. When and where did the author of the touching lines referred to make the remarks in relation to them which are here attributed to him? Should 'like to know;' and in the mean time, 'have our doubts.' But to our correspondent: 'You say that, as you believe, the beautiful song beginning, 'If I had known thou couldst have died,' was written by WOLFE in reference to the death of his wife. I think you are wrong in this supposition, because one's grief for a real loss of that kind is rarely put into verse; because WOLFE himself, when questioned on the subject, always insisted that he was suffering from no particular distress when he wrote the song; because WOLFE at the time had not lost his wife; and because, lastly, I believe, he never had a wife to lose. His own account of the affair was very simple. People took it for granted that the most touching poetry in the language must have been inspired by the profoundest feeling, arising from some dreadful bereavement. But WOLFE said he had been playing over to himself an Irish melody, which appeared to him very melancholy. He thought he would try to embody the pathos of the music in words, and the song '*To Mary*' was the result. This is substantially the account handed down to us by tradition, and his biographer. I should like to know if it is quite moral for a poet to trifle with our feelings in this way; to sit down coolly, under the very moderate stimulus of an Irish melody, and by way of an experiment, produce a set of verses which makes every one who reads them intensely miserable, beside attracting to the author a great deal of misplaced sympathy. Some have been led to mourn with him over the supposed loss of a young and amiable lady, carried off in early life, who was the poet's first and only love. Some have wept over the author's hard fate in being deprived of a favorite sister; and you, Mr. EDITOR, were distressed at his having lost a wife. If the losses attributed to WOLFE by his readers were collected, he would stand forth a second JES in misfortune. Whereas, in truth, he led the easiest of lives, being cursed with neither poverty nor riches, becoming famous in one day by a single poem, and dying young, 'ere the evil days came when he might have no pleasure in them.' 'T won't do,' Mr. 'M. W.!' We want a categorical answer to our queries. Give us your authorities. What proof is tradition!—and *who* is WOLFE's 'biographer!' . . . ONCE more at 'DOBBS, his Ferry!' The little people, seeking the secluded and shady walks which they made vocal aforetime with their shouts of merriment, are enjoying the 'pleasures of association.' The beautiful ravines, redolent of sweet forest odors, 'where never the day-light enters,' are as inviting as ever; there is the cool, shaded spring of pure water, bright and bubbling up from the gray sand; there is the babbling brook, tumbling over picturesque rocks; and there too, hard by a 'hydraulic

ram' constantly on duty, is a water-wheel, with trip-hammer 'attachment,' the whole being under the direction of the writer hereof, for the instruction of 'Young Knick' in the science of hydraulics and general operative wheel-machinery. . . . 'E. P.,' whose port-folio appears especially rich in 'negro songs,' sends us the following. He says in an interesting note to the Editor: 'You can never know how really exquisite they are, until you hear the music to which they are indissolubly united. I give it to you precisely as it was originally composed by the Ethiopian improvisatore.' It is called

DE OLE GRAY HOSS:

'I wen' down to de ribber,  
An' I cood n't git across,  
An' I gib fifty cents  
Fur an ole gray hoss:  
De ole gray hoss he mired in de san',  
An' de way dis nigger did grabble fur de lan'!  
Oh! whar did yoo kum fum,  
Kum fum, kum fum,  
To knock a nigger down?

'I swum kross de ribber  
A-pun de udder side,  
An' w'en I got ober  
I tu'n roun' and cried  
Fur de ole gray hoss dat mired in de san',  
An' cause dis nigger to grabble fur de lan'.  
Oh! whar did yoo kum fum,  
Kum fum, kum fum,  
To knock a nigger down?

'An' w'en I got ober  
I leff 'im dar to die,  
An' went to see SALLY!  
Wid de big black eye;  
An' leff de gray hoss dat mired in de san',  
An' cause dis nigger to grabble fur de lan'.  
Oh! whar did yoo kum fum,  
Kum fum, kum fum,  
To knock a nigger down?

'But before I sawd SALLY,  
A wileman sawd me,  
Who giv me fifty lashee,  
An' den sot me free;  
Cause de ole gray hoss got mired in de san',  
An' forme dis nigger to grabble fur de lan'.  
Oh! whar did yoo kum fum,  
Kum fum, kum fum,  
To knock a nigger down?

'An' w'en I sawd SALLY,  
She ax me whar I bin?  
An' I said, in de walley  
Whar dey gedder chinkapin;  
An' *not* wid de hoss dat mired in de san',  
An' cause dis nigger to grabble fur de lan'.  
Oh! whar did yoo kum fum,  
Kum fum, kum fum,  
To knock a nigger down?

'Den she make me de hot cof-ty,  
An' boun' up my head,  
An' in t'ree minutes after  
I was safe in de bed;  
But *not* wid de hoss dat mired in de san',  
But fur fum de ribber upon de dry lan'.  
Oh! whar did yoo kum fum,  
Kum fum, kum fum,  
To knock a nigger down?

We admit that there is a good deal of pathos, and not a little humor, in some of the negro songs. There is a good deal of the first-named quality in a stanza of 'UNCLE NED':

'Dere was an old nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned,  
Oh he lived long ago, long ago;



And he had no wool on de top ob his head,  
 'In de place where de wool ought to grow.  
 Old NED had fingers like de corn in de brake,  
 And he had no eyes for to see,  
 And he had no teef for to eat de corn-cake,  
 So he had to let de corn-cake be.'

The negro-poet is always very descriptive. Witness this picture of a big foot:

'AND w'en dis foot come on de groun',  
 'T was death to de creepin' insects roun';  
 It waked de lizzards, scared de moles,  
 And make de wood-chucks leave dere holes!  
 Oh! git out de way,' etc.

A friend tells us that he heard the annexed verse, among others, sung to a wild chorus at a colored camp-meeting in Alabama, some two years ago:

'CHASE de DEBIL around de stump,  
 Hit him a kick at every jump!  
 The DEBIL's mad, and I am glad;  
 He's lost de one he thought he had!'

WE have done evil this day at the Ferry of DOBBS, and remorse sits at our heart and 'gnaws at its cruel leisure.' Why should we have done the deed? It was not revenge; it was not ambition; it was not exactly wantonness; cruelty was not in all our thoughts. The scene itself; the pleasant summer day; the cool woods; the murmuring brook; the happy little folk; the twittering birds in the trees, and the chirping, 'peeping' chickens, running in and out of the grass in the green glade by the brook, following their 'anxious mother,' who seemed to know at once when they were 'out;' all these things were not suggestive of cruelty. But 'Young KNICK' had a cross-bow gun, one of the right kind, with trigger and all complete. The arrow was of pine; light, and bulbous at the end. What it was that tempted us, as we took the cross-bow in hand, to aim an arrow at that young mother of a hen, we cannot tell. We didn't want to see if we *could* hit her; our object, 'if we know our own heart,' was to see if we *couldn't*—and we *didn't*. But the 'fatal shaft' sped from the string, and took instant effect upon the hind-legs of a downy, tender yellow chicken, just emerging from a tuft of grass. It fell, uttering a melancholy peep, for it had received serious 'internal injury.' It was immediately taken up and conveyed to the nearest house. We 'sat on the body,' and discovered the following facts: the 'os humeri' was broken in two places; there was a compound fracture of the 'pia-mater;' the 'left clavicle,' in its 'lower limb,' was completely severed from the main trunk; and the transverse-section of the smaller intestine was collapsed at its junction with the liver and lights. The case was hopeless. Every thing that the best unprofessional medical skill could do to save the life of the little innocent was performed. But all in vain. Its throbbing, fluttering heart ceased to beat at about one o'clock of the same day. It expired in the arms, and was washed by the pitying tears, of sympathetic little JOSE. Then was the time for the lesson which we inculcated upon the sensitive hearts of the little by-standers. We enlarged upon the heinousness, the guilt, of such carelessness, such thoughtless cruelty, as they had that day witnessed; until at length the tide began to turn in our favor. They began to lose sight of our practice in favor of our preaching, and to look upon us, on the whole, as an 'instrument' designed to enforce a 'great moral truth!' Well, we *did* illustrate one; namely, that any wrong-doing will always carry with it its own punishment in the shape of an unevadable remorse. We felt chicken-hearted all day, after that 'dreadful casualty.' . . . It is a gifted trio that is formed by the sisters CAREY. ALICE, especially—perhaps it would be too much to say 'more especially'—touches her harp with infinite grace and feeling; and we have lately seen some lines by the younger of them, giving a dying mother's direction to the one

who was to be a 'second mother' to her babe, so that she might understand its little ways and mute appeals, which were replete with the truest pathos. Here are two beautiful stanzas from a poem by ALICE CARNY, now going the rounds of the press, entitled '*Annie Clayville*:'

'VERY pale lies ANNIE CLAYVILLE;  
Still her forehead, shadow-crowned,  
And the watchers hear her saying,  
As they softly tread around:  
'Go out, reapers, for the hill-tops  
Twinkle with the summer's heat;  
Lay out your swinging cradles  
Golden furrows of ripe wheat!  
While the little laughing children,  
Lightly mixing work with play,  
From between the long green winrows  
Glean the sweetly-scented hay:  
Let your sickles shine like sunbeams  
In the silver-flooding rye;  
Ears grow heavy in the corn-fields,  
That will claim you by-and-by.  
Go out, reapers, with your sickles,  
Gather home the harvest store!  
Little gleaners, laughing gleaners,  
I shall go with you no more!'

'Round the red moon of October,  
White and cold the eve-stars climb,  
Birds are gone, and flowers are dying;  
'Tis a lonesome, lonesome time.  
Yellow leaves along the woodland  
Surge to drifts; the elm-bough aways,  
Creaking at the homestead window  
All the weary nights and days;  
Dismally the rain is falling,  
Very dimly and cold.  
Close, within the village grave-yard,  
By a heap of freshest mould,  
With a simple, nameless head-stone,  
Lies a low and narrow mound;  
And the brow of ANNIE CLAYVILLE  
Is no longer shadow-crowned.  
Rest thee, lost one! rest thee calmly,  
Glad to go where pain is o'er;  
Where they say not, through the night-time,  
'I am weary!' any more.'

BKEN 'a-crabbing' to-day, off the little dock, at DOBBS'. What 'game' they are, those sprawling shell-fish! They'll bite any thing, from an old rag up to a ragged piece of meat. They are not 'what you may call a han'sum critter;' they can not be deemed an 'ornament to society.' They are better 'as a meat' than as a personal friend and companion. This 'red right hand' bears witness of *that*. You can not touch a crab's better nature; 'leastways' *we* could n't. The one we tried we thought a model-specimen; but he pinched, scratched, 'dug in,' and 'held on;' upon us, too, who defended his whole race down at Fire-Island one day—one Fourth of July. There was a broad shallow tub of water that was full of them, in the shade of the house; and there they floated and sprawled in true 'independence'-fashion. When their claws were extended, wags of boys would set fire-crackers on end in their joints, which they would firmly grasp, 'right end up, with care.' Into the claws of a big lobster, floating in their midst, a 'Tarron among minnows,' the boys placed an erect wooden pistol, with a slow match, made of a 'cracker,' having immediate connection with the touch-hole. This was the 'great gun' of the marine party. This masked piscatorial floating-battery was 'operated' at one and the same time, and a victim dropped (to the bottom of the tub) at every successive discharge. We thought this cruel sport at *that* time; but 'by this hand' we think now that it 'served 'em right!' . . . THESE sweltering July days are the days to visit our old friend Dr. RABINEAU, at his cool luxurious swimming and plunging baths at Castle-Garden. At the foot of Deabrooses-street, North River, the same luxuries, under RABINEAU JUNIOR, may be obtained, including, when desired, a *hot* salt-water bath. Mr. RABINEAU'S management of the 'Astor' and 'Living' House baths are a sufficient guarantee of what he can do and *does*. . . . WILL our friends of '*The Sunday Mercury*,' when they find any thing worthy of being copied from these pages, do us the simple justice to affix the words '*Knickerbocker Magazine*' to all such passages as they may do us the honor to select! This is perhaps a small matter; and possibly it may be better that what our friends quote from us should be nameless. Yet we do not desire to shift the responsibility of any of our scribbles upon an '*Exchange Paper*,' nor to have our correspondents, whom we quote in the '*Gossip*,' considered as correspondents of no work in particular. The senior-editor of '*The Mercury*' will bear us witness that we have, from the first, done justice to his journal, at least in respect of

credit, and we ask in return but the same courtesy at his hand. Doubtless, in the 'Mercury's' case, the not infrequent omission of which we complain is an inadvertence. There are other journals, however, with whom it is habitual; but as these are now crossed from our exchange-list, and as all such will be, we have made the present request of our ancient friend and contemporary: with whom be peace, plenty, and 'a thousand years'. . . . MANY of our readers will remember the fine poem which ensues, from the fertile pen of WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER, Esq., of Cincinnati. It is perfect in description, so much so as almost to make the reader faint with the fervent heat; especially if he re-reads it, as we did, when the breeze was at rest, and a 'slumbrous silence filled the sky:'

## A U G U S T .

'Dust on thy mantle! dust,  
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!  
A tarnish, as of rust,  
Dims thy late brilliant sheen:  
And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and  
flower,  
Change cometh over them with every hour.

'Thee hath the August sun  
Look'd on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face;  
And still and lazily run,  
Scarce whispering in their pace,  
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent  
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

'Flame-like, the long mid-day,  
With not so much of sweet air as hath stirr'd  
The down upon the spray,  
Where rests the panting bird,  
Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,  
With fateful twitter, sadly out of tune.

'Seeds in the sultry air,  
And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees;  
E'en the tall pines, that rear  
Their plumes to catch the breeze,  
The slightest breeze from the unfreshening west,  
Partake the general languor and deep rest.

'Happy, as man may be,  
Stretch'd on his back, in homely bean-vine  
bower,  
While the voluptuous bee  
Robs each surrounding flower,  
And prattling childhood clammers o'er his  
breast,  
The husbandman enjoys his noon-day rest.

'Against the hazy sky,  
The thin and fleecy clouds unmoving rest:  
Beneath them far, yet high  
In the dim, distant west,  
The vulture, scouting thence its carrion-fare,  
Sails, slowly circling in the sunny air.

'Soberly, in the shade,  
Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox;  
Or in the shoal stream wade,  
Shelter'd by jutting rocks:  
The fleecy flock, fly-scourged and restless, rush  
Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

'Tediously pass the hours,  
And vegetation wilts, with blister'd root,  
And droop the thriving flowers,  
Where the slant sun-beams shoot;  
But of each tall, old tree, the lengthening line,  
Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's decline.

'Faster, along the plain,  
Moves now the shade, and on the meadow's  
edge:  
The kine are forth again,  
The bird flits in the hedge.  
Now in the mottled west sinks the hot sun:  
Welcome, mild eve!—the sultry day is done.

'Pleasantly comest thou,  
Dew of the evening, to the crisp'd-up grass;  
And the curl'd corn-blades bow,  
As the light breezes pass,  
That their parch'd lips may feel thee, and  
expand.  
Thou sweet reviver of the fever'd land!'

A FRIEND recently returned from our Great Metropolis to a pleasant town 'down east,' sends us back this agreeable missive: 'I saw nothing on my journey worthy of notice, except the marked decay of smoking and smokers. All along the way, prohibitory notices stare you in the face. Arriving in Boston, if you propose to smoke, you are thrust into a dark, cheerless, under-ground basement. Will dungeons come next! How unlike is this to those seats of honor which in the palmy days of New Amsterdam were erected for smokers in the porch or piazza of every house, commanding the most pleasant prospect and one well suited to the dreamy tranquillity which the fragrant weed induces! Perhaps you have noticed in the public prints, that they have built a kind of calf-pen for smokers, at the foot of Boston Common, with seats like the anxious-seats at a camp-meeting. This they have placed, with a deep significance, immediately adjacent to the old grave-yard; saying thereby to smokers, 'There is but a step between you and death!' A comfortable reflection, truly, to one who is just trying to enjoy himself a little! I did see one other thing worthy of notice, and that is what Mrs. PARTINGTON calls the

'BLOOMER custom.' Do not 'go in' for that custom. The effect of it on public morals will be bad, and there will be no end to what the French call 'country-toms' and 'fox-paws' that will continually occur. For instance:

You meet the maid in the pantry,  
With nothing on but her 'pants';  
Or put on your Sunday trousers,  
And find they're a pair of your aunt's!

This sort of thing may be extended, as you perceive, to any length. Speaking of French, *contretemps*, etc., 'how good and how pleasant a thing it is' to find the gift of tongues superinduced upon yourself by frequent and deep potations of good liquor, so that you who before knew only your mother-tongue, and that imperfectly, shall afterward find yourself speaking all the modern languages with fluency and correctness. I have just been reading TUCKERMAN's 'Characteristics of Literature.' Speaking of HORNZ TOOKER, he says: 'This ingenious writer contends, and with much apparent reason, that prepositions and conjunctions are to be found among the other parts of speech.' Where else, in the devil's name, *should* they be found? Did the fellow suppose that these respectable parts of speech had gone off, like a couple of drunken vagabonds, on a hunting and fishing excursion by themselves? However, there is no knowing what they may have done, especially when we consider that the very devil himself was once a respectable farmer in Connecticut, by the name of ZERUBABEL L. SMITH, who, falling into evil courses, went on from good to bad, from bad to worse and worst, from this world to the next, and so on until he attained his present bad eminence.' . . . 'THE other day,' writes a favorite contributor, 'as I sat in my study, a swarm of bees (*magnum portentum*) which had been hovering around the house came to take up their quarters in it. Forthwith every musical instrument within reach was put in requisition, and the inmates got up a tempest of sounds in the hall of the second story of the old house. You would have thought that the rites of old Mother CYBELLE were being performed. MRS. S — played on a tin-kettle; BUCKY strung her guitar, seated on a table; I hampered, till the strings broke, on an old rickety piano; black HARRY beat an enormous tin pan with his osseous knuckles; while the bees, buzzing around our heads, drove several of the ladies down stairs with loud screams. MOUNT passed the door, on his way to the boat, only an hour before. Would that he could have tarried a little longer, to have sketched the picture. The loud buzzing of the bees, and the wooing tin-tin-nabulation all around, put me in mind of a sentence in VIRGIL's Georgics, when I saw the hive preparing for them — a box daubed with molasses:

'TINNITUSQUE cie, et Matris (*the aforesaid CYBELLE*) quate cymbala circum,  
Ipse consident medicatis sedibus; Ipse  
Intima more suo sese in cunabula condent.'

'Shut down the window!' said some one, 'they are coming into the house!' But so fierce was the onset, that several who approached the panes precipitately backed out. How delightful was the exciting buzz, on that sunshiny day in June! sweeter than BELLINI's music to my ear; bringing up a thousand delightful feelings, innocent associations; when, lo and behold! the mellifluous people, hovering around their queen, entered the window of my bed-chamber, and hung like a bunch of grapes on the right post of the bed where I slept. I went by myself and almost wept, for I was persuaded that it was an omen for good. Such I afterward found is the superstition (if it be such) of the country people. TIRE C —, who was at the time working in his shoe-shop, came and hived them, lifting them out by handiuls, and, without a single sting of ingratitude, placed them safely in a hive on a table in the garden, whereon was disposed a clean linen cloth. The little people refused to stay

there, and in a few hours came swarming back, and are now safely housed beneath the roof of the porch, before my chamber-window, making hay while the sun shines. Every day I hear the buzz of industry, and if I can help it, I mean that they shall not be disturbed, and that they shall eat their own honey.' . . . We are indebted to our esteemed friend and correspondent, the Rev. JAMES GILBORN LYON, LL.D., for the fine lines which ensue. They are entitled '*Sea and Land*,' and are faithfully rendered from the Greek of Moschus. They are eminently seasonable at a time when so many are recreating in the country or by the sounding shores of the ocean:

'WHEN the light wind sports on the summer sea,  
I chide my fears and leave the sultry land,  
Won by the smiling of those peaceful waters;  
But when the roused depths shout, when angry surges  
Lift their white heads, and rough loud billows rage,  
I look around for grass and trees, and shun  
The vexed salt waves. To me the steadfast shore  
Is then thrice beauteous, and the wild dark wood  
Pleases me best: for there, when winds are high,  
The tall pine sings. A fisherman, methinks,  
Leads a most dreary life; his house a boat;  
His field the deep, and wandering fish his game.  
Be mine to muse or slumber where the plane-tree  
Spreads its fresh leaves; let me lie down on flowers,  
Lulled by the warbling of some swift, bright stream,  
Which, all unseen among the rocks and bushes,  
Soothes the tired woodman, and makes sweet his rest.'

JOSEPH BARBER, Esq., for many years an able and always welcome correspondent of this Magazine, has succeeded the late lamented Major NOAH in the editorship of the '*New-York Sunday Times*.' Mr. BARBER is a gentleman of fine talents, and has great skill and tact as an editor. He makes a most various and readable journal. . . . We hear, with very great pleasure, from distinguished authority in London, that THACKERAY, the eminent author and healthful satirist of the vices and follies of the time, without regard to rank or station, will soon pay a visit to the United States. He will be welcomed by a host of admirers. Of no trans-Atlantic writer have the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER heard more frequently, more at large, or more favorably, than of the author of '*The Yellowplush Correspondence*,' '*Vanity Fair*,' and '*Pendennis*.' Mr. THACKERAY will repeat in this country the series of brilliant lectures which have just closed with such unusual *éclat* in London. Even the bare skeletons of these lectures, which have appeared in the English journals, show them to be of the highest order of merit in their kind; while the manner of the speaker is universally commended, as being alike simple and effective. . . . We received, just before the death of the late JAMES SCRYMGOUR, of this city, (a gentleman of many rare virtues, known to those who knew him well,) a letter from him, enclosing another from Mr. RAMSAY CROOKS, announcing the death of Judge ABBOTT, of Mackinaw. No one has been long at this beautiful resort on the Huron, without meeting with this most hospitable and true-hearted gentleman. He was a merchant in furs, of large experience, a man of education and refined manners; in short he *was*, what many who are represented to be are *not*, a true 'gentleman of the old school.' In less than a week after the intelligence of his death reached us, his old friend Mr. SCRYMGOUR followed him to the 'undiscovered country.' . . . THERE is nothing that serves to show more forcibly the progress of a love of the finer arts among our people, and a general refinement of taste, than the immense patronage which is bestowed in this country upon articles of elegance and *vertu*. Look, for example, at the superb establishments of such importers of these things, in all their various varieties and richest qualities, as Messrs. JEROLIMAN, MOTLEY AND COMPANY, in the new free-stone stores

of Park-Row, Messrs. TIFFANY AND YOUNG, Chambers-street and Broadway, and Messrs. WILLIAMS AND STEVENS, corner of Leonard-street and Broadway. All over the United States, from out these vast establishments, proceed those articles of taste and grace, the demand for which shows an appreciation of the beautiful, which cannot be without its effect in lessening the reproach, so often brought against us, that we lack an appreciation, if not a knowledge, of the artistical accessories which heighten the enjoyments of life. In this regard, we consider the enterprising houses we have mentioned, as in one respect at least, national benefactors. . . . Much amused to-night with an anecdote told in the sanctum of an artist in ornamental glass, who was preparing pictures of three or four of the APOSTLES, for an oriel window of a church in a flourishing western city. He had just taken them from his furnace, and was showing them to some of the vestry. 'Do n't say any thing about it,' said he, 'for it would n't be noticed by one person out of a hundred, but I do n't mind telling you in confidence: Saint PETER is a little cracked in the head; he was too soft in the upper end; but I've got a first-rate bake on PAUL. Saint JOHN, though, is n't more than half-baked; I'll have to bake another JOHN. But d' ever you see a better-baked PAUL?' His remarks were entirely professional; nor had he the most remote idea of there being a double-meaning in any thing he was saying. . . . If you wish to see what sort of a place Binghamton, Broome county, is, step into the Exchange, or into the publication-office of the KNICKERBOCKER, and take a glance at the new and beautiful illustrated map of the village, by Mr. BEVAN, Civil Engineer and Surveyor. Look at 'Shnang-Pint,' and the wide-spread town which lies above it; look at 'Oakwood Cottage,' at 'Ingleside,' and at the beautiful residence of Mr. CHRISTOPHER ELDRIDGE, at the point where the Susquehanna and the Chenango, united in a loving embrace, 'flow on in beauty to the sea.' Take particular note of 'The Phenix Hotel,' by the graceful iron bridge that crosses the Chenango canal, whose fresh-smelling waters lapse along the end of the edifice. *That's* the place to 'take your ease in your inn.' We do n't see the welcome and welcoming face of the handsome host at the door; 'Lord CLINTON' is engaged inside. He is making guests happy in his beautiful private parlors, sending them away to their clean and cool sleeping apartments, or marshalling them to a table whose variety and abundance APICIUS might have envied. This is the old 'stage-house,' whence radiate the stage-coaches to all parts of 'York State,' Pennsylvania, and the benighted 'Jarsies.' 'The LEWIS House,' on the hill near the New-York and Erie Rail-road, a new, spacious and tasteful structure, adds not a little to the architectural attractions of Binghamton. It should be a good hostel; for it is a KNICKERBOCKER, 'cousin german on the Scotch side' to the venerated DIEDRICH, the immortal historian, who keeps it. . . . We condense a few *Theatrical and Operatic Facts*: By the time our next number shall be ready for the press, Miss Catherine Hayes, the celebrated Irish Vocalist, will have made her advent in New-York. We predict for her a success only second to that of JENNY LIND. She has reached the topmost point in her profession abroad, having gained triumph after triumph in the Italian, English, and Irish cities. Moreover, she is as beautiful as she is good, and as good as she is gifted. Mr. J. H. WARDWELL, a gentleman of character and standing, is Miss HAYES' agent for this country. We shall enlarge our readers' knowledge of this gifted person in our next number. — Mr. EDWIN FORREST will open an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the fourteenth of September. We hope he will open either in 'LEAR' or 'RICHELIEU,' in either of which characters he is without an equal on the English or American stage. — The Opera at Castle-Garden is a most charming and popular resort. The place is delightful; the artists are of the very first order of merit; the operas

well chosen; and the management of Mr. MARETEK faultless. It is a physical and a spiritual treat to visit the opera at Castle-Garden. — *A Testimonial to Mr. E. A. Marshall*, the able director of the Broadway Theatre, will soon 'come off' at Castle-Garden and at his own theatre. Let it be a 'testimonial' indeed, to the first American manager who has received that honor in this city. It is richly merited. . . . A 'LITERARY RECORD,' containing notices, more or less at large, of some dozen new works, although placed in type, is necessarily omitted until next month. The same is true of four additional pages of 'Gossip,' which were capable of postponement. . . . CORRESPONDENTS must 'exercise patience.' We have twenty-four poetical articles standing in type, awaiting insertion. Several new articles, in prose and verse, await examination or are on file for insertion. A charming 'Serenade,' accompanied by a modest note, has been mislaid. Will the writer please furnish another copy? . . . The postage on our work, by the new law, is a mere trifle. 'Fall in the ranks!' therefore, friends, and put down your names on 'Old KNICK's' list. And send on your journals, contemporaries, every where. They now reach us free of postage; and we shall be 'glad to hear from you.'

\*. THE few brief notices which ensue are strung upon the longest thread we can at present command: '*Jenny Lind in America*,' is the title of a small, neat volume, from the press of Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND. The author, C. G. ROSENBERG, Esq., has given us, in detail, all the various entertaining and amusing incidents of the fair Swede's journeyings and concerts since her first arrival in New-York. The work is written in an easy, flowing style, and we doubt not will have a wide circulation. We were sorry to encounter this passage in the description of JENNY's departure for Boston: 'As the steamer passed BLACKWELL'S Island, the prisoners had been drawn out in line to greet her as she passed. It might, however, be considered as proof of very questionable taste, either on the part of the keeper or of themselves, and JENNY very evidently thought so; for, after inquiring of Mr. BARNUM who were those enthusiastic admirers of music, and hearing his answer, she turned rapidly toward the other side of the boat. It was obvious that between herself, and them there could be no tie of the slightest sympathy.' Do you think so, Mr. ROSENBERG? Did JENNY LIND have no sympathy with the poor 'prisoners and captives' for whom she prays in the service of her church? We think better of her heart than to believe it. She may even have turned away from the sight through an excess of sympathy. — ANOTHER new edition of '*Poems by J. G. Saxe*' will soon be issued in superb style. The volume has had a very large sale, and will continue to have, for it possesses the true elements of life. Mr. SAXE's poem, recently delivered at the collegiate exercises of the New-York University, is one of his very best productions. Its humor, spirit and epigrammatic point were applauded to the 'very echo that did applaud again.' Dr. BETHUNE's admirable address upon '*Oratory*' and SAXE's poem were not only worthy of their authors, but their union on the same evening was a rare treat, and abundantly enjoyed. — If the reader would know what is the character, and what the cost and condition, of the great public works of the Empire-State, we commend to his perusal the '*Report of the Chief Engineer of the State of New-York*,' Hon. H. C. SEYMOUR, just published by order of the Legislature. It is a very able document, embodying, beside the special report of the 'Chief,' the collateral reports of all the officers in his 'bailiwick.' It is illustrated by several well-engraved maps and sketches. Certain important and gratifying facts set forth in this 'Report' may claim a notice at our hands hereafter. — '*The Evening Mirror*,' under the able supervision of its proprietor and editor, HIRSH FULLER, Esq., is flourishing 'like a green balze tree,' as Mrs. PARTINGTON would say. It has been obliged to follow its contemporaries of the '*Tribune*' and '*Herald*' in the frequent issue of a capacious double-sheet, in order to make room for interesting matter which would otherwise be crowded out by its numerous advertisements. This success is well deserved, for the '*Mirror*' is conducted with energy and talent. — '*HARPER'S*' and the '*INTERNATIONAL*' Magazines are experiencing the favor of the public in no ordinary degree. The former, especially, has an immense circulation. The opening article of the July number was a very able one. It was from the patriotic pen and pencil of Mr. B. J. LOSSING, and was a most timely paper for July, coming so near the 'Glorious Fourth.' It contained numerous other articles of great merit, including many well-judged and carefully discriminated Literary Notices. The '*INTERNATIONAL*' favored its readers with good portraits and biographies of FITZ-GREEN HALLUCK, and Dr. MAYO, author of 'Kalloolah.' A running *Salmagundi*, containing notices of men and books, published or forthcoming at home and abroad, with brief literary and artistical *ca-dites*, forms one of the prominent attractions of the '*INTERNATIONAL*.' It proceeds from the prolific pen of the EDITOR.

# NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

Daily \$5;—Weekly \$2;—Semi-Weekly \$3;—Weekly, 20 Copies  
for \$20; 8 for \$10;—Semi-Weekly, 10 Copies for \$20.

## THE DAILY TRIBUNE

Is issued every morning except Sunday on a large sheet of fine white paper, forming eight pages of six columns each, or about the size of two average Country Newspapers. About six of these pages are new every morning; the aggregate of Editorials, News, and Miscellanies, being greater than that of any other paper in America, and greater than any but one or two in Europe, though its price is but *half* that of other first-class Dailies in this Country, and less than *one-fourth* of the cost of similar journals in England. Two Evening Editions are issued to supply each subscriber with the latest news up to the hour when his copy must be mailed.

THE TRIBUNE is edited in chief by HORACE GREELEY, who has special charge of all matters pertaining to the Politics and Legislation of our Country. Its Foreign (Old World) department is in charge of CHARLES A. DANA, assisted by able correspondents in London, Paris, Constantinople, &c., &c. Its California intelligence and its City department are in charge of BAYARD TAYLOR, assisted by an efficient corps of Reporters. No expense is or will be spared to render its news from all quarters, by Telegraph, Expresses, Steamships, and Mails, as early and reliable as that of any other paper.

## THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

contains nearly all the non-advertising matter of the daily, except such as is of local interest, or has been superseded by fuller and more exact advices before the Semi-Weekly is issued. It is of the same size with the Daily, and has few advertisements.



## THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE

is issued every Thursday morning, and contains most of the matter of the Daily with more summary accounts of such Events and Proceedings as can not be published in full. We mean that no Weekly shall surpass this in giving a full, graphic, and faithful account of what the world is Doing, whereof it is Thinking, and how it is Progressing.

THE TRIBUNE is not yet quite ten years old, and has obtained an aggregate circulation of not far from sixty-five thousand copies—about two thirds of them on its Weekly. Every subscription is paid in advance, and the paper stops when the advance pay runs out, so that no man need hesitate to subscribe from an apprehension of being dunned for arrears, perhaps after he has left the place to which the paper is sent, in ignorance that it is continued. Subscriptions from individuals and clubs are respectfully solicited by

GREELEY & MELRATH,  
Publishers, 154 Nassau Street.

New-York, December 1, 1850.

 Notes of all specie paying Banks in the United States are taken for subscriptions to this paper at par. Money enclosed in a letter to our address, and deposited in any Post-Office in the United States, may be considered at our risk; but a description of the bills ought in all cases to be left with the Postmaster.  
 Clergymen of all denominations are furnished with the Weekly Tribune for \$1 per annum



# Slander and the Dragon ;

A ROMANCE OF THE HARTZ PRISON.

BY REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON, M. A.,  
OF HUNTINGTON, NEW-YORK.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

With Illustrations. Just published, by SAMUEL HUESTON, 133 Nassau street, and GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 155 Broadway, New-York.

The above is an original and striking Allegory on the subject of Slander. It is very neatly got up, and is sold at Fifty Cents, and may be had of all Booksellers.

## Cuba and the Cubans :

COMPRISING A HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA, ITS PRESENT SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND DOMESTIC CONDITION, AND ITS RELATION TO ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM CUBA."

With an Appendix, containing important statistics, and a reply to Senor Roca on Annexation, translated from the Spanish. Also, a Map of the Island, and its relative situation to the other West India Islands, and different parts of the United States. One Vol., 12mo. Price 75 cents.

SAMUEL HUESTON, 133 Nassau street.

## The Illustrated Domestic Bible.

This beautiful and valuable edition of the Bible is now completed, and may be obtained in various styles of binding, from \$7 to \$10 50.

In addition to the authorized version, this edition of the Bible contains seven hundred Illustrations, three steel Maps, very full References, Reflections, Notes, Questions, Dates for every day in the year, Family Record, Chronological Order, &c,

Agents wanted in every town in the United States.

Address, post paid,

S. HUESTON, 133 Nassau street.

## Agents for the Knickerbocker.

NEW-YORK.		ALABAMA.	
W. C. Little & Co.,	Albany.	M. Boullomet,	Noble.
J. U. Derby & Co.,	Auburn.	George Little,	Montgomery.
T. S. Hawks,	Buffalo.		
CONNECTICUT.		LOUISIANA.	
A. H. Maltby,	New-Haven.	J. C. Morgan,	New-Orleans.
VERMONT.		OHIO.	
E. Smith & Co.,	Burlington.	Post & Co.,	Cincinnati.
NEW-JERSEY.		INDIANA.	
M. B. Dennis,	Newark.	Perkins & Buckingham,	Terre Haute.
PENNSYLVANIA.		MISSOURI.	
W. B. Zieher,	Philadelphia.	E. K. Woodward,	St. Louis.
MARYLAND.		CALIFORNIA.	
Wm. Taylor,	Baltimore.	Cooke & Le Compte,	San Francisco
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.			
Frank Taylor,	Washington.		

Mr. O. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by J. R. SMITH, J. T. DENT, JASON TAYLOR, J. W. ARMSTRONG, PERRIN LOCKE, W. RAMSAY, DR. JOSHUA WADSWORTH, ALEXANDER B. LAWS, A. J. SMILEY.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Ala., is our General Travelling Agent for ALABAMA and TENNESSEE, assisted by B. B. BRETT.

Mr. ISRAEL M. JAMES, No. 183 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our General Travelling Agent for the SOUTHERN and SOUTH-WESTERN States, assisted by W. M. H. WELD, JOHN COLLINS, JAMES DEERING, A. KIRK WELLINGTON, E. A. EVANS, P. LOCKE, J. S. BUFFON, JOHN T. JUDKINS, GEO. P. BUFFON, and THOMAS D. NICE.

*Nov. 1851*  
*Can I get a copy of the*  
*10th No. of the*

THE

# Knickerbocker,

OR



## NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 NASSAU STREET.

LONDON:  
JOHN CHAPMAN, 142 STRAND.

BOSTON:  
FETRIDGE & CO.: CROSBY & NICHOLS: REDDING & CO.  
PHILADELPHIA: W. B. ZIEGLER.

1851.

JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER.

# KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE

## FOR 1851.

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD OLARK.

IN one of the chapters of the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts, yet in force, there is a declaration, "That the encouragement of the Arts and Sciences, and all good Literature, tends to the honor of God, the advancement of the Christian religion, and the great benefit of this and the other United States of America." It has ever been the highest purpose of the *Knickerbocker* to elevate the standard of American Literature. It has been the medium of introducing many of our most popular authors to the public. To those who take a pride in sustaining a good American Magazine, entirely national in its character, we look for support. Men of judgment need not be told that it is impossible to get up a Magazine entirely original at the same prices at which those made up from foreign sources are sold. The unremitted efforts of the Editor and Publisher will be continued to improve the work.

## THE THIRTY-EIGHTH VOLUME.

### REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

THE Thirty-eighth Volume of the *KNICKERBOCKER* commences with the present number, and this will be a very appropriate time for new subscribers to begin. We trust very many will be induced to do so by the great reduction in postage which will take place at that time. The *KNICKERBOCKER* can then be sent FIVE HUNDRED MILES FOR TWO AND A HALF CENTS, if prepaid. The subscriber will have to pay fifteen cents for three months' postage, if he is over five hundred miles from New-York, or seven and a half cents for the same period, if within five hundred miles of this city. The latter rate will embrace Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North-Carolina, and portions of Ohio and Michigan. The postage for fifteen hundred miles will be but five cents, if prepaid, and this will include Texas and Iowa, and extend six hundred miles west of the Mississippi.

To all new subscribers who will commence with the January number, the publisher will send all the numbers for this year free of postage.

### FOUR YEARS FOR TEN DOLLARS.

The *KNICKERBOCKER* for 1848, '49, '50, and '51, will be sent to all who will forward Ten Dollars prepaid.

A full set of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, in thirty-seven volumes, for sale at the office.

## ST. LEGER; OR THE THREADS OF LIFE.

THE Publisher has great pleasure in announcing to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* and to the public generally, that he has effected an arrangement with Mr. RICHARD B. KIMBALL, the author of this popular and extraordinary Romance, to give the Sequel in the pages of this Magazine. The first chapter appeared in the January Number, and will be continued regularly until completed. This work has already passed through three editions in this country, and two in England, and has received more favorable notice from the American and English press than any work of fiction which has been issued during the last five years.

### Terms—Five Dollars per Annum, in Advance.

All remittances, and every thing relating to the business of the Magazine, must be addressed to the Publisher,

SAMUEL HUESTON,

139 Nassau street, New-York.

# ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. THE DON QUIXOTE OF CERVANTES. By R. J. DE CORDOVA, . . . . .	189
II. RISING WITH THE LARK. By J. E. OTIS, . . . . .	203
III. A PICTURE OF LIFE AND DEATH. By 'SIGMA,' . . . . .	204
IV. ANSWER TO BLACKWOOD'S 'MODEL REPUBLIC,' . . . . .	205
V. ANACREONTIC STANZAS. By DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON, . . . . .	210
VI. THE HOMELESS: A LIFE-SKETCH. By E. M. BOURNE, . . . . .	211
VII. GLIMPSSES OF LIFE IN FLORIDA DURING THE SEMINOLE WAR, . . . . .	214
VIII. THINGS I LOVE. By CHARLES LELAND PORTER, . . . . .	223
IX. LINES TO A BEREAVED FATHER, . . . . .	224
X. THE LAKES OF NEW-YORK: CAYUGA BRIDGE, . . . . .	224
XI. A FEW THOUGHTS ON DEATH, . . . . .	231
XII. THE TWO FISHERMEN: FROM THE GREEK, . . . . .	232
XIII. THE PHILOSOPHICAL SPARROW. By A. B. JOHNSON, Esq., . . . . .	234
XIV. THE SONG OF THE MERMAID, . . . . .	*337
XV. EARTH-ANGELS. By THEODORE S. FAY, . . . . .	338
XVI. SKETCH-BOOK OF ME, MEISTER KARL. By CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., . . . . .	339
XVII. THE HEAVENS: AN EXTRACT, . . . . .	344
XVIII. JOHN BULL IN HIS OWN PASTURES. By A BOSTONIAN, . . . . .	345
XIX. CONTENTMENT: A FRAGMENT, . . . . .	349
XX. NUT-SHELLS: A POEM. By RUFUS HENRY BACON, . . . . .	350
XXI. LINES ADDRESSED TO A WIFE, . . . . .	357
XXII. MARIE LAFORET. By THE AUTHOR OF 'SAINT LESER,' . . . . .	358
XXIII. EPIGRAM ON A SCOLD, . . . . .	364

## LITERARY NOTICES:

1. MEXICAN SERVICE AFLOAT AND ASHORE, . . . . .	365
2. POPULAR CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE, . . . . .	366
3. WARE'S SKETCHES OF EUROPEAN CAPITALS, . . . . .	366

## EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. MISS CATHERINE HAYES, . . . . .	368
2. WORDS OF 'WISDOM' FROM AFAR, . . . . .	370
3. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, . . . . .	371

1. A FOOLISH THIEF: IN A 'BAD BOX' AND WITH ONE. 2. 'MERTIN'-SEED' IN THE 'KID'NTRY.' 3. 'THE TRIUMPH OF OUR LANGUAGE:' BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D. 4. A LAUGHABLE 'PETITION' TO THE LEGISLATURE OF CONNECTICUT: 'MODEL EPIGRAMS:' 'GERMAN-LATIN' POETRY. 5. SOLEMN 'RELIGION OF THE FACE' AND TRUE 'RELIGION OF THE HEART.' 6. 'SPECIAL PROVIDENCE' ILLUSTRATED: GRANT THORNBURN, *alias* 'LAURIE TODD.' 7. A CALM, KEEN RETORT. 8. REMINISCENCE OF 'DAYS THAT WERE.' 9. THE 'MARSHALL DRAMATIC JUBILEE.' 10. A WONDERFUL WATCH. 11. GLEASON'S 'PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.' 12. 'THE MILLPORT TRAGEDY:' A MYSTERY. 13. 'JOHN BULL' AND 'BROTHER JONATHAN' IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE: A REAPING-MATCH. 14. A SERENADE. 15. MEMBERS COOK AND SOMERVILLE'S BOOK-BINDING. 16. ENGLISH PLOUGHING: 'SAM SLICK' 'DOWN ON' JOHN BULL'S STYLE: AN UNRULY YANKEE MACHINE. 17. BACON'S POEM, 'NUT-SHELLS.' 18. THE 'IMPRISONMENT-FOR-DEBT' QUESTION IN MASSACHUSETTS. 19. NEW IDEA OF THE 'OLD MASTERS' OF ART. 20. AMERICAN MANUFACTURES: BRITANNIA WARE. 21. 'AMERICAN GENTLEMEN OF THE OLDEN TIME:' A SLIGHT CORRECTION. 22. ELLIOTT, THE DISTINGUISHED ARTIST: DANIEL WEBSTER. 23. 'EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.' 24. 'OLD HARRY' *vs.* 'OLD KNICK.' 25. NEW PUBLICATIONS OF THE BROTHERS LONG. 26. 'JEMMY'S ADDRESS TO HIS SWATH-HEART:' AN UNGRATEFUL LOVER. 27. AN ARTFUL DODGE. 28. 'PREACHING SMALL:' PULPIT SIMPLICITY. 29. A COMPREHENSIVE BENEVOLENT DUTY. 30. LADY EMELINE STUART WORTLEY'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA. 31. VINDICATION OF A FRIEND BY A WESTERN EDITOR. 32. TRENTON FALLS, ILLUSTRATED. 33. 'MY FIRST POETRY:' A SAILOR'S LOVE-LETTER. 34. METROPOLITAN THEATRICAL 'ITEMS' AND 'ON-DITS.' 35. 'MOUNT-GUILFORD,' FLEMONT HIGHLANDS. 36. 'CHILDREN OF LARGER GROWTH.' 37. MR. JOHN DANIEL, INSTRUCTOR IN MUSIC. 38. DEFERRED ARTICLES. 39. APOLOGETIC AND EXPLANATORY. 40. END OF THIS TABLE OF CONTENTS.

\* The proof reader has to apologise for a hiatus of a hundred pages in this place, by the accidental substitution of 3 for 2, through the haste made necessary by the unavoidable absence of an associate during the progress of the present number through the press. In the words of the respected Editor, we will endeavor to 'do better next time.'

---

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1851, BY  
SAMUEL HUESTON,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

---

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1851.

No. 3.

## THE DON QUIXOTE OF CERVANTES.

BY R. J. DE CONDOVA.

AMONG the brightest names in literature is that of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, commonly called Cervantes. Although a voluminous and distinguished writer, it is as the author of Don Quixote alone that he is known to the world, and by this effort of his genius he has attained an imperishable fame; for time will only add to the number of the admirers of a work whose wit and humor are derived from the closest study of nature, and whose descriptions will find their counterpart in every corner of the world.

Notwithstanding that the manners of the era in which the history of Don Quixote saw the light, admitted, if they did not encourage, a certain broadness and laxity of expression, which would shock the more refined instincts of the modern reader, there cannot be found in all its pages one doctrine, one opinion, one inference, which is not in the last degree inimical to immorality, as to its fuller development—confirmed vice. Nor is the object of the work confined alone to the inculcation of virtue; though this were all-sufficient to entitle an author to the greatest measure of our esteem. Cervantes' aim took a much wider range. Priestcraft and tyranny were not of too great importance to prevent his attacking, also, hypocrisy, false pride, and a long accompaniment of lesser failings; all of which were, however, so delicately and carefully, yet so firmly assailed, that nothing served more ably to enforce the wholesome strictures of the writer than his wise moderation. The History of Don Quixote needs no encomiums at our hands; neither would we presume to become its interpreter or its eulogist. Still, if our remarks serve to recall to the mind of the reader—jaded, perhaps, by the political turmoil of the day or by the cares of business—the excellences of Don Quixote de la Mancha, and of the renowned Sancho, his squire, we shall have fulfilled all that we designed.

Properly to appreciate this master-piece of Cervantes, it should be read in the noble, sonorous language of the gods, as the Spanish has been imaginatively termed; and next to this, with a view to arrive with some degree of correctness at the moral intention of the author, and of the peculiar wit of the phraseology which he employs, we should endeavor to understand the genius of the style which he affects. To render into a foreign tongue a language which abounds in idiomatic expressions, is at all times a difficult undertaking, because few nations assimilate in their selection of phrases for idiomaticization, and fewer use the same style of idiom, when they happen to be so selected. To illustrate: Suppose a foreigner desired to translate into his own language the American phrase, 'Go ahead.' Literally, the Spaniard would render it, 'Ir a cabeza,' which would be sheer nonsense. The Frenchman would say, 'Aller à tête,' an expression equally absurd; while the Italian would write, 'Andare a testa,' which, if possible, sounds still more ridiculous.

There is, however, a way out of the difficulty, and it is to be regretted that some such plan has not been adopted, in order that American and English readers might be afforded an opportunity of forming a closer acquaintance than has yet been attained with this delightful work. Let us follow out this branch of the question with the same example. A Spaniard might render the national expression, 'Go ahead,' by the Spanish phrase, '*Avanzar*, or *adelantar la proa*;' literally, to 'advance the bow' (of a ship or vessel); and the affinity which exists in our minds between the steam-boat and this common adjuration might be told in a short marginal annotation—a means by which the Spanish reader would be made acquainted at once with the idioms of our language, and their origin, construction, and object. This is the kind of translation which is wanted of Don Quixote, in order that those who do not read the Spanish language may look on the melancholy knight as something more than a mere madman, and on his doughty squire as better than a '*drôle*,' or miserable dolt.

The style of Dickens has often been compared with that of Cervantes, from whom it is highly probable that the former, as well as Fielding, adopted the principles of their peculiar writing. Judging of the productions of Cervantes and Dickens, we must perhaps accord to Dickens the greater merit, on account of the greater amount of good which, politically speaking, has rewarded some of his works. Cervantes wrote to satirize the follies of the age, and to correct among his fellow-countrymen certain growing evils, the existence of which he discovered in their character. Dickens, on the other hand, appeals rather to the domestic feelings of his readers, and endeavors to show vice in its worst colors, while he strives to supply virtue with the most lovely tints, in order that he may inculcate morality by rendering the one disgusting and the other attractive. The only work of Dickens which may be said to be without this claim to praise is '*Pickwick*,' which is merely a recital of ludicrous adventures ironically expressed. But it would be only proper to say, that if the works of Cervantes are not so highly marked as those of Dickens with the benevolent desire to extend happiness by extending virtue, it is only because Cervantes lived in an age when the rights of man were only vaguely understood and partially recognized. That straining of the cord of

Power which is called Tyranny, had not yet roused suffering humanity to successful rebellion, nor had Education so far extended her influence as to teach men who bent submissively in chains at the feet of those who bound them, that great moral truth which it was left for America to pass into an axiom, that 'All men are born free and equal.' In the time of Cervantes, the Poor had not been sufficiently educated, nor had the Noble been sufficiently taught the value of the Poor, to appreciate the lessons or the uses of the ennobling study of Freedom.

Few men have known more of human nature than did the author of '*Don Quixote*.' Cervantes saw and studied it in many of its phases and in almost all its positions in life. As a soldier, he had suffered the hardships of war in the struggle between the Venetians and the Turks, in 1570, when the former were aided by the arms of Spain. He had known privation on the field of battle, and had been wounded in naval engagements. He had suffered the horrors and hardships of captivity among barbarians, in countries where the religion of CHRIST was regarded as a stain and a degradation. He had basked in the sunshine of the Court of Spain; and it was while experiencing the miseries of a prison in his native country, that he commenced his world-famed '*Historia del Ingenioso Hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha*.'

It may be said that in this work Cervantes has received some assistance from the character of the language in which he wrote; for if there be any tongue in the world which can aid a pathetic story by its flowing beauty, or which can assist the relation of bold and adventurous heroism by its sonorous sweetness, it is the noble Castilian. Full, rich, and rounded, its every syllable expresses in its mere sound, and without perhaps the assistance of association, the meaning and force of the passion or feeling which it is intended to convey. But Cervantes has been accused of introducing an Italian construction into much of the language employed in this work. This can in a great measure be accounted for by his long residence in Italy, during which period the many attractions which that soft tongue possesses led him to acquire a fondness for it which never wholly deserted him, and induced him occasionally to take liberties with his own language which perhaps only render his style more piquant.

The character of Don Quixote is gleaned from the first few chapters of the history, and is soon related. A man of weak intellect, but of strong superstitious habits, and very excitable temperament, becomes imbued with the spirit of chivalry from reading those fabulous accounts of heroic knights with which Spain abounded at that period. The most marvellous tales were told of these worthies, among whom Amadis de Gaula stood prominently forward. These histories of dreadful encounters with many-headed giants, battles with fiery dragons, struggles with innumerable lions, and incessant opposition to powerful and wicked enchanters, formed the most attractive source of instruction to the worthy gentleman, who read and studied them so often that at last they turned his brain, and made a monomaniac of a man who, but for them, would perhaps have filled a respectable though quiet position in his native district all his life. But constantly dwelling on this darling subject, and always admiring actions which his limited education did not permit him to regard as fabulous, but which appeared most worthy of imitation, he determined



in his insanity to leave his house and wander up and down the world in search of wrongs which he might set right, cruelties which he might abolish, tyrants whom he might annihilate, distressed damsels whom he might console, aggrieved widows whom he might succor, and ruined orphans whom he might set up on the thrones of their fathers.

Satirical as is this exodus of Don Quixote from his comfortable home to establish a social millennium upon the earth, Cervantes had a great object in view when he imagined it. There was then in Spain, as there is now, but in a much greater degree, that adoration of noble birth so highly characteristic of the Castilian. This distinctive pride gave rise to much that was honorable and heroic in the Spanish character; but that in some measure it induced men to look down with contempt upon their fellow-beings, it is impossible to deny; and as the descendants of Spanish knights, who had been much renowned for deeds of chivalry, possessed the objectionable feeling in a more than ordinary degree, one object of Cervantes appears to have been to read a marked lesson on the profession of knight-errantry to those whose only glory was in the reflection of a false light, shining through the page of history, from the tombs of their ancestors.

The author would also appear to have desired to teach those who, like many in our own times, being dissatisfied with the bountiful present, are ever sighing after the unattainable past, that in wishing for the reestablishment of an extinct folly, they sought after a vain thing, which was entirely without their reach, and which could not exist contemporaneously with the spirit of a later age.

Cervantes desired also to manifest that the so-called great and noble deeds and magnificent exploits recorded in the fables of chivalry were, in nine cases out of every ten, instances of the most unblushing interference with private liberty, the most tyrannical attempts at a violation of human justice, and an unjustifiable gratification of vanity, pride, and conceit, at the expense of common sense, and of that religion which chivalry pretended to uphold, but which inculcates meekness, charity, and universal brotherhood.

Properly to estimate these great objects of a great author, we must remember the prevalent spirit of the age in which Cervantes attempted, entirely unaided, to stem the torrent of popular prejudice, to uphold the birth of the infant giant Democracy, and to attack with the keenest of weapons, (one indeed whose wounds few men are ever found to pardon,) ridicule; a principle which, how wrong and unwise soever in itself, the upper classes of the country had been taught to reverence with feelings of holy awe and superstitious respect. He undertook to combat the prejudices of the aristocracy, when he could not expect to receive the assistance of the people, who were too ignorant to understand his motives and too careless to appreciate them.

The manner in which Cervantes carried out his objects may be briefly expressed as follows. For the purpose of demonstrating the inapplicability of knight-errantry to the then present age, he introduces an imaginary knight riding up and down among the high-roads and by-ways of his native province, seeking adventures which might redound to the honor of his own name and to the glory of that of his inamorata. In order to place his

knight on the stage without the committal of anachronisms, he makes the hero of his tale a madman; and with a view to find a ready access for his lessons to all sorts of men, he makes the incidents connected with his hero truly ludicrous and satirical, by describing the knight throughout the work in the most ridiculous positions and embarrassed situations. These are generally conceived in a style of humor and wit which far outdoes any modern author. Not only are the expressions of the knight absurdly farcical, and therefore calculated to excite the mirth of the reader, but there is also a degree of depth and profundity in their construction which mark the power of an author who does not in these instances, like Mr. Dickens, call in the aid of either irony or slang. I will presently introduce a few sentences, in order to prove the correctness of this assertion.

For example, when the mad knight, on the road to his house, (whither he was going with the wise intention of providing himself with money and clean linen previous to a second and more important departure,) meets the merchants, he thus declaims to the astonished passengers, his lance in the rest, his shield before his breast, and his heart fully prepared for battle: 'Let every one beware if every one does not confess that there is not in the whole world a more beautiful maiden than the Empress of La Mancha, the unequalled Dulcinea del Toboso.' 'Todo el mundo se tenga si todo el mundo no confiesa que no hay en el mundo todo doncella mas hermosa que la Emperatriz de la Mancha, la sin par Dulcinea del Toboso.'

This sort of proceeding, though to a somewhat less extravagant degree, was by no means uncommon in the histories of knight-errantry; and its peculiar absurdity, as applied to a later age, is strongly marked in the sequel to the adventure.

One of the merchants hearing the extraordinary menace of the knight, and marvelling at the strange and uncouth appearance of the madman, answered: 'Señor Caballero, nosotros no conocemos quien es esa buena señora que decís; mostradnosla; que si ella fuere de tanta hermosura como significais, de buena gana y sin apremio alguno confesaremos la verdad que por parte vuestra nos es pedida.' 'Señor Caballero, we know not who is this good lady of whom you speak; show her to us, and if she be of so much beauty as you signify, we will confess the truth which you ask of us with great good-will, and without being at all forced thereto.'

This answer of the merchant was reasonable, and therefore opposed to the principles of knight-errantry, as reason is frequently contrary to the ideas of persons who inculcate new dogmata, or support old fallacies, while they refuse or are unable to convince the world, which is unwilling blindly to lend its faith to doctrines unsupportable by proof. It is in ridicule of such enthusiasts that Cervantes makes his mad hero reply in the following abusive address: 'Si os la mostrara, qué hicierades vosotros en confesar una verdad tan notoria? La importancia está en que sin verla lo habeis de creer, confesar, afirmar, jurar, y defender; donde no, conmigo sois en batalla, gente descomunal y soberbia.' 'If I were to show her to you, what would be the merit in confessing so notorious a fact? The importance is, that without seeing her you have to

believe, confess, affirm, swear, and assert it; otherwise you are at war with me, strange and proud people.'

The satire of the scene in ridicule of the class to which we have alluded, is too pointed to require farther reference.

Again, Don Quixote says to Sancho, his squire, when dining among the goat-herds: 'Quiero que aqui a mi lado y en compañía desta buena gente te sientes, y que seas una misma cosa conmigo que soy tu amo y natural señor, que comas en mi plato y bebas por donde yo bebiere, porque de la caballeria andante se puede decir lo mismo que del amor se dice 'quo todas cosas iguala.' 'I desire that thou shouldst sit at my side here in the company of these good folks, and be one same thing with me who am thy master and natural lord, that you should eat from my plate, and drink where I drink, because it may be said of chivalry as of love, that it makes all things equal.'

Sancho, however, wisely objects to this, alleging that in his station of life he would be more comfortable eating by himself than sitting at the side of an emperor, even though he should have to content himself with his usual coarse fare, because he would be more at his ease in his accustomed manner than if overwhelmed with ceremonies to which he was not used.

This is an admirable reply, and a good lesson to levellers who pretend to be ignorant of social distinctions; but as usual, knight-errantry annuls by force that which it cannot destroy by reason, and Sancho is pulled down to a seat by his master, who coolly remarks: 'Con todo eso has de sentar; porque a quien se humilia Dios le ensalza.' 'Notwithstanding all that, thou hast to sit down; for God raises up him who humiliates himself.'

The advice, however, which Don Quixote gives to Sancho on his departure from the Duke's palace to take possession of his government, is full of profound wisdom and excessive goodness; so much so, indeed, that Cervantes has excused his putting such language into the mouth of a madman by saying, 'Quien oyera el pasado razonamiento de Don Quixote que no le tuviera por persona muy cuerda y mejor intencionada? Pero como muchas veces en el progreso desta grande historia queda dicho, solamente disparaba en tocandole en la caballeria, y en los demas discursos mostraba tener clara y desenfadado entendimiento.' 'Who could hear the above reasoning of Don Quixote without supposing him a most sane and prudent person? But as has been many times repeated in the course of this great history, he wandered only on subjects of chivalry, and on all other matters he manifested the possession of a clear and undisturbed judgment.' Among his principal items of advice to Sancho, we find the following:

'Firstly, my son, thou must fear God, because in fearing Him there is wisdom, and being wise, thou wilt not be able to err in any thing.

'Secondly, thou must set thy eyes on whom thou art, endeavoring to know thyself, which is the most difficult knowledge that can be imagined. From knowing thyself will proceed thy not swelling thyself like the frog which wished to equalize himself with the ox; for if thou dost this, the recollection of having tended pigs in thine own land will come to be ugly feet for the tail of thy madness.'

'Glory in the humility of thy lineage, and do not take shame to thyself to say that thou camest of peasants, because, seeing that thou dost not depreciate thyself, no one will attempt to depreciate thee; and pride thyself more on being a virtuous humble man than a proud sinner.

'See, Sancho, if thou takest virtue as thy means, and art proud of virtuous deeds, there is no reason to have envy of those who hold them 'princes' and 'lords;' because virtue is acquired, and blood is inherited; and virtue of itself is worth what blood is not worth.

'This being so, as so it is, if perchance any one of thy relations should come to see thee when thou art in thine island, do not send him forth nor affront him; rather must thou invite and regale him, for with this wilt thou satisfy HEAVEN, who wills that none dislike what HEAVEN made, and thou wilt respond to what thou owest to well-regulated nature.

'If thou takest thy wife with thee, (for it is not well that those who assist governments for a long while should be without their own,) teach her, indoctrinate her, and remove from her her natural roughness, because all that a prudent governor can acquire, a foolish and rustic wife may undo.

'Let the tears of the poor find in thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the complaints of the rich.

'Endeavor to discover the truth from among the promises and bribes of the rich, as from among the lamentations and importunities of the poor.

'When equity can and should have sway, do not load the delinquent with all the rigor of the law, for the fame of the rigorous judge is not better than that of the compassionate one.

'When it happens to thee to judge the law-suit of thine enemy, remove thy thoughts from thine own injury, and place them on the truth of the case.

'Do not ill-treat him with words whom thou hast to punish with acts; for the pain of punishment is sufficient to the unfortunate, without the addition of reproaches.

'If thou desirest to dress six pages, dress three and other three poor ones, and thus thou wilt have pages for heaven and the earth.

'Speak slowly, but not in such a manner that it may appear that thou listenest to thyself, for all affectation is evil.

'Be temperate in thy drink, considering that too much wine neither keeps a secret nor fulfils a promise.'

The wisdom and general intelligence in these items of sage advice, manifest an extremely vigorous mind, which would be wholly at variance with the folly of a maniac, did not our author consistently preserve, throughout his work, the fact that the wandering of Don Quixote's mind, how great soever on the exciting subject of chivalry, amounted after all only to monomania.

It is particularly to be remembered that Cervantes' opinions on the subject of chivalry should not induce his readers to imagine that he depreciated moral courage properly directed, or devotion to country even to the extreme of capability. It is perhaps not hazarding too much in his favor to say that a braver man never lived. He proved his possession of that noble description of courage which enables a good and high-minded man to oppose an unbending front to the shafts of malice, prejudice, and envy. He was ever constant in his valor as in his good

faith; and that he highly valued the rare virtue of esteeming his life little when weighed against the interest of his country, is testified by his famous expression after being severely wounded in a naval engagement which occurred on the seventh October, 1571, and resulted in a victory in favor of the side for which he fought: 'El soldado mas bien parece muerto en la batalla que sano en la fuga.' 'Better appears the soldier dead on the field of battle than safe in flight.'

And now with becoming respect let us approach the consideration of that squire of squires, that pink of attendants and wisest of governors, Sancho Panza, father of Sanchito of that ilk, husband of the rustic but clever Teresa Panza, and man-at-arms to the ever-remembered and famous Hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Amid the pleasantries of Sancho, his innumerable proverbs, his unfailing credulity, his keen matter-of-fact observations, who has failed to discover one of the most truthful sketches of original character which ever fell from the pen of a gifted writer? Thoughtless alike of ambition and personal aggrandizement as of romantic and chivalric feeling, he is induced to follow the fortunes of his seignorial lord, only in the hope of serving his own mundane interests, by securing for himself and his family an income which would for ever shield them from the dishonorable dependence which was then, as it is now, only the too common lot of the Spanish peasant. Actuated by these feelings, he consents to roam the world with his master in search of adventures, only in the hope of obtaining the great desideratum which is held out to him in all sincerity by the Don, namely, the governorship of an island which the valor of the knight is to conquer in an incredibly short space of time. The monomania of the master induces him to promise promptly and conscientiously that which the man accepts, in prospective, readily and in all good faith. Sancho, however, does not accompany his agreement to his master's terms with any expression of pleasure at the pride and glory which would attend his advancement; nor does he feel any. His ideas of the head of an island government are connected only with the certain prospect of obtaining a livelihood for those who are near and dear to him. Pride is a feeling which he does not possess beyond that small measure which teaches him to respect his own position in life, and to honor it by his probity. Glory is equally a stranger to the plain, honest laborer, who, notwithstanding his lack of the world's learning, and his ignorance of even the first law of letters, sees through the flimsiness of vain-glory, and knows fame to be above his capacity, while he feels it to be superior to his inclinations. The 'government,' therefore, is only regarded by him as a boon of somewhat the same character as that which a compliance with the demand of Micky Free, for the office of a gauger, would have appeared to that admirably-depicted worthy. Sancho accordingly follows Don Quixote with the confidence of a squire, and the natural buffoonery of a rustic clown.

The many ludicrous adventures in which these two heroes engaged are already matters of history. The story of the windmills has furnished our own language with a proverb. The tossing of Sancho in a blanket; his being beaten at the inn which his master believed to be a castle; the battle with the skins of wine; the conversation of Sancho with the

duchess; and his judgments in the island of Barrataria; are all too well known and admired to need farther allusion here. Not so, however, with the words of wisdom which the common sense of the honest Sancho frequently induced him to advance in opposition to his master's folly. For Sancho was not mad; he was only simple and unsophisticated. Don Quixote was entirely theoretical; Sancho was eminently practical. Don Quixote imagined a world of his own, and behaved as if that world did really exist. Sancho on the other hand could distinguish between reality and supposition; and not knowing the world by experience, he made it a rule to take it as he found it. The master represented the world to Sancho in a light in which it had never before appeared to the squire, and the latter gave full credence to the picture because he knew no better, and had no reason to doubt the promises of the Hidalgo, or to question the correctness of his statements. Don Quixote's sincerity, Sancho knew, was unquestionable; and he never doubted the knight's sanity until Don Quixote mistook a windmill for a giant, a flock of sheep for an army of troops, and a barber's basin for a helmet. Sancho's judgment or common sense rebelled against such an unusual conglomeration of ideas, for which he was at a loss to account. But when Don Quixote explained these apparent deceptions by assuring Sancho that it was enchantment alone which prevented him from seeing that he was wrong and his master right, the squire believed, because he could not disbelieve, not knowing what enchantment meant.

A brief allusion to a few of the scenes in which the heroes of Cervantes' history are coëqually distinguished may serve to explain their respective characteristics.

On their first sallying forth in company to 'seek adventures, redress wrongs,' etc., Sancho reminds his master of the promised island which is to be given to him to be governed, and which he asserts he can rule 'for as large as it may be;' to which Don Quixote replies that it is an old custom among knights-errant to confer islands on their squires, and that far from abrogating it he will improve upon it, by conferring a government on Sancho on the earliest occasion, instead of waiting, as was in ancient times the observance, until the squire was old and gray.

'In which case,' replies Sancho, 'if I become king by one of the miracles of which your worship speaks, Juana Gutierrez would come to be queen, and my children Infantes.'

'Who doubts it?' answers Don Quixote.

'I doubt it,' replies Sancho, 'because I hold that though God were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, none would sit well on the head of Mari Gutierrez. Know, your worship, that for a queen she is not worth two maravedis. A countess would suit her much better, *and even then God help her.*'

A whole volume, had Cervantes thought fit to spend his time on this branch of the subject, could not have given his readers a better idea of the candid and practical, though clownish nature of Sancho Panza. And on another occasion, Sancho declares, 'I am an old Christian, and to be a count is quite enough for me.' So far for his thoughts on royalty and aristocracy. The next example gives some idea of his personal courage.

The Don exhorts Sancho never to make any attempt to aid him in any

of his encounters unless his adversaries are *canaille* and low persons. When the opposing party is a knight or gentleman, Sancho is on no account to take any part in the engagement. To which instructions Sancho replies :

'You shall certainly be obeyed in this, Señor; the more so as I am a peaceful man, and an enemy to putting myself into troubles and noises.' And in another place, when Don Quixote desires Sancho to leave him for a while, he objects. 'No,' says Sancho, 'I cannot do that, because on separating from you, fear is with me immediately. Let this therefore be a notice to your worship, that from this time forward, I will not budge an inch from your presence.'

The plain-spoken Sancho knew little of the art of flattering his superiors. When asked by Don Quixote, after the battle with the Biscayan, in which the knight lost half an ear, 'Sancho, tell me for thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valiant knight than I in all the explored places of the earth? Hast thou ever read in histories of any other who has or may have had more vigor in attacking, more spirit in persevering, more dexterity in wounding, or more energy in overthrowing?' — Sancho's answers to these questions are more candid than polished. 'The truth is,' he replies, 'that I have never read any history, because I know not either to read or write; but what I can affirm is, that a more audacious master than your worship I have never served in all the days of my life; and may God grant that these audacities be not paid for where I have already said,' (the Inquisition.)

The little care felt by Sancho for a superior station on account of the personal dignity which it would confer, has already been adverted to. We may here give an example of this feeling. Don Quixote tells Sancho of a wonderful balsam, of which he has the recipe, and which possesses such marvellous qualities that he explains its uses to Sancho in the following words :

'When you see that in any battle they have cut my body in two, as very frequently happens in an encounter, thou hast nothing more to do than to put the half which has fallen neatly over the half remaining in the saddle, taking care to place them together equally and as they ought to be, and then give me only two mouthfuls of the balsam, and thou wilt see me sounder than an apple.'

Sancho's answer is rich in its way. 'If there be such a thing, I renounce from this time forward the government of the promised island; I want nothing in payment for my many and good services, but that your worship should give me the recipe of this extraordinary liquor.'

All ideas of glory and fame vanish before the chance of making a rapid fortune after the manner of our modern Hallowsays, Moffatts, etc. Sancho is not, however, backward in assurance on the occasion of his being asked by the servant at the inn, 'What is a knight-errant?'

'Are you then so new to the world,' replies Sancho, 'as not to be aware of that? Know then, my sister, that a knight-errant is a thing which in two words expresses one who is cuffed (*apaleado*) and an emperor. To-day he is the most unfortunate and needy creature in the world, and to-morrow he will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire.'

'Then thou,' replies the girl, 'being such to this good gentleman, hast not, as it would seem, even a county.'

'It is yet early,' retorts Sancho, 'because it is only a month that we have been seeking adventures, and as yet we have not fallen on any thing, and at times 'one thing is sought and another is found ;' but truly, if my master were well of his wound and fall, I would not change my hopes for the best title in Spain.'

Nothing so much displeases Sancho in his new mode of life as his master's having imposed silence on him, except when he is addressed. One of his remonstrances is to the following effect :

'Señor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your blessing and your leave to return home to my wife and children, because your worship's wishing me to wander with you by night and day in these solitudes, without speaking when it pleases me, is to bury me alive. If Fate would allow that animals might speak, as they did in the time of Guisopete, it would not be so bad, because I would divide my thoughts with my donkey, and so alleviate my evil fortune. It is a vile thing, and not to be borne with patience, to seek adventures all one's life, and to find nothing but kicks and blanket-tossings, cudgellings and cuffs, and withal to have to seal up the mouth, without daring to say what one has in his heart, as if one were dumb.'

Moved by this energetic appeal, Don Quixote condescends to accord to Sancho leave to express himself on certain occasions, and in certain places. But the trusty squire experiences a new difficulty. The knight is too fond of good grammar, and the correct application of correct language, in neither of which qualifications is Sancho a proficient. Sancho again remonstrates in these terms :

'Señor, once or twice, if I do not ill-remember, I have begged your worship not to amend my words so long as you understand what I mean to say. If your worship does not comprehend me, tell me, 'Sancho, or Diablo, (devil,) I do not understand thee;' and if I do not then declare myself, you may correct me as you please, for I am so focile——'

'Then,' replies the Don, 'I do not understand thee now, Sancho. I know not what is focile.'

'Focile means,' says Sancho, in explanation, 'that I am always so—— thus——'

'I understand you less now,' retorts Don Quixote.

'Then,' replies Sancho, 'if you do not understand me, I know not how it is said. I know no more, and may God be with me.'

Don Quixote subsequently discovers that Sancho means 'docile.'

Sancho's opinion on the necessity for learning, as touching the fitness to govern, is ludicrously described by Cervantes. Don Quixote hints that when Sancho grows older, he will be better able to take charge of the island; to which position Sancho replies :

'By Heaven! the island which I could not govern now, I would not be able to govern with the years of Methusaleh. The damage lies in that the island is amusing itself I know not where, and not in my want of judgment to rule it. I have seen governors who, to my thinking, do not come up to the sole of my shoe, and with all that they are styled 'Lordships.'



'At least,' argues Sanson Corrasco, 'governors should understand gramatica,' (grammar.)

'As for the *grama*,' (an agricultural instrument,) replies Sancho, 'I should be quite at home; but the *tica* I do not trouble myself about, for I do not understand it.'

In no part of the history, however, does Sancho shine so much as in the palace of the duke by whom he is promoted to the governorship of the island of Barrataria. The duke and duchess, entering fully into the spirit of the folly which animates the wanderers, place Sancho in possession of a post of authority over certain of their vassals, taking care at the same time, not only that Sancho shall do no mischief in his exalted position, but that an effectual lesson shall be taught him of the comparative happiness of his humble lot with reference to his humble capacity. The ridiculous plight in which Sancho's position thrusts him is too well known to need any thing farther than a passing glance. He is starved because etiquette requires it; he is troubled at the most unseasonable hours by persons appointed by the duke's agents for the purpose, and required to decide on the most frivolous questions, and to give money on the most absurd pretexts; and finally the sudden entry of an impromptu invading army into his island causes Sancho to be so unmercifully beaten and trampled on while he is encased in a suit of very heavy armor, that he is glad at length to give up his government and retire, as some statesmen who are fading into unpopularity have it, 'into the privacy of domestic life.' There is a grave lesson contained in this ridiculous adventure, which is sufficiently obvious without the aid of much criticism. It contains an admirable lecture on the folly of aspiring to positions beyond the limit of one's capacity, and of a higher order than one is mentally competent to fulfil. Many are the examples in every day life of men who blame Fate and Fortune, and other unconcerned heathen powers, for denying to aspirants a chance of manifesting to the world how well they could accomplish great designs, work vast wonders, and completely outshine those who actually hold the envied situations. The cases are rare where the personal ambition is gratified so far as to find itself in the position coveted; but the almost certain result, wherever such a case does occur, is that the man whose only qualification for exaltation was his ardent desire to be so exalted, discovers, when too late, that

'Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.'

a quotation that will serve our turn in this instance quite as well as the hackneyed and somewhat vulgar axiom which declares that it is not possible 'to make a silk purse,' etc. Sancho entertains in all its force the feeling which probably gave rise equally to the immortal saying of the inimitable bard, and to the more humble truism whose antiquity we will not pretend to trace. The honest Panza, who has always and in all sincerity believed that he could govern an island 'as well as any governor that ever lived in the world,' and whose great ambition it has been to have an island to govern, finds at length that the cares of authority are as great as its emoluments; that the one is indispensable to the other; and farther, that he is fit for neither.

After several trials, the duke dispatches a messenger express to warn

Sancho that there are persons about him who mean to take his life. These unforeseen difficulties speedily put our friend Panza entirely out of conceit as to the delights of ruling, and he is at last led to declare with great fervor that he was much happier as a peasant than as a 'lord over many.'

It is pleasing to remember, too, that in the midst of his prosperity, Sancho never forgot his donkey. In the letter to his wife, written as he was on the point of setting out to take possession of his island, he says: 'The donkey is well, and commends himself to thee; and I do not think of leaving him, even though they should exalt me to be Grand Turk.'

One great feature in the character of Sancho is his stock of innumerable proverbs. Below will be found a few, selected from among the many. It must, however, be premised that these sayings must lose immeasurably in the translation, for this reason: The *refranes* of the Spaniards, like many of our own homely but trite sayings, derive much of that force which binds them to the memory, either from a particular play upon the words employed, or from the rhyming, jangling sound which one portion of the sentence bears with another. For example, we say: 'Wilful waste makes woful want;' and the alliteration in this sentence rendering it striking, causes it to be easily remembered. 'The mice begin to play when the cat is out of the way,' is another illustration; so also is, 'A feather shows how the wind blows.'

Many of Sancho's proverbs are made up on the same engaging principles, and as they can only be rendered into plain prose, the point of attraction is defeated, though the point of meaning may be fully preserved.

Among Sancho Panza's most remarkable proverbs are the following:

'One devil resembles another.'

'Let no one put himself to judge the white for black, nor the black for white, for every one is as God made him, and even worse many times.'

'The best sauce in the world is hunger.'

'He who covers thee discovers thee.'

'One 'Take!' is worth two 'I will give thee!''

'Many *littles* make a *much*, and while something is gained nothing is lost.'

'A good heart breaks (or destroys) evil fortune.'

'The hare leaps when it is not thought,' (when it is not expected.)

'Tell me with whom thou walkest, and I will tell thee who thou art.'

'Not with whom thou art born, but with whom thou associatest.'

There are scores of others, and they furnish great temptation to transcribe a large number, but our present duty is to do more than make extracts.

We however regretfully take leave of the worthy Sancho, the squire of squires, the honest, true-hearted *Manchego*, whose faithfulness to his master is no where so strongly marked as in his reply to Don Quixote, who had called him 'an ass:'

'Señor mio, I confess that to be an ass nothing is wanting to me but the tail; and if your worship wishes to put one on me, I will hold it as well placed, and I will serve you as a donkey all the days which remain to me of my life.'

The return of Don Quixote to his own home, attended still by his trusty attendant, the poor gentleman's illness and death, and the profound grief of Sancho Panza, are most pathetically and beautifully told, inasmuch that the concluding passages of this remarkable history, although divested of all the ridicule and irony with which the preceding pages abound, are no less imbued with true beauty.

There is one point in the history of Don Quixote to which we must allude before the pen which is thus pleasantly occupied is laid aside. It is the severe censure applied by Cervantes to that description of selfish and inconsiderate conceit which accuses of cruelty and hardheartedness all women who refuse to marry exemplary but love-sick swains. Cervantes desired, in the passage which we are about to quote, to correct the mistaken notion that those affections which are termed broken hearts are less attributable to the unreasonable and dogged obstinacy of hasty youth than to cruelty on the part of such maidens as do not happen to love those who love them.

Don Quixote falls accidentally into the company of certain shepherds, who are performing the last rites for a deceased friend, whose death they attribute to the savage nature of one MARCELA, who had refused to entertain the proposals of GRISOSTOMO. The shepherds are uttering denunciations against the savage woman, whose bitterness has been the cause of their friend's death, when suddenly Marcela herself, a maiden of surpassing beauty, appears on the summit of a crag opposite to the rude tomb of her former lover. The following is an extract from her address, when she is asked by one of the spectators if she comes to see whether the wounds of Grisostomo will give forth blood in her presence, or to gaze from the height, like another Nero at burning Rome, on the corpse of her unhappy victim:

'HEAVEN made me, as you say, beautiful. I know with the natural understanding which God has given me, that all that is beautiful is good; but I see not that the object loved for beauty is obliged to love the lover; and moreover, supposing that the lover of the beautiful one should be ugly, and being ugly, worthy of being abhorred: it were ill to say, 'I love thee, being beautiful; thou must love me, though I am ugly.' . . . If HEAVEN had me ugly instead of handsome, would it be just for me to complain of you because that you loved me not? How much now have you to consider that I chose not the beauty which I possess; for such as it is, HEAVEN in grace gave it to me, without my seeking or choosing it. And thus, as the viper does not deserve to be blamed for his poison, although he kills with it, Nature having provided it, as little do I deserve to be blamed for being beautiful. Beauty in the honest woman is like fire set apart, or like a sharp sword afar off: neither does that burn, nor does this cut him who does not come near to it. I was born free, and to live freely I chose the solitude of the fields. The trees of these mountains are my companions; the clear waters of these streams are my mirrors: with these trees and with these waters I communicate my beauty and my thoughts. Fire am I, set apart, and a sword placed at a distance. Those whom I have enamored by sight I have undeceived with words; and if desire is fed by hope, I not having given any to Grisostomo, nor to any other, it may well be said, that rather did his obstinacy kill him

than my cruelty. And if it is pleaded that his thoughts were honest, and that for this I should have corresponded to them, I say that when on that same spot where his grave is now prepared, he discovered to me the goodness of his intention, I said to him that mine was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth only should enjoy the fruits of my acknowledgments and the spoils of my beauty. And if he with all this wished to prevail against hope and navigate against the wind, what is it that he has been wrecked in the midst of the gulf of his unreasonableness ! Undeceived, he continued ; unabhorred, he despaired. See now if it be reasonable that for his pain the fault is attributed to me ! He who calls me a savage and a basilisk, let him leave me as a thing dangerous and evil ; he who calls me ungrateful, let him not serve me ; he who calls me unthankful, let him not know me ; cruel, let him not follow me. This savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, cruel and unthankful one, will neither seek them, serve them, know them, nor follow them in any manner. If the impatience and mad desire of Grisostomo killed him, why must my honest conduct and reserve be blamed ? If I preserve my purity in the company of these forests, why must it be that he should undo it who wished me to lose it among men ? The honest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages and the care of these goats amuse me. The end of my desires is these mountains, and if they stretch beyond, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, the road by which the soul travels to its first dwelling.'

---

## RISING WITH THE LARK.

When roseate dawn with delicate flush  
Suffuses the eastern sky,  
Committing the fault with many a blush,  
The zephyrs lament with a sigh.

The heart of dear Night in agony breaks ;  
His corse is consigned to its bier ;  
Each sorrowing flower disconsolate wakes,  
Expressing its woe by a tear.

Then venomous snakes glide noiseless by,  
And reptiles from swamps emerge ;  
The birds, aroused from their slumbers, fly,  
Chanting a dolorous dirge.

When young, I was told by a beldame old,  
That a murderer's spirit dark  
Diabolical law had doomed to soar  
In the breast of each fugitive lark.

The echoes prolong their harrowing song ;  
United they combat sleep ;  
The lark with its woes would ruin repose,  
That man might in sympathy weep.

Then who would arise to welcome the dawn ?  
I pause in the verse for reply ;  
Methinks some kindred spirit, with scorn,  
Exclaims, ' Ah, indeed, would not I ! '

## S T A N Z A S : L I F E .

## I.

THE mother weeps when Death has laid  
Its hand upon her only child,  
Forgetful that an early flight  
Has left its nature undefiled.  
She only sees the empty chair,  
The play-things lying on the floor,  
The little face that smiling sleeps,  
And still must sleep for evermore.

## II.

THE widow, tearless, stands beside  
The out-stretched form of him she knew,  
When passing first, a happy bride,  
That room's familiar entrance through.  
It is the same in look and air,  
The sunshine glimmers on the wall;  
The very pictures hanging there  
Her long-past bridal morn recall.  
Yet years have passed since now and then,  
Much gladness has her spirit known;  
But she forgets it all again,  
When on the dead she looks alone.

## III.

THE little child, at close of day,  
Steals weeping through the vacant room,  
From which its mother went away,  
To sleep within the dreary tomb.  
With grief that will not comfort find,  
It hangs the empty pillow o'er,  
And makes a picture to its mind  
Of one whom it can see no more.

## IV.

THE feeble woman, bending low  
Beneath the weight of toil severe,  
Recalls the home of long ago,  
And cannot check the falling tear.  
She wastes in sorrow, day by day,  
In some neglected attic high;  
Her hourly hope, a quick decay,  
Her only prayer, a prayer to die!

## V.

THE busy crowd, whose foot-steps go  
A thousand silent houses by,  
But little of the mourners know,  
Who in their gloomy chambers lie.  
We laugh and jest, while old and young,  
Within the sound of what we say,  
Are speaking, with reluctant tongue,  
The words of those who pass away.

## VI.

THE heart that yearns to sympathize  
With aught around it on the earth,  
Should not repose 'neath sunny skies,  
Nor waste a day in empty mirth:

But looking on the world aright,  
 Should view it as a place of grief,  
 Where Love can make Misfortune light,  
 And bring to sorrow some relief.  
 The gentle works of woman's hand,  
 In secret wrought, in silence done,  
 Shall noblest proofs of feeling stand  
 When all the course of life is run.

SIGMA.

## ANSWER TO BLACKWOOD'S

---

‘HOW THEY DO THINGS IN THE MODEL REPUBLIC.’

---

BY HASTINGS.

---

ABOUT the merry Christmas-time, when, eighteen hundred and fifty-odd years ago, peace and good-will were proclaimed to man, on an island far away in the Asiatic Archipelago, where the tread of an exiled poet had erewhile left the print of fame, while seeking for something to while away the weary hours of convalescence, I picked up Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, No. CCCLXXXVIII.; and truly pleasantly did it cause the hours to pass, while much information came from its illuminated pages. I had read on steadily, commencing with the first article, *On Cromwell*, by Carlyle, and without referring to the index, continued page after page, gratefully inhaling each succeeding inspiration, which, in my then mood, was refreshing as the air of a morning in spring. Truly, Old Gray-beard, Maga had then power to cheat thee of thy flight, or at least to still the rustling of thy wings. Happy moments, happy hours, happy days! Health was gently, gradually stirring my languid pulses, and appropriately was proclaimed, ‘good-will to man.’ Having finished with delight the well-written article upon ‘Lord Sidmouth's Life and Times,’ and after witnessing the calm and serene setting of his sun, which had shone so long and cheerfully, and fervently wishing that ‘my end might be like his,’ I turned the page, and there appeared an article, headed, ‘How they manage things in the Model Republic,’ commencing in this wise: ‘In our last April number, on the appropriate day of fools, we laid before our readers a few stray flowers of speech, culled with little labor, in that garden of oratorical delight, the Congress of the United States—sweets to the sweet.’ And then follows, with what connection with this flattering introduction we cannot in our blindness see, the indictment, the charges, the heads and fronts of our offendings. Stand up, ‘Cousin’ (!) Jonathan ‘Demas,’ (why not Nick o’ Demas?) stand up at that bar of Blackwood, and answer the charges preferred against you by yonder old gentleman in a tight night-cap, with wrinkled brow, bleary eyes, mustached mouth, and gray-bearded chin, his shirt-collar extensive and rolling, vest buttoned over his bosom, old-fashioned coat, with still greater evidence of collar, and no continuations that are at least visible,

surrounded by his national emblem of nettlesome thistles, having throughout a complete *noli me tangere* air. Come, eject that enormous quid; look at and answer him, for he alone here is court, judge, and jury; he is BLACKWOOD, alias the Edinburgh, alias 'Maga,' alias John Bull; and in connection with what has before been read to you, thus run his charge and charges:

'In the absence of a national copy-right, Maga is extensively pirated in the United States, extensively read, and undergoes but an imperfect digestion; by this means the British publisher is robbed, and the native (!) American author is impoverished; and the American public, notwithstanding Maga's most solemn protests, still continue their nefarious notions.' He objects to 'do the thinking' for these American plunderers, as is suggested by a Yankee buccaneer, privateer, or pamphleteer, as something of a compensation; and asserts that these Yankees, whom he calls 'cousins,' wish to *cozen* him, the aforesaid Maga, not only out of the produce of his brains, but also of the profits of his pocket; money and mind they both transfer to their piratical craft, and then compel him to walk his 'confounded carcass' over the plank. But he is not to be engulfed; there is near at hand a friendly Whale—the very Prince of Whales. From the bottom of that Whale's belly he sends forth his wailings; and when these disturbers of the internal regulations shall cause him to be discharged upon Britannia's royal shores, then, then, you Yankee sons of buccaneers, look out for a basting! But, to the charges—the cause, the cause! Be not impatient, Cousin Jonathan; we will read them over as fast as justice to himself and you will allow, and then to your defence, with what appetite we may.

Previously to propounding them, however, you shall have the benefit of a little palliation, which he, the aforesaid disgorged Maga, throws in, by accident, we opine. It is to this effect, that he has given provocation by blackguarding, (excuse the word—a *lapsus lingua*—I recall it,) by using vituperative language in reference to his amiable cousins, their calling and their craft; has named them cut-throats, dogs, and spat upon their uncouth gaberdines; and for this they have cut him up, his better part at least—his book! served him out to a greedy and greasy American public at a shilling a dish; and now it turns out that, like all cannibal food, he does not *agree* with those that eat him! Again, the United States 'have too much moral courage, and are sadly deficient in animal spirit, especially New-Englanders, who, with their Peace Societies, New Moral World Societies, and Teetotal Societies, and Anti-slavery Societies, wish to inculcate the vices of the Republic with the virulent virtues of the puritanical school.' 'The moral soul of Boston thrills with imaginings of peace, while St. Louis and New-Orleans are volcanoes of war.' 'The Americans seldom laugh at any body—never at themselves; and an unfortunate trick of insolvency, and a preternatural abhorrence of negroes, is, perhaps, the besetting sin of an otherwise 'smart' people.' 'There is something about them (deponent doth not descend to particulars) which, whenever two or three of them are gathered together, causes him to conjure the shades of Democritus, and commend his nasal organs to seven folds of a pocket-handkerchief.' 'At public meetings of all kinds, they spout, and swell, and cover themselves with adulation as with a garment.'

John Bull, he admits, upon similar occasions, despite his short horns, is aware of the metamorphosis, and writes himself an ass with all imaginable phlegm; but Jonathan Yankee—more frisky Jonathan—brays and brays away, crops the thistles, unmindful of their nettles, and assures himself by calling out at intervals, 'I'm here—I'm h-e-r-e!' And then that 'star-spangled banner'—ha, ha, ha!—how the things said about that star-spangled banner have caused his ribs to ache. Maga doth not enumerate. Suppose the damages are for sundry broken ribs. 'Well, let him specify,' growls Jonathan. 'If it is for broken ribs, guess he'd better put 't' long with t'other count; for a good many ribs, ay, and heads too, have been broken in the neighborhood of that 'ere flag, 'specially'—Silence in court! Proceed with the case.

In neither house of Congress, at Washington, are affairs managed to Maga's mind. He is not sufficiently explicit as to the part of the national legislature in which 'Judge Peddle' takes his seat. He comes from the 'backwoods,' and 'goes up' to Congress with a 'bowie-knife' under his waistcoat, and a 'revolver' in his coat-pocket. In the Senate a *man* catches the Speaker's (!) eye, kicks his spittoon into a convenient angle, offers a libation of cold water to his parched entrails, and beginning to speak, leaves off, perhaps, in the middle of the proximating week. 'Undoubtedly Congress is the Paradise of Fools,' says Maga.

But, after all, the American women dress well, and do many things well; and are angels, not in mind, but in face and figure, from fifteen to twenty-five. There is no childhood, no youth, in Yankee-land; no freshness there; and no old age either, it would appear, at least for the women. 'Whom the gods love, die young.' And these women, so beautiful, must be general favorites; at any rate, Maga gives the masculine Americans all due credit for an appreciation of the beautiful, how much soever he does them out of the sublime. Blackwood, the Edinburgh, alias Maga, alias John Bull, concludes his article with a sad farewell to the 'pert, pretty-looking faces, and the loves of bonnets on Broadway, and the OYSTERS AT DOWNING'S!' He hath not, in sooth, personally smote an American, but he hath traduced the 'States,' and thinketh henceforth there may be no return.

With all due respect to John Bull, with his numerous aliases, I undertake the defence of his slandered 'Cousin' Jonathan, and, as already much time has been consumed, shall strive to perform my duty as briefly as justice to my client will allow. Passing over his exordium, which is a foolish attempt at wit, calculated as much to excite feelings of resistance in the to-be-punished people, as if the stern master of a school were to address the unfortunate object of his wrath: 'I flogged you, you scoundrel, this day week, and am going to do so again!' and jumping at the trembling urchin, jerks off his jacket and lays on; leaving out, therefore, out of respect to Maga's religious feelings, any allusion to the day of his patron saint, I come to consider the cause of the article—the *primum mobile*, the sting which made him start. It is no more nor less than the transplanting of Blackwood to the backwoods; his republication in the Republic. 'Hinc illæ lachrymæ!' And the publishing house of Leonard Scott and Company, of the city of New-York, is the conductor; and their 'American edition' is the platina-point which has attracted and conveyed



this fluid to the demolition of our house. I hold, that had L. S. and Company never existed, or had they never aspired with unholy ambition toward those clouds where *Maga* rolled in majesty, never had his bolt been drawn down to shiver and shatter us. But spare us! oh, spare us, dread *Blackwood*! Why punish a nation when one or two, or three, at most, are criminal? We, we have not offended. 'Not offended! not offended!! Have ye not purchased, paid for, and perused my book, after it had been printed by these furacious publishers? Perish, then! Perish also with the pilferers. These *Prometheuses* stole my celestial fire; with it they have made *MEN* of you! Restore it, or I quench you!'

Driven thus then to this extremity, naturally we search for something wherewith to defend ourselves; and with these weapons we encounter *Blackwood*. Who made you a judge over Israel? By what right do you make a copy-right? You say truly, 'In the absence of a copy-right;' and I regret as much as you can this want of an international copy-right; but you are not to consider that from this you, *Blackwood*, are solely the sufferer! You have clearly as good a right to my lucubrations as I have to yours; you may take the very article I now pen, nay, the entire work in which it appears, and republish it if you choose, and what redress have I? Your indignant 'Pshaw!' (which, I suppose, implies that such a course could not benefit the great *Maga*), to the contrary notwithstanding, the proposition is proved that the 'reciprocity' is not altogether upon one side. Some magician — some Wizard of the West — may yet evolve from the smoke of the Virginian weed, whom *Maga* himself may be proud to quote. The question of 'Who reads an American book?' has some time been solved.

Having thus shown conclusively, we think, malice on the part of the magnanimous *Maga*, and that the *E-denboro'* *Blackwood* is as prompt to pecuniosity as the most acquisitive of the 'E-tar-nal Yankee nation,' it is easy to conceive that when 'his dander is riz,' (which is evidently the case in the article before us, in spite of the manner in which he appears complacently to smoothe the risible muscles with his sinister finger and thumb,) that after calling Jonathan a 'thief,' other epithets naturally follow; and as we have not the opportunity of acting as the fellow did at New-Orleans, when another expressed a similar opinion — knocked him down, and then informed the prostrate individual that although his proposition might have truth for its basis, yet he considered it impertinent when coming from such a specimen of humanity — I say, as we could not, nor would, nor should we have occasion to follow this 'Orleans fashion; yet, as *Maga* received no contradiction, it was 'accordin' to human natur' for him 'to give us goss,' while his hand was in and his blood warm, and to 'pile up the agony' until a peep at the pert, pretty little faces under the loves of bonnets on Broadway brought him back to himself and his humanities, causing him to recollect them and old Horace: 'Homo sum,' etc., etc.; and by a just conclusion to remember that these fair *Jonathanas* had also brothers, and lovers, and cousins, whom he could not hate for their own dear sakes! And then to see how quickly he lets poor pounded Jonathan up! We can almost fancy him proffering that bloody right hand, so lately clenched and projected, 'à la Crib,' in that affectionate and pathetic farewell; so like *Othello's*, that we had expected,

ere the valediction closed, to hear something about the 'big wars that make ambition virtue,' and to have had for a finale the consoling information :

'OTHELLO's occupation 's gone.'

But we have yet a few of Maga's charges to dispose of, and must not let his compliment to our fair countrywomen divert us from the cause of our client. We think malice prepense has been proven in his first charge, and will now proceed with the others *seriatim*. Have nothing to urge against his assertion of 'overwhelming moral courage in the New-Englanders,' and too little sympathy with their different societies to sustain *them* ; but if he supposes, as he states, that they (these easternmost Yankees) are 'deficient in animal spirits,' he has only to drop in upon the Boston boys on the Fourth of July, or any other festive occasion, to be convinced of his error. We do not pretend to know the present state of the pulse of the down-easters ; but there was a time when their 'moral souls thrilled with' any thing but 'imaginings of peace,' and that was on or about the seventeenth of June, 1776, when, even Maga himself must acknowledge, they did show some signs of animation on Bunker's Hill, equal to those displayed in one of the 'volcanoes of war,' New-Orleans, on the eighth of January, 1815. Respecting the cachinnations of the Americans — the next charge — I believe we are as much given to laughter as surly John Bull, and laugh as much at each other as at him.

The 'unfortunate trick of insolvency' is the cast of a stone from dwellers in vitreous mansions, and as John Bull's countrymen are heavily taxed on lights, shall not send back the missile to disturb their livers. That 'preternatural abhorrence of negroes,' which, with the 'trick of insolvency,' (so runs the line), is our 'besetting sin,' we inherited from our forefathers who strongly remonstrated against the landing of the blacks upon the banks of James river, but who were overruled and forced to receive them upon their colonial shores, by the then superior British government ; and now, forsooth, because a portion of the States will not set the descendants of these negroes thus foisted upon them adrift, to beg or starve, to fill their prisons and workhouses, and thus distract the odium of the miscarriage of emancipation in their own West Indian Islands, every Saxon scribbler must have his fling of ink against the walls of the 'Domestic Institution.' I emphatically deny that there is in the United States a general abhorrence of the negro. Those who own them — ay, own, and protect them too, and care for them, and feed and nurse them — are more consistent negrophilists than the insane packs of fanatical fools, belong they to England or America, who would steal them in the name of Freedom, and then deserting the poor tools, leave them to starvation, while from their hypocritical throats goes forth the loud hosanna for shackles loosened, and the slave set free !

Maga's next charge is somewhat irreverent, if not irrelevant. He says, and without quotation-marks too, 'that whenever two or three of them (Yankees of course) are gathered together, shades of Democritus ! commend us to a seven-fold pocket-handkerchief.' *O tempora ! O mores !* what company the venerable sage must have kept, for verily he speaketh of that which he hath seen and — smelt ! (We write the word reluctantly.) The only way in which we can account for the use of such an

extensive *mouchoir* is an attendance on a negro camp-meeting in a seething July day. Again : 'At public meetings they spout and swell,' etc., etc. He admits that John Bull does the same, and finds himself AN ASS ! 'That Star-Spangled Banner,' though but a 'piece of striped bunting,' is yet as good a thing to boast about as the 'Meteor Flag of England,' and has braved the 'battle and the breeze' as well, if not so long. Laugh ! laugh, my merry Maga ! there be some of thy jolly countrymen have changed their tone where that FLAG has waved. But Jonathan has forestalled me here, and I fain would 'let by-gones be by-gones.' That the doings at Washington please not Maga, we regret ; yet, somehow, even there we manage to get along, 'after a fashion,' though but a homely fashion of our own. There is, it is true, at times, some contention about the quality and quantity of oil to keep the wheels of the machine from friction, and at intervals a scrambling to possess the can. Nevertheless, they are continually lubricated, and the thundering locomotive 'Model Republic' still conquers space, faithful to its invincible motto of

'Go Ahead !'

And so it will, honest and free-spoken John Bull, in spite of all the rails that you may throw across its track. It may not be as neat and compact, as neatly polished and as newly furbished, as that wonderful machine of thine own, John Bull. It has hard and heavy work to do ; steep grades and a new road to travel ; and is consequently a rougher fabric. Nevertheless, it is a 'MODEL' MACHINE, and hard to beat. With this little bit of Yankee boasting, I submit the case to an intelligent and impartial jury — The World.

---

#### A N A C R E O N T I C .

---

BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

---

Doer ask me who rests here !  
 The Spirit will answer, 'One  
 Who charmed away life without sorrow or fear,  
 With his lute and the love of his mistress dear,  
 In this fairy Isle of the Sun !'

'Like a summer his life passed by,  
 Unmarked by a shade of gloom,  
 And his joy was to sing, 'If to-morrow we die,  
 Let us waste not to-day with a tear or sigh,  
 While the myrtle and vine are in bloom.'

'To him every hour had its charms,  
 From morning to twilight gray ;  
 He laughed at the tempest and battle's alarms,  
 And he breathed at last, in his mistress's arms,  
 His soul with a smile away.'

## H O M E L E S S .

HOMELESS there sat one winter's night,  
A Mother and her Child,  
Pale and cold, on a marble step,  
Though the wind blew shrill and wild :  
                    Homeless that night,  
Though the wind blew shrill and wild.

Closely she clasped her child to her breast ;  
And her thin-worn shawl so old  
She tighter wrapped around her babe,  
To shelter it from the cold :  
                    Clasped to her breast,  
To shelter it from the cold.

The snow was falling thick and fast,  
Covering up all the ground,  
While she shivering, weeping, sat  
Wildly gazing around.  
                    The snow fell fast,  
Covering up all the ground.

And long-forgotten scenes came back,  
As she sat on that step that night :  
The very tones of her childhood's friends,  
Each loved remembered sight.  
                    They all came back,  
Each loved remembered sight.

The dear old cottage, with its porch  
By the woodbine overgrown ;  
And the cherry-tree that used to stand  
So near, the flowers were blown  
                    Into the porch,  
The snow-white flowers were blown.

And the gnarled, twisted apple-tree,  
Beneath whose boughs she had swung,  
When a little girl, in merry play,  
Ere Time had its shadows flung :  
                    Beneath that tree,  
Ere Time had its shadows flung.

The gentle, babbling, trickling rill,  
That ran all through the glen,  
And the beautiful willow that drooped beside,  
How clearly she saw it then.  
                    That trickling rill,  
How clearly she saw it then !

While the robin's melodious tone  
Seemed to sound and recall the past,  
She sat on that cold door-step,  
And forgot that the snow fell fast.  
                    She heard that tone,  
And forgot that the snow fell fast.

The wind whistled shrilly and keen ;  
There froze on her cheek the tears ;  
And still she sat and heeded them not ;  
Her thoughts were with by-gone years.  
                    The wind blew keen,  
But her thoughts were with by-gone years.

And childhood's gladsome laughter rung ;  
Her brothers were at their play,  
And she was joining their frolic rare —  
She thought 't was a summer's day.  
                    That laughter rung —  
She thought 't was a summer's day.

Oh ! her mother again she saw,  
And her gentle sister ANN.  
On the garden walks, as in days of yore,  
She blithely, bounding ran.  
                    Her mother she saw,  
And blithely, bounding ran.

She heard her father's manly voice,  
And felt his loving kiss ;  
And he parted her sunny curls,  
As in long-gone days of bliss.  
                    She heard his voice,  
As in long-gone days of bliss.

The old watch-dog, he placed his paws  
Upon her shoulders white,  
And joyfully barked as he used to do,  
To show her his delight.  
                    She felt those paws,  
Upon her shoulders white.

The cheerful crow of chanticleer,  
And the noisy, cackling hen,  
She heard amid that long sweet dream,  
Though far away from them then :  
                    The crow of chanticleer,  
Though far away from it then.

The neighing of her pony too ;  
The hum of the honey-bee ;  
She saw the sweet carnation that bloomed  
Beside the white rose-tree :  
                    The violets blue,  
Beneath the white rose-tree.

The waving of the silken corn  
She saw, and marked its height.  
The oriole's rich melody of song  
She heard again on that winter's night.  
                    The oriole's song  
She heard again on that winter's night.

Still the blinding snow fell thick and fast,  
Wrapping them in chilling white;  
And feebly and faintly moaned her babe,  
As homeless they were that night.  
                    The snow fell fast,  
And homeless they were that night.

And there stole upon her memory thoughts  
Of her happy wedding-day;  
And of him for whom she had left  
The homestead old and gray.  
                    And then came thoughts  
Of him for whom she had gone away.

Alas ! but those were darker dreams,  
Of the agony she had borne;  
And how he fell, who promised to protect  
Her from the rude world's scorn:  
                    Those darker dreams,  
As she sat there all forlorn.

Her moaning babe was claimed by DEATH;  
Its little life was gone;  
And she sat on that cold door-step  
Dying, and all alone:  
                    Claimed by DEATH;  
Dying, and all alone !

And the snow was her winding-sheet;  
Her eye-lids did gently close;  
And in the midst of her long sweet dream,  
She slowly, but surely froze.  
                    The snow her winding-sheet,  
She slowly, but surely, froze.

The morning came with bright sun-light,  
But she sat there stiff and cold,  
With a loving smile on her parted lips,  
While the tears of strong men rolled:  
                    In the bright sun-light;  
And the tears of strong men rolled.

Though that smile told of happy dreams,  
It was a mournful, piteous sight;  
And sad that she sat on that cold door-step,  
Homeless, that winter's night.  
                    But she sat there,  
Homeless that winter's night.

## GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN FLORIDA

## DURING THE SEMINOLE WAR.

## THE ANCIENT CITY.

It was a charming morning, and Merton felt refreshed and invigorated, as he came suddenly from the thick scrub to the clear hard beach of the St. Sebastian. And now he was within the limits of the most ancient city of the United States. To say he was disappointed would hardly express his feelings. It is true, the city is very small; as the Georgia servant said to his master, 'T is but a big plantation, Sir!' and yet within that little space, how much there is to enlist the sympathies and excite curiosity.

The city proper is built on a point of land, three quarters surrounded by water, and covers the area of perhaps a square mile. An attempt was lately made to build a town on the waste land without the walls; but the speculation failed, and few of the buildings remain, although many a rafter and tottering chimney attests the location of this ephemeral city. It is said St. Augustine is laid out after the plan of old Spanish towns, narrow streets being thought cooler; but a more substantial reason may have influenced these adventurers. They had located in a wild, unsettled country, surrounded by wild beasts and wilder human beings. The plan they adopted was necessary, in order to defend themselves from these, as well as from the demi-savage remainder of their own people, from whom they had but recently escaped. Their first attempt at colonization was made farther south, and there old T——— I still retained the greater number in bondage. From him they dreaded an invasion, more than the war-whoop of the Seminoles, who then roamed unmolested through all the wide territory. It was therefore imperative on them to build compactly; there was safety in it, when no high wall protected, or ample fort defended, as in after days.

But to the city as it is. Its day of pomp and pride and power is gone. Even that wall surrounding the land side, four feet thick and twelve feet high, is entirely destroyed; not a vestige remaining, save the old gateway and sentry-boxes: all else has been used, but the masonry of this defies demolition. The principal road winds round the shore, and enters at this old gate, thus giving a stranger an impression of antiquity, and raising expectations of ruined temples and fallen columns worthy its ancient name and history; but only some winding stairway still preserved, or part of some battered wall remains, to tell us of centuries past, or call forth our admiration of works so substantial that ages could not utterly destroy them. It is true, many of the new tenements of the imported citizens are raised on buildings whose basement-walls have defied the gnawing tooth of Time two hundred years; and bid fair yet to stand, when their flashy top-knots, like a fashionable lady's hat, shall be outworn and thrown aside!

But all turn with interest to old Fort Marion, which King Ferdinand supposed, from its cost, must have been built of doubloons, and could never decay! Alas! the moat is dry; the draw-bridge supplied by a plank; the watch-towers battered and broken; and the ramparts, at this time, ornamented with pine cabins, and used as government stables. Indeed, there are few purposes to which it has not been put, save that for which it was erected. Its last ostensible use is that of a state-prison. The old convent of St. Francis has been purchased and converted into barracks.

But to none of these beacons of time did Merton turn with more earnest inquiry than to that ruined gateway. There have those pillars stood, from the day when first the pride of Spain's chivalry graced the portal; when all the city was paved as a court, no carriage being allowed to pass within, lest it should mar its beauty; when its houses were the dwellings of knights and courtiers; when orange-groves, in fullest foliage throughout the year, afforded a perfect shade through every street, and likened the city to a garden; when wealth, and mirth, and song, and wine were for the lordly few, and a watchman stood within that gate, and bowed as these passed by. Yet was it not as the sepulchre of the Pharisees! Above, all was bright and fair to look upon; but beneath were dark, damp, lonely cells, ready to immure the unsuspecting, and stifle the cries of many a victim of despotism and cruel suspicion. And who shall say how many the Inquisitorial Court sent through that gateway, never to return! All these the watchman saw, and witnessed the retribution, when Spain's proud banner yielded to Britain's flag. And again the troops of England passed that way, and the stars and stripes of Liberty were hoisted to the breeze! Well might the watchman then retire, and the ancient wall be removed; no longer needed to aid the tyrant's power, or shield the iniquities of the Inquisition.

The principal street runs from this old gate, directly through the city, to the flats upon the sea-shore. There are three running parallel to the bay, Water-street being protected from overflow by a beautiful wall recently re-built, and affording a pleasant and fashionable promenade. Short alleys intersect these. In the centre of the town is a very pretty little plaza, ornamented with trees, and a small monument. On one side of this is the market, fronting to the water; opposite, a large, square building, with wings and piazzas, once the governor's palace, but altered to a court-house. On the corresponding sides are the old cathedral, probably the oldest in the Union, and an Episcopal church of recent date. Most of the buildings are of tabby, a kind of stone formed of the concretion of shells, of which there is a quarry on the island of Anastasia, opposite the town. The old Spanish houses were all built of this, and in peculiar style, each having a court, surrounded by a high wall, topped with oyster-shells, at the gate of which visitors were expected to knock. Indeed, there is nothing more picturesque than these old dwellings. As you approach, no pleasing exterior presents, but a gloomy, moss-grown wall; and heavy doors and shutters, clasped with iron bars, rather forbid intrusion. A stranger might hesitate to lift the knocker. When the ready porter throws open the ponderous gate, the bright sun shining through the neatly-tiled walk, the pretty garden with its flowers and fruits,



all smile a welcome. But these scenes are passing away; emigrants from other lands, with their Americanisms and modern improvements, are building their stiff and stately edifices and ultra additions; looking as out of place as a dandy of to-day among the veterans of 'seventy-six.'

Neither was the antiquity of the cathedral—that lonely sentinel of other days, and pointing as it emphatically did to the period of the city's birth—at all respected. It is wonderful with what seeming eagerness men will set to work to obliterate the symbols of time. Even this old church, which had stood for centuries unaltered, and which was an object of intense interest to every stranger, and should have been one of pride to every denizen, could not remain unscathed. Its very age should have spared it from improvement, and hallowed, as it gave it beauty. But no; terrace must yield to puncheon-flooring, and oak benches to pine pews. This is a superficial age, and here, as elsewhere, the substantial must give place to the flimsy!

Merton had followed the main street through the city, passed the plaza and all the most important buildings, nor drew his rein until he halted in front of old St. Francis barracks, whither he had first proceeded in order to make his report in person.

The old convent of St. Francis, now the United States' barracks, was a large old building of tabby, with moss-grown walls and gloomy aspect. It was originally square, with the exception of two projecting wings in front, and the never-failing balconies and piazzas; but it has since been mutilated, like all the rest, to suit its new purpose, and numerous and various are the additions and improvements which have been added thereto. It fronts the water, and all the officers' quarters, being on the second story, are exceedingly cheerful and attractive. The parade-ground, however, was now in the rear, and very limited, being only the interior court formed by the three sides of the building. But since the war, the lamented Worth has induced Government to purchase a large lot in front, between it and the water. This has been filled up and turfed; and here the proud banner of the Stars and Stripes floats on the breeze from a noble flag-staff, and forms an attractive feature to any who approach the harbor. Indeed, this is the finest view to be had of St. Augustine. As seen from the bay, the little city stretches along to quite a respectable size, while the peculiar structure of the buildings renders it picturesque and interesting.

Merton gazed for a moment upon the swampy ground or flats alluded to, little thinking that here his comrades were to be drilled and tutored for those deeds of matchless valor they have since accomplished in other lands, and in a warfare where military skill could prove its *Worth*. But every thing looked cold and cheerless in the dawning day; and he threw his reins to a soldier who came forth from the basement, jumped from his horse, and ascended the broad flight of steps leading to the gallery, where paced an orderly in front of the commanding officer's quarters. The reveillé having sounded, he was soon admitted, and his report made. The precision and promptness with which all such matters are attended to is not only proverbial, but the beauty of true military life. Suffice it to say, here was no loitering, no demurring of lazy or indifferent dispositions; but as soon as the facts of the recent attack of Indians were made

known, a detachment was ordered out; and ere the sleeping denizens were aroused to a sense of the danger near, a company of dragoons were *en route* to their assistance.

Having relieved himself of this duty by its speedy fulfilment, Merton turned back to seek some lodgings where he could find repose; for, although every inch a soldier, his limbs were now weary, and his spirits flagged. As he knew nothing of the topography of the city, he left the guidance entirely to the animal he rode. The old fellow pricked up his ears, and with a fast trot soon halted in front of the hotel where his former owner was wont to stop, and which, but for the brute's instinct, he might have been long in seeking. Certainly he would not have inquired here, appearances being any thing but inviting. The street was hardly wider than an ordinary alley, and blocked up by drivers and drays, darkeys and customers who thronged the door-ways of the bars, and petty groceries on either side. This hotel was one of the original Spanish houses, and built of stone, but had been added to with bricks, logs or planks, as the taste or means of the proprietors suggested. It was commodious, however, and sported a cupola which commanded a fine view of the city and bay. But better than all, cocks crowed and gobblers strutted a welcome. The gouty landlord advanced to meet him, and idle waiters grinned at the prospect of 'bits' to come. Even 'Boots' looked pleased in his pseudo capacity of hostler; and with the sign of his calling upon his osnaburg tire, cheerfully led Dick to the stable, while his master followed the boss.

We beg leave to state that we speak of the past. This smiling landlord has made his last reckoning; and in place of his broad pumpkin-like visage, we meet the man of metal, with a dollar in each eye! In answer to your inquiry for a room and the comforts thereof, (no matter for your woe-begone appearance; here, as elsewhere, the worse you look the worse you fare!) he replies: 'A room! how long is your purse?' Then comes a scrutiny of the baggage. 'Pete, will the trunks pay?' We laugh at the old governor of Siam, who refused admittance to our chargé d'affaires until he proved that he had a tail, by appending a long string of meaningless words to his signature; but show me the landlord who uses not the same policy. The longer tail, the more courtesy. The bigger title, the better pay. Merton was shown to the public drawing-room, but scarcely felt in trim to enter. There were several ladies, however, in travelling dresses, here awaiting the tedious preparation of their rooms, and he concluded to take his chance among them. By the fire, in a large fauteuil, sat a fat old lady, with a quizzing-glass, *sans ceremonie* surveying the company. Suddenly her eye fell on Merton, who had taken a seat on a lounge opposite.

'I perceive you are a stranger, like ourselves, Sir,' she observed. 'Pray, is this your first visit to this ancient city? Won't you sit by the fire? It is not cold, but a fire looks so home-like. I sit here sometimes until I'm almost roasted!'

He smiled, as he recognized his old *compagnonne de voyage*, and immediately took a seat beside her, replying: 'A fire looks very cheerful to me, Madam, I assure you, after riding through the woods all night.'

'Indeed! We only arrived yesterday. But what state are you from?

I would know you for a Yankee in Lapland! Why, if it ain't you, Mr. — what's-your-name? Clary, do come here. This is the gentleman who was so perlitte to us at the Bluff. 'Tis so delightful to meet old friends!'

Merton acknowledged the sentiment by a bow, although he scarcely felt entitled to the compliment. Miss Clara, however, who was standing at the window, turned, and cordially greeted him; while Mrs. Scriggins continued to rattle on from one subject to another, with her wonted volubility.

'Did you come across the country from Jacksonville, or up the St. John's to Picolata? I shall be about as wise when you've told me. But, for my part, I was so disappointed! I thought to be in Paradise when I reached Florida; and as to a pine barren, I expected such sights! birds of gayest plumage among the trees, and flocks of deer bounding beneath. But it was lonely as the grave; all the sound we heard was the chattering of the crows; and all we saw was a flock of wolves quarrelling over an old dead cow.'

'You chose an unfortunate route, Madam,' replied Merton. 'I came across the country from Jacksonville, and I assure you, I did see sights.'

But Mrs. Scriggins preferred talking to listening, and continued:

'We did, indeed; but it was not our fault, but our misfortune, as the horse-jockey said when he sold a toothless horse! You saw the old fellow in a cap and surtout—I mean the gentleman who came for us in the boat, at the Bluff? Well, that was the rich Squire Roughenough, to whom my daughter and I were consigned. Of course, we left every thing to him. What a pity titles are not more general! I do n't know your name, but I have no trouble in speaking of or to you; the Lieutenant is such a handle. Mr. sounds so or'nary.'

'My name is Merton, Madam.

'That's a very pretty name. Scriggins is not very beautiful, but it's very uncommon. What was I telling you? Oh! I recollect; about our journey. Roughenough had ordered the carriage that day; but these darkeys are so stupid, just like the Irish! Dick did n't arrive until late at night; and then some of the tacklin' needed repair; and then he had a long story to tell about a dreadful murder, and how he had been expecting an Indian to jump from behind every tree, until our hair all stood on end. His stories, together with the pen where we had to lodge, made it rather exciting. Clary thought it very romantic. But old ladies are not apt to look on things in that light. Bless you! the sand-flies and mosquitoes were so thick, I thought it rained; and they bite at both ends! As to the house, it was built of logs, and not bigger than a chicken-coop; only here and there was a clap-board, so that you could see the sky above, and the trees around you; and if you dropped any thing, the pigs and chickens stood ready to drag it off, through the cracks of the floor. Then there was but one room and one bedstead for eight or ten people! They told us they intended enlarging the premises; but if they don't improve them, so far as I can see, it will only be an increase of difficulties! Clary and I were the only ladies, and we were honored with the old pine bunk, around which they agreed to hang blankets to screen us; but just as I was crawling upon the crazy old 'stead, in only my night rig, down it went; the string

of the screen snapped, and there we were, all in dishabille before the company! and, you know, thick frills and no curls is so unbecoming! There was a large fire blazing in the stick-and-clay chimney; and in front, luckily with their backs to us, sat half-a-dozen fishermen, in red flannel or check shirts, smoking and chewing, and telling stories of their hair-breadth escapes, and wonderful feats with wild-cats, wolves, and alligators. Our catastrophe, however, interrupted the history of the varmints, as they term all wild animals; and after re-settling our affairs, they gradually ceased talking, and one after another fell asleep, alternately nodding in their chairs, or taking their turn upon the pallets spread on the floor.' It was about midnight that I began to feel the influence of *Orpheus*, despite the stings of sand-flies, or thrusts of gallinippers' fangs, with their ever-threatening buzz still ringing in my ears, when I thought of poor Roughenough, and peeped out to see where they had stowed him. The fire had burned down to coals, save an occasional blaze flashing from the back log. In this uncertain light, it was some minutes before I could distinguish one ugly moss-like chin from another, as they lay stretched upon their rude pallets, in all the restlessness of slumber; all stamping and kicking as they got an extra thrust from the thickly-mosquitoes. At our feet, inside the curtain, snored the landlord and his spouse; and on either side the fire-place was crouched an old salt, with his tarpaulin drawn down over his eye-brows, and a colored cotton kerchief spread over his face. I could n't make out their *broadcloth*, but I knew neither was Roughenough, from their shoes. However, I was not kept long in suspense. Down from the attic, a hole in the wall, came a bed and bed-clothes, and very soon I saw the object of my search descending the ladder, with a pillow-case over his head, and his coat over his arm; otherwise he was dressed.

'Mrs. Scriggins, are you awake? you can't possibly be asleep!' said he. I had withdrawn my denuded head, and he continued: 'Had we not better make a start? 'Tis nearly day-dawn, and not very cold. What says Clara? Where is she?'

'Here am I, barely alive. By all means, let us depart. I have not winked, and the night seems interminable.'

'I felt rather skittish about travelling, but equally so as to remaining. Our chat aroused the old man and his wife, who regretted we had not been better accommodated; adding, that when the war was over they intended to build a new house. In vain we told them we knew it was not their fault that we had not rested; the old woman did not at all like what we said, and we felt that the sooner we got out of her quarters the better.'

'You were very unlucky,' replied Merton, who was greatly amused at the old lady's recital of scenes; which, however, lost their zest, when afterward he was called to participate in them. In visiting a new or sparsely-settled country, we must take things as we find them. It is not only useless but unwise to grumble. Inhospitability is not often a fault with the settlers. They will grant you all the accommodation in their power; but you must be satisfied, and make no invidious remarks, or they will be likely to teach you that a 'Cracker' is not to be insulted with impunity.

'I was told,' continued Merton, after turning his head a moment to compose his features, 'that very good accommodations are to be had in that neighborhood; speaking comparatively, of course. At all events, there will be by-and-by, as they talk of establishing a hospital near there.'

'They better first offer a bounty on mosquito-bills,' returned Mrs. Scriggins, assuming her most refined tone; and Clara, to prevent any farther disclosures, called their attention to the window.

'Why, what are you looking at, child?' replied her mother, as she arose, and took Merton's arm. 'I'm sure there's nothing to be seen. They told us Florida was the land of flowers, but I've seen nothing but stumps and old pine trees! Do tell me, is that a magnolia growing by that fence?'

'No, Madam,' said Merton; 'that is the Palma Christi, a weed here, but the same from which the castor-oil is extracted. All the beauty of Florida, I am told, departed with the orange-groves. Indeed, 'tis said those who visited this place before that dreadful frost can scarcely recognize it.'

At this moment a servant announced that Mr. Merton's room was in readiness, and the little party, after mutually expressing their pleasure at meeting, cordially separated. Merton did not tarry long at his toilet; he felt entitled to a little rest, and after a partial ablution threw himself upon the bed.

Mrs. Scriggins and her daughter occupied the adjoining room; and however he might object to playing eaves-dropper, he could scarcely avoid overhearing their audible tête-à-tête, they having returned to their rooms to dress.

'Clary,' observed the elder, 'I do n't like the looks of that 'ere pompous puppy!' This refined opinion was given as the door closed, and scarcely ere the softest accents of polite gratitude had died on his ear. 'That means me, I suppose,' thought he. 'Apparently these ladies are admirers of Gil Blas.' At all events, they remember his advice to carry two faces under one hat.'

'I hate to see a body allers on stilts,' continued Mrs. Scriggins, as she bounced herself upon a lounge; and hoisting one foot upon a vacant chair, she grabbed off her head-gear, as she styled her false curls, cap, etc. Then, plunging into the depths of her ample pocket for a comb and pin-cushion, she fastened the frizette to her knee, and began diligently to arrange the refractory ringlets.

'So do I, mother; but I think he is handsome. He has such a fine figure! almost as perfect as Lieutenant Mellowhead.'

'For my part, I think they all look alike, child: stiff and genteel, is all you can say of the best.'

'Why, I think this one is very graceful. I wonder who he is? I see he belongs to the regular service,' replied Clara, without deigning to turn from the mirror, where she had stationed herself on entering, habitually improving the first opportunity. She knew she could not remain long in undisputed possession.

'Why, these ossifers, you know, are never burdened in the pockets,' returned Mrs. S., as she shook out the frizette, and complacently regarded it. 'I know that fellow Mellowhead is a fortin'-hunter, and that he takes

us for mill, milly — la, Clary, what the deuce is that nick-name you gave old Roughenough? I do despise these new-fangled words! As if one language were not enough, but we must ape all the furriners we meet; and not half the fools that pretend can double their tongues to the new lingo, any more than you and I.'

Mrs. Scriggins could not see the expression of her daughter's face, as she muttered:

'You or I, indeed! Millionaire is the word; and for my part, I wish all the world were millionaires. Then I should not have to play agreeable to that old jackanapes.'

'Clary, you ought to be ashamed! Where would be the gain, if every body had plenty? Why, gold would be dross, and like Hercules, or some other old antiquated ass, we'd have to knock up our pots and kettles! Fags! kitchen trumpery would be up then!' And elated with her own wit, the pretending invalid jumped up with the spirit of her teens, and pushing her daughter from the mirror, she half pettishly, half playfully exclaimed:

'Do move! I hate to see a young gal with so much vanity! Here, take my false teeth, and wash 'em off.'

Having said this, she jammed her finger against the spring, and thus relieved her jaws of a set of head-stones which almost kept her lips ajar! The young lady obeyed; she was not yet a free agent; and the abstracting the gag brought together the old woman's nose and chin, so as to give as much sternness to her expression as the grinders did good-nature. Mrs. Scriggins, however, continued to arrange her ringlets and cap, filled with love-knots and artificials, with as much complacency as if there were no tell-tale before her of the ravages of time! To mental reflection she seemed equally blind; and after adjusting her dress, watch, and eye-glass, there seemed no end to the ways and means by which she contrived to load on jewels, frills, and finery, until she looked in person, as she was in character, a trifle à la mode!

Clara was out of patience, and in her it was more excusable, having been reared, from her childhood, both by precept and example, to selfishness and vanity; while her mirror also warned her she could spare no advantage to be won by hair-dresser or artiste. Clara's hair was flaxen, but her mother's was originally red, although she now insisted upon wearing dark locks in front, which, together with the alterations of nature, gave her a tri-colored wig. Clara's had also a natural frizzle, which made it difficult to smooth, and she wore it in long, full curls, in opposition to her mother's cork-screws. Beside, she had the advantage of a stylish person, and the wit to follow the sage advice of dressing well, and holding her tongue, at least in company.

'Do, mother, let me peep!' she asked, after a while, with mock humility; when, warned by that power which waits on none, through the *triangle* tones of the old cathedral, that it was time for morning calls, the elder mountain of self-conceit concluded to step aside so far as to let her daughter get a look at one eye in the glass. And how much longer they might have puffed, powdered, and befrizzled, is questionable, but for the entrance of a servant with a visiting-card.

After turning it over, as if to find more than a name, it was tossed

upon the table. Each provided herself with a volume of light reading, bought to carry; took another lingering look at themselves; and fairly locked arms before they stirred from their altar.

Thus they descended to the drawing-room, a servant leading the way, with a most quizzical expression. But, so intent was Mrs. Scriggins on acting her part, she forgot his presence, and whispered quite loud:

'Don't forget, Clary, that I'm an invalid, and you came with me for company. By the way, the rheumatiz is a capital idee, because you know 'tis a disease that only comes in spells, and never kills.'

'Hush, mamma,' replied the more cautious daughter; then added, tossing her head, weighty with the cunning injunction, 'Don't you forget to seem fatigued.'

'Pshaw, let me alone, child; I'm the fox for these hounds.'

As the waiter threw open the drawing-room door, a stifled giggle was heard. Mrs. Scriggins smiled unconsciously; but Clara glanced a look in disapprobation. Instantly, however, resuming the studied look of her mirror, they passed in. The former sank with invalid grace into her wonted arm-chair, immediately vacated by a young sprig of fashion, with his hair parted in the middle and combed down on each side his boyish face, in lieu of whiskers. Miss Clara bowed with dignity, and passed on to the sofa, taking a seat beside young Mrs. Conrad, the wife of an officer, who was also entertaining her visitors. Indeed, there was a rare collection of fashion's minions that morning assembled; and strange to add, Mrs. S. assumed all the honors. She had not a doubt they had all called, if not on her, because she was there. And with their wonted hospitality, most of the ladies had called, after the delivery of her letters; and not a few now came at the request of him on whom she had wisely calculated to support her pretensions to aristocracy. Not that he was at all so, in principle; but his very position, as a rich man and a gentleman, commanded respectability, and she was resolved, at all hazards, to toady him out of a patent of nobility for herself and daughter. She was greatly disappointed at not finding him in the parlor, but rightly supposing he would yet pop in, she determined to improve the present, as well as prepare for the future. Clara, on the contrary, felt relieved at his absence, and her spirits rose in proportion. Mrs. Scriggins was all smiles and compliments. She fanned herself, played with her eye-glass, and crimped her handkerchief into various shapes; while the young sapling with the side-locks half reclined on an ottoman at her feet, and displayed his perfect boots to his heart's content. He was small in stature, and dressed in the 'top of the vogue,' from his straps to his neck-tie. The waist of his blue coat was very long, and no more claw-hammer, but swallow-tail. As to his pants, they were a perfect fit, and Mrs. S. guessed he had springs in his straps.

'Ah, who with FITZ-JAMES can compare,  
With his hair brushed like two little wings?  
Who has so distinguished an air,  
Or walks like my love upon springs?'

The scene was a perfect *tableau vivant*; and in fact young Trotwell was urging Mrs. S. to take part in one, as a Madonna; with what success, will 'hereafter more fully appear.'

## T H I N G S I L O V E .

I love to linger, at close of day,  
On some lofty rock-bound shore,  
And see the dark rolling billows at play,  
And list to their ceaseless roar.  
Oh! what is your mission, ye restless waves?  
Do ye come in war or in peace?  
Will never your fury and rage be quelled,  
Or your surges' boiling cease?

I love, when Winter around him casts,  
To shield from the piercing cold,  
His mantle with icicles decked, more bright  
Than orient purple and gold,  
To ride with the merry sleigh and bells,  
And the gayly-prancing steed,  
With a sister dear warmly robed by my side:  
Oh! that were a joy indeed.

I love to list to the falling shower,  
When thunder rolls above,  
And lightning leaps from cloud to cloud:  
Oh! *this* is a scene I love;  
And when the storm-god's voice is hushed,  
And his rolling car is still,  
To see the flowerets, pendent with pearls,  
Smiling sweetly from valley and hill.

I love to roam in the forest-home  
Of the wild bird soaring free,  
And hear with a rapture of fond delight  
His joyous minstrelsy:  
*He* ne'er has to check the rising sigh,  
*He* feels no sorrow or fear,  
Nor ever, I ween, is his little round eye  
Bedewed by a falling tear.

I love to hear, at sun-set hour,  
Faint echoing from afar,  
O'er the blue lake's smiling silvery face,  
The sound of the sweet guitar;  
Its strains, so pleasing and yet so sad,  
Send a thrill o'er the pensive soul,  
And chime with the water's melody,  
And the wavelet's rippling roll.

I love, when, wandering, I have strayed  
Far from my father-land,  
To meet with the smile of sympathy,  
The cordial grasp of the hand;  
But let Fashion's formal smile and bow  
By me be for ever forgot,  
And let them rest in oblivion now,  
*For surely I love them not.*



## L I N E S

TO A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

SHALL then thy sorrow never find an end !

The comforts, few and poor,  
A father's memories of love can lend,  
Shall they but grieve thee more !

Full well I know around her opening years  
What clustering charms there met ;  
And would not seek to stay thy tide of tears  
By bidding thee forget.

But, in a world where fairest things receive  
Ever the rudest lot,  
A rose, she lived as other roses live,  
And in an hour was not !

O DEATH ! of all earth's tyrants most severe !  
In vain to her our prayers !  
Cruel, herself she stops her deafened ear,  
Nor farther cares.

The poor man, in his hut roofed o'er with thatch,  
Must her dominion own ;  
And palace-guards in vain forbid her snatch  
The monarch from his throne !

*Providence, May 8, 1851.*

P.

*The Lakes of New-York.*

## CAYUGA BRIDGE.

THIS is a famous thoroughfare; famous in the annals of that art of which it is an effort; remarkable at its construction for the boldness which characterized the throwing a highway across a lake more than a mile in width at the proposed transit. Nor is it less memorable in the times of emigration to the near west. When the enterprising people of the east sought their new home in the Genesee country, or in the Ohio, they found in this structure a convenient way of escape from the annoyances and perils of a ferry.

The first bridge was commenced in 1798, and completed in 1800, thus beginning the century with a great public improvement. Its builder was THOMAS GRAY. Its completion was distinguished by a public festival. The population was sparse and scattered, but even then the people were willing to devote some of their time in a gala day. There was what was esteemed a great crowd present, some three or four hundred — representatives of the country for a large segment; a number not quite equal to that which has been since conveyed across the railway bridge in a single train of cars. The eighteenth of September, 1800, witnessed the festival. It was radiant with the joy of the people at the formation of such a link

between the east and west. I regret being compelled to record, that the only music which could be procured was a pair of fiddles; but these were in all their harmonies on that day.

Perhaps the most extended reputation which Cayuga Bridge has borne, and by reason of which it is well known in every part of this Union, is, its identification with the political movements in this State. The Bridge was for years the great dividing line where the strength of the two leading political parties of the commonwealth looked in each other's front, and where the victory was decided. The imagination of the politician gave a mysterious interest to this long and narrow structure, and it seemed like a being of life, speaking in tones of decisive energy. The majorities 'brought over Cayuga Bridge,' as was the phrase, gave the balance its turn, and the old bridge was the Warwick of our day — 'the king-maker and the crown-breaker.'

Like the other fabrics of old, it yields its reign to modern art, and the new railway bridge bears off the thousands, while the traveller only at intervals during the day rattles the planks by his movement. The 'Telegraph,' the 'Pilot,' the 'Pioneer,' the regular and the extra, are all mouldering away in some obscure nook or corner, quaint relics of the era of stageman. COX, SHERWOOD, FAXON, THORP, SPRAGUE, are now associated with the rails and the electric messenger, or have passed into the quiet of private life, or through the portals of the grave. Adown the hill rushes no longer the four-in-hand — the spirited team exulting in the prospect of the mile's trot over the bridge, as a relief from the slow and weary progress through roads in that condition so well designated as 'broken up.'

The Bridge has seen its palmiest days, but will always be regarded with interest as one of the great beginnings of western prosperity.

Our illustrations of the scenery and incidents of the Cayuga Lake appropriately begin here. The shrill voice of the steam-pipe of the locomotive and steam-boat interchange a duet of discordant usefulness; theirs the very language of Power. From this place the passage up the lake commences, and the traveller, in the luxuriant appointments of the boat that bears him over this beautiful water, may at his pleasure gaze at the cultivated and glowing scenery on either side, or honor the author of this sketch by a perusal of the local histories he has here gathered together.

During the progress of the last war with England, one of the most onerous and expensive duties of the War Department was the transportation of heavy artillery from Albany to the frontier. The canal existed but in the heads and hearts of the CLINTONS and TROUPS and FORMANS and WARSONS of that day; men who thought for the Future, and were of the necessity of things held in derision by the Present. Railways had only written in the coal-mines of England their first feeble lines upon the earth — an earth which was so soon to be bound together, compressed, girdled by their might. It was a sad task for the motive power of that day to drag to its destination one of the 'dogs of war.' The contractors liked it, for the Treasury acted on the principle of the advertisement for some beloved runaway: 'A liberal reward given, and no questions asked.' The rate of movement was very variable: sometimes there was a forced march of twenty or thirty miles; but often, I have been assured by one

who still survives, who was himself a contractor in this business, the place of departure of the morning might be seen from the point reached in the afternoon of a toilsome day.

On the evening of the fifth of September, 1813, the Cayuga Bridge presented an animated scene. At the eastern end, at the very entrance, a young officer stood, mounted upon a large twenty-four-pounder, which had just been, as the result of the severe labors of himself and a small party of soldiers, drawn through the very worst class of roads a few miles in safety to the bridge. The duty of bringing it thus by manual labor had devolved upon the soldiers from the defection of the contractor, who the night before had, in the most unceremonious and unmilitary manner, abandoned alike the gun and the enterprise, and departed to seek employment where the soil was less tenacious of that which essayed to pass over it. The fact of this desertion of duty had been at an early hour in the evening made known to Harry Gordon, a Lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, who, with a few of his men, fortunately happened to be then at Hardenburgh's Corners, the nucleus of the beautiful city of Auburn.

'Well done, my good lads!' said the young officer, as the heavy wheels of the gun-carriage rolled easily over the first planks of the bridge; 'that horrible road is got through—dragged through—and a mile and more of good travelling is before us; we will rest here for the night.'

The necessary arrangements for the cessation of farther progress were soon made, and the wearied guard left the gun, which, in the position it then occupied, might have seemed as if stationed there to command that greatest of highways to the west—the west, as then understood and appreciated.

Gordon did not disturb the repose of his men, which, from their fatigue, they soon sought. Neglecting however no part of his duty, he returned to the bridge before midnight, in order to satisfy himself that his valuable charge was in proper condition and safety. The walk over the bridge was then, as it even yet is, one of interest from the scenery which is presented, and attracted him as he turned from a satisfactory examination of the gun; and he in solitude pursued and enjoyed it.

It was a bright star-light. The spangles of the heavens glittered in their reflected images on the quiet waters of the lake. The shores were obscure in the deep shadows of the forest, that as yet was their chief characteristic. In the distance, the Point, now known as that on which Levanna is built, was dimly visible, meeting as it seemed to do the western shore, and locking up the lake from farther progress southward. It was an hour for thoughts of graver cast than the mind allows in the day's warm and glad light; and Gordon yielded to the influences of the evening. I regret that I cannot, in consonance with fidelity as an historian, record that in the thought of this gallant and handsome young officer—for all this he was—the vision of some fair girl was most prominent. Not even the brilliant star-light, looking with its ten thousand eyes of heaven's glory into the mirror-lake beneath, woke up the soldier's heart to beauty's influences. He was not in love, though he was one of the most enthusiastic and imaginative of men. The very generality of his fancies kept them from concentration. He had, in truth, just at this period of his history, a heart somewhat divided between a devotion to

the honor and success of his country in the struggle which she was waging, and the perplexing contingencies of a fortune of pleasing magnitude, which depended on his adaptation of himself to the fancies of an eccentric old aunt, and which varied by his conduct and her whims from probability to possibility, and occasionally seemed, by some curious vagaries of temper, only a forlorn hope. He read the stars, as all men do, conscious or unconscious, as they gaze on their outspread page; but his augury failed to read there what in truth came to pass—that with the bridge on which he trod his fate and fortunes were vividly identified. His dreams that night had a shifting scenery, and there were star-light, and wild and grotesque combinations of amiable and cross old ladies, in robes of gold, which suddenly changed to the hard and severe outline of artillery pulled along with ease through the worst of roads, and scarcely stirred over the smoothest of pathways. But from all this chimera of dream-land, the early sun-light turned the mind of young Gordon, as he awoke, to the labors of another day.

Miss Mary Grant was very rich, and this distinguished point in her condition she knew, and knew its power. The possessor of the treasure of this world is seldom ignorant that it is associated with the friendship of a very large circle of individuals, more or less disinterested in their associations. Her soldier-nephew would have been an exceeding favorite with her, but for the fact of his being a soldier. Disdaining to be like the rest of her sex, this most unromantic lady had an unbounded aversion to 'the pomp and circumstance of war' in all its varieties, whether in the glitter of the bayonet, or the more harmless brilliancy of a dashing uniform. Her pacific tastes would have led her, in these days, to have braved the dangers of the ocean to be present at a Peace Congress. In 1813, war only stimulated her to declaim on all proper occasions—and on some that were not quite so proper—in every variety of phrase against the trade of the soldier, and all its accompaniments. The prospects for our young friend seemed rather discouraging, since not even the certainty that, by resigning his commission, he could ascend at once to the very highest point in the lady's favor, could induce him to desert the service. The country—his country—was in war for a good cause, and all the wealth of all the Grants could not win him to a thought of forsaking his commission. Nevertheless, he often wished that some contingency would arise which would change the views of his too peaceful relative.

There were few daily papers in 1813. I doubt if there was any west of the Hudson. That luxury was unknown to the young Lion of the West; and the incidents of all that region were without a home chronicler. The mail moved majestically slow; and there was the most commendable patience exhibited by all who waited for the latest intelligence. It so chanced that when the morning in all its brightness exhibited the pleasant spectacle of the active and energetic soldiery gathered around the gun and the bridge—young Gordon leading on the work and animating his men by his kind intercourse to all their efforts—a stage-wagon passed along. The condition of the roads prevented the use of any other vehicle than one that could in safety encounter the mud. They who were in this carriage lingered willingly on the bridge—so smooth and easy, in comparison with the imperfectly-formed highways. There

was in the wagon one observant traveller who took a minute scrutiny of the scene, and was the author of a charming account of the interesting spectacle of the transit of the gun over the Cayuga, which appeared a few days afterward in the *Albany Gazette*, whose editor, the gentlemanly and Franklin-like CHARLES R. WEBSTER, gladly gave place to the narrative as one of the stirring incidents of the campaign.

Young Gordon was prominently mentioned in the recital. His animation, his energy, the promptitude with which his orders were given and obeyed, were all the subjects of the writer's graphic description; and the letter in which all these proceedings were given, was viewed by the patrons of the *Gazette* as a pleasing information. It was gratifying to know that our young officers were thus sedulous in the discharge of every duty, and the bright-eyed girls talked much in their confidences about Lieutenant Gordon.

A very pleasant and comfortable home had Miss Mary Grant, and it was shared by a gentle girl, EMILY DUNBAR. She lived with the old lady, without ever a selfish hope for future share in her golden stores. The conversation between them often recurred to the absent soldier, and Emily seemed less wearied in listening to incidents connected with him and his fortunes than to many other departments of the somewhat lengthy narrations with which the wealthy Mary generally on each day favored her. The *Gazette* was the chosen and cherished oracle of this house. Its pictures of the world's progress were all considered as the most substantial reality. It was read with more avidity than the choicest romance; and what Webster's *Gazette* gave forth was a fixed fact with Miss Mary. When the letter of the traveller to which we have alluded appeared, it was diligently read by her, and there was consternation in that house for a few hours; for never before did Miss Mary seem to denounce the war and its accompaniments — her nephew included — so vehemently as now. She deemed his care and solicitude over the gun as a crime almost too grievous to be tolerated, and her will, which existed in his favor, found, in a moment of more than usual energy of vexation, a passage up the chimney by the powers of combustion.

The narrator had described the manner in which our young soldier had superintended the preparations for securing the safe passage over the lake of the mighty munition of war confided to his care; and his zeal and energy lost nothing by the animated delineation.

'That gun!' exclaimed the indignant lady; 'it is a shame to see any one of my blood do so much to give another weapon of death to the destroyers. Emily, I will always associate that gun with Harry, and as long as it is above ground, he is a stranger to me.'

Emily, in her heart of hearts, wished the artillery in the Red Sea, that being the place to which, in phrase half figurative, half historical, gentle ladies consign that of which they most desire to be rid.

Of any other sea than the placid Cayuga, young Gordon was, in the day our narrative commenced some time since, profoundly reckless. It was enough for him to know that his duty was to go forward; and legacy or no legacy, the bridge was to be crossed. It is needless to relate how the population of the village turned out to see the affair. The soldiers moved in concert and under discipline. Their air and carriage and move-

ment were martial and measured, and the spectacle was really an impressive one. Mr. Mumford, and others whose names are familiar to those who recollect the early settlers of that region, animated the soldiers by their earnest wishes for the success of the country in all her struggles.

It must be recollected that the bridge in that year was some short distance south of the present structure. Its ruins may yet be seen, and often furnish curious matter of inquiry and examination for those who resort to their vicinity in the pursuits of the fisherman; for the bridge has a reputation in this respect, and the 'fish-stories' then and there located would of themselves fill a volume.

The sun shone brightly over the Cayuga. Its waters are ever varying, chameleon-like, with the varied tintings which the sun imparts; and this day was of the loveliest. The view southward was extended to a distance of about ten miles on the west shore, before the curve which the lake makes from that direction closes the picture. The high-land of Seneca county rose gradually, the forests broken occasionally by the clearing of some adventurous settler. The day and its accompaniments all were exhilarating, and Gordon gave the word to move forward. The command was promptly obeyed, and the ponderous gun rolled on, the timbers creaking and groaning with the unwonted load, while the shouts of the spectators rang merrily through the air.

The traveller can observe from the deck of the steam-boat a dark-looking break-water, the third from the east bank of the lake. It is a gloomy pile of broken stone, over which the waves dash when the south wind is in its fury, but which has resisted the action of the waters full many years.

The tramp of the soldiers onward was steady; their pull, a determined one. The citizens continued to encourage them: their assistance not being deemed necessary, with military precision, was not permitted. The roll over the bridge was so easy, and the motion so uniform, that in a gay moment of enthusiasm, forgetful of the opinions held by that worthy lady, Miss Mary — perhaps thinking more of the flower that grew up by her side, the gentle Emily — Harry Gordon sprang upon the cannon, and the crowd cheered louder. It rolled forward till it reached that part of the bridge now designated by the break-water alluded to above. At this moment, in one dire crash, gun, commandant and soldiery broke through the treacherous bridge, and found a wet welcome in the astonished Cayuga. The deep plunge of the gun was heard above all other sounds; but great as the loss was, it was unheeded in the vivid struggle to rescue the human beings who had gone down with it. The villagers rushed with intense anxiety to the scene, and as soon as possible the few skiffs and canoes (for the latter in 1818 were yet navigating this lake) that were on the beach were brought to the help of the drowning men. The soldiers were fortunate enough to seize the timbers, and although the crushed beams and planks were unsafe reliances, yet, by the help of the determined men who risked their own lives to save others, they were all brought on the bridge, or borne to the boats, in safety. But Gordon was not so easily saved. He had gone with the gun, and in the excitement of the instant, seizing the gun-carriage to save himself, had disappeared beneath the waters which closed over him. The wish of Miss Mary that he might be identified with that cannon seemed about to be fully realized.

Before the Cayuga Bridge was in existence, there was a famous ferry kept at that point by JOHN HARRIS. Major John was one of the distinguished of his locality. He had mingled much with the Indians, and knew many of the better traits of their character; for it is a singular truth that the white man extracts the good from his intercourse with the aboriginal, while the Indian is but too prompt to learn the evil which the white man exhibits. The Major had been a quiet observer of the proceedings, and had taken no part in the cheering. When it was suggested to him to lend his manly voice to the encouragement of the soldiers, he only answered that he intended to do so when the gun reached the other shore safely. He quietly said to a friend, that the bridge had more to do that morning than it had ever attempted yet; and his constant watchfulness over every movement made, indicated his anxiety and his doubts.

While the crowd were congratulating the soldiers, as they were successively drawn up dripping like the body-guard of Neptune, the waters had closed over the unfortunate Gordon, and there was an instant when he seemed to have been forgotten. John Harris reached the scene of the casualty, and discovering at a glance that the Lieutenant was not rescued, he descended cautiously but quickly, for the tangled mass of broken wood-work would not allow of a bold dive. With the skill which one only learns of the Indians, he glided under the water, and reappeared in a few seconds with the body of Gordon, which he had torn from its convulsive grasp around the gun. Once at the surface, his efforts were assisted by the crowd, and the brave man with his sad burthen were borne safely to the shore. It was feared that the rescue had come too late; but Harry Gordon had the well of young life in him, and it did not forsake him as readily as it sometimes does this mortal frame. He suffered more in recovering full consciousness again, than he had in the loss of it. The physician judged rightly in determining that he was in no condition to resume active service, nor would be in months. The gun was gone beyond recovery; buried deep in the soft bottom, which, yielding to the great weight, soon hid it where not even the transparent water would allow of its being seen.

The bridge itself was injured to such a degree, that the necessary delay for repairs brought a large collection of waiting emigrants to the inns and the vicinity, some of which, though with great change, are yet visible. These eastern emigrants were an observing and recording race of people, and many were the letters sent home, descriptive of the casualty which had blocked up the great road. One of these, detailed and minute, was carefully transferred by Webster to the columns of the *Gazette*, as containing news of interest to those who were bound for the Ohio.

The *Gazette* was read as attentively at the comfortable house of Miss Mary; and Emily, whose quick glance comprehended what might be the effect of the tidings, was prompt to read, with all the force of that life of reading, interest in what is read, the narrative. Nor did she judge in vain. Miss Mary did not speak as hastily as before; but she spoke at last: 'The gun is not above ground, and I think it is best that I should identify Harry Gordon with it. Write to him, Emily, to come here and await a full recovery.'

Never was letter more eagerly written; and its pressing and affection-

ate and authorized welcome went to the heart of the young soldier. He left the most assiduous directions that the gun should be reclaimed from the lake if possible, and departed for the home to which he had been invited. With a discretion and tact which evidenced her womanhood, Emily first met the invalid, and explained to him the exact position in which he then stood. Need I say how soon the new will was made, and in what capacity Harry Gordon was named in it? Nor did he ever join the army again, his health never so far recovering as to allow of his participation in the fatigues of a campaign.

The orders he had left at the Bridge were faithfully obeyed, and there was all manner of hauling and pulling and contrivances to rescue the ordnance. But old John Harris told them he knew the bottom of the lake better than they did; and the journey of that gun was for ever ended.

And there it rests, probably not yet destroyed, but preserved by the soil that has accumulated around it. There are none left about that vicinity that witnessed the transaction, and the old break-water is the only enduring record of the locality.

I think a soldier-like gentleman, just on the verge of that period of life which hovers between middle-aged and old, that I met a year or two since at the Bridge, must have been familiar with it. He was awaiting (and who that ever was at Cayuga Bridge has not?) the arrival of car or boat, and was talking very animatedly of the incidents we have described to a lady of mature beauty, who was by his side, and whom he addressed as *EMILY*.

The old cannon will never be recovered; but if Harry Gordon lives yet, he will never while he lives forget the bridge whose severing timbers gave him such a fortune and such a wife.

---

## A FEW THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

---

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

---

I.

SHROUD me not in weeds of sorrow, for the dead now gone away;  
Why should words of grief or anguish linger o'er this mass of clay?  
As he lies, calm, cold and silent, cease thy lamentable moan;  
Dust to dust is now before thee, wedded to its fellow-stone.

II.

Motionless and all unconscious — dark and lifeless as the clod  
That is rudely piled upon thee, and by vulgar foot-steps trod;  
Earth's vile worms shall feast upon thee — revel on thy once fair form,  
For thou art corruption's brother, and companion to the worm.

III.

Then repine not for the parted, though no trace is left on earth  
Of the friend, or wife, or brother twinned with thee in kindred birth.  
DEATH, the Conqueror and Divider! rules us with a despot's rod,  
And human hopes are frail as moon-beams unsupported by our God.



## T H E T W O F I S H E R M E N .

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

THIS idyl is remarkable as the *one* ancient poem in which the life of a Greek fisherman is described.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

WANT calls up all our arts, O DIOPHANTUS,  
Want, of hard toil the teacher: wasting cares  
Steal from laborious thousands needful rest.  
When, with closed eyes, we seek from drowsy night  
Some peaceful hours of sweet forgetfulness,  
Grief comes in troubled dreams that ruin sleep.

Two fishermen, with hairs made white by time,  
Lay down together, on the crisp dry sea-moss  
Strown by the leafy wall, beneath a shed  
Of woven boughs. Round them were loosely ranged  
Their implements of labor, rods, hooks, baits,  
Cords, hair-lines, weels, oars, sheep-skins, snares of rushes  
Fashioned in many an artful labyrinth;  
While, close at hand, upon its rough tall props,  
Hung an old skiff with sharp and rounded prow.  
Under their heads were piled their scant sea-cloaks,  
Garments and caps. This was their only work,  
This their sole wealth. All things beside seemed foreign  
To that rude life: nor earthen pot was theirs,  
Nor household dog. Far off from friends or neighbors,  
They saw their days go past in loneliness,  
Deep loneliness and hardship. Round their hut  
On every side the loud sea dashed and foamed.  
Short was their slumber, for, before the moon  
Reached her mid course, stern tasks that never ceased  
Roused them to labor. Straightway, brushing sleep  
From half-shut eyelids, those two guileless men  
Drew from each other's hearts, in friendly speech,  
The thoughts and words that form this simple song.

## FIRST FISHERMAN.

They speak most falsely, who declare that nights  
Grow short in summer when Jove grants long days.  
I have already looked on countless visions,  
And yet no dawn is glimmering. What is this?  
Does memory fail to lend its wonted help?  
These nights, methinks, are wearisome and sad.

## SECOND FISHERMAN.

ASPHALION, thou dost blame the pleasant summer  
With no just reason. Time for ever keeps  
Its own swift changeless course, but vexing care  
Can banish rest and make a night seem long.

## FIRST FISHERMAN.

Hast thou been taught to read the truth of dreams?  
Mine was a joyful one, and I would gladly

Share it with thee. Partner in all my gains,  
Be thou partaker of my visions too.  
In shrewdness none surpass thee, and of dreams  
He needs must be the best interpreter  
Whose clear strong mind can seize their meaning best.  
Leisure is ours, for what could one do now  
Sleepless on this rough bed beside the waves?  
And mark how brightly, through the floating mist,  
The cheerful fire gleams from the *Prytanæum*,  
To fishermen a sign of rare success.

## SECOND FISHERMAN.

Come, then, since speaking thus can make thee happy,  
Tell thy true comrade all that thou hast seen.

## FIRST FISHERMAN.

When, wearied with our toiling on the deep,  
I laid me down at eventide to rest,  
(Not gorged with food, for thou rememberest well,  
How supping late we took a frugal meal.)  
I climbed, in thought, a tall and wave-worn cliff,  
And sitting there I watched full eagerly  
The finny tribes. From my long fisher's rod  
I shook the luring bait, which one huge monster,  
Wide gaping, rushed to swallow. (Dogs asleep  
All dream of bones or bread, and I of fish.)  
Torn by the barb he reddened the bright waters,  
And bent with wayward strength the slender reed,  
While, with both hands, I waged a doubtful strife,  
Resolved to draw my noble prize ashore,  
Yet fearing that the thin-worn steel must break.  
Then, mindful of his wound, I said, 'Shalt thou,  
Thus pierced thyself, elude and conquer *me*?'  
But soon I plucked my vanquished captive in  
With this right arm, and saw the struggle over.  
I brought to land a great and golden fish,  
Ay! one all cased in gold. Awe straight oppressed me,  
Lest this might prove the favorite of *NEPTUNE*,  
Or treasure of the beauteous *AMPHITRITE*.  
Lifting him softly from the crimson hook,  
Afraid lest the rich ore about his mouth  
Might stick to the sharp steel, I drew him far  
Up the dry beach with ropes, and loudly swore  
That I would dwell henceforth on the firm land,  
Nor set my foot again on the rude sea,  
But revel as a prince with this my gold.  
Those thoughts disturb'd my bosom, and I woke;  
And now, my friend, advise me well and soon,  
For that rash oath yet fills my soul with dread.

## SECOND FISHERMAN.

Be not afraid: thou didst not swear at all.  
No fish of gold was caught or seen by thee.  
Visions are false. If thou wilt closely search  
That self-same place by day-light and awake,  
Thy dream may do thee good. Go, seek forth with  
An eatable fish, lest, all misled by shadows,  
Thou yet die starved, though rich in golden dreams.

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL SPARROW.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

WHEN we listen to two Welshmen who are speaking in their vernacular language, they seem to utter a repetition of only a few sounds. The like result occurs when we hear any unknown language. The defect is in our hearing, which is organically unable to discriminate minute differences in unfamiliar sounds; hence, persons unaccustomed to a piano or violin will not recognize discords that shock skilful musicians. One of the obstacles which a child encounters when he is learning to speak is an indiscrimination between different words. The same difficulty, in a modified degree, attends an adult when he attempts to learn the pronunciation of a foreign tongue. A German, who had acquired much fluency in speaking English, complained that numerous English words possessed the same sound, though spelled differently, and he adduced *swain*, *swine*, *swan*; and no efforts could make his hearing recognize any difference in the three words.

We can therefore readily apprehend that a horse or cow may produce sounds in greater variety than we discover, though the variety may be apparent to horses or cows. In birds we recognize more diversity of sounds than in quadrupeds, and in some species of birds more than in others; still, in all birds the number of sounds produced is infinitely greater than is discriminated by an inattentive or casual listener. History yields indubitable records of persons who, by long attention to the vocal-ity of birds, and by much the same process as that employed by Champollion in deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics, have recognized the meaning of each sound. By the same process every farmer understands the cry of a barn-yard fowl that denotes a hawk to be in sight, that an egg is arrived, that the hen is incubating, or mustering her stray chickens. These cases prove that the principle is not imaginary; and we thus fortify our premises, because, while men are painfully credulous in what grossly exceeds nature, as the 'Rochester knockings,' 'clairvoyance,' &c., they are prone to incredulity in unusual occurrences that are analogous to common transactions. Hoping, then, that what we are about to relate will be believed by others as fully as we believe it, we say that on the sixteenth of June, in the year 1810, Antoine Delacorde, the famous bird-catcher of the Quai de la Ferraille of Paris, and recently more famous as the grandfather of George Sand, alias Madame Dudevant, was travelling in a diligence with an American clergyman and other passengers. Napoleon was at the height of his glory, and every Frenchman and French locality seemed engrossed with his trophies and the power of France. These demonstrations naturally suggested to the American clergyman the sin of pride, and he endeavored to correct the national offensiveness by covertly quoting from Scripture on every proper opportunity: 'Our soul is filled with contempt of the proud;' 'Talk no more so exceeding proudly;' 'Let them be clothed with shame that magnify themselves;' 'The Lord shall cut off the tongue that speaketh proud things;' 'Every one that is proud

is an abomination to the Lord ;' together with many kindred denunciations against pride. A French cavalry officer, who happened to be in the diligence, comprehended the rebuke that was thus indirectly administered by a foreigner, and as he was unconscious of the sacred profession of the speaker, he seemed disposed to resent the criticisms. Antoine Delacorde, who happened to know the clergyman, good-naturedly interposed, and said he would tell the company an adventure which once occurred to him while travelling in Pennsylvania, and which he believed would prove that pride was not confined to France :

'You all probably know,' continued Delacorde, 'that by long application, I am become conversant with the language of several kinds of birds, and can even imitate many of their sounds, so that the birds will permit me to take them in my hands. When I was in America, I arrived one Saturday night at Easton, which is about fifty-eight miles from Philadelphia, whither I was going ; but as the stage-coach was not permitted to travel on Sunday, I was forced to remain at Easton till Monday morning. As is usual with me when I am in a strange place, and enjoy leisure, I wandered out of the pretty village into the country, and sitting down under the shade of a pleasant tree, I waited for the approach of some birds, that I might ascertain if I knew their language. I had not been seated long before I discovered that a sparrow had built her nest in the lower branches of the tree, and I overheard the following harangue, which was addressed by the mother bird to her young, who were nearly ready to leave the maternal residence, and act a part in the scenes of life :

"My children," said the sparrow, 'you are born to a great destiny, and should be duly impressed with the high position which you occupy in the scale of existences, so that you may act worthily when you shall attain a sufficient age to enter upon the active duties of life. Observe the superiority of our nature over that of man. We possess not only legs which transport us as he transports himself, but we are supplied with wings, by which we attain at a bound a distance which he can only accomplish by painfully and perseveringly dragging his feet one after the other. Vegetation yields us spontaneously its fruits, animal life its insects ; and while we sit in shady trees enjoying our siesta, the clowns beneath us are toiling in the sun to coax the reluctant soil to yield them a precarious supply of seeds and roots. They are fain to feed on even the lacerated bodies of oxen and other slaughtered quadrupeds ; nay, more revolting still, on dead birds ; the idea of which cannibalism may well cause you, as I perceive it does, to avert your beaks in horror.

"Observe also the miserable expedients to which men are driven to preserve their bodies from external exposure. They cut the rank fleeces from sheep, and by multiplied expedients strive to overcome its impurities, before even they can endure to cover themselves with it. They resort, in their need, to the loathsome film of a certain worm, that, after incredible patience and appliances, is wrought into a fabric but little more substantial than a spider's web. Nay, they rot certain vegetables, and manufacture the fibres into cloth. I will not insult your understanding by contrasting man's best habiliments with that which nature has provided for our more noble bodies. I will say nothing of the superior beauty and purity of ours, or even of its imperviousness to moisture, or its impene-

trability by cold. Let us pass from these physical advantages, and contemplate our moral superiority. The death of a friend, the destruction of a dwelling, are griefs which prey on men in all positions and at all seasons, for months and years; indeed, so pervading and irresistible is their weakness, they are often hurried by such events to a premature grave, while we speedily dismiss such calamities from our contemplation. Not that we feel less acutely than they, but that we feel more wisely, they themselves being the judge; for we possess on such subjects, and without effort, all the philosophy which their sages endeavor to practise or inculcate.

“But in our intellect lies our most inestimable superiority. The houses and ships which you will see in your excursions over the earth are the result of successive ages of experiments, and proceed from the rudest beginnings; while our first parents discovered a mode of building which no succeeding efforts can improve. On all subjects our knowledge is definite and clear, while the opinions of men are in a constant flux. Every successive generation boasts the discovery of a true system in every department of their learning, though the next generation is sure to deem it as false as the system which it supplanted. But, my children, instead of reflecting on our manifest superiority for the purpose of nourishing our pride, let the reflection teach us humility, for the BEING who made us as we are might have created us men and women. Beside, pride is said to be a favorite weakness with them. Your great-grandfather, of illustrious memory, who was skilled in their harsh lingo, once heard a man describe to another a military review which occurred last summer in this common: ‘The soldiers,’ said the man, ‘were all proudly drawn up in line, two deep, with the proud standard in front, that was presented to the proud Fourth by the General’s excellent lady; when suddenly peering over yonder hill, and descending proudly into the plain, were seen the General and his brilliant suite. The horses curveted proudly, as if conscious of the proud occasion, and the band struck up the proud greeting, ‘See the conquering hero comes!’ The General was heard to exclaim, ‘This is the proudest day of my life!’ And as the rank and file presented arms, and the officers saluted with their swords, and the cornets lowered the standards at his approach, he said: ‘Fellow-soldiers, I am proud of old Northampton and her proud yeomanry. A prouder body of citizen soldiers never honored the proud old Keystone State; and I take a just pride in believing that this proud day will long be proudly remembered. The recollection of it will be the proudest inheritance I shall bequeath to my children.’ The General was greatly affected during the delivery of this address, while the enthusiasm which it elicited proudly demonstrated that the soldiers were as justly proud of their old General as he was justly proud of his men.”

‘Are you through?’ said the American clergyman to Delacorde. ‘I shall be,’ said Delacorde, ‘after you tell our military companion whether the perpetual boasting of personal pride that seems to be characteristic in America, is more venial than the obtrusion of national trophies that is common in France.’ ‘My friend,’ replied the clergyman, ‘instead of answering your casuistry, let us profit by the lecture of your sparrow; and if man cannot eradicate the infirmity of pride, let him avoid at least the ostenta-

tion of a weakness which is as much our shame as any other evil passion. I admit we sometimes hear of a 'just pride,' and of being 'justly proud;' but if such things exist, they are like hot ice, and my researches have never discovered them in nature, or found them alluded to in revelation.'

---

THE SONG OF THE MERMAID.

---

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

---

I.

On o'er the waves of the moon-lit sea,  
Tossing the foam in our mirthful glee,  
We will sing our song as we glide o'er the deep,  
Rocking the white-crested billows to sleep,  
Till the mountains shall echo and listen no more,  
Till the waves subside, and cease to roar,  
And the surges be calmed by our melody,  
As it rises and swells o'er the moon-lit sea.

II.

We will sit on the top of the rock's high crest,  
That frowningly hangs o'er the ocean's breast,  
The sea-flowers twine in our flowing hair,  
And our nodding plumes shall wave in the air;  
We will dive to the depths of the ocean's deep,  
Where the coral grows, and the billows sleep;  
We will rise, and the sea-birds shall silent be,  
When they list to our song as it swells o'er the sea.

III.

We will build us a grot in the caverns of ocean,  
Far from the tempest and wave's commotion;  
With pearls and gems we'll deck its walls,  
And tapestry rich shall adorn our halls;  
We will strew our couch with fragrant flowers,  
And dream away the day-light hours;  
And when the moon-beams kiss the lea,  
We will rise and chant to the listening sea!

IV.

Beware, O sailor! in time take heed!  
Venture not near to our flowery mead;  
You shall hear our voice, and never again  
Will you meet the loved or the billowy main!  
Listen not then to our witching song:  
In hunger you'll pine and your slumber be long;  
Your bones on the strand shall bleaching be,  
While our music still swells o'er the moon-lit sea!

*Amherst College, June, 1851.*

## E A R T H - A N G E L S .

BY T. S. PAY.

THE earth was cold, the woods were bare,  
 The blue sky hid in winter's shroud;  
 Keen struck December's piercing air,  
 With fitful gusts and loud.  
 'O God!' I thought, 'how long we roam,  
 Forgotten and removed from THEE;  
 How vainly strives, through woe and gloom,  
 Our poor mortality!  
 When shall I know the higher fate,  
 To spirits blessed hereafter giv'n!  
 When shall I pass Death's dismal gate,  
 And range the fields of heaven!  
 Sweet messages, at THY command,  
 From world to world, obedient, bear,  
 And minister o'er sea and land  
 THY bidding every where!'

When, lo! amid my musing mood,  
 A being, fresh from that fair world  
 Of inner light and beauty, stood,  
 His wing an instant furled.

'On God,' he said, 'unnumbered tend  
 Angels, through all creation's bound.  
 Some near his holy throne ascend;  
 Some distant far are found.  
 Each in our place. But onward still  
 We ever strive, we ever rise,  
 As all our various tasks fulfil,  
 Up through yet higher skies.  
 And some this side the gate of death  
 Still bend beneath life's heavy load.  
 Angels there are of mortal breath;  
 Ay, angels, here, of God.  
 What though no robe instinct with light,  
 To match their secret rank, be given;  
 What though no wing or halo bright!  
 They yet commence, in Earth's dark night,  
 Their long career of heaven.  
 Dost thou behold yon feeble form  
 Stand shivering in the winter wind!  
 Penury, sickness, sorrow, storm,  
 Have struck her dumb and blind.  
 Yet strong in faith her head she bends,  
 And prays this day relieved to be  
 From hunger. God an angel sends,  
 And, mortal, thou art he!  
 Go, and a gift — 't is His command —  
 Place gently in that withered hand;  
 Let lowly words, with love expressed,  
 Confirm her faith, and cheer her breast.'

## Sketch-Book of Mr. Meister Karl.

## CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

## A MASKED BALL IN GERMANY.

'Thus run the giddy hours away,  
Till morning's light is beaming,  
And we awake to dream by day  
What we to-night are dreaming.

'To smile, to sigh, to love, to change:  
Oh! in our heart's recesses,  
We dress in fancies quite as strange  
As these, our fancy dresses!'

HORACE SMITH.

'IN VINO VERITAS.' The more a man *disguises* himself, so much the more does he appear in his true colors; which maxim is even better illustrated in masquerades than by the influence of wine. Strange that a fancy dress should have the power to open the gates of the soul and let out its prisoned fancies. 'I am ambitious for a motley coat,' said the melancholy Jacques, when desirous of speaking freely and truly to the 'infected world.' Perhaps the hour at which masked balls are held has something to do with the matter. Before breakfast, people are prone to tell what they would *like* to be. In the retrospective twilight hour, they review the past and think of what they were. Only after dinner, or more accurately, after supper, do they show what they *are*.

I was startled one pleasant afternoon in Heidelberg by the apparition of a friend, with the announcement that a grand masked ball would that evening '*go los*;' and farther, that if I designed taking part in the fun, not an instant was to be lost in making due preparation. Not caring to go disguised, I resolved to enter simply '*en pékin*,' as the French term the dressing in citizen's clothes. To be sure, the ball regulations insisted that every one in the room should wear a fancy dress; but this was allowed such a latitude of interpretation, that a false nose or a feather could be received as the fullest sort of full dress. The usual method, however, of evading this rule, was to attach to the left lappel of the coat a little fancy mask or masks, the size of a half-dollar, which were to be found in great variety at the different shops. We immediately went for this purpose to the *magasin des modes* kept by two pretty young Jewesses in the Hauptstrasse.

We found the establishment full of upper-class Burschen, busy in hiring dresses, pulling over fancy wares, and *poussiring* or talking soft nonsense to the two amiable proprietors. Fräulien — received us graciously; conversed trimly and prettily in German-English, to the great astonishment of all by-standers ignorant of her philological attainments; and concluded by exhibiting several dozens of the articles we were in quest of. Our selections made, and the *Knöpfe* or buttons (as the students term money) delivered, we wended our way to the scene of action, and obtained tickets.



The thoroughness of German genius is admirably manifested in the interminable length of their balls. Before eight o'clock, Herr Ludwig Zimmer, Professor of Dancing at the University of Heidelberg, (his name is actually enrolled on its catalogue as one of the faculty,) was leading off the Polonaise, or grand commencing march, in all its glory. Up the middle and down the sides; in, out and about, went Herr Zimmer, leading his grotesquely-attired army at will where they least expected to turn. At last the music ceased, the maskers scattered, and a clatter of tongues like the discharge of musquetry ensued.

'And where do you come from, my little dear?'

'From the Land of Fools, Sir, to inform you that your family are all well!'

'Pretty girl with the black mask, will you marry me?'

'Yes, if you'll quit drinking.'

'Oh, the devil! you know me, do you?'

'Oh, Kitty, Kitty! I know you.'

'Then you are acquainted with your betters.'

'Are you the Grand Duke of *Thunder and Lightning*? ' whispered a musical young-lady voice.

'Are you the Countess *Sneeetrike*? ' replied a gentleman bandit.

This was evidently a preconcerted signal, for the pair glided off affectionately, arm-in-arm.

'I know you, Sir! I know you!' squealed a disguised voice to my friend Wolf Short.

'Every fool knows me,' replied that amiable young gentleman, unconsciously adopting the celebrated *mot* of Professor M.\*

'Are you my true love?' asks Brown-coat.

'No; I just left her kissing the coachman,' replies Queen Mary.

And so the jargon and chatter continue. Old friends treat each other like strangers, while strangers are accosted as old friends. Every one speaks freely and saucily to his neighbor, constantly employing the familiar 'thou,' instead of the more reserved 'you.' The ladies are all provided with little fancy boxes, containing a great variety of sugar-plums made in the form of divers implements, each of which symbolizes a sentiment, a wish, an accusation, or intimation. These are freely bestowed upon the gentlemen, who are thus not unfrequently startled and mystified. A graceful female figure, in black mask and domino, approached my friend 'the Wolf.' He anxiously inquired if her grandmother were dead, that she had donned mourning? No answer being made, my friend intimated that her ill-natured silence implied a heart as black as her face. Her finger was now held warningly up; and producing something from her box, she pressed it into his hand, whispered a few words in his ear, and vanished in the crowd.

'The devil!' growled my friend, gazing alternately at her retiring figure and the parting gift, which was a tolerably fair imitation of a dark lantern. 'Well, I could have sworn that no body knew *that*.'

'What said the mask?'

---

\* '*Jede Dime kennt mich*,' was the vulgar and biting reply of a celebrated Professor at Heidelberg to a party of ladies, who having at a masquerade penetrated his incognito, were loudly declaring it.

'She said — confound her impudence! — that since I had taken to coming home at four in the morning, I might find a lantern convenient!'

Leaving him to his lantern, I strolled through the crowd. A trim little Swiss peasant girl bustled up and presented me with a boat from her stores.

'When you return to America and cross the ocean,' she said, 'this will carry you.'

Another presented me with a little sugar knapsack, to use during my return tour, evidently supposing in her ignorance that the journey would be by land. A pocket-book and card from other incognitas quickly followed, while a roguish belle, with powdered hair and half-mask, in whom I at once recognized a pretty Strasbourg demoiselle of my acquaintance, gravely presented me with a butterfly, to the immense delight of a bevy of young girls who happened unfortunately to be gathered around.

A waltz now struck up, and clasping the waist of my pretty tormentor, I was quickly whirling away through the mysteries of the *deux temps*. At its conclusion I again rejoined 'the Wolf,' who with a highly-contented air was escorting a young lady in a crimson and orange silk domino, whom I at once recognized.

'Confound it!' exclaimed my friend; 'you don't know what I've suffered since you saw me. Only think of that stupid Clara B.'s making a captive of me and dragging me all over the room, screaming out her broken English, till I fairly wished her, with her black domino, to the devil! But luck has smiled upon me at last. Permit me to introduce to you my new friend, who speaks better English, is a hundred times more agreeable, and I dare say a thousand times prettier than Clara!'

With these words he presented his new *flame*, who however seemed any thing but gratified by the compliments paid her; and no wonder, for it was no other than Miss Clara B. herself, who had during the waltz simply retired, and changing her domino, succeeded in passing herself off on the Wolf as an entirely new and different article. As the gentleman still continued his maledictions, she began to evince unmistakable symptoms of chagrin and vexation.

'*You must not talk so!* Oh, how *fery* varm eet is!'

We were standing in an icy draught from the door, but I bowed an assent to her remark.

'I do n't feel it,' answered Wolf; 'but I suppose Clara struck a chill to my soul.'

The young lady thus referred to now cried, in a tone of real distress:

'Oh, it is so *fery* varm; come, let oos *walk!*'

Struck by the voice, Wolf glanced at her, and in an instant divined the mystery. As if seized with sorrow for his remarks, he at once folded his arm in hers, while she ejaculated in grievous tones, to which her foreign pronunciation gave a tinge of the ludicrous:

'Oh, Sir, *you* should not apuse me so!'

Leaving the Wolf to arrange matters with Clara, I again plunged into the crowd. More than one little mystery, more than one queer adventure, developed itself ere I had completed the tour of the room. Suddenly the music struck up a polka, and at the same instant a cry of astonishment from those near the door heralded the approach of a singular spec-

tacle. A party of masquers, oddly arrayed as *nine-pins*, entered the hall, commanded by a centre pin, or king, and followed by two harlequins, each bearing a bowling ball at least three feet in diameter, made of canvas, painted, and stretched on a frame. Amid the shouts of the assembly, a long space was cleared; the pins arranged themselves, and the two harlequins began their game. As the music pealed up, on went a ball, and down went the foremost pin. Then his adversary rolled in turn, with still better success. Every one touched by the ball was obliged, by a preconcerted arrangement, to fall. Finally, one harlequin made an '*alle neune*,' or nine-stroke; so down went all the pins, *en masse*, forming a remarkable assortment of dead-wood—I should say, *tableau vivant*!

The nine-pins speedily recovered and walked off, the harlequins rolling their balls after them. A lively Schottisch was now played, and the maskers pairing off, were soon jigging round the hall in double-quick time. In this, as in many German balls, small ball-books, in the shape of a card, with a lead-pencil, were supplied gratis to all entering. On these were engraved the name of the association, with the words, '*Tanz-Folge*,' or order of dancing, and '*Ouverture*.' The dances as noted, with a blank space left opposite each for the ladies and gentlemen to record the names of their partners, were, first, one Polonaise, one waltz, one 'Galopade,' one 'Schottisch,' one 'Française,' (quadrille,) two waltzes, and then a long pause, succeeded by two 'Galopades,' two Françaises, two 'Schottische,' three 'Galopades,' and a cotillion; the latter resembling any thing in the world but the dance known by the same name in America.

The two following rules were printed on the back:

1. 'All previous engagements for free dances are strictly forbidden.'

(A free dance, or '*free turn*,' let me remark, is one called out impromptu, by the master of ceremonies, during the pause ensuing between all the regular dances.)

2. '*Hospitiren* is allowed to no one, except the regular ball-directors.'

(NOTE.—To *hospitiren*, is to borrow from a gentleman his partner, for a single *tour* around the room. This term, as well as *schiefen*, to shoot, is also applied by German students to unpaid attendance on the University lectures.)

Another pause was now heralded by a grand blast of trumpets, and tramping slowly along, in marched another procession, consisting of characters taken from German history. There was Arminius, or Herrman, with his eagle-winged helmet and long-haired attendants, with Heaven knows how many other partners in his toils. But this procession, though earnestly gazed at, evidently failed to excite the same interest as the nine-pins. As these maskers in their turn disappeared, a great number of the audience, ascertaining that the 'grand pause' had at length arrived, deemed it wise to follow for a time their example.

I speedily found myself, with a select party of friends, seated in the eating-room of the '*Court of Baden*,' as the neighboring hotel is termed. The reader who has witnessed a battle or an earthquake may form some faint idea of the confusion which the hall presented on this grand occasion. Overloaded servants were tearing frantically about, confused by an infinite variety of orders, distributing every thing in the wrong place, giving

Rhine wine to those who had ordered potato-salad, and hastily pitching down roast-goose to some one demanding lemonade.

'We shall get our supper some time after breakfast,' growled the Wolf, who had secured a seat opposite me.

Scarcely had he spoken, when a waiter, bearing three plates of venison and one beef-steak, with potatoes and Rhine wine, (evidently intended for other persons,) stopped and delivered them, exclaiming hurriedly:

'Venison, three portions: here it is, gentlemen; fried potatoes; Rhine wine, three bottles;' and holding out the remaining plate to Wolf, said: 'You want a beef-steak, do n't you, Sir?'

'Faith, I've wanted it this two hours and a quarter,' said Wolf, sticking his fork into the article. 'A very good guess, indeed, Signor Waiter. I wonder what party of four have been *done* by this most unfortunate blunder!'

In an instant the *kellner* came rushing back, declaring that he had made a mistake. Fixing his eye sternly upon him, as he poured out his first glass, the Wolf theatrically exclaimed:

'My friend—it is *too late*!'

A glorious, good-natured *kreutz fider*, German-student, known as Herr Otto, now joined us, and assumed a seat by me. From the merry twinkle of his eye, the unsteadiness of his step, and the determined twist which our friend occasionally gave to the long beard sticking out from the point of his chin, I inferred that he had by no means deferred taking refreshments until supper time. Scarcely was he seated ere he cried to the Wolf:

'Herr Short, *there comes to you a whole one!*' (*id est*, I drink you full measure.)

To this the Wolf, in the formula prescribed by German-student custom, replied:

'*Es ist recht—sauf!*' (It is right—drink.)

'But I go you a whole bottle,' exclaimed Herr Otto, who was evidently bent on doing the extensive.

'A whole dozen—a whole vintage—the whole Rhine crop, including the Moselle and Neckar—all the brandy in France, and all the beer in Bavaria, and devil take the hindmost!' cried Wolf, rising in all his glory, and stretching out his arms, as if about to swim into imaginary seas of drink.

With one bottle, Herr Otto was done for. Rising, he found his way to the door, and vanished. All the next day Otto's friends searched for him in vain. Inquiries were made in every beer-house, coffee-house, club, hotel, and billiard-room. That he had not found his way into one of the University prisons, we were well assured. One or two enterprising individuals even went so far as to look for him around the University itself, deeming that he might, in an absent moment, have found his way into a lecture-room. At last two students, remembering that liquor was sold in the castle, and perhaps stimulated by the reflection, resolved to clamber up and ascertain. But the quest was useless. Near the castle is a high terrace, commanding a view of the whole town, with the valley of the Neckar. By this stood a summer-house, filled with a vast quantity of dry leaves, used in Germany as litter for cattle. As the two friends

passed by, it seemed as if they heard a peculiar grunt, with an indistinct reference to 'more beer.'

'*Das ist Otto,*' said the first.

'*Nein,*' said his friend, peering in on the leaves, 'there is no Otto here!'

'*Mein Gott!*' exclaimed the first, pointing to two shiny black objects sticking up out of the leaves, and glittering in the dusk like eyes of a fiend, '*Mein Gott!* what is that!'

Advancing cautiously, the pair set up a hurrah of joy. It was indeed the tips of Otto's patent-leathers manifesting themselves. By dint of hauling, a pair of black pantaloons and a white Marseilles vest became visible. Otto had slept nearly fourteen hours in the leaves, and was even then with great difficulty induced to rise and travel homeward.

As for the ball, it passed off—for Heidelberg—quietly and pleasantly. Not more than fifty love-affairs ensued; and the number of challenges given on the occasion, and subsequently fought out at Neunheim, over the river, was estimated at the remarkably low figure of twenty-three. On taking, with my three friends, account of the presents received at the ball, we found the following:

- 3 sugar hearts.
- 2 " babies in wrappings.
- 1 " baby in cradle.
- 5 " storks.
- 7 " kreutzer orders.
- 2 " old women.
- 2 " candles.
- 1 " lantern.
- 1 " boat.
- 2 " knapsacks.
- 3 " pocket-books.
- 1 " butterfly.
- 4 " baskets, (equivalent in German to *mittens*.)
- 17 " Cupids.
- 4 " Hymens.

Not to mention two bows, a red ribbon, a white glove, a silken bracelet, and an empty purse.

#### THE HEAVENS: AN EXTRACT.

With what an awful, world-revolving power  
 Were first the unwieldy planets launched along  
 The illimitable void! Thus to remain  
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,  
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men  
 And all their labored monuments away,  
 Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course;  
 To the kind-tempered change of night and day,  
 And of the seasons ever stealing round,  
 Minutely faithful: such the All-perfect HAND  
 That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole.

## JOHN BULL IN HIS OWN PASTURES.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

THE annual regatta took place at Liverpool, as usual. This boat-racing is a favorite sport with the mass of the people, who make a holiday of it, and all orders of the community seem to feel some degree of interest in this aquatic competition.

Rowing-boats, most tastefully decorated with silk awnings and rich canopies, pushed out into the river, challenging any boat's crew to compete with them in their rowing.

The dresses of the men were of a very odd and fanciful kind, imitating ancient sea-gods, but each one furnished with a trident, and personating Neptune: such shoals of sucking Neptunes probably never before ventured on his legitimate domain. There was one large boat filled with young men, dressed in tight-fitting, elastic black dresses, close adhering to the skin; their faces painted of a dark tawny color, with streaming mustaches, immense white turbans on their heads, and red scarfs thrown over their shoulders. These styled themselves 'the Americans.' Their boat was a neat clipper-built one, much after the model of those made by Francis in New-York, sitting light and high in the water, and holding from ten to twelve pair of oars. At the outset, they commenced with a speed that promised to out-sweep every thing. Shooting away through the calm waters, all other competitors were at first distanced. Their song of triumph began in loud cadence:

'Twas sea! the sea! the open sea;  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
We're on the sea!'

On, on, clipping through the light waves, went the bird-like boat. Unrivalled and almost unapproached, they now take breath and slacken speed, and rejoice, and refresh themselves, proud gainers of the many hundred pounds that were betted on their prowess; and in the height of their convivial enjoyment, they give no heed to a small boat, manned by some dozen oars, starting at the moment with themselves, and dignified by the name of Jim Crow Boys. These, dressed in a very shabby, nautical pea-jacket attire, with tarpaulin hats and blue jackets, started with very moderate speed, and seemed quite incapable of a contest with the gay 'Americans.' But after much evident hard work, and dodging here and there to take advantage of the river-currents, and also to avoid certain heavy swells, keeping free of the channel-sweep, and clearing certain sand-bars, somewhat covered and concealed from their opponents by a large steam-boat and a splendid frigate — behold! while the 'Americans' are carousing and rejoicing in success, there they go; the Jim Crow Boys are in advance; and now, now comes the 'tug of oar!' In vain, ye sable 'Americans;' your utmost straining cannot save you now. Your rowing was great, but your discipline was lax; and something less than a half-

dozen legitimate Whitehall boys would have rowed you all up 'Salt River.'

There was a great variety of other boats, filled with young men in fantastic costumes, rowing *en amateur*; but the most amusing sight of the day was, several boats manned by females, dressed in long white cotton robes, fitted tight around their necks, with a belt around their waists, and close-fitting long sleeves, fastened at the wrists. These water-nymphs sat perfectly motionless, with their oars held up, until the booming of a cannon gave the signal for all to start. Plash! plash! go at once the thousands of oars, and off they all cut through the water, to the number of something like forty boats.

These females are generally the wives and daughters of the boatmen, tide-waiters, fishermen, and others engaged on the river in different departments of business. The daughter of a celebrated pilot was said to have won two thousand pounds in a few years of successful river-boat rivalry. On this occasion, they certainly acquitted themselves with much credit in the race, gaining several prizes, and leaving at last the *soi-disant* 'Americans' in the back waters. The skill and dexterity that they displayed in avoiding opposing circumstances, their knowledge of the particular currents in the river, the turn of the tide, and various other tributary circumstances influencing their speed, evidently showed that they were well skilled in their aquatic vocation. This *Chemise Race*, as it is called, is usually considered the greatest attraction at the regatta, and large bets are made on the results of their rowing. There are several well-arranged swimming-schools for females, many of which are conducted by skilful women who have been successful competitors in the *Chemise Race*. The rowing of the men was, generally speaking, quite *en amateur*, and far inferior to that we had witnessed before.

In the evening of the famous regatta day, the boatmen and rowers, accompanied by their wives, daughters and female friends, repair to the Birkenhead Hotel, and to the various inns and public-houses in the village. Birkenhead, now grown into the dignity of a sea-port, was a village only a very few years since, of inferior note, on the opposite side of the river Mersey.

The scenes of vulgarity and abandonment that generally take place at the merry-makings of the common and middling classes of the English people, are probably unequalled in any part of Christendom. Men, women and children, from the lisping babe to the young adult, and many of these evidently not of the lowest class, smoking their disgusting tobacco-pipes and spitting away right and left; drinking ale, beer, gin, and Jamaica in most surprising quantities; disputing, arguing, singing songs that would put all modesty to the blush; fiddling and dancing; men and women seizing hold of each other, hugging, kicking, shouting, fighting and swearing; altogether made up a scene that it were hard to believe could exist among a people pretending to the usual observances of the ordinary decencies of life.

We had intended to particularize some of the disgusting orgies of that night, but as they could neither 'point a moral nor adorn a tale,' we leave them un narrated. Suffice it, that vulgar drunkenness, licentiousness and profanity had no restraint; and the most debased and disgusting habits

seemed here to be without control or check. We are well aware that the habits of boatmen, with others of that class, and their wives, are not by any means those from whom we are to expect refinement either of manners or amusements; but the truth is, they generally were the best behaved of all, and in numbers made up but a very insignificant proportion of those present. The regatta is an occasion of general diversion, attended by thousands of the citizens and their families, and it was this class, generally speaking, that figured in the above-mentioned scenes. There were hundreds of young men, such as clerks, shopmen, and trades-people generally, all well dressed, wearing fine broad-cloth, with valuable pins in their shirt-bosoms, and women with embroidered collars, capes, and rich dresses, with their children, too, in many instances, all partaking with great delight in these shameful and disgusting revels.

As the shades of evening deepened the uproar increased. Fighting with the fists seemed to be the most favored mode of combat; some very hard blows were struck, and the combatants covered with blood; several of the females, rushing between the men to separate them, also received some hard knocks, with the blood flowing from their red and inflamed faces. Many, both males and females, were in a state of extreme intoxication, some of whom were lying down on the benches and the grass-plot outside the house. This was the first time that we had ever witnessed the English at home in their diversions and holiday sports; but on repeated subsequent occasions of merriment, at their fairs, elections, races, and regattas, similar scenes to those above described very frequently came under our notice.

On our return from Birkenhead to Liverpool, the old black steamer was crowded to a most alarming excess. All of a sudden, when about half-way over, a heavy crash was heard, with a fizzing of the steam, accompanied with the ominous yell of 'Stop her! Stop her!' The boat reeled over to one side, and some of the drunken ones on board, we faithfully believe, became sobered from the excess of their fright. It seems that the stoker, who on this occasion had charge of the boat, was about as drunk as strong drink could possibly make him, and as might in his case be supposed, made some mistake in steering, and thereby ran foul of a large coal-barge that was moored in the river, stove in the forward part of the boat, and otherwise damaged the old rickety craft. The alarm of those on board was certainly not without reason, for the night was very dark, the stoker very drunk, and the current of the river, in the middle of which we then were, was running very strong.

The sudden manifestation of any strong emotion is sometimes not only very odd, but frequently truly ludicrous. One woman on this occasion, more anxious for the safety of the lucre than the life of her son, urged him with much pathos to tie his sovereigns round him in his handkerchief, and with his last breath declare that he gave them to his dear Mary Crowder. But before these arrangements were brought about, the boat was out of danger; the young man escaped a watery grave; Mary Crowder lost her legacy, and Doctors' Commons a fee as to the validity of such a bequest.

There is a great deal of tippling among the English, and the use of strong liquors is very common through all grades of society. Potations



of strong porter and ale, with a vile compound well drugged called English gin, are among the daily beverages of all who can find the means to procure them. Ale-houses, inns, taverns, and drinking-houses of every description abound in every town and village of the kingdom. Look at the groups of people, both male and female, seated of fine Sunday evenings around the doors of all the drinking-houses in the suburbs of London, and in every village of the kingdom; see the quantity of drink consumed at home, too, on the occasion of any family rejoicing, a marriage or a christening, for instance, and in various other circumstances of every-day life; and there will be ample confirmation for the assertion. The strong beer and ale, or half-and-half, that is, a mixture of each, are the usual drinks; these, too, are frequently most shamefully adulterated with *coccus indicus*, aloes and colocynth, and sometimes too with a narcotic drug still more injurious to health than either.

The manufacture of artificial brandy, rum and gin is a most extensive business, and one that is tolerated by law. Betts' British brandy is a made-up compound, with a look and taste something like the simulated liquor; and strange as it may appear, certificates with the names of reputable physicians are appended to each bottle, testifying to its innocence and excellence. Pine-apple rum, too, is of the same order of fabricated liquors. The London gin, always savoring strongly of the spirits of turpentine, with the endless slang names by which they are dignified, such as 'Old Tom,' 'Cream of the Valley,' 'Knock 'em Down,' and various others equally expressive, is a made-up liquor of most injurious consequences to the health of the consumer. The same is true of a large proportion of the wines. The juice of gooseberries enters into the composition of much of the champagne wine, with the addition of litharge, or sugar of lead; and regular recipes for making artificial sherry, port, and madeira, are to be found in a very common book, called the 'Wine-maker's Vade Mecum,' and also in another bearing the title of 'The Grocer's Companion.'

That good, potable and wholesome liquors of every description are to be had in this land of many good things, is unquestionably true; but then their prices are so enormous as to be within the reach of the rich only. The excellent and honorable house of Parker and Codman, in Boston, will sell port and sherry for one dollar per bottle, which in London cannot be obtained for less than twelve shillings sterling, nearly three dollars. Good cognac brandy, on which the duties have lately been reduced, sells now from twenty-five to thirty shillings the gallon. Jamaica rum from eighteen to twenty shillings. Port, Sherry, and Madeira wines from five to fifteen shillings per bottle. French wines of every description are exceedingly dear, simply from the enormous excise duties levied upon them.

Much of the tipping in England is, like many other of their habits, quite unsocial and solitary. At the hotels and taverns the lonely man is seen sipping his glass of rum-and-water, his pint of sherry, or his pot of ale, by the hour together, and with oft-repeated additions. There can be no doubt that much of the intemperance so prevalent in England arises from the habit of resorting to the common spirituous liquors, from the impossibility of obtaining any kind of wine at reasonable prices. The fact is notorious, that intemperance is less frequent in countries where wines are

cheap. Now nothing but the excessive duties cause wine to be dear in England. In former times, during the reigns of King Henry the Fourth and Fifth, wines of every description were comparatively cheap; and fat Sir John Falstaff could not have imbibed sack and canary as he did, had they not been reasonable; at least, not until he had robbed the carriers of the king's exchequer upon Gadshill. At the present time, fifteen pence is paid in duty on a bottle of wine, the prime cost of which may vary from two pence half-penny to five pence; the common wines of course. The same duty is also paid on that whose original cost is eight or ten shillings the bottle. Here we see the legislation made easy to the rich man, who pays no more duty on his old crusted port or his bees-wing madeira, than does the poor man in common life. But the idea of wine of any kind for the poor in England is preposterous.

The dignified hospitality of a past day in America is now rigidly preserved in England in reference to liquors; the absurd yelpings of itinerant lecturers and disturbers of the peace are hardly listened to, and very generally despised; the matters of drink as well as food are left to every one's individual desires; and in the hospitable house of an English gentleman the tracts of the over-temperate find no place; nor are the absurd ultraisms of the lecturers on this subject regarded in the least degree. On these points every gentleman is of course capable of judging for himself; and in the truly hospitable home of an Englishman no limit is set to the outpourings of either wine or spirits, and he is of course never offended by undue indulgence on the part of his guest.

Many of the distinguished literary men of England have been somewhat remarkable for their social habits. While not visiting any one severely, yet are there few among them who have not been in pretty free custom of libation; paying their devotions either in the tears distilled from the grape, or at the shrine of Saint Cognac. The pleasures of literary conversation, even in the days of Doctor Johnson, were not unmixed with pretty liberal indulgence; and we cannot but believe that the stern old moralist used at times to unbend pretty freely, especially when he left his wife 'Tetty,' and with Topham, Beauclerk and Goldsmith, went the whole night on a '*frisk*.' The poets of Ireland and Scotland, too, think no inspiration is equal to that derived from their native potheen, unless it be in a state of amalgamation with the other materials that produce whiskey-punch. In the symposiums of Christopher North and his jolly compeers, the national drink is commemorated in prose no less than it is in illustrious verse, and the Muse is rarely invoked whose Helicon is not savored with something more potent than falls in aquatic draughts.

---

CONTENTMENT: BY BALLY.

LUXURY and pomp  
Are but the splendid cover of distress  
Rankling within; while conscience, ever gay,  
And placid resignation to his lot,  
Cheer the poor tattered pilgrim, and derive  
A flavor to his casual homely meal,  
The rich man's labored dainties cannot yield.

## NUT-SHELLS: A POEM.\*

BY RUFUS HENRY SACCH.

## PART FIRST.

Rude and unpractised, yet with hearty will,  
 The poet comes, his duty to fulfil.  
 Relying more upon this genial time  
 Than his own skill, he weaves his homely rhyme ;  
 Nor hopes to please with any show of art,  
 But only as his lay shall reach the heart.  
 Truth is his guide, not Beauty, and with her,  
 'T were hard indeed if he should widely err.  
 If Truth he leave, and Beauty more desire,  
 Then freely call his harp a common lyre.

At this glad hour, ten thousand fancies throng  
 To crowd the numbers of my timid song ;  
 And each so pleasant it is hard to choose  
 Which to bid welcome most, or which refuse.  
 So many a belle, whose suitors, thick as flies,  
 Besiege the sweetness of her lips and eyes,  
 Bewildered stands, not daring 'Yes' to say,  
 Lest, one preferred, the others fall away ;  
 And dallies first with this and then with that,  
 With perfumed whiskers or BEAU-NASH cravat ;  
 Or halts between the boor who *dreams* in Latin,  
 And the prim fop whose brains all run to satin :  
 Until at last, grown faded, she is fain  
 To snatch the very worst of all her train ;  
 And even then she makes a sorry wife,  
 Saving her mourning for the eve of life.  
 Wiser than she, I shall at once decide  
 Which to accept and which to wave aside ;  
 Saying to those I slight, as I begin,  
 ' You are good-looking, but you can't come in !'

## HOME.

As o'er the waves the Atlantic voyager steers,  
 To be once more where sped his boyhood's years,  
 To his swift heart how laggard seems the gale,  
 Though bends each spar, and strains each bellied sail ;  
 So fleet his course, the sea-bird scarce can keep  
 An even flight with him across the deep ;  
 Yet eager memory still outtrips the wind,  
 And leaves both ship and sea-bird far behind !

His native village comes before his eye,  
 And hills that round it kiss the bending sky :  
 The blacksmith's clinking anvil he can hear  
 Send forth afar its cadence to his ear ;  
 The modest church he sees, that heads the green ;  
 The old red school-house, blushing to be seen ;

\* Pronounced before the Society of the SIGMA PHI, at its Anniversary at Hamilton College, Clinton, (N. Y.,) July 21st, 1851.

The dingy furnace, backed against the height,  
 A cloud by day, a shaft of fire by night;  
 The yellow tavern, with its truthful sign,  
 A genuine landlord pouring spurious wine;  
 The doctor's office by the open gate,  
 The dread of all in its official state,  
 But as a club-room for the chosen few,  
 If not a parlor — paradise in lieu;  
 And on the hill his moistened gaze discerns  
 The Home tow'rd which his inmost being yearns;  
 Walled round with foliage, hidden half the year,  
 More to his heart than ivied temple dear.  
 Here burns an altar which is holier far  
 Than all that by men's hands enkindled are:  
 God at the first *HIMSELF* lit up its flame  
 And gave eternal sweetness to its name.

Round this 'sweet Home' the voyager's heart is twined  
 With cords of love no distance can unbind;  
 Drawing it closer each returning breath,  
 Till heart and breathing shall be stilled in death.  
 Perchance, unbidden, through his bosom steals  
 A sadder feeling than his eye reveals;  
 Remembering how a sister, gentle, fair,  
 Drank in disease that floated with the air,  
 Smiled on them all, and then to marble grew,  
 And took her place beneath the solemn yew;  
 Or noble brother, full of joy and truth,  
 In the bright sunshine of his early youth,  
 Waving farewell as he sought placid rest  
 In the sweet Earth's cold, calm and holy breast.

These make him still more eager to regain  
 Those whom he loves that living yet remain;  
 And doubly ardent on the rail he leans,  
 While to her scuppers the good ship careens;  
 Chiding the winds that they no faster speed  
 To urge the white wings of his ocean-steed!

PROEM.

With kindred longing for this joyful day,  
 Keenly I watched the slow hours creep away;  
 Still more impatient as the time drew nigh  
 When olden scenes should greet my loving eye;  
 Scenes that have risen to paint themselves anew,  
 At the sweet hour when twilight brings the dew,  
 And gently fades the glow the sunset leaves,  
 To fringe Night's dome along its western eaves.

THE VALLEY OF THE ORISKANY.

THESE twilight pictures, vivid though ideal,  
 Seemed, as they grew to life, distinct and real.  
 Bapt in their vision, I, a youth once more,  
 Stand in the arch of Learning's open door;  
 Spurning the forest that I loved so well,  
 In college cloisters with dead books to dwell.  
 Rise on my view sweet CLINTON's hills of green,  
 Her valley broad, that smiles those hills between;  
 Oriskany's swift course, with boughs o'erhung,  
 'The Stream of Nettles,' in the Indian tongue;

Winding through daisied meadows, till its flow  
Steals from the eye among the groves below.

And now the COLLEGE, gleaming on my sight,  
Reflects the sun, far up the leafy height;  
Its snowy buildings, and its chapel-spire,  
Famed for that faultless grace which all admire.  
While these once more my joyful gaze discerns,  
Melts my weak heart as loyal memory burns.

I climb the olden rail,  
And as of yore look down upon the vale:  
No painter ever on the canvas drew  
So lovely, calm and beautiful a view!  
Too fair for earth, the more I gaze it seems  
A magic vision from the Land of Dreams.  
Girt round with hills, and rich with waving green,  
Arched by the summer heavens, it lies serene.  
White dwellings smile, in scattered company,  
Like ships becalmed upon an emerald sea;  
And half I deem the village, far away,  
Some little fleet moored in a placid bay:  
The doves, like sea-fowl, circling here and there,  
To bathe their plumes in the cool upper air.

Thus, in the passage of their after-years,  
When time had dried their unavailing tears,  
From some high point, whose evening shadows throw  
Their lofty outlines on the scene below,  
ADAM and EVE, perchance, together viewed  
EDEN's lost vale; and thus regretful stood,  
Scanning it o'er and o'er, while both are sad,  
Dreaming those peaceful dreams that once they had;  
Till gentle EVE, with choked and trembling voice,  
Anxious exclaims: 'Why, ADAM! where's the boys?'

#### COLLEGE-HILL.

THIS scene is hallowed, but a holier still  
Is that whose quiet grandeur crowns the hill  
Up the long walk and steep, as I ascend,  
Each leaf-embosomed dwelling seems a friend;  
And each tall poplar, rustling overhead,  
Waves comic welcome to my awkward tread.  
Even the maid-like elms, before the house  
Of the good Doctor, nod their graceful boughs.  
As if it knew my gait's uneasy awing,  
The college-gate flies open with a spring.  
Pacific as of old the chapel smiles:  
A notion waves me in to see its aisles;  
Yet, since with ALMA I worship God,  
I fear the steeple's triple-pointed rod!

O ALMA MATER! if I chance to hit,  
With the blunt arrows of my pointless wit,  
One fault or foible by a random shot,  
Know that thy pious offspring meant it not.  
'PIOUS ÆNEAS', who his parent bore  
Athwart his shoulders from the battle's roar,  
And to Mount Ida's lofty fastness came,  
Reddened afar with Troy's funereal flame,  
Ne'er felt a firmer love than that I bear  
To thee, sweet Mother! orthodox and fair!

## MY OLD ROOM.

SWIFT up the steps and stairs of KIRKLAND HALL,  
 With boyish spring, unmindful of a fall,  
 Avid I seek my old room's friendly door,  
 North entry-way, back corner, second floor.  
 Pausing within, the door swings gently to,  
 And all things wear their old, accustomed hue.  
 They know me all ! and all, in their own way,  
 Mutely reveal what they would like to say.  
 The stiff old Desk, though it can't stir a peg,  
 In recognition, tries to 'make a leg !'  
 The Clock runs down, though fast in its old place,  
 And grins me welcome with disfigured face !  
 The old round Table, quite poetic, lays  
 Before me, pleased, its tribute of green baize ;  
 Hating me not, though many a wicked sonnet,  
 In heedless moments, have I written on it.  
 Far more forgiving than your critic prim,  
 Were I to write an epigram on *him* !  
 The Bellows, crazy with repeated blows,  
 Head downward hangs, and gaily blows its nose !  
 The honest Chair, as joyous, but sedate,  
 Holds out both arms, nor deems my greeting late.  
 Like some good maiden-aunt, who stands apart  
 Till you have kissed those nearer to your heart,  
 Showing no envy in her kindly face,  
 While longing for affectionate embrace.  
 Her cheek may lose its rose ; her rich hair may,  
 Through reading GOETHE, turn at last to gray ;  
 Her lips, too, fade, and wrinkles come the while,  
 But what of that ? — each wrinkle is a smile !  
 And while her loving arms her darling fold,  
 You press her cheek, nor dream she's growing old.

## THE UNION LIBRARY.

ON the broad carpet of the ' UNION's' pride,  
 With some old quarto open at my side,  
 Supine to muse, or read, in silence sweet ;  
 Or whispering low, some grand old thought repeat :  
 With fragrance laden, soft winds, as they stray,  
 Stir the vermillion curtains in their play ;  
 While the rich summer sun light, mellowed, glows  
 O'er books and ceiling, tinging their repose.  
 Here he who loves the old sweet English tongue,  
 In which so long men spoken have and sung,  
 May find those friends that Time can never change,  
 No fault embitter, and no foe estrange ;  
 Friends that will last from youth to hoary age,  
 To heighten joy, and lonely griefs assuage.  
 These voiceless friends, in sickness and in health,  
 In friendless poverty and flattered wealth,  
 Friends firm will be, honest and kind and brave,  
 Till he shall leave them for the friendly grave.

## AMBITION.

HERE could I linger ; but to living friends,  
 Warmer and firmer and braver, my love extends ;  
 Who nameless, here, in this my rapid song,  
 Bear names of honor in the great world's throng.

Down to my room I thoughtfully return,  
 Perchance ambitious a great name to earn ;  
 To write some book, and be thereafter read,  
 When the blue violet is o'er my head.  
 Whate'er my foolish thought, it is no shame  
 For youth to covet honorable fame :  
 It *may* be weak to show it, but it leads,  
 In the bright issue, up to noblest deeds ;  
 Carried brave MILTON, blind, for aye to be  
 Equal among the World's great Epic Three ;  
 Crowned young NAPOLEON, on that height sublime,  
 In lonely grandeur, for all coming time !

## LEARNING'S VESTIBULE

WITH windows up, to catch the balmy air,  
 Taking my books, I now resume my chair ;  
 And soon am wading to my beardless chin,  
 Not fearing much how far I venture in.  
 For if you wade in this old learning dim  
 Beyond your depth, the head soon learns to swim ;  
 And so you're safe, while, with a ' Grecian bend,'  
 You strive to make old CICERO your friend ;  
 Or shun with ATTICUS a Roman beak,  
 Sipping sweet wisdom from the honeyed Greek.

Turn I from these, with classic interjections,  
 To nibble patiently at, ' Conic Sections ;'  
 Or crushing NEWTON's ' Calculus,' aver  
 ' *This is what killed the old Philosopher !*'  
 Half thinking this same ' calculus' may be  
 The long-lost stone of hoar antiquity,  
 For which philosophers have digged the ground :  
 Some lack-brains buried what SIR ISAAC found.

## THE CHAPEL.

Down from the latticed belfry, soft and clear,  
 Comes the sweet vespers-music to my ear,  
 Gently inviting all to enter, where  
 From hallowed lips ascends the voice of prayer.  
 With the hushed crowd I seek the pleasant fane,  
 And there, within, my olden place regain.  
 How calm and holy, gentle, solemn, slow,  
 Of thought and feeling now the quiet flow !  
 Blissful to each, the same sweet influence stirs  
 The hearts of all these youthful worshippers.  
 Creeds all unknown, or only known in love,  
 Young Faith's pure bosom harbors yet the Dove.  
 Warm hearts are beating here with bright hopes filled,  
 Hearts that, alas ! too early death has stilled !  
 The vision brings to their accustomed places  
 Here and there one, among these well-known faces,  
 The passing years have mourned, as they went by,  
 And wept to think such nobleness could die !

And sitting here, with those whose office brings  
 A weightier care than that of sceptred kings,  
 Him, living, I see, who nursing tears and gloom,  
 Rejoined his young wife in an early tomb :

Rich in sweet Attic lore, and Attic salt,  
Whose timid goodness seemed his greatest fault ! \*

And him behold, in vivid presence here,  
With kindly heart, but countenance austere,  
Who went from earth, among the stars to be,  
And solve the problem of Eternity ! †

#### THE CHOIR.

WHEN the brief spell is broken, and the throng  
Passes without, the green-fringed paths along ;  
My curious eye, turned upward, now remarks  
The CHOIR — that gallery of patriarchs !  
Prophet and Priest and King are there together,  
Birds of a common song, and common feather :  
DAVID is leading on old SAMUEL's arm,  
While JOSEPH keeps young BENJAMIN from harm ;  
And JACOB, reddening with excessive shyness,  
Plays the soft flute, while DANIEL plays — ' his Highness,'  
With features vast, terrific, grim and gorgon,  
ELLAS sings, while MOSES blows his organ !

#### MRS. BEES.

In happy chit-chat, suited to a tea,  
We make our vesper meal with 'Mother BEE.'  
Her swarming hive holds not a single drone ;  
No stomach whines there in dyspeptic tone ;  
While health and plenty are enjoyed by us,  
We books and biscuit heartily discuss,  
And when the pleasant *canula* is over,  
Wish our queen-bee may always live in clover !

#### THE COLLEGE BURIAL-GROUND.

AND now I pass, with sad and pensive tread,  
Among the mounds that hide the sleeping dead ;  
Read each inscription, prop each falling stone,  
But chiefly pause by one sweet grave alone.  
In its green turf the dark lines of the spade  
Mark to the eye that it is recent laid.  
Scarce have the budding daisies time to blow,  
Since the sweet child, that sleeps this sod below,  
All bright with beauty, drooped and sank away  
Into death's marble sleep and swift decay.

In yon old mansion, ‡ where the hill-side grove  
Of shadowing maples tempts the feet to rove ;  
Where old SKENANDO, § noble in his pride,  
Shares dreamless sleep at sainted KIRKLAND's ¶ side,  
She lifeless lies ; and yet her slumber seems  
Not that of wakeless death, but quiet dreams.  
Through the vine-woven lattice the pure air  
Steals on, to kiss her cheek and forehead fair :

\* REV. JOHN FINLEY SMITH, DEXTER-Professor of Greek.

† MARCUS CATLIN, Esq., Professor of Mathematics.

‡ Then the hospitable residence of the Hon. JOHN H. LATROP, now Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin.

§ Chief Sachem of the Oneidas.

¶ The celebrated Missionary to the Six Nations, or IROQUOIS.



While one bright sun-beam, in the shaded room,  
Smiling athwart the still and solemn gloom,  
Rests on her face, and points the dark leaves through,  
Up, like an angel, to its home of blue!  
A holy man,\* snow-haired and reverend,  
To poor and great a father and a friend,  
Wise, modest, learned; by all alike revered,  
And not for vices, but for virtues feared;  
Stands in the weeping group, the child beside,  
Striving his own deep tenderness to hide.  
From tearful silence, rises on the ear  
His voice in prayer, low, musical and clear;  
Leading the strong emotions of the soul  
Submissive to his eloquent control.  
Faith is triumphant ere his accents cease:  
Without is calmness, and within is peace.  
Up to this lofty spot, where wild-flowers spring,  
And the shy ring-dove reens her azure wing,  
We brought that lovely dust to sleep for aye,  
Silent and dreamless with its kindred clay.  
And while I linger its green pallet nigh,  
FAITH's sun-beam still is pointing to the sky!

## EVENING.

Down the bright pathway of the golden west,  
The red orb'd sun has sought his evening rest;  
The fickle fire-flies o'er the meadows pass,  
The crickets now are scolding in the grass;  
The ground-bird, chirping, alyly nods his head,  
And winks his listening spouse away to bed,  
Dreading, no doubt, as other husbands do,  
Lest curtain-quarrels his wife fancy too:  
And the round moon above their happy sleep,  
A ship of silver, sails the upper deep.

From each raised window of the college piles  
Down on the lawn the cheerful lamp-light smiles;  
And I return, to con the morning's task,  
And fix my straw in Learning's mellow cask;  
Or on the pillowed window-seat recline,  
And court the fairest of the sacred Nine;  
Whom if you wed 'for better and for worse,'  
You find *her* dower is an empty purse;  
Or joined with friends, when each our toils surcease,  
Draw out 'the tools,' and take a pipe a-piece.

Perchance, espied by some quick-witted smoker,  
The idle tongs suggest a game at 'poker.'  
The pun is taken, but the game dismissed;  
The punster ruffled at our keeping whist.

## THE GAME OF LIFE.

WHEN with the WORLD the student comes to mix,  
He finds its honors often won by tricks;  
And, though he have a heart as true as steel,  
Is not of victory sure — by a good deal:  
Some smooth-faced villain, by his masked abuse,

---

\* REV. ASAHEL S. NORTON, settled over the first church in Clinton, 1793, and now living in a green old age.

With his fair fame may play the very deuce;  
 Or, if he know not woman's wiles and arts,  
 Blinded with love, may lose his Queen of Hearts,  
 And find himself, for some one else she 'snubs,'  
 The King of Diamonds, or the Knave of Clubs;  
 And sees, who'er would own the finest lump  
 Of *this* world's gold, must be himself 'a trump.'

## NIGHT.

In varied pleasures swiftly glide the hours,  
 While Friendship's cup is crowned with fragrant flowers.

Some monk of Learning, who ne'er scraped his chin,  
 Helped on with song, now scrapes the violin;  
 Waking the Tutor from his first brief doze,  
 And his starched dignity from its repose,  
 Coatless and vestless, in full Bloomer rig,  
 With a red night-cap covering his wig,  
 He foaming goes to stop their hideous noise;  
 But well we know he won't report 'the boys.'

But I must turn from these old college-dreams,  
 And touch, with rapid finger, other themes;  
 With you, my friends, drink off a stirrup-cup,  
 Then to Parnassian Dobbin say, 'Get up!'  
 But though far hence the poet's journey lie,  
 Back to old scenes will ever turn his eye:  
 Old scenes!—old friends!—old books, he doated on!  
 Old bachelors!—old maids!—'OLD HAMILTON!'

END OF PART FIRST.

## INEXPRESSIBLE THOUGHTS.

INSCRIBED TO MY WIFE.

SWEET W—, love! my wife,  
 Star of my life;  
 Musically the hours  
 Breathe life away amid our new-found bowers.  
 I have not written, thought, for many a day,  
 But vaguely mused along life's weary way,  
 Nor heeded what was round me, fell for naught,  
 But grown all hardened, by a hard world taught.

But now, how changed  
 The road o'er which I ranged!  
 The sky that was above,  
 The world I could not love,  
 The flowers beneath my tread,  
 The sunshine round my head!  
 How changed the world to me,  
 And changed by thee!  
 Changed by a single word of thine,  
 Breathed in my ear,  
 Whispering that thou wert mine,  
 Mine ever near!

How sweet the air,  
 How bright the river!  
 The world how fair,  
 How fair for ever!

Each common thing is beautiful and bright,  
 Each heart-emotion sparkles now in light,  
 And like the morning dawning o'er the earth,  
 Thy form appears, to give new flowers their birth.

## M A R I E L A F O R Ê T .

BY THE AUTHOR OF ST. LEON.

— AND yet, my dear CLARK, there is nothing remarkable about this little painting: nothing to justify your stubborn assertion that it is *not* a fancy sketch, and that there *must* be some story connected with it. With what shrewd appreciation you take in the whole group! A vine-growing country, for the vineyards extend in every direction almost surrounding the old chapel, over whose entrance is carved in wood an image of the patron saint. The doors are open, and around them still linger two or three old people and a few children, while the solitary figure on this side, you maintain, bears a positive unmistakable likeness to me! How ridiculous this idea of yours: really, you are carrying your discrimination quite too far. You will not give it up? Ah, the picture again diverts you. 'The fore-ground embraces a gay company; evidently a wedding-party; rustical to be sure, but so much the more charming. How *very* joyous seems the occasion: 'fancy-piece'— nonsense! Look at the bride: no painter now-a-days could limn that face and form from his imagination, nor portray the blissful satisfaction which beams in the manly countenance of the groom. There is an evident truthfulness in the grouping, in the portraits, in the expression of each person, in the careful attention paid to details, which can not deceive me. The story—the story—let us have that!' Positively there is none. Still if affairs had taken another turn—thank God they did not; but as it is, there is no tale of blasted hopes nor of broken hearts, nor of untimely sorrows which are only quenched in death. Nothing of these. You are still not satisfied? You ask for the merest explanation of the scene; that will content you. On one condition only it is yours—nay, I waive the condition, and begin:

Among the numerous *Passages* which frequently connect one street with another in the finer parts of Paris, and which are adorned on each side with exquisite little shops, containing every thing in the way of vendibles that can be made attractive, the *Passage des Panoramas* was formerly the one most frequented, not only by the fashionables of the city, but also by large numbers of the strangers who congregate there. The attractive words, '*Ici on parle l'Anglais*,' placarded here and there, drew to the spot many of the subjects of *la perfide Albion*, who, while they would not condescend to learn the 'miserable language,' could scarcely do without French gloves and French shoes, and, I might add, French every thing. I do not affirm that the English tongue was spoken in all its purity at the places where this magic sign was exhibited; on the contrary, I am sorry to bear witness that often it was positively a false pretence, where, for example, the speaking of English was confined to 'What you want, Sir!' which being delivered, the pretty grisette trusted entirely to her ready wit in interpreting looks and gestures, and to her power to interest the starched, high-collared, precise and generally verdant John. As my

object was to perfect myself in the language of the country, I abstained from taking advantage of these little helps to the English purchaser, especially as by so doing I obtained what I wanted at half the price which had to be paid where the article was served in my vernacular. However, on one occasion, I broke over this sensible regulation. I observed one morning, in one of the finest *boutiques* of the *Passage*, the loveliest creature, it seemed to me, I ever beheld. Do not suppose this was alone sufficient to draw me in. It is an every-day occurrence to the traveller, this chancing on the 'most beautiful.' But in the first place, this young girl was evidently fresh from the country. She knew nothing of her new occupation; she was not awkward, she could not be awkward, yet she did not seem at home in her new Parisian costume. She looked melancholy; in short, I was touched by her appearance. 'Another victim!' I said to myself; 'how shocking to contemplate this poor innocent girl, so simple of heart, so modest, so beautiful, and think how soon she will be changed into a *Parisienne*.' I tried to throw off the idea: 'it was but the old story; the country must supply the town; unfortunate, but necessary, and so forth: this young person appears melancholy, but it is only *la maladie du pays*; she will soon be happy enough. Madame the manager treats her considerately; she is kind to her; a few days, and she will have her smiles again.'

But days not a few passed, and no smile did I see. True, she was becoming acquainted with her business; she had learned to serve those who came, with readiness; she seemed to have made rapid progress in learning what she had to do: but no smile, no 'pleased alacrity,' no quickening of the eye, no change of expression when the usual compliment was rendered by gay youth or handsome cavalier. The face was growing longer — perhaps more strictly beautiful; the cheek was losing its rose. The eyes appeared deeper, more subdued and thoughtful; indeed, the sight of her (for I passed the place daily) began to afflict me. Meanwhile, young men were crowding the *boutique*; for the singular beauty of the 'charming grisette,' her immobility, and the mystery which these created, became topics of conversation among the young Parisian '*Lions*,' as well as with the strangers then sojourning in the French capital. At this shop, as I have stated, were exposed the words, *Ici on parle l'Anglais*; but the placard had only lately been posted, and I wondered who was the proficient in our unaccommodating tongue. So one morning, quite early, that I might have the fewer interruptions, I sauntered leisurely along, and inquired if English was spoken. 'What you please to want, Sir?' said the madame, articulating with difficulty. I asked for some article not usually demanded, in order to test her knowledge. She hesitated, beckoned my heroine to her, and leaving me in her charge, turned to serve a new comer. I repeated my request in English, but did not attempt to explain by look or motion. The poor girl tried hard to divine what I would have; she bent forward, and I again repeated. It was interesting to observe how her natural intelligence strove to interpret what I was saying; the eyes grew full of meaning, and the countenance was roused from its repose; but it would not do. I had carefully avoided using any ordinary phrase; and as I stood still and spoke merely, it was no wonder that one who knew not a syllable of the language should fail to understand me. 'Pardon,' I said;

'I thought some person here' (pointing to the placard) 'spoke English.' The girl turned with a distressed look to the madame, but she was busily engaged with her customer. Other grisettes there were, but my attendant made no appeal to them. '*Monsieur*,' she finally said, '*je crains qu'on parle bien mal l'Anglais.*' This was uttered in a serious tone, and with an entire absence of pleasantry. Yet with what a graceful smile an ordinary French shop-girl would have said the same words, and have made you quite satisfied to remain and purchase whatever she chose to offer. I partly turned as if to depart, although I had no such intention, when the young girl placed her hand on a package of gloves that lay on the case, and looked at me inquiringly. I could perceive this was on her part an act of mere duty, lest the business of her employer should seem neglected. I said nothing, but allowed her to select me a pair. As I was engaged in fitting them, I cast a glance at her. The look she gave me in return was so sad, so heavy-hearted, so desolate, that I could not avoid saying to her in her own tongue, '*You seem very unhappy.*' A flush passed across her face, a tear forced its way into her eyes, and before she could prevent it, dropped on her cheeks and rolled down her face. Her handkerchief was quickly applied, and she was calm and imperturbable as before. My tone was one not of gallantry, but of kindness, and it had taken her by surprise. Yet she said nothing — not a word; but she looked at me a moment intently, as if to question my motive in speaking to her; but whether she was satisfied of it or not I could not tell.

I did not seek to draw her into conversation, but took my leave as soon as I had paid for my purchase. I need not detail to you, my dear Clark, how I finally succeeded in obtaining the confidence of *Marie Laforêt*, for that was her name, and which put me in possession of her simple history. The young creature saw that I was painfully interested for her; beside, she knew not a soul in Paris to whom she could trust her sorrows. It seemed as if she would have died, could she not have spoken; and yet I fear you will be disappointed when I tell you there was nothing extraordinary in her story. No tale of a faithless lover or of cruel parents, of afflictions, or of harsh treatment by friends, or of any thing melo-dramatic. She informed me that she was a native of Burgundy, in the department of the Saone and Loire, and lived near the little town of *Charolles* with her mother, who owned a small farm of some thirty acres, nearly all of which was vineyard. The adjoining plot was occupied by Maurice Foligny and his mother, who were their nearest neighbors. Maurice was two-and-twenty, and Marie was his sweetheart. Their marriage had long been considered a settled affair, not only between the lovers, but by the old people themselves. In short, it was to take place at the coming vintage. During the spring, Marie's mother received a visit from an only sister who had gone to Paris in her youth, married a respectable shop-keeper, and succeeded on his death to his establishment. What had sent her so far away into the Departments to look up her sister, whom she had not seen for twenty-five years, was difficult to imagine. Perhaps she felt a pride in displaying herself and her finery to her only surviving relative, and in acquainting her with the independent position she now held at the head of one of the handsomest shops in Paris; perhaps the motive might be attributed to that instinctive

longing for one's kindred which steals over us after we have passed the boundary of middle life, gathering strength year by year, until with the aged it becomes engrossing, and at times almost unendurable. However this may be, Madame Duchamp—so she was designated—actually arrived and took up her quarters at the little farm-house. Nothing was now heard of but Paris—Paris—Paris. No other place in the universe could compare with it. Every thing out of it was actually barbarous. Marie, to be sure, had a sweet face, was well-shaped, yet what a fright she was when disfigured by that *outré* dress; and when poor Maurice ventured into the presence of Madame, he was treated to such a frigid reception that he never could be persuaded to come again; and Marie herself was overwhelmed by a shower of ridicule respecting the appearance of her lover. To shorten the tale, Madame Duchamp finally prevailed on her weak-minded sister, despite the entreaties and protestations both of Marie and Maurice, to send her daughter to Paris, that she might become a lady under the care and supervision of her experienced aunt. The troth of the young people was by no means broken; the shrewd Madame thought this to be quite unnecessary. She supposed Marie to be like most young girls, and depended on her forgetting her lover in a week after she should arrive in Paris, calculating the while on profiting largely by increased sales in consequence of having so beautiful a person in attendance. At the same time her intentions were perhaps well meant, for she expected, without doubt, that her niece should succeed to her business, and inherit what she possessed. Meanwhile, poor Marie became utterly wretched; as I have described to you, she seemed slowly to wither away. She had been four months in Paris; she had not heard from Maurice, nor from her mother except through *Madame*, and when she made these disclosures to me, was ready to sink into absolute despair. Poor, forlorn thing that she was! I went home revolving the matter in my mind. What was to be done? What could I do? I finally broke the subject to an intimate companion, a young German artist—a painter—who I knew would appreciate the interest I took in the business. The result was, that we determined to make an incursion into Burgundy, work our way quite carelessly into the neighborhood of Marie's home, and inspect the situation of things. You laugh, my dear Clark, at this adventure; you call it Quixotic. I can not help it. I never commenced a journey with a more earnest purpose or a more cheerful heart; and if there was a sprinkling of romance in it, should it detract from the value of the object which we sought to compass? Obtaining from Marie such information as would enable us to find the desired locality without hinting the reason for the inquiry, my friend and I set off. It was not yet the season of the vintage, but the vine with its rich clusters already exhibited a luxuriant picture. We passed rapidly south, and at length reached *Charolles*. Here our reconnaissance commenced. We had no difficulty in finding the cottage of the widow Laforêt, and one afternoon, just at sunset, we entered her dwelling and asked for a draught of wine. I fancied there was an air of grief and of loneliness in her manner quite unnatural. She desired us to be seated, and provided for us the best her cottage afforded. My German friend undertook to explain our movements. We were from Paris, he said, and were making a pleasure tour through this delightful part of France. At the mention of *Paris*, the

widow started, and her interest in what my friend was saying evidently increased.

'From Paris!' she exclaimed. 'Then you must know my Marie!'

I could not help smiling at the poor woman's simplicity, but the German preserved his gravity, and replied: 'Perhaps: with whom does she live?'

'Ah,' responded the widow Laforêt, 'you must have seen her; she is with Madame Duchamp; every body knows *Madame*.'

'What,' demanded my friend, 'Madame Duchamp, who keeps a shop in the *Passage des Panoramas*?'

'The very same, Sir.'

'And what did you say was the name of your daughter, for Madame has several young girls with her?'

'Marie, Sir: indeed, you could not mistake *my* Marie. You would know her among a thousand.'

'She must mean Marie Laforêt,' said the artist, turning to me with an air of indifference, as he proceeded to light his meerschaum.

'Ah, mon Dieu!' cried the poor widow; 'it is indeed my own *petite* Marie. I was certain you knew her. Pray, tell me all you can about her. She must be so happy in beautiful Paris, with every thing to delight her.'

'I doubt if it is the same person,' said the artist, stiffly.

'But I tell you that it is,' said the other, with eagerness; 'therefore go on: pray, go on, Sir.'

'You will please describe your daughter,' said my inexorable friend.

'To be sure. A fine shape, just my height; face round, fresh, with roses on her cheeks; fair skin; eyes — ah! so fine, so full, so gentle, so brown; hair, a chestnut; and her whole —'

'Not the same person,' said the other, again turning to me, and giving a puff of his meerschaum.

'But it is; I know that it is!' cried the widow; 'there can not be two Marie Laforêts with my sister. Ah, I have forgotten: Marie is so much altered, so much improved, that even her mother can not describe her correctly. Just as my sister promised me — the dear, good one! But you will tell me how she looks now, just to please a foolish old woman — I know you will, Sir.'

'I doubt if it can be your daughter,' answered the artist. 'The Marie Laforêt whom I have seen is to be sure about your height, and has chestnut hair and brown eyes; but her form seems to be wasted; her face is very pale and thin; her cheeks are colorless. Oh, no, it is not your little Marie;' and the artist drew some fresh tobacco from his pouch.

The widow burst into tears. A vision of the true state of things passed over her.

It was now my turn. 'I am sure,' said I, 'that the Marie whom we know is the daughter of our entertainer; the description agrees in every thing except in that wherein young people who are unhappy are most liable to change. It is true that her cheeks are pale and hollow, and that she seems to be declining in health; otherwise it answers very well, depend upon it. My good woman,' I continued, with severity, 'you should see to your child.'

'And you, too, know her!' said the widow Laforêt, not heeding my reproach, and looking up through her tears; 'and you say she is miserable? Yes, miserable she must be — my own darling, precious Marie! Why did I trust her away from me? My sister should have told me of this. I suppose she hoped there would be a change for the better. Alas! I have not had a happy moment since she left me. Ah, what will poor Maurice say?' — and she continued her lamentations for several minutes.

'And who is Maurice?' inquired the artist.

'Maurice, Sir, is a worthy lad, who is betrothed to my Marie. They were to be married the coming month; but this visit of my sister — alas! it has ruined us all.'

'And Maurice,' said I; 'how does he bear Marie's absence?'

'Indeed, Sir, worse than any of us. Not a word has he heard from her, although he has sent her a great many letters; but he does not blame Marie, not he: yet he does nothing but curse Madame Duchamp — God forgive him! — from one week's end to another. He now declares that as soon as the vintage is gathered, he will go to Paris. Ah! the vintage this year will be so sad, when we were promising ourselves so much pleasure!'

'And why should you not have it?' said the German abruptly, starting to his feet, and looking the widow Laforêt full in the face. 'What is there to prevent your sending to Paris for Marie, and celebrating her nuptials with Maurice at the very time agreed upon?'

'But my sister,' interposed the poor woman timidly.

'*Le Diable!*' growled the German; 'would you sacrifice your own flesh and blood, body and soul, for fear of giving offence to ——'

The sentence was cut short in an uncouth German guttural, which I should not care to have translated.

'But what shall I do?' continued the widow: 'how can I manage it? I know nothing of the ways of the strange folks away in Paris, and if I sent for Marie, my sister never would let her go, for she has been at large charges for her journey, and for dresses, and I know not for what else. Ah, I fear it cannot be; yet what will become of thee, *ma petite?*' And again she wept.

It was now evening, and we were urged to spend the night at the cottage. The German shook his head, spoke of walking on to Charolles, but I overruled him, and he accepted the proffered hospitality. We were served with supper, and the good dame plucked for us from her early fruitage clusters of delicious grapes. I had sustained my part thus far tolerably well, but my heart was ready to burst at the sight of this poor woman, attempting to be cheerful while she prepared our entertainment. As for my friend, I could not too much admire the admirable manner with which he had managed the interview. In the course of the evening I undertook to explain to the widow Laforêt the dangers of a life in Paris to a young girl situated like Marie, and was not long in convincing her that she had reason to rejoice that the atmosphere of the city agreed so ill with her child. The artist verified all I said by an abrupt emphatic assent, so that before we retired her only desire was to get her daughter away from such a place of abominations. Thus far our plan had succeeded admirably, and we went to sleep confident and sanguine.



The next morning the widow asked our advice as to the best means of getting Marie back to her home. Her only embarrassment was how to brave her sister's displeasure, and how to make amends for the expenses she had incurred for her. These, to us, were minor considerations, for I knew the latter to be much exaggerated in the widow's imagination, and as to the former, it seemed, under the circumstances, of no consequence whatever.

We at once proposed that Maurice should be sent for, and the dame accordingly went for him. As it was but a few steps, she soon returned, accompanied by Maurice Foligny, a fine, noble-looking fellow, of manly bearing, to whom, after being satisfied of his ready perception by a few minutes' conversation, I frankly stated our object in coming into the neighborhood. When he fully understood it, he grasped the hand of each, and without uttering a word, thus silently expressed his thanks. I need not recount to you how my friend and I went back to Paris in high spirits, bearing a letter from the widow Laforêt to Marie, and also one to Madame Duchamp, the latter being the joint production of the German and myself, and written in a manner best adapted to effect our object without giving offence. Although mild and conciliatory, it was nevertheless decisive as to Marie's return, on the ground of her ill health and her mother's lonely situation, referring also to the promise of Madame Duchamp, which her sister at the last moment recollected to mention to me, that if, after a few months' trial, Marie or her mother were not content with the arrangement, the young girl should be sent back. I believe there was also a letter from Maurice to his betrothed, but as this is a point of little consequence, I will not speak positively. The end of the whole business you may guess by this painting about which you were so inquisitive. *Madame* did not prove as obstinate as was expected. The fact is, she was pretty well convinced that Marie would never adapt herself to her new life, and consequently that the speculation was a failure; for as the poor girl's health began to droop, even her mysterious demeanor ceased to attract attention. So she was sent home without more delay. The only astonishing part of the history is, how suddenly she recovered her health, her gayety, her plumpness, her color, and the rich brown of her eyes, which had become so light and dull. The next month came; we had pledged ourselves — the artist and I — to be present; and in the very hey-day of the vintage, attended by a joyous company, Maurice and Marie were united in the little chapel which you see here, after which followed a dance upon the green, and a world of merry-making. My friend the German seized the occasion to exhibit a happy proof of his art.

You were right, my dear Clark: this is no fancy-sketch.

---

EPICRAM ON A SCOLD.

TWIN as a lath!  
Feeding on wrath!  
Heaven send that this angel  
Keep out of my path!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

---

**SERVICE AFLOAT AND ASHORE, during the Mexican War.** By Lieutenant RAPHAEL SEMMES, United States' Navy. In one volume. Cincinnati: MOORE AND COMPANY. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE author of this well-written and interesting volume was attached to one of the vessels of war of the Home Squadron, then under the command of Commodore CONNER, at the breaking out of the late war between the United States and Mexico. After an active participation in the scenes 'Afloat,' to which the war gave rise, he was dispatched, upon the fall of Vera Cruz, to the seat of the Mexican government, on a mission connected with the exchange of prisoners. In the prosecution of this mission, he joined the army of General SCOTT at Jalapa, soon after the battle of Cerro-Gordo, and marched with it to Puebla. Here he became attached to the staff of General WORTH, as a volunteer aid-de-camp; marched with this officer to the valley of Mexico, and continued a member of his military family, until the triumphant entry of the army into the enemy's capital. He was, consequently, six months in the country; during which period he mixed freely with the inhabitants, and made himself familiar with their history, manners, customs, etc. The pages before us are the result of this joint connection with the army and navy, and of this journey, made in one of the most unique and interesting countries of which we have any account. The writer tells us that he was exceedingly struck with the novelty and grandeur of the scenery in this *terra incognita*, and with the many phases of society, entirely new to him, which he encountered at every step. Many interesting social and political questions were presented to him, as he contemplated the great disparity between the two people, in their civilization, and in the progress they had severally made in the arts; and his object, by a hasty sketch of the physical and moral condition of Mexico; by a review of her manners, customs, religion and laws; and by tracing accurately, though as briefly as possible, the principal events of our naval operations, and of General SCOTT's campaign, to give his countrymen a *coup d'œil*, not only of the war itself, but of our sister republic, in her internal and more interesting relations, has been well accomplished. With a free pen he has sketched persons and things as he saw them, presenting the reader with truthful rather than with highly-wrought pictures. In treating of the campaign, he claims not to have pursued the beaten track, followed with so little discretion by many of his predecessors, of bestowing indiscriminate praise upon all the actors engaged in it, but rather to have sought to separate the wheat from the chaff, and bestow commendation and censure alike, wherever he has deemed them to be deserved. In other words, 'he has supposed that a candid and intelligent people would be more gratified with a reliable history of the recent brilliant campaign of their army, than with an insincere and interested account, which should merely flatter their vanity and that of their gene-

rala. There never yet was a campaign without a blunder; and the campaign of the valley of Mexico is no exception to the rule; and the author has not failed to point out its blunders, any more than he has failed to bring into strong relief its more salient and brilliant points.' We may mention here, that we have also received, from the press of the APPLETONS, a pamphlet-volume by Brevet-Ma or ISAAC J. STEVENS, of the army, entitled '*Campaigns of the Rio-Grande and of Mexico, with Notes on the Recent Work of Major Ripley*,' but we have found no leisure as yet to master its pages.

---

THE POPULAR CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE. Condensed from the Larger Work. By JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A., Author of the 'Pictorial Bible,' 'History and Physical Geography of Palestine,' etc.; assisted by Rev. JAMES TAYLOR, D.D., of Glasgow. Illustrated by numerous engravings. Boston: GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN.

THIS Dictionary of the Bible has not been framed out of old materials, but embodies the products of the best and most recent researches in Biblical literature, in which the scholars of this country and the continent have been engaged. The original work, of which the present is an abridgment, was the result of immense labor and research, and enriched by the contributions of writers of distinguished eminence in the various departments of sacred literature. The edition before us comprises a compendious selection from the contents of the original work, and embraces all the matter suited to popular and general use, and cannot but prove acceptable to very many whose studies have not created a need for the larger work, or whose means do not enable them to secure the possession of it. The present volume is well suited to the use of the great body of the religious public, and will doubtless prove of essential service to parents and teachers in the important business of Biblical education, while to young persons it will serve as a valuable introduction to the more extensive work. The original publication is twice the size of the present; but so well has the condensation been effected that the present will possess the same superiority over popular cyclopædias of its class, as the great work confessedly does over those which aspire to higher erudition.

---

SKETCHES OF EUROPEAN CAPITALS. By WILLIAM WARE. In one volume: pp. 320. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

AN editorial notice of this latest work of an old and highly esteemed friend and correspondent of this Magazine, was among the 'things lost upon earth,' we may suppose, in a certain little box, elsewhere alluded to. In the absence of the missing critique, we avail ourselves of the just and comprehensive remarks upon the same work by Mr. GEORGE RIPLEY, of the '*Tribune*' daily journal, one of the most accomplished and candid literary critics of our time: 'We thankfully welcome a new volume from the author of '*Letters from Palmyra*,' '*Probus*,' and the other historical novels which have given him a classical reputation among the writers of this country. With a singularly refined taste, an imagination of equal delicacy and vigor, a rare vein of chaste and quiet humor, a breadth and freedom of thought admirably balanced by a nice sense of truth and a refreshing horror of extravagance and affectation, together with a fine power of clear and well-adjusted expression, Mr. WARE has been too abstinent for his own fame in his dealings with the press, confining himself to a narrower sphere of literary effort than was due to the public by a writer of such excellent culture and genuine power. His personal modesty has

crippled his ambition as an author. For several years we have had no important production from his pen. The plea of occasional ill health, we regret to know, may to some extent be urged as the cause of this protracted reticence. But even that should present no invincible obstacle to a writer of his variety and fertility of resources. We wish he had been less chary of his pen, for the influence of his works has always been friendly to æsthetic cultivation and elevated views of life. Without farther complaints, however, we again thank him for this very agreeable volume. His old friends will read it with delight, and it will help to give him new ones. They will find in it the pure reflex of his own sterling character; modest, simple, calm, in beautiful taste; at first view deficient in energy, but often starting a train of vigorous thought; noble and elevated in its aspirations, although perhaps sometimes presenting too strong a spice of conservatism in its judgments both of literature and persons. It is always truthful, never feeble. Many of its criticisms in art we decidedly reject, but always with admiration of the frankness and hearty independence with which they are expressed. The tone of the book is eminently healthy throughout. It is so absolutely free from pretension that it may perhaps be passed over without appreciation by those who read with their fingers, or who deem a great deal of smoke necessary for a very little fire. The position which it claims is gracefully stated by the author in his manly preface: 'This small volume comes into existence, like so many others now-a-days, as a convenient way of disposing of matter previously used in the form of Lectures. They are the sketches of a traveller, and aim to give the first rapid impressions, with as little error and exaggeration as possible, of places visited in the course of a year's absence. I only hope they may not prove more incorrect in fact, or false in inference, than the majority of writings of the class. It is a volume of light reading for the summer road-side; and though, like the flowers of that season, it perish with them, one may be permitted to hope that, like some of them, at least it may exhale a not unpleasant fragrance while it lasts.'

'The subjects of which it treats are full of interest, though not easily admitting of great originality. Mr. WARE, however, never ekes out his thought with common-places, nor gives us an insipid re-hash of the remarks of former travellers. He describes, with the most limpid sincerity, the impression made on his mind by a brief residence in Rome, Florence, Naples and London. The whole of the volume is valuable for its authenticity and its enlightened comments; but the most racy portion by far is that which relates to London and the English character. Some readers may be little attracted by its disquisitions on art, but no one can fail to enjoy its keen and merciless dissection of the insolence and pretence of unmitigated JOHN BULLISM; of that broad phase of the British character, of which *The Times* newspaper is a plethoric representative. Mr. WARE's personal impressions of the Italians were highly favorable. He saw no people abroad whom he would prefer to live with, if forced to leave his own country. In spite of their faults, they displayed so many of the charms of social intercourse, that no people could be more agreeable in their demeanor, either toward each other or toward strangers. Compared with the English, he finds them possessed of angelic attractions. He is by no means blind, however, to the defects of the Italian character, especially those which prevent their love of liberty from being realized in their political institutions. He handles the Pope with a sturdy freedom from ceremony not often exhibited in intercourse with pontiffs.' As contrasted with American carelessness in that respect, he is much struck with the universality of the English virtue of in-door, out-door, and personal cleanliness, and especially commends their avoidance of the vice of *Ptyalism*, to which 'the spitting Yankees' are said to be so generally addicted.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

MISS CATHERINE HAYES.—This eminent *cantatrice*, before another number of the KNICKERBOCKER shall appear, will have arrived in this city, and have entered upon her career of triumph. We welcome, therefore, as both timely and interesting, the following account of this excellent and gifted lady, from the pen of an accomplished correspondent: 'When I first knew CATHERINE HAYES, she was in Paris, where she was studying under the greatest teacher of singing at present to be found in Europe. I allude of course to M. GARCIA, who has also been the director of Mademoiselle JENNY LIND's studies, of Mademoiselle NISSEN's, and is the brother of Madame MALIBRAN and of VIARDOT GARCIA. It is obvious that with such an efficient teacher, blessed by nature with a powerful and admirably-sweet voice, as well as endowed with no common amount of genius, such a student as CATHERINE HAYES could not fail, during the years of her probation, to make rapid strides in her art. When I first heard her, she was all that a youth of study and promise could give in her musical development. In her physical, she had already passed the boundaries of her pretty girlhood, and laid claim to be considered a beauty. Nor was this a claim which was very likely to be disputed, when compared with others in her profession. GARAI was undoubtedly handsome, but middle age had ripened her charms into that state whose augury is a speedy termination to them. ALBONI was somewhat too fat for beauty; and with these two singers ended most of the pretensions to it, which were then evinced among the first *sopranos* of the day.

'In consequence of this, when at length Miss CATHERINE HAYES made her *début* at the Scala, her beauty, coupled with her musical talents, made her at once successful. Nothing, indeed, could have been more triumphant than her first appearance; and with the rapidity with which musical intelligence travels in Italy, it was speedily known throughout the whole of that country. Five days after, her name was as much talked of in Naples as it then was in Milan; and three months later, her reputation was established as the last new fact which Milan had added to the musical history of Italy.

'Nor was she undeserving of such a rapid and astounding success. CATHERINE HAYES has a fine and full-toned *soprano* voice, ranging indeed so low that there is little *contralto* music which is without its scope, while its higher notes are both full and clear. Moreover, it possesses unusual flexibility and facility, and its intonation is remarkably true. With such an organ, Miss HAYES of course has one great advantage. She is enabled to sing the *soprano* and *mezzo-soprano* music of JENNY LIND and GARAI; and most of the melody adapted to the pure *contralto* of ALBONI also comes within her range. We have heard her sing at one concert, some two years

since in London, the Grand Scena from '*Der Freyschutz*,' the '*Casta Diva*' from '*Norma*,' and the '*Ah, mon fils!*' from MEYERBEER's last opera, the '*Prophète*.' This air requires unusual extent of voice, great power, and intense dramatic feeling. Nevertheless, on her first appearance in London, CATHERINE HAYES had much to contend against. JENNY LIND was in the second season of her success. GRISI, VIARDOT GARCIA, and ALBONI occupied Covent-Garden; yet here CATHERINE HAYES was to make her *entrée* before the public. She did it as *Bertha* in the '*Prophète*;' and with such triumphant success did she effect it, that VIARDOT was almost forgotten in the pæans of applause which burst on the following morning from the English press.\* Since that period CATHERINE HAYES has daily been making immense strides in her profession; and during the last year she has stood out as the first of modern vocalists England has had upon her stage.

'Perhaps it is in sacred music that she has exhibited the most profound and unexampled success. In the '*Messiah*,' the '*Creation*,' the '*Elijah*,' and the '*St. Paul*,' she has no rival. As with JENNY LIND, however, it is in her national melodies that CATHERINE HAYES has excited the most profound sensation. As a singer of the Irish ballad she has endeared herself the most to her own country, and won the highest opinions of her merits in England. I know not how it is, but nationality in music is more strongly colored in our day than it has ever previously been. In the oratorio, which is specially English in its nature, but two or three foreign vocalists who do not speak the language have made themselves celebrated. While JENNY LIND's great points of attraction were those delicious Swedish melodies which have made themselves the choicest of our musical memories, CATHERINE HAYES has become the musical high priestess of her nation, and the name of the '*Swan of Erin*' is as distinctively hers as the '*Swedish Nightingale*' is that of her great and precedent rival.

'She has now reached the extreme point in her profession. But two singers stand parallel with her in their European reputation: the one who has recently enchanted America out of all its old notions of propriety, and who we understand still remains here with the purpose of making another musical tour in the South, at the close of our second summer season; and the star of modern *contraltos*, and indeed the only one who has more than rivalled PISARONI in her reputation—the golden-voiced ALBONI. The second of the three now pays us a visit; and we believe that we shall not fail in doing her the justice which her voice, her genius, and her spotless character alike merit. Nor indeed is it impossible that with another year we shall have experienced the pleasure of hearing ALBONI, and being enabled to weigh, discuss and examine the relative claims of the three singers with the same *gusto* that a European amateur may now use in discussing their relative claims to the crown of song. Let us trust that it may be so. In literature, painting, and the stage, we are already on a par in progress with the old country. As a taste for music spreads, and musical education becomes more common, we also may count a JENNY LIND or a '*KATT HAYES*' upon our own roll of reputations.'

---

\* Our friend General MORRIS gives in his Journal a graphic account of the enthusiasm excited in Milan on '*La Bella Catarina*'s' first appearance at '*La Scala*.' The writer, a fellow-countryman (to employ a '*bull*') of the *artiste*, who was accompanied by an eminent Milanese musical critic, waited upon her at the end of the first act of the opera. A ring, composed of congratulatory critics and artists, some seven or eight feet deep, had surrounded the triumphant *débütante*. Her face, lighted up with the mixed emotions of fear of failure and joy at her singular success, had an almost inspired expression; and when she heard her performance so enthusiastically eulogized, she burst into a flood of tears, and hurried away to her dressing-room.



WORDS OF WISDOM.—Far, far away, from over the wastes of ocean, comes the following, from a sober, discreet citizen, high in office and dignity, past and present; a man who tells us that he 'never laughs, except he has the law on his side,' a man not given to vain talk and unprofitable anecdotes, nor consorting with punsters, and the like; a man who has been Justice of the Peace, ay, and 'of the Quorum' too; and who has written after his name '*Armigero*, on many a bond and quittance;' a man, in short, who hath 'had losses,' and is of weight, gravity and sobriety. The eyes of our associate OWL brightened when he saw the advice which had been given us; and placing his claw upon the page of the epistle which contained it, he said, as plainly as ever 'poor Miso' spoke in the world, 'How often have I told you the same thing! You are too light, too simple, too volatile! *Tu-whit, tu-whoo!*' But we pass to the missive, or we might say *missile*, which has been hurled at us as by an eruption, or eructation, from a land of earthquakeous mountains, half way to t'other side of the 'globéd airth.' 'I must declare that the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*' seems to me to be a man of more solidity and solemnity and intensiveness than yourself. He does not indulge in light and jocose and quizzical composition. He does not correspond with all the story-tellers and anecdote-mongers and fun-extractors from Maine to California. He don't write or print poems or verses that *prove* nothing. He is practical. He goes for 'the root of the matter.' In plain 'Saxony English,' he goes in for the 'grits,' and leaves inconsiderate youth to snuff up the east wind of unprofitable wit and unpaying humor. He is sober, and in earnest. He means what he says, and don't leave his readers in doubt whether the writer is telling the truth or making up his stories out of whole cloth. He never laughs as a horse laugheth, or if he does, he does not go right away and write it down in his paper, how he has gone beyond humanity in his cachinnation. He don't tell all about common things; about his babies, and his rollicking, romping, and undignified sports. Nor does he expose himself to the great danger of lowering his dignity, by putting on a long-skirted coat and a broad-brimmed drab hat, and milking Shaker heifers, and then telling all the world in his next 'issoo' how boyish and frivolous he has acted, and how he got cut up, and the conceit taken out of him, in trying to mow with Tarrytown hay-makers, or wrestle with Onondaga lawyers. He writes as one having the fear of matter-of-fact and solemn-visaged men in his heart, and as having his commission as Justice of the Peace always before him. I don't say that any body else is the '*per contra*,' for that would be personal. But you seem never to think that common things—common hopes, joys, experiences, and events—are '*infra dig.*' the Editor of the '*KNICKERBOCKER*.' With you, a story or an anecdote causeth casual mirth, and finds a place, if it only has a 'p'int,' and awakens a smile, and gives vain and fleeting pleasure to those who indulge the faculty of appreciation. And yet you could not, if put upon your corporal oath, tell *what it proved* in morals, mathematics, or mental philosophy. Ask your OWL if this is right. I will abide his decision. And remember, I pray and beseech of you, that he is not a mere single voter, but the representative of a large class, both in solemnity of visage and wisdom in judgment. Let him

put his claw on your proof-sheets, and how many vain words and idle stories shall be crossed out of your pages! Then indeed may one safely take your volume to his siesta, and find in it the very essence of poppy, and fall to sleep quietly, undisturbed by any misgivings of want of dignity, or any regrets that the pages contained so much light-reading, and so many things that banished sleep. Consult your OWL, my dear Sir — consult your OWL, and you are safe.' '*Mea culpa! mea culpa!*' But we will try to do better. Brother WAGSTAFF knows that we have endeavored to emulate his clear and graphic style, and to reach his profound insight into things in general, including the operations of nature, human character, and the science of music. But excellence in these things must be the work of time. Rome was not constructed in twenty-four hours. Willing to learn, we strive to do so. And now, reader, '*Au reservoir!*' as they say in France.

---

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We thought, the other day, when going up in the 'ISAAC P. SMITH' steamer to the Ferry of DOBB, of this little couplet:

'He who his watch would keep, this must he do,  
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too:'

and this was *why* we thought of it. We had with us, enclosed in a paper-envelope, an oblong fancy-box, containing sundry manuscripts for the KNICKERBOCKER, together with four or five unopened letters, received by the afternoon mails, just before we left town. Engaged in conversation with a friend, who was to leave at Yonkers, we laid the little parcel down upon a table; and as we neared the landing, some skilful artist possessed himself of the box, and made off with it. Now why did n't he send it back again, when he found that he had been taken in? Since the contents could be of 'no use but to the owner,' why did n't he despatch them to our address, five or six times repented on the sealed letters, the box, and its envelope? What can he *do* with them, 'any how?' Open the letters and print the manuscripts! Then the *thief* will stand revealed. We should like to see his face, when he shows them to his wife or his friends! We mention this circumstance, which is not an incident of as momentous a character as our declaration of independence, that correspondents at the South, who have written us recently, may duplicate their communications. . . . WHY, certainly: not one man in a hundred who has ever lived in the country but will remember the little bunches of fennel or caraway which the women-folk take 'to meeting,' folded in their nice white handkerchiefs. Oh, how this brief note of a correspondent brings back 'the days that are no more,' when two little twin brothers sat on Sunday by a mother's side in a humble country church, and partook of the fragrant seed from her hand! 'Gone, gone—all gone!' But to the note: 'I met a friend a day or two since, who had been passing a week's leisure in the remote north-west corner of Massachusetts, near Saltonstall Lake, domesticated in a country farm-house. Among other fruits of his experience, he told me of one incident that I thought worthy to be 'made a note of.' At church on Sunday he observed many persons constantly moving their 'bivalves'; munching and munching away, sometimes with as much earnestness as if their lives depended upon it. He asked the good lady of the house, when he returned, what the congregation were all munching; or, if he was mistaken, what they were all moving their jaws about in such a strange manner for? 'Oh,' said she, 'it was 'MEETIN'-SEED'; didn't you know?' 'Well, no; he didn't know what they were nibbling at, and he didn't know what 'meetin'-seed' was' 'Why, la!' said she, 'some people call it 'caraway' and 'anise



seed,' but we call it 'meetin'-seed,' 'cause we cal'late it keeps us awake in meetin'; so we 'allers' take it to eat while the min'ister is preachin'!' Couldn't we have it in town, to be sold at the church-doors in lots to suit purchasers? I know one or two metropolitan churches, where poppy is now dispensed, where it would prove a good substitute! . . . We ask the reader's attention to *The Triumph of our Language* which ensues. The poem is itself the 'triumph' it celebrates. The lines are from the pen of our excellent friend and always welcome correspondent, Rev. JAMES GILBOENE LYONS, LL.D., of Philadelphia:

Now gather all our Saxon bards,  
Let harps and hearts be strung,  
To celebrate the triumphs  
Of our own good Saxon tongue!  
For stronger far than hosts that march  
With battle-flags unfur'd,  
It goes with FREEDOM, THOUGHT and TRUTH,  
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays  
On every surf-worn shore,  
And Scotland hears it echoing far,  
As Orkney's breakers roar:  
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills  
It floats on every gale,  
And warms, with eloquence and song,  
The homes of Innishail.

On many a wide and swarming deck,  
It scales the rough wave's crest,  
Seeking its peerless heritage,  
The fresh and fruitful West:  
It climbs New-England's forest steepes,  
As victor mounts a throne;  
Niagara knows and greets the voice,  
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows  
On bleak Canadian plains,  
And where on Essequibo's banks  
Eternal summer reigns:  
It glads Acadia's misty coasts,  
Jamaica's glowing isle,  
And bides where, gay with early flowers,  
Green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,  
Missouri's turbid stream,  
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,  
And Kansas' waters gleam:  
It tracks the loud swift Oregon,  
Through sunset valleys roll'd,  
And soars where California's brooks  
Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor-groves,  
On seas of fierce Malay,  
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,  
And towers of proud Bombay:  
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,  
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs;  
The dark Liberian soothes her child  
With English cradle-hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won  
In gentle Saxon speech;  
Australian boys read CATO's life  
By Sydney's shelter'd beach:  
It dwells where Africa's southmost capes  
Meet oceans broad and blue,  
And Nieuveid's rugged mountains gird  
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,  
That while its praise you sing,  
These may be clad with Autumn's fruits,  
And those with flowers of Spring:  
It quickens lands whose meteor lights  
Flame in an arctic sky,  
And lands for which the Southern Cross  
Hangs its orb'd fires on high!

It goes with all that prophets told,  
And righteous kings desir'd,  
With all that great apostles taught,  
And glorious Greeks admir'd,  
With SHAKESPEARE's deep and wondrous verse,  
And MILTON's loftier mind,  
With ALFRED's laws, and NEWTON's lore,  
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,  
And error flees away,  
As vanishes the mist of night  
Before the star of day:  
But, grand as are the victories  
Whose monuments we see,  
These are but as the dawn which speaks  
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,  
Take heed, nor once disgrace,  
With deadly pen, or spoiling sword,  
Our noble tongue and race.  
Go forth prepar'd, in every clime,  
To love and help each other,  
And judge that they who counsel strife,  
Would bid you smite — a brother!

Go forth! and jointly speed the time,  
By good men pray'd for long,  
When Christian States, grown just and wise,  
Will scorn revenge and wrong;  
When Earth's oppress'd and savage tribes  
Shall cease to pine or roam,  
All taught to prize these English words,  
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME!

THANKS to the kind correspondent who, in a 'hand-of-write' which rejoices the eyes of our compositors, sends us the following, from one of the fairest of all our eastern cities: 'It is part of my creed that no man has the right to monopolize a laugh, and that he who can refuse to share one with his fellow-creatures is himself not only unworthy, but incapable, of its true enjoyment. The laugh-objective is the natural complement of the laugh-subjective. The RABELAISIAN definition is not sufficiently exact: man is not only 'a laughing animal,' but a laughter-moving animal,

whether the 'moving' be *with* or *at* the mover; and the verb 'to laugh' ought always to be construed as a verb-transitive, whatever grammarians may say to the contrary. You have always dealt generously with your readers in the staple of laughter; and I, as one of them, am in debt for more favors of the kind than I shall ever be likely to repay. I have long been accustomed to feed at your 'Table,' although I never enjoyed a personal introduction to my host, and have been feasted with the appropriate pabulum of every phase or degree of laughter, from arrisison to cachinnation—from the passing smile, through the snicker, to the soul-expanding, rib-cracking guffaw. I can offer you little in return; but I am ready to divide with you whatever falls in my way. This morning a friend handed me a document to read, wherefrom I extracted a wholesome grin. I took a copy of it for you, which please read, with the assurance that it was not 'manufactured to order,' but is a true copy, 'verb. et lit. et punct.' of a petition addressed to the legislature of our state, some six weeks ago, indited in good faith, as the earnest prayer of the petitioner, and now on file in the State Department:

'A Petition two the State of Conn. two grant two J — B —, of W —, Conn. A team with a rite two hold said team and that no office-holder shall at any time hav any rite two take said team from him June 7 Ad. 1851 J — B —'

'Jentleman of the State of Conn. and ginerall assembly wharas I hav bin striped of team and wife for several years and hav had two keap my bible hid for several years two protect said bible, and hav bin turned out of buisnes two any profit on my farm for several years, having two farm it this year striped of team and wife, I trust that under these tri-ling circumstances that no honorable Jentleman will refuse two grant my Petion. Jentleman I need not take up time with a long argument two suport my Petion. I close requesting you two examin this mater under your oaths. J — B —.'

Addressed:

'Two Secretary of state,  
hartford, Conn. forward this.'

'And now, if you think the cacographic beauties of the above are unapproachable, let me place before you the enclosed inscriptions, gleaned from the 'order-book' of a stone-cutter and marble-worker not a thousand miles from the place of this present writing; and 'close, requesting you two examin':

'DEAR S —: I wish you to due one more arent for me If you pleas ask the man that makes grave-stones to bring me one pair as large as he can afford for a new over-coat well made, containing six y'd's of cloth like the sample. If he will not take it, buy as large as eight dollars and fifty cents will get from your friend,' etc. (Simple affection, dear Sir: pathos — not fun. — Ep. Kwick.)

'To Every one that Dose Pass By  
that I was the first Put hear to Ly  
go Home my f'inds Dry up your teers  
Heare I shall Rest till CHRIST appears.'

'MORE Not my frinds for god Knows Best  
for this your Babe Has gon to rest  
thar to Ly til Bid to rise  
so prepare to meat me in the skies.'

'ALTHOUGH he is dead, he 'll soon be forgot,  
His friends and relations remember him not;  
Their sighs and their groans they 'll soon wipe away,  
For here he lies a-mouldering and a-turning back to life!'

'By the by, if you wish a better laugh than I can hope to move in you, ask your contributor 'Meister KARL' to send you the *whole* of the old song of which he snuggled a couple of lines into his last communication. Tell him to send it in its original Latin and old German, in its Heidelberg dress, commencing:

'DEUS in adjutorium meum intende,  
Sprach ein hübsches Nunnellin, das was behende —  
Verrite et videte —  
Eas ist Bruder CONRADT, sie sprach, Silett,' etc., etc.

'Pre-haps' you mav smile over it.

'Quisquis.'

It is pleasant to think, that from the brightest and highest exemplars of true practical religion have come the severest rebukes of the bigotry and intolerance which have done so much to lessen its benign influence. The solemn visage, unrelaxed by a smile; the intolerance of joyousness in the mirthful; the crucifying of other people's flesh; these are not religion, nor the tokens of it. On this theme hear the good Archdeacon HARE:

'It cannot be requisite to a man's being in earnest, that he should wear a perpetual frown. Is there less of sincerity in Nature during her gambols in spring, than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom? Does not the birds' blithe carolling come from the heart quite as much as the quadruped's monotonous cry? And is it, then, altogether impossible to take up one's abode with truth, and to let all sweet homely feelings grow about it and cluster around it; and to smile upon it, as a kind father or mother; and to sport with it, and hold light and merry talk with it, as with a loved brother or sister; and to fondle it, and play with it, as with a child? No, otherwise did SOCRATES and PLATO commune with truth; no, otherwise CERVANTES and SHAKESPEARE. This playfulness of truth is beautifully represented by LANDOW, in the conversation between MARCUS CICERO and his brother, an allegory which has the voice and the spirit of PLATO. On the other hand, the outcries of those who exclaim against every sound more lively than a bray or a bleat, as derogatory to truth, are often prompted, not so much by their deep feeling of the dignity of the lighter, as of the dignity of the person by whom that truth is maintained. Our grave faculties and thoughts are much chastened and bettered by a blending and interfusion of the lighter, so that the sable cloud may turn forth her silver lining on the night; while our lighter thoughts require the grave to substantiate them, and keep them from evaporating. When your feelings tell you any thing, and your understanding contradicts them, more especially should your understanding be merely echoing the verdict of another man's, be not over hasty in sacrificing what you *feel* to what you fancy you *understand*. You cannot do it in real life: a running stream is not to be choked with paper.'

WE would especially commend the following anecdote to that fibbing old twaddler, the self-called 'LAURIE TODD.' PROVIDENCE may have helped him *out* of some scrapes, but it was n't a *divine* PROVIDENCE that helped him *into* at least one rather serious one: 'I knew an old man who believed that 'what *was* to be *would* be.' He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested, in the early times, by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time he found that some of the family had it out. As he would not go without it, some of his friends tantalized him by saying that there was 'no danger of the Indians;' that he 'would not die until his time had come,' etc. 'Yes,' says the old fellow, 'but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and *his* time had come, it wouldn't do not to have *my* gun!' . . . VERY sly and 'smart' is the following anecdote, which we find, unattributed to any particular source, in a religious journal of this city: 'JOSIAS WINSLOW was one of the early governors of the Massachusetts colony. It is said that at his funeral the Rev. Mr. WITHERELL, of Scituate, prayed that 'the governor's son might be half equal to his father.' The Rev. Dr. GAD HITCHCOCK, observed afterward, that the 'prayer was so very reasonable, it might have been hoped that God would grant it; but he did n't!' . . . MANY, many and precious, reminiscences of the 'days of long ago' arose in the 'horizon of memory' in perusing the lost epistle of 'J. B. B.' Friend of our youth,

'THE rose is red, the grass is green,  
But the days are gone that we have seen,  
And the place 'is no more where we have been!'

'*The Marshall Dramatic Jubilee*,' to which we directed the attention of our metropolitan readers in the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, took place on the day and evening of the twelfth ultimo at Castle-Garden. It is too late, and would be adscititious, to speak at this time of the result; for it has gone to every corner of the Union, and is on its way to other parts of the world. It was the most perfect triumph of the kind ever witnessed in New-York; and well might Mr. MARSHALL, the honored recipient, lack words to express his deep emotions of gratitude for a testimonial so magnificent. The various artists, the committee, the able and active manager, the press, all vied with each other in bringing about an event so auspicious

Their success was complete. Aside from the unmistakable tribute to Mr. MARSHALL'S character as a manager and a man, the pecuniary result was unprecedented. From eight to ten thousand dollars, we learn, were netted to the popular and deserving beneficiary. As chairman of the committee—although unhappily, from providential causes, less effective than we could have desired—we have a personal gratification, in common with our more active confrères, in recording a *dénouement* so unexampled. . . . 'THERE'S a watch for you!' said an eccentric Irish citizen to a friend of ours, 'a r'a-al TOBIAS! I got that in Liverpool eight years ago, and it's never lost a minute since. I set it there at three o'clock, and it was three o'clock exactly by the New-York time when I got here! It's the same in New-Orleans; and bedad! I belave 't would be the same in Kamachatka. It is an illigant 'TOBIAS!' 'T was no 'mean time' that that watch kept, certainly. . . . 'Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion,' Boston, is the most creditable publication of its kind issued in our country, taking into consideration the excellence of the designs and of the execution, as well as the low price for which the work is afforded. We perceive that for single subscribers it is but three dollars a year, while to a number who join together it is less than two. Nothing but the immense circulation which the paper enjoys could enable the proprietor to publish it at so small a sum. . . . SOMEBODY has sent us, in a kind of hand-bill, 'The Millport Tragedy.' Now where 'Millport' is, we have n't the slightest notion, nor can we exactly make out what the 'Tragedy' was; but we take it that we know what 'poetry' is, and here is a sample, 'beginning at the twelfth verse, common-metre:'

'12. THEN uprose a piece of Justice,  
He was worthy of the name;  
He loved to make disturbance,  
And loved to see the same.

'13. As I have told you all before,  
'Tis the same I tell you now,  
The lofty heads of Millport  
Even to me shall bow!

'14. The commands, if we may term them,  
Was from an old trustee;  
My friends, I think you had better,  
Till Sunday, let it be.

'15. No prisoners we cannot make,  
Beside it would not do;  
To-morrow all of them we will take,  
It being Sunday too.

'16. The Constable and Sheriff  
For young WELLS a warrant had;  
They thought they would take him easy,  
He being a young lad.

'17. So after him they both did start,  
But to their great surprise  
For both of them he was too smart—  
It astonished both their eyes.

'18. They saw they could not take him,  
So far from them he'd got;  
To return they could not make him,  
And so at him they shot.

'19. But the fire it did not reach him,  
And looking they did stand;  
As if to say farewell to them,  
He turned and waved his hand.

'20. So they took JACK and a Dutchman,  
No longer could they stay;  
Says JACK, 'I'm in no hurry,  
If you take me right away.'

'21. So they took him to old LONGMATE'S  
Without saying a word;  
The old man thought he'd fasten them  
With his strongest bed-cord.

'22. The Sheriff would not that allow;  
Says he, 'I think it is fair,  
If you harness up your horses,  
And take us all up there.'

'23. Says JACK, 'Come if you never can,  
For I will tell you all,  
If I can't ride with a decent man,  
I will not ride at all!'

The presumption is, that the 'Tragedy' is well understood at 'Millport'; but in the absence of the necessary information, the 'general reader' must rest contented with the grace and elegance of the poetical record of the same. Where all is so felicitous, it may seem invidious to particularize; but we regard the fifteenth and twenty-first verses as the most artistic in rhythm and melody. . . . We heard a patriotic American gentleman remark the other day, that he 'felt a little flat' when he first saw the contrast, in the 'Crystal Palace,' between the European and American portion of the exhibition. He said the gilded American eagle, with wings ten feet wide, and sun-daring eye, presiding over a dusty barrel of Yankee shoe-pegs

generally mistaken for a new kind of ligneous oats, on the 'wooden-nutmeg' principle made him desire to 'get eout' of our department as quick as he possibly could. But he should have tarried longer, and pursued his examinations farther. *Some* of the American articles in the great exhibition are now winning the highest applause, instead of the ridicule which they first excited. Mr. GREELEY, in one of his letters, describes the result of the trial of McCORMICK's machine for cutting grain, which was ridiculed by the London press as 'a cross between an ASTLEY's chariot, a tread-mill, and a flying-machine.' 'It came into the field of trial,' says Mr. GREELEY, 'as the very exemplar of American absurdity and distortion in the domain of art, and confronted a popular tribunal already prepared for its condemnation. Before it stood JOHN BULL, burly, dogged, and determined not to be humbugged; his judgment made up, and his sentence ready to be recorded. Nothing disconcerted, the brown, rough, homespun Yankee in charge jumped on the box, starting the team at a smart walk, setting the blades of the machine in lively operation, and commenced raking off the grain in sheaf-piles ready for binding, cutting a breadth of nine or ten feet cleanly and carefully, as fast as a span of horses could comfortably step. There was a moment, and but a moment, of suspense: human prejudice could hold out no longer; and burst after burst of involuntary cheers from the whole crowd proclaimed the triumph of the Yankee 'tread-mill.' That triumph has been the leading topic in all agricultural circles. *The Times*' report speaks of it as beyond doubt placing the harvest absolutely under the farmer's control; as ensuring a complete and most auspicious revolution in the harvesting operations of this country; and as 'securing to English farming, protection against climate, and an economy of labor which must prove of *incalculable* advantage.' Very well for 'a cross between an ASTLEY's chariot, a flying-machine, and a tread-mill.' The inventor is now a 'lion,' and could at once sell five hundred of his machines if he had them already constructed. . . . Is n't the subjoined '*Serenade*,' from a new correspondent, somewhat out of the usual milk-and-water style of such things? It strikes us as very delicate and felicitous:

SWEET evening Air,  
I pray thee, bear  
This song to her I love so well!  
Breathe on her cheek,  
And gently speak  
Soft words of love I dare not tell.

O Star of Love!  
From HEAVEN above,  
Watch o'er the slumbers of my fair;  
On wings of light,  
Reflected bright,  
Swift back to me her image bear!

O wandering Star!  
Thy ray from far  
May gaze its fill on her I love.  
Thou, Breeze! may'st kiss  
Her cheek—O bliss!  
Nor will her gentle voice reprove.

But cruel Fate  
Still bids me wait,  
Nor dare such blissful joy to claim:  
Star! gaze for me,  
Breeze! kiss for me,  
And softly whisper her my name! M. W.

Messrs. COOK AND SOMERVILLE, book-binders, at Number forty-eight Ann-street, have established a wide reputation for the excellence and beauty of their work. Their ornamental, as well as their plainer kinds, are remarkable for elegance, richness and good taste. . . . A PLEASANT epistle from 'M. W.' (which we wish he would repeat) was among the manuscripts 'taken and conveyed away' on a recent occasion. . . . Mr. GREELEY thinks we shall 'take the rag off' JOHN BULL in the matter of ploughs, when it comes to the testing-match of the great exhibition. Guess so too, if what 'SAM. SLICK' says, writing from England, is true: 'Arter all, they haint got no Indgin corn here; they can't raise it, nor punkin-pies, nor quinces, nor pea-nuts, nor silk-worms, nor nothin'. Then as to their farmin'—LORD! only look at five great elephant-lookin' beasts in one plough, with one great lummokin' feller to hold the handle, and another to carry the whip, and a boy to lead, whose boots has more iron on 'em than the horses' huffs have, all crawlin' as if they was a-goin' to a funeral

What sort of a way is that to do work! It makes me mad to look at 'em. If there is any airtily clumsy fashion of doin' a thing, that's the way they are sure to git here. They are a benighted, obstinate, bull-headed people, the English, that's a fact, and always was.' There's a plough down in Maine that ought to be sent over to the 'World's Fair.' It is a dangerous nondescript, though. The inventor chained it up, the afternoon on which he finished it, but it broke loose in the night and killed two cows! . . . Our friend 'HANS VON SPIEGEL's' poem, '*Nut-Shells*,' the first part of which we give in the present number, will attract attention and command admiration for its many beauties. The second and concluding part will appear in our next. . . . Is not this a pretty sketch from LONGFELLOW's 'Spanish Student!' Perpend:

——— 'She lies asleep:  
And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath  
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.  
Her delicate limbs are still, and on her breast  
The cross she pray'd to, ere she fell asleep,  
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,  
Like a light barge safe moor'd.'

Now, reader, as ISAAC WALTON says, 'if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, thou art disallowed to be a competent judge' of such a picture as this. . . . '*The Boston Daily Advertiser*,' an old and highly respectable journal, in reference to the law of imprisonment for debt in Massachusetts, says that no man need be imprisoned twenty-four hours in that state. The door of 'deliverance,' through the oath of that name, is always open to him. We are glad to learn that thus much is true. The report which we gave, however, was on the authority of a Boston print; and if the principal fact was not exaggerated, even the 'oath of deliverance' would have come too late to be availed of by the dying prisoner for debt. . . . There is something more, it seems, in the term '*Old Masters*' than every body is aware of. An artist-friend of ours mentions the circumstance of a lady, residing in a pleasant village not a thousand miles from Gotham, who took him through certain of her apartments to show him her pictures. She had several 'shay-doovers,' as YELLOW-PUSH calls them, by the '*Old Masters*.' Our friend thought it odd that she should be learned in the *ages* of the painters, which she invariably mentioned. At length she said: 'I wish you would come and look at my husband's portrait. *That* is by an '*Old Master*,' too. He was upward of seventy-three years old when he painted it. He was the oldest master of painting in this country at the time!' . . . WHEN our manufacturers produce a very beautiful thing, we like to apprise our readers of it; and if any of our town friends will step into the establishment of Mr. LUCIUS HART, late of 'BOARDMAN AND HART,' manufacturer and importer of Britannia ware, and dealer in metals, at number six Burling-slip, the courteous proprietor will show them that 'some things can be done as well as others' in this same 'wooden country' of ours. Britannia-ware tea-service, as bright and rich-looking as silver itself, and with care, almost as durably-handsome, in all graceful variety of forms, will attest the skill and taste of American manufacturers. The articles are admirable, and are fast acquiring the reputation which their excellence and elegance are well calculated to command. . . . SOMEBODY, writing in that excellent and entertaining journal the '*Spirit of the Times*,' upon '*American Gentlemen of the Olden Time*,' and more particularly of Virginia, quotes largely, and without credit, from the KNICKERBOCKER, the letter from Westmoreland county, Virginia, published in our July number. But the 'unkindest cut of all' is his unsexing our correspondent, who is a male human, standing six-feet-four in his stockings! 'Good 'Evings!' he is pronounced to be an 'old lady!' 'Get eout!' — he aint no such thing! We mean to ask him if he is

the next time we see him! . . . A FRIEND writing from Washington, a lover and an accomplished judge of art, observes: 'The papers announce, I see, that ELLIOTT has gone to Marshfield to paint a portrait of DANIEL WEBSTER. I hope the report is true; for WEBSTER's face has never yet been transferred to canvass as it should be; and ELLIOTT is the only artist whom I know that is capable of doing justice to such a subject. He is in portraiture what WEBSTER is in forensic eloquence—the foremost man in America. At a political canvass WEBSTER might overcome ELLIOTT, but on one of DECHEAUX's, ELLIOTT could 'beat him and give him six.' (There's a pun on the word 'canvass' in that last remark, which can easily be detected by a slight examination, and was evidently intended by the author.) We fully agree with the writer. Mr. WEBSTER could make a better speech 'with one arm tied behind him' than ELLIOTT could with both free; but what language is in ELLIOTT's pencil! How his limned flesh perspires or is dry in his youthful or aged sitters; how silvery or rich brown his pictured hair; how *life-like* his transcripts of the 'human face divine,' with its infinitely-varied expression! Mr. ELLIOTT has been very busy at his easel, even during the warmest of the recent sultry weather, and has produced some of the best of his portraits during that period. He has a most liberal commission to paint Mr. WEBSTER's portrait, but the eminent statesman has not been able as yet to command the requisite leisure to place himself under the eminent artist's minute 'personal inspection.' The portrait will be painted, however, before the meeting of Congress. . . . ANOTHER of those beautiful volumes of a series which serves to mark the progress of taste, and a higher degree of cultivation in the literary world, entitled '*Episodes of Insect Life: Insects of Summer*,' has just been issued by REDFIELD. 'If a hope be entertained,' says the author of this exquisite work, 'that the present volume will prove at the least as attractive as its predecessor, it is only because the summer months it comprises have supplied it with more abundance of material; because the summer sunshine has afforded brighter hues for the enrichment of that parti-colored livery, wherein, among the graver and wiser of Nature's servitors, it would ply its introductory vocation at one end of Creation's temple. Under an encouraging impression that, in the above capacity, it may have already helped to usher a few (albeit through a side-door) into that glorious edifice; some to observe, some to admire, some to adore; the '*Insect Chronicle*' proceeds cheerfully through the gayest period of winged existence, and the brightest portion of the ever-varying year.' . . . A FAR-AWAY friend and correspondent, after adverting to 'Old KNICK' in terms that touched the 'very cockles of our heart,' says: 'Speaking of 'NICK,' reminds me of a story which may be useful to you in your intercourse with society, considering the rather sulphurous cognomen you so boldly bear. In the early days of our glorious constitution, the HON. NICHOLAS G. . . . was an honored member of the national senate; but, as in your case, and that of other public characters, it was the good pleasure of the sovereigns to contract his purely Christian name into that monosyllable which indicates, with its prefix of 'Old,' a gentleman who never bore the title of D.D. During the Christmas holy-days, the ancient and colored servant of the boarding-house presented himself, for the usual *honorarium*, to the assembled boarders. Senator NICHOLAS G. . . . , assuming ignorance of the person of the applicant, asked him, 'Who are you?' 'Me!—bless you, Massa, you do know me? I HARRY—Ole HARRY.' 'Old HARRY!' says the senator, with affected horror: 'why, they call the DEVIL 'Old HARRY!'' 'Yes, Massa; sometime 'Ole HARRY'—sometime 'Ole NICK!'' Our colored brother took a rich shower of 'tin' by that motion.' . . . THOSE enterprising publishers, MESSRS. H. LONG AND BROTHERS, have issued two very clever works in '*The Sisters, or the Fatal Marriages*,' and the

'*Adventures of Paul Periwinkle*,' by the lively author of 'Cavendish.' The capital works of 'Frank Farleigh,' and 'Lewis Arundel,' published by this house, have reached their fifteenth thousand! . . . 'Jemmy's Address to his Swate-Heart,' on presenting her with a Ring,' by the 'RIVER-BARD,' is 'na sae bod,' as the Scottish people said of Mrs. Siddons' acting at Edinburgh:

LADY, swate lady, the thrille I give  
Has a small aperture in the centre;  
So little, indade, one would scarcely believe  
That your swate taper finger could enter.  
But amateurs tell me it niver will do  
To pick out a ring for a beauty,  
Unless you divide your opinion by two,  
And allow for the 'shrinkage and duty.'

I tell you this fact, that you clarely may see  
My motive in choosing this size, dear;  
And to show at once that it niver could be  
The consideration of price, dear:  
Yet I fairly confess, when I purchased the thing,  
And promised to pay for the same,  
I blessed you for wearing a very small ring,  
And I thought a large hand was a shame.

Of coorse you'll persawve there's a gem in this ring,  
Which I think excaidingly chaste;  
A diamond to me is a hard-looking thing,  
But, bedad! there 's a glory in paste!  
And with care it'll wear jist exactly as long,  
And niver grow dirty nor dingy;  
And as for the strength, thrue, a diamond *is* strong,  
But a man is no man if he's stingy.

And oh! may you wear it intirely out, dear!  
In short, wear it iver and iver;  
And when you have finished your gadding about here,  
Return it unsolled to the giver:  
For gems are unneeded in heaven, I trust,  
Where one is as rich as another;  
In *that* place your jewels would certainly rust,  
And melt all to paices in t'other!

The generosity of our 'BARD' is quite equal to that of the London lover, who, when asked by the innamorata with whom he had quarrelled to return her presents of jewelry, and so forth, said, among other things:

'THAT brooch, which once your bosom wore,  
(You said you had it of your mother,)  
Which, when you gave to me, you swore  
For life you 'd love me, and no other:  
Canst thou forget the pleasant morn  
When in my breast thou first didst stick it?  
I can't restore it—it's in pawn,  
But, base deceiver! there's the ticket!'

Now that was what we call 'doing the handsome thing.' He 'gave her all he could; no more!' . . . We don't think it was right, 'morally speaking,' for the man to have done what he did, but it was a 'clean trick.' The way of it was this, according to the English paper from which we quote: 'On Tuesday the following artful trick was played off upon Mr. S. COLFOYDS, a boot-maker in Seymour-street, Somers Town, by a gentlemanly-looking man, who requested to be served with a pair of WELLINGTON boots. After several trials, Mr. COLFOYDS at last succeeded in suiting him, and he was stamping the heel to make them feel easier on his foot, when a man rushed into the shop and snatched the gentleman's hat from the chair where he had placed it, and immediately made off. Mr. COLFOYDS urged the gentleman to immediate pursuit, he (Mr. COLFOYDS) being unable to leave the shop. He accordingly started in chase of the thief, and was quickly out of sight. Whether he caught the man has not transpired; but he has not returned to pay Mr. COLFOYDS for the boots! The



taking off the hat was merely a 'ruse' to enable him to run off with them after his accomplice.' Wasn't that an 'artful dodge!' It is even a brighter thought than the 'trick' of the Yankee clock-pedlar which we published lately. . . . 'MOTHER,' said a little girl, after coming home from church one Sunday; 'mother, won't you ask the minister to *preach small*, so that I can understand him! I don't know what he means.' What a rebuke to those ostentatious divines who 'shoot the arrows of the Word over the heads of their audiences in flourishes of affected rhetoric!' 'There is,' says a religious contemporary, 'an idea extant that to speak plain Saxon is not to speak learnedly. Hence, it must be latinized in order to get its proper rotundity. We have heard of one who, in quoting the beautiful Saxon, 'Oh, the length and breadth, the height and the depth,' etc., put it into good English eloquence thus: 'Oh, the latitude and the longitude, the altitude and the profundity!' That must have been as plain to the audience as the following figure: 'The BIBLE gives light; it is like an orifice in any edifice, covered with pellucid plates for the transmission of pelion rays!' That is, it is like a window! *Ohe jam satis!*' . . . At a recent meeting of a parish, a solemn, straight-bodied, and most exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows, and others standing in need of assistance, in the parish. 'Are you sure, deacon,' asked another solemn brother, 'that you have *embraced* all the widows!' He said he *believed* he had done so; but if any had been omitted, the omission could easily be corrected. He did n't 'take' at all. . . . We have space but to mention the publication, by the Brothers HARPER, of a volume of '*Travels in the United States*,' by Lady EMELINE STUART WORTLEY. It is written in a most kindly spirit, and in a familiar, gossiping style, which renders it additionally attractive. We had occasion to know, while Lady EMELINE was in this country, that she entertained strong feelings of respect and friendship for America and the American people. She contributed several articles for the KNOCKERBOOKER, in which these amiable characteristics were eminently displayed. . . . We have not encountered any thing better than the following vindication of a friend by a western editor since the eulogy pronounced upon Mr. THOMAS HIGGINS and General WASHINGTON by a member of the legislature of Florida. The friend in question had been arrested for stealing sheep: 'We have known Mr. THOMAS for twelve years. Our acquaintance commenced with the great storm which blew down our grandfather's barn. At that time he was a young man in the prime of life, and we think raised the best marrow-fat peas we ever eat. He was a good mathematician, kind to the poor, and troubled with fits. In all the relations of a husband, father, uncle, and trustee of common lands, he has followed the direct standard of duty. Mr. THOMAS is at this time forty-three years of age, slightly marked with the small-pox, an estimable citizen, a church-member, and a man of known integrity, for ten years. As to sheep-stealing, that he would have done it if he could get an opportunity, is without foundation in point of fact. Mr. THOMAS could have stolen our lead-pencil several times, but he didn't do it' . . . PUTNAM has issued a very pretty illustrated little volume, picturesque and descriptive of Trenton Falls. It is edited by N. P. WILLIS, and embraces the original essay of JOHN SHERMAN, the first proprietor and resident. The book is not only a beautiful guide to the Falls themselves, but it would form a pretty ornament for the centre-table of a drawing-room. . . . Let us try to give you very briefly, reader, a little story that was told to us the other night in the sanctum. We will endeavor to present it as nearly as possible in the words of the narrator: 'Did I ever tell you,' said he, 'about my first and last poetical effort! Reckon not. Well, thus it was: A considerable long time ago, when I was pursuing the law, (*hæud passibus æquis*), and which I

never overtook, I was sitting with my feet on a line with my nose, 'my custom always in the afternoon,' when at the opened door a veritable client appeared. His inimitable hitch at the waist-band spoke at once his occupation on the briny deep. 'Do you ever write letters here?' was his first question. 'Sometimes,' said I, 'although I am not exactly a man of letters.' 'Well, then,' said he, looking round carefully to see that his communication was confidential, 'I want a first-rate one.' 'To whom, and on what subject?' I asked. 'To a gal in Kittery,' said he. 'She aint acting right, and I want to tell her so. She's been and gone to a singing-school with another chap sence I left. Now take a sheet of paper and give her my mind strong!' I did my best, and put down in our good vernacular some emphatic expressions of indignation, and some hard knocks against the interloper of the singing-school. 'Hold there!' says he, 'that is rather too much sail on that tack! Now put her off a few pints on another tack, and give her some soft biacuit, for I don't want to break off entirely; only to *score* her, so that she will mind her helm and steer straight.' So I eased off, and put in some 'saft sawder' and love-sick nonsense. I read it to him. 'That will do,' said he; 'but tell her, after all, it will be as she behaves!' So I qualified the honey with a little vinegar. 'That's all right,' said he; 'but I want you to put in some verses, to wind up the yarn.' 'Such as what?' said I. 'This:

'My pen is poor, my ink is pale,  
My love for you shall never fail.'

'I wrote at his dictation until I came to the word 'pale.' 'That will never do,' said I, 'for this ink is most particularly black'—and it was 'black as Erebus,' or 'the ace of spades.' This was a poser. He scratched his head in most amusing perplexity. 'I must have the poetry,' said he, 'at any rate; and what if it aint exactly true? Will that hurt it?' 'Not as *poetry*,' said I, refining, 'but as *fact*. It will be a false statement of a matter of fact, and the falsehood will be apparent on the face of the record, and *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, you know, JACK! How can BERTSEY believe a word you say, with such a black falsehood staring her in the face?' (I was young, and fresh from BLACKSTONE, and talked learnedly.) 'What shall we do?' cried JACK; 'you must fix it somehow.' 'How will this answer, JACK?' I asked:

'My pen is poor, my ink is black,  
My love for you shall never slack!'

'First-rate!' exclaimed JACK; and so it went, and so ended my first and last attempt at poetry. I wish I had kept a copy of that letter.' . . . 'THE lines incorrectly quoted in the KNICKERBOCKER for August,' writes '*A Lover of Literature*' from Boston, (who will accept our thanks,) 'are a translation of a passage in OVID:

— 'VIDEO meliora, proboque,  
Deteriora sequor.'

Ov. METAM. VII. 16

'In a translation of OVID 'by several eminent hands,' that particular *Metamorphosis* from which the above passage is extracted, is 'Englished' by TATE and STORRETT. The authentic lines in question stand as follows:

'I see the Right, and I approve it too;  
Condemn the Wrong, and yet the Wrong pursue.'

HERE, in such sort as we could give it, is a short string of theatrical items and *on-dits*, which we commend to the casual glance of all dramatically-inclined Gothamites. MARSHALL, of '*The Broadway*,' is greatly enlarging and beautifying his magnificent theatre, and will soon open with the great American Tragedian, EDWIN FORREST. Distinguished actors, in various walks, with other 'novelties,' are to succeed. MRS. MOWATT has had a successful engagement at the indefatigable

NIBLO's, who is to continue open all winter, with 'stars' and lesser attractions. BURTON, as we hear, has engaged a 'talented' company, who are to be divided between the Chambers-street establishment and NIBLO's. BROUGHAM has parted with some of his '*celebrités*,' but is said to have engaged others of equal merit to take their place. Several European '*popularities*' are about visiting us; among them, ANNA THILLON, a fascinating singer and actress, and SONTAG, the Countess ROSSI. ANDERSON, the sometime 'tragedian' hereabout, is locked up in prison in London, the victim of his own ridiculous ambition; but ANDERSON, the 'Wizard of the North,' is astonishing thousands at 'Tripler-Hall' by his incomprehensible feats in necromancy and natural magic. . . . WE are gossiping just now at '*Mount Guilford*,' the hospitable residence of an old friend at the highlands of Piermont. It is the first moist day of August:

'Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain:'

yet here we sit, in the pleasantest of pleasant libraries, under the 'warning-voice' of a tall old clock that has ticked for a hundred years, and look off, now upon the misty Tappaan-Zee and its faintly-outlined eastern shore at Tarrytown, 'Sunnyside,' and the ancient Ferry of DOBBS, and anon upon a picturesque vale, extending thirty or forty miles to the west and south, enclosed by mountains that bound the distant view. Beautiful! beautiful!—and the stormy voice of the north-east wind, and the sound and smell of the falling rain! Surely surely, we shall have reminiscences of this hereafter! . . . A 'good man and a true' met us not long since in Broadway, and congratulated us upon 'unmistakable good health,' for which, as daily, we thanked a kind Power that it was so. We plastered the compliment back upon his burnished though corrugated cheeks, as IRVING says, 'like a Spitzbergen apple dried with the bloom on.' 'Well,' he said, (and he was right,) '*I feel as young as I ever did. I retain all my boyish weaknesses.* When my friend SAMUEL JOYCE sends me home his best coat, I rub my hand across the surface of the fabric, and fond 'memory brings back the *feeling*' with which I welcomed my first 'swallow-tail;' nor am I now less vain than when I looked for the first time at 'a perfect fit' in the glass, now forty years ago. Nor, when I raise my best and most graceful 'GENIN' to a friend in the Fifth-avenue, am I less aware than of yore that the noblest part of man is nobly shielded from the elements. The truth is,' he added, 'after all, we 'men,' as we call ourselves, and perhaps are so considered, are only 'children of a larger growth.' . . . MR. JOHN DANIEL, at Number 59 Fifth-street, continues to give instruction in music upon the piano, vocal, and otherwise. We have spoken before of this accomplished artist, and are well pleased, although not at all surprised, to learn, that he has met with ample patronage, and has elicited the warmest approbation of his numerous pupils. Himself a thorough musician, his instruction, both in theory and in practice, is of the very first order of excellence. He has *achieved* success simply because he had prepared himself by long study and elaborate practice to *command* it; and with *genius*, which was his first quality, he had nothing left that was to be desired. . . . AN extended review of DANA's Prose Essays, and notices of MAGOON's 'Scenery and Mind,' 'Lectures on the Lord's Prayer,' and of three or four other new works, are postponed until our next. We have six or seven pages of these, with articles in prose and verse for the 'Table' and 'Gossip,' in type, awaiting immediate insertion. . . . READER, pardon all 'short-comings.' Hot and sultry has been the weather; frequent our excursions into the 'ked'ntry;' and very ill there a tender nursing of the KNICKERBOCKER flock. Think on these things, and 'pity and forgive!' 'If spared,' we will try to 'do better next time.'

# Slander and the Dragon ;

A ROMANCE OF THE HARTZ PRISON.

BY REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON, M. A.,  
OF HUNTINGTON, NEW-YORK.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

With Illustrations. Just published, by SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 Nassau street, and GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 155 Broadway, New-York.

The above is an original and striking Allegory on the subject of Slander. It is very neatly got up, and is sold at Fifty Cents, and may be had of all Booksellers,

## Cuba and the Cubans :

COMPRISING A HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA, ITS PRESENT SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND DOMESTIC CONDITION, AND ITS RELATION TO ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM CUBA."

With an Appendix, containing Important statistics, and a reply to Senor Saco on Annexation, translated from the Spanish. Also, a Map of the Island, and its relative situation to the other West India Islands, and different parts of the United States. One Vol., 12mo. Price 75 cents.

SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 Nassau street.

## The Illustrated Domestic Bible.

This beautiful and valuable edition of the Bible is now completed, and may be obtained in various styles of binding, from \$7 to \$10 50.

In addition to the authorized version, this edition of the Bible contains seven hundred Illustrations, three steel Maps, very full References, Reflections, Notes, Questions, Dates for every day in the year, Family Record, Chronological Order, &c.

Agents wanted in every town in the United States.

Address, post paid,

S. HUESTON, 139 Nassau street.

## Agents for the Knickerbocker.

NEW-YORK.		ALABAMA.	
W. C. Little & Co.,	Albany.	M. Boulemet,	Mobile.
J. C. Derby & Co.,	Auburn.	George Little,	Montgomery.
T. S. Hawk,	Buffalo.		
CONNECTICUT.		LOUISIANA.	
A. H. Malthy,	New-Haven.	J. C. Morgan,	New-Orleans.
VERMONT.		OHIO.	
E. Smith & Co.,	Burlington.	Post & Co.,	Cincinnati.
NEW-JERSEY.		INDIANA.	
M. R. Dennis,	Newark.	Perkins & Buckingham,	Terre Haute.
PENNSYLVANIA.		MISSOURI.	
W. B. Zieber,	Philadelphia.	E. K. Woodward,	St. Louis.
		R. E. Post & Co.,	127 North Fourth st., St. Louis.
MARYLAND.		CALIFORNIA.	
Wm. Taylor,	Baltimore.	Cooke & Le Counts,	San Francisco
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.			
Frank Taylor,	Washington.		

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by J. R. SMITH, J. T. DENT, JASON TAYLOR, J. W. ARM-STRONG, PERRIN LOCKE, W. RAMSAY, DR. JOSHUA WADSWORTH, ALEXANDER E. LAWS, A. J. SMILEY.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Ala., is our General Travelling Agent for ALA-BAMA and TENNESSEE, assisted by B. B. BREETT.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our General Trav-elling Agent for the SOUTHERN and SOUTH-WESTERN States, assisted by WM. H. WELD, JOHN COLLINS, JAMES DEERING, A. KIRK WELLINGTON, E. A. EVANS, P. LOCKE, JOS. BUTTON, JOHN T. JUDKINS, GEO. P. BUTTON, and THOMAS D. NICE.

**A Magnificent Pictorial and Literary Weekly Journal.**

# **GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING ROOM COMPANION,**

**A RECORD OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL IN ART.**

The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches, and poems, by the

**BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,**

and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

## **BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED**

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine portraits of every noted character in the world, male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on the finest of paper, and with a font of copper-faced brevier type of the most modern style, manufactured expressly for it, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, and sixty-four columns of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

**THE BEST FAMILY PAPER,**

inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected and sought after for its combined excellences.

## **TERMS.**

**INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.**

1 subscriber, one year,	\$3 00
2 subscribers,	5 00
4       "       "	9 00
8       "       "	16 00
16       "       "	28 00

**[C]** One copy of the **FLAG OF OUR UNION**, and one copy of the **DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION**, one year, for \$4 00

**[C]** Though these two journals emanate from the same establishment, still not one line will appear in one that has been published in the other, thus affording to those persons who take both papers an immense variety.

**[C]** The **PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION** may be obtained at any of the periodical depôts throughout the country, and of newsmen, at six cents per single copy.

Published every Saturday, by

**F. GLEASON, BOSTON, MASS.**

## **WHOLESALE AGENTS.**

**S. FRENCH**, 151 Nassau, corner of Spruce st., New-York.

**A. WINCH**, 116 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

**H. TAYLOR**, North street, Baltimore.

**EDWARDS & COMPANY**, 115 Main street, Cincinnati.

**R. E. EDWARDS & COMPANY**, 23 Third street, Louisville, Ky.

**J. A. ROYS**, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

**E. K. WOODWARD**, corner of 4th and Chestnut sts., St. Louis.

**[C]** Subscriptions received at either of the above places.

*Rev Dr Parkman  
Bowdoin Sq.*

THE

# Knickerbocker.

OR



NEW-YORK  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1851.

NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 NASSAU STREET.

LONDON:  
JOHN CHAPMAN, 142 STRAND.

BOSTON:  
PETRIDGE & CO.: CROSBY & NICHOLS: REDDING & CO.  
PHILADELPHIA: W. B. ZIEBER.

1851.

JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER.

# PROSPECTUS OF THE THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME.

## GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

### THE **Knickerbocker Magazine,**

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

will commence its THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME with the number for January, 1852.

The subscription price for the KNICKERBOCKER will be reduced from FIVE DOLLARS to THREE DOLLARS, on and after the first day of January next.

The change is made for a reason precisely the reverse of that which ordinarily induces a Publisher to lower the rates of his Magazine. This is usually done because the publication cannot be sustained at its original rate, which is consequently reduced with the hope of extending its circulation. This is followed invariably by a deterioration of the work, in all its departments, and in every thing relating to it. Indeed it may be laid down as a rule, in the conducting of a Magazine, that if the original price will not remunerate for its publication, it is only going from bad to worse to reduce that price.

The KNICKERBOCKER at the present time enjoys a larger subscription list, and pays better, than it ever did before; and of the twenty years of its existence, the present year has been the most prosperous.

The Publisher is now in a situation, in consequence of the condition of the Magazine, to offer it for THREE DOLLARS per annum.

With this reduction there will be no change in its form, size, character or quality, except a change always continued *for the better*; for it will improve on the past, maintaining the position so long awarded to it.

### TERMS :

**THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.**

THESE WILL BE NO DEVIATION FROM THIS CONDITION.

**To Clubs of Ten, \$2.50 each.**

Booksellers and Postmasters are requested to act as agents. Those who will undertake to procure subscribers will receive favorable terms. Specimen numbers will be sent gratis on application post-paid.

All remittances and all business communications must be addressed to SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 Nassau street, New-York.

# ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. AN OLD-TIME NEW-ENGLAND LAW-SUIT, . . . . .	383
II. LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, . . . . .	389
III. AN ESSAY ON BUCKWHEAT CAKES, . . . . .	390
IV. LINES TO ONE UNSEEN, . . . . .	395
V. HEARTS OF OAK. IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST. By CAROLINE CHESBRO', . . . . .	397
VI. THE BRIDGE AND THE BROOK. By CHARLES G. LELAND, . . . . .	411
VII. MUSIC OF THE DOLLARS AND THE DIMES, . . . . .	412
VIII. DESCENT INTO THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA, . . . . .	414
IX. STANZAS: DANVILLE CEMETERY. By W. H. C. HOSEMER, Esq., . . . . .	417
X. Y: LIFE OF CAPTAIN IOHN UNDERHILL, . . . . .	418
XI. SUMMER TWILIGHT: A SONNET. By 'NELL,' . . . . .	426
XII. STANZAS: THE RIVER, . . . . .	427
XIII. THE HARVEST OF LIFE, . . . . .	428
XIV. WAVE AND WOOD: OR JACK'S JOURNAL. By 'KIT KELVIN,' . . . . .	428
XV. THE DEAD: AN EXTRACT, . . . . .	433
XVI. Y: LOW-BORN SQUIRE'S UNHAPPY LOVE, . . . . .	434
XVII. LINES ON THE GREEK SLAVE. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, . . . . .	436
XVIII. SKETCH-BOOK OF ME, MEI-TER KARL. By CHARLES G. LELAND, . . . . .	436
XIX. A BIRTH-DAY TRIBUTE. By R. S. CHILTON, . . . . .	442
XX. THE HARVE-T-MOON. By THE 'PRASANT-BARD,' . . . . .	443
XXI. A SEQUEL TO SAINT LEGER. By RICHARD B. KIMBALL, Esq., . . . . .	444
XXII. GOLDEN DREAMS. By HENRY P. LELAND, . . . . .	448

## LITERARY NOTICES:

1. THE SEA AND THE SAILOR, ETC. By THE LATE REV. WALTER COLTON, . . . . .	449
2. SCENERY AND MIND. By REV. E. L. MAGOON, . . . . .	450
3. REPORTS OF THE NEW-YORK STATE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, . . . . .	451
4. LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER. By REV. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, . . . . .	451

## EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE: A RARE NEW WORK, . . . . .	452
2. AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR. By 'CARL BENSON,' . . . . .	456
3. PHILLIPS'S FIRE ANNIHILATOR, . . . . .	459
4. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, . . . . .	460

1. ASTRONOMICAL THOUGHTS: A COMET AND AN ECLIPSE. 2. LOVE-SICKNESS: GEM FROM ROBERT BURNS. 3. ANECDOTE OF PARTRIDGES *versus* 'OWLS,' BY THE LATE JOHN T. STAOG. 4. ALBAN, A TALE OF THE 'NEW WORLD.' 5. A DUTCHMAN'S 'TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION.' 6. 'THE SEA, AN OCEAN-REVERIE:' REPLY TO 'C. P.' 7. THE 'SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER:' CRITICISM UPON TUPPER, THE PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHER. 8. A 'DOWN-EAST' SAW-MILL THAT WAS 'NOT WORTH A DAM,' AND A RIVER THAT 'OUGHT TO BE DAM'D.' 9. 'THE LITTLE GREAT MAN:' SCAFFOLD REPENTANCES. 10. QUAIN'T ALLITERATIVE TITLES OF BOOKS IN THE OLDEN TIME. 11. METROPOLITAN 'DOCTOR-CERTIFICATES' TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH. 12. THE 'BEST ENGLISH IMPROMPTU.' 13. DEATH OF 'FATHER HEGGEN,' THE CATHOLIC INDIAN-MISSIONARY. 14. 'THE NEW-YORK ORGAN' TEMPERANCE AND FAMILY JOURNAL. 15. A WORLD 'WITHOUT SOULS:' A DESIDERATUM IN A CONTINGENCY. 16. 'THE BOOK-TRADE' MONTHLY RECORD. 17. PROFESSOR ANDERSON, THE MAGICIAN. 18. SOME 'SWEET' STANZAS ON KISSSES. 19. A NATURAL AND MENTAL FOG AT DOBB'S: AN EQUESTRIAN ILLUSION. 20. AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF REV. SYDNEY SMITH. 21. DEMPSTER, THE DISTINGUISHED SCOTTISH VOCALIST: TRIBUTE TO HIS MUSIC FROM H. W. LONGFELLOW: NEW MUSIC FROM JOLLIE'S. 22. LAKE GEORGE AND ITS ACCESSORIES. 23. LINES BY A CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER. 24. THE NEW-YORK YACHT 'AMERICA.' 25. SCOTT'S 'MIRROR OF FASHION.' 26. DEATH OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, THE RENOWNED AUTHOR. 27. OCTOBER VOYAGING ON THE HUDSON RIVER. 28. LAWYERS, AND THEIR STORIES. 29. THE INFLUENCES OF AUTUMN. 30. THE IMPREPRESSIBILITY OF TRUE GENIUS. 31. A PILFERER'S 'CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.' 32. THEATRICAL: RE-APPEARANCE OF EDWIN FORREST UPON THE STAGE, ETC., ETC. 33. 'THE JUVENILE WEEKLY GAZETTE.' 34. A 'FIRST READING-LESSON' FOR JUVENILES. 35. OLD SONGS, OLD WINE, OLD FRIENDS. 36. A VALIANT MILITIA OFFICER OF THE LAST WAR. 37. 'LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.' 38. BIG 'LITTLE PEOPLE' COMING HOME FROM BOARDING-SCHOOL. 39. A MODEST REQUEST. 40. A 'JUGVILLE PROFESSOR.' 41. A YANKEE ILLUS-TRATION. 42. DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT-BOY. 43. A NEW SONG: ADVENT OF MISS CATHERINE HAYES. 44. 'THE NEW-YORK DAILY TIMES.' 45. AN EPISTLE FROM 'M. W.' 46. A WORD TO 'S. S. C.:' AN UNMUSICAL HAND-BILL. 47. 'COMING HOME.' 48. A CARELESS CRITIC. 49. LEUTZ'S GRAND PICTURE OF WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE. 50. THE 'BALTIMORE REGISTER.' 51. 'ROYAL BATH BRICK.' 52. ~~Q~~ SEE SECOND PAGE OF OUR PRESENT COVER. 53. TO CORRESPONDENTS: APOLOGETIC. 54. AN ADROIT EVASION. 55. NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED, ART-UNION REPORTS, ETC., ETC.



---

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY  
SAMUEL HUESTON,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

---

*508 Jan 8 1851  
James Parkman LL.B. of Andover*

## THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXVIII.      OCTOBER, 1851.

No. 4.

### An Old-Time New-England Lam-Suit.

A CASE BETWEEN JAMES LINDSEY, OF CANTERBURY, PLAINTIFF, AND ABNER CLOUGH, OF SALISBURY, DEFENDANT.

PROVINCE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE :

CANTERBURY, October 24th, 1743.

JAMES LINDSEY, of Canterbury, within this Province, Cordwainer, commenced an action of Debt against ABNER CLOUGH, of Salisbury, in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, Yeoman ; and accordingly both parties appeared on this said twenty-fourth of October, to prosecute the same before me.

J — S —, Justice of Peace.

#### THE WRIT.

PROVINCE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE .

*To the Sheriff of this Province of New-Hampshire, his Under-Sheriff, or Deputy, or to the Constable of Canterbury, Greeting :*

IN HIS MAJESTY'S NAME, you are required to attach the Goods or Estate of ABNER CLOUGH, of Salisbury, in the County of Essex, in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New-England, Yeoman, to the value of forty shillings, old Tenor ; and for want thereof, to take the body of the said ABNER CLOUGH, (if he may be found in your Precinct,) and him safely keep, so that he may be had before me, J — S —, Esquire, one of his Majesties Justices of the Peace for the Province aforesaid, at Canterbury, on Monday, the twenty-fourth day of October, at two of the clock in the afternoon, then and there to answer to JAMES LINDSEY, of Canterbury aforesaid, Cordwainer, in a Plea of Debt : That whereas you, the Defendant, on May the seventeenth, seventeen hundred and forty-three, did become indebted to the Plaintiff the sum of sixteen shillings, old Tenor, (as by the account annexed to this Writ may appear,) which you did then promise to pay to the Plaintiff upon Demand, but does still neglect and refuse to pay the same, (though thereto often requested,) to the damage of the said JAMES LINDSEY (as he saith) the sum of forty shillings, as shall then and there appear, with other due damages. Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Writ, and of your doings therein, unto myself, at or before the said twenty-fourth day of October.

Dated at Canterbury aforesaid, the thirteenth day of October, in the seventeenth year of his Majesty's Reign, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and forty-three.

J — S —.

#### THE ANNEXED ACCOUNT, AS CHARGED BY THE PLAINTIFF.

ABNER CLOUGH, of Salisbury, Dr.

May ye 17th, 1743.

To two bushels of oats, ..... £0 16 0

JAMES LINDSEY.

#### THE PLAINTIFF'S OATH TO HIS ACCOUNT.

PROVINCE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE :

JAMES LINDSEY, above named, swore that he delivered to JOSEPH DAVIS, the hired man of the above-named ABNER CLOUGH, the two bushels of oats mentioned in the above account, on account of the said ABNER CLOUGH ; and that he has not received the pay for them, nor any part thereof, this twenty-fifth day of October, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and forty-three.

Before me,

J — S —, Justice of Peace.

## THE RETURN OF THE WRIT.

PROVINCE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE :

CANTERBURY, October 14th, 1743.

By virtue of the within Writ, I have attached the Estate of the Defendant, as within directed, and at the same time gave him a Summons.

WILLIAM MILES, Constable for Canterbury.

When the Case was called, and the Defendant was desired to make answer to the Plaintiff's charge, he pleaded an abatement of the writ for two reasons :

First. That he desired the Plaintiff to come to a Reckoning with him some time before the date of the within writ, alledging that there was an account between the Plaintiff and him.

Secondly. He denied that he had the oats which the Plaintiff charged him for according to the writ, and therefore he denied the writ, because he said he never had the said oats by himself, or by any Person sent by him.

To the first Plea the Plaintiff said that he knew of no book account between him and the Defendant ; and if the Defendant knew of any, he might take the same method to git it as he had done to git this.

To the second Plea the Plaintiff said that he could produce Proof that the Defendant had the oats which he had charged him for, and desired a continuance of the Case till he could produce the said Proof ; and accordingly the case was continued till October 25, at seven of the clock in the afternoon.

October 25, 1743. — The Plaintiff endeavour'd to prove his charge by two Evidences, and by tendering his own oath to his Account. One of his Witnesses was Joseph Davis, the hired man of the Defendant, who received the oats of the plaintiff. The other was Eleanor Gipson, who was at the Plaintiff's house when the said Joseph Davis received the oats.

Joseph Davis said, upon oath, that he was never sent by the Defendant for the said oats ; but that the Defendant's brother, Thomas Clough, or his wife, or both, (he could not remember which,) told him that he must bring two bushels of oats from James Lindsey's, which their brother Abner was to have of him ; and that he went to the said Lindsey's house, and asked him whether he and Abner Clough had not some talk about some oats ; and that he received two bushels of oats as what the said Lindsey and Abner Clough had talk about before ; and that he carried the said oats to Thomas Clough, where the said Abner Clough and he boarded at that time ; but that he did not deliver the said oats to the said Abner Clough, and did not know whether ever he had them.

Eleanor Gipson said, upon oath, that she was at the house of James Lindsey, the Plaintiff, when the said Joseph Davis came for two bushels of oats, which (she said) he asked for, for Abner Clough ; and that she saw the said James Lindsey measure two bushels of oats and put them up, and the said Davis receive them. Also, the said Eleanor Gipson said that she heard the said Joseph Davis say that Abner Clough had not sent the money to pay for the oats, but that he said he would pay for them as he came up from the Interval.

But the said Joseph Davis denied that he said so.

When I had heard the case argued, because I had never tried a case

before, and this case seemed something difficult, I thought it necessary to defer my Judgment till I could have farther opportunity to consider of it, and also have opportunity to ask the advice of those that were more skilled than I in Law Cases; and accordingly I deferred it till the thirty-first day of this instant October, at seven of the clock in the afternoon.

In the mean time I was obliged to take a Journey to Portsmouth upon an urgent occasion, and could not return till after the time which I had set to give Judgment: Therefore, upon the twenty-seventh day of October, I deferred it farther till the twenty-first day of November following, at seven of the clock in the afternoon, and notified both parties thereof seasonably.

*November 21, 1743.*—The Plaintiff appeared personally, and Josiah Miles in behalf of the Defendant. I gave my Judgment for the Defendant to recover cost, because the Defendant denied that he ever had any oats of the Plaintiff by himself, or by any other person sent by him; and the Plaintiff's Evidences did not appear to me sufficient to prove his Debt as he had charged it.

The Plaintiff appealed to the next Inferiour Court of Common Pleas, to be holden at Portsmouth the first Thursday after the first Tuesday in December next; and gave security to prosecute the appeal with effect, and to answer and pay such Cost and Damages as shall be awarded against him in case the first sentence be affirmed; and gave the following Reasons of Appeal:

1. That the Judgment is not according to the Evidence.
2. That the Judgment was continued.
3. That the Defendant did not appear in Person.

To the above reasons of Appeal I have only this to say: To the first reason, What the evidence was is plainly to be seen above. To the second, I have declared above why I deferred my Judgment. To the third, The Defendant was not at Canterbury when I gave Judgment, and could not appear in person; and I suppose he could not give a Power of Attorney and acknowledge it, because I was gone out of Town upon a Journey before he went from Canterbury; but Josiah Miles, above mentioned, appeared for him, and said he was desired by the Defendant to appear in his behalf, if he was not come to Canterbury, and hear the Judgment; and if he was cast, to appeal for him, and pay the fees; and therefore I did not give Judgment against the Defendant for Default.

J — S —.

[A true copy.]

Attest: J — S —, Justice of Peace.

#### COST OF THE ABOVE SUIT.

MY OWN FEES.			CONSTABLE'S FEES.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
For ye Writ and Summons,.....	0	2 0	For serving the Writ,.....	0	2 0
Entering of Action,.....	0	3 0	Two Summonses,.....	0	2 0
Warrant to Summons Witnesses,.....	0	1 0	Witnesses' time, each one shilling,....	0	2 0
Two Summonses for Witnesses,.....	0	2 0	Defendant's attendance,.....	0	3 0
Plaintiff's Oath to his Account,.....	0	1 0			
Witnesses' Oaths, each one shilling, ..	0	2 0		£0	9 0
Confessing Judgment,.....	0	1 0			
Appeal,.....	0	3 0	The whole,.....	£1	4 2
Filing the Reasons of Appeal,.....	0	0 2			
	£0	15 2			

[A true copy.]

J — S —.

## MICHAELMAS TERM, 17 GEO. II., IN CANTERBURY, NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

LYNDSEY vs. CLOUGH.

FAM'd Westminster Hall and the Inns of Courts  
 May boast of gr-at men who have made their Reports;  
 Of causes adjudged after long debates,  
 By which men recovered much goods and estates.  
 Their judgments and pleas shew wisdom and learning,  
 Are good rules for courts and other men's warning.  
 Great Lawyers and Judges which have got renown,  
 By doing of right and keeping wrong down,  
 COKE and D'ANVERS for England, and great VAUGHAN for Wales,  
 Have worthily done; but none like our SCALES,  
 Of Canterbury Town, seated near to the Lake;  
 Where he that gives judgment is not apt to mistake;  
 Where MOSES and AARON not only joyn hand,  
 But are the same person, as I understand.  
 Happy are the people who live in a town  
 Where the same person wears both the mitre and gown;  
 So sacred their persons, they'd have all men know it,  
 What they do is right, because 't is they *de* it.  
 Old Canterbury did for a very long time  
 Contend with old York, which of them should be prime;  
 Their Prelates for power pull'd, as with a rope,  
 Which should be the highest next unto the Pope.  
 The first obtain'd MOSES and AARON's fine Chair;  
 And so has great SCALES in Canterbury here.  
 But in truth not in vain he executes the Laws,  
 Done justice 'twixt two, and thus tells the cause:  
 JAMES LINDSEY, Cordwinder, was the Plan-tiff,  
 ANSER CLOUGH, a Yeoman, was Defen-dent stiff;  
 The first of Canterbury, who sued for his debts,  
 The last of Salisbury, in the Massachu-setts.  
 In New-Hampshire Province, as the Justice does say,  
 The cause was commenced on the twenty-fourth day  
 Of the month of October, in the year forty-three,  
 Which was the same time the dispute was to be;  
 In an action of debt, the afore-said dispute,  
 Both parties, 't is said, came to prosecute.  
 The writ was directed to the Sheriff to serve,  
 His Sub or his Deputy, or (you may observe)  
 The Constable of Canterbury might serve it with zeal;  
 But I do not observe that the Writ had a seal;  
 Nor is it observ'd that the Writ was endorst;  
 'T is no matter whether of these are the worst.  
 Now note what is said unto the off-icers,  
 And also the griefs which the Plaintiff declares.  
 They were bid to attach the Defendant's estate,  
 The sum forty shillings, money of the old date;  
 Or else take his body, and him safely keep,  
 That he might be had, awake or asleep,  
 Before the said Justice at Canterbury Town;  
 No certain place in it, but go up and down,  
 To find out the Justice, at two afternoon,  
 That day of the week which is rul'd by the moon,  
 The twenty-fourth of October, the year mentioned before,  
 To hear the complaints of the Plaintiff read o'er,  
 In a Plea of Debt, as the Plaintiff doth say;  
 For that the Defendant, the seventeenth of May,  
 Did become indebted to him sixteen shilling,  
 But to pay it is not, nor ever was willing.  
 'T was old Tenor money, as by the account,  
 The price of two bushels of oats did amount,  
 Which you, the Defendant, did promise to pay  
 Unto him, the Plan-tiff, but yet do delay,  
 Though thereto requested; as he does declare,  
 To his hurt forty shillings, as then should appear,  
 With other due damage, as then shall be seen.  
 The officer's return, with his doings therein,  
 To be made, at the day for tryall appointed,  
 Unto the said Justice, for great things anointed.  
 The thirteenth of October, the Writ's date is plain,  
 In the seventeenth year of his Majesties Reign.  
 The persons of Defendant and Sheriff are blended,  
 And here, see, the Plaintiff's Declaration is ended.  
 JAMES LINDSEY made oath, as the Justice well notes,  
 That unto Jo. DAVIS he delivered the oats

On ANKER's account, who hired said DAVIS,  
 And ought to pay for them, but proves very knavish ;  
 That he has not had pay, in the whole or in part,  
 Which has caused him very much grief at his heart.  
 The twenty-fifth of October the Proof was receiv'd,  
 But the truth of the Debt was not yet believ'd.  
 The Return of the Writ next comes as reported :  
 The fourteenth of October the Constable resorted  
 And attacht the Defendant's estate as directed ;  
 Then gave him a Summons ere he was suspected.  
 Then the case was called, and the Defendant desired  
 To make direct answer to what was required.  
 He pleaded abatement of the writ for two reasons ;  
 Sure no right, wise Judge would condemn them for treasons :  
 First, that he desir'd, if the Plaintiff thought fit,  
 To reckon before the date of the Writ ;  
 Alledging that 'twixt them there was an account,  
 And that his demands would the Plaintiff's surmount.  
 Secondly, the Defendant sally did deny it,  
 That he e'er had the oats, as charged in the Writ,  
 Either by himself, or to any intent,  
 Or by any person that by him was sent.  
 To the first, the Plaintiff said he knew of no book  
 The Defendant had, wherein he could look ;  
 But if he had any, the Defendant might  
 Take the method he had to recover his right.  
 To the second he said he Proof could produce  
 The oats were applied to the Defendant's use  
 For which he was charged, and therefore did pray  
 The case might be continued untill the next day ;  
 Which, being but asked, was granted as soon,  
 Untill the next day, at seven afternoon ;  
 Which time being come, the Plaintiff at large  
 Endeavour'd by Witnesses for to prove his charge ;  
 Also his own oath, made to his account,  
 The which he expected to full Proof would amount.  
 One was Jo. DAVIS, who ANKER had hired,  
 That received the oats, but by others desired ;  
 Then ELKANOR GIPSON, who with LINDSEY did live  
 At the time when Jo. DAVIS the oats did receive.  
 Jo. DAVIS deposed, that he never was sent  
 To the Plaintiff for oats by the Defendant ;  
 But his brother, TOM CLOUGH, or his wife, or both,  
 Which he could not tell, he said upon oath,  
 Bade him bring some oats from LINDSEY's with speed,  
 For which the said ANKER with him had agreed.  
 Then to LINDSEY's house Jo. DAVIS did walk,  
 To know if said ANKER with LINDSEY did talk ;  
 And then he two bushels of oats did receive,  
 Which they before talked of, as he did believe,  
 And carry'd them home to the house of TOM CLOUGH.  
 Whether e'er ANKER had them he never did know,  
 For both of them boarded with TOM at that time ;  
 But Jo. ne'er gave ANKER the oats ; that's the crime.  
 Then the oath of ELKANOR GIPSON by name,  
 Who was at LINDSEY's house when Jo. DAVIS came  
 For two bushels of oats for th' aforesaid ANKER,  
 And they were deliver'd, in the sight of her,  
 To him, the said Jo., by measure that day ;  
 Then having received them, Jo. DAVIS did say,  
 That ANKER had sent no money at all,  
 But would pay when he came from the Interval.  
 That ever he said so Jo. DAVIS deny'd,  
 As much as to say that poor ELKANOR lied.

When the Justice had heard the case argued o'er,  
 And having ne'er try'd any one case before,  
 This seem'd difficult ; he therefore thought fit  
 To defer his Judgment, and consider of it,  
 To another opportunity ; 'tis mentioned twice,  
 Once to give Judgment, once to ask advice  
 Of those that were skill'd more in cases of Law,  
 That right being done the wicked might aw.  
 Judgment was defer'd, as the Justice doth say,  
 Till seven afternoon of the thirty-first day  
 Of the same October, in the very same year ;  
 The parties attending, their doom were to hear.  
 In the mean time, as you may understand,  
 A Journey to Portsmouth was taken in hand  
 By him, the said Justice, who could not return  
 In time to give Judgment, so that Iron must burn.

On the twenty-seventh day of October, therefore,  
This ponderous case was deferred once more  
To the twenty-first day of the following November,  
At seven afternoon, as I do remember;  
And timely notice to each party was sent.  
By this time their oates are pret'y well spent.

The twenty-first of November, in y<sup>e</sup> year forty-three,  
JAMES LYNDSEY, the Plaintiff, came personally,  
For to git Judgment against the De-fend-ent,  
In hopes at this time there would be an-end-on't.  
The De-ndent also ('tis recorded) ere whiles  
Appear'd at the Court by JOSIAH MILKS,  
Both waiting for Judgment, big with expectation;  
Such a ponderous case concerns the whole nation.  
Judgment was given: the Plaintiff has lost;  
'T was for the Defendant to recover his cost,  
Because the Defendant deny'd that he had  
The oats that are charg'd; the account therefore bad;  
And the proof of the Plaintiff's did not quite amount  
To full proof of y<sup>e</sup> Debt, or of his account.  
The Plaintiff resolv'd t' have another touch for't,  
Therefore he appeal'd to th' Inferiour Court,  
To be held at Portsmouth in December then next,  
And gave bond to prosecute the same with effect;  
Pay damage and cost what should be award-ed,  
'Gainst him if the sentence should be affirm-ed.  
Note, the pleas in abatement contained no treasons,  
So the Plaintiff gave none in the following reasons  
Which he gave to the Justice for his said appeal,  
And if try'd will be found to wear like good steel:  
First, That the Judgment is a great offence,  
Not being according to the evidence.  
Secondly, That the Judgment was continu-ed,  
(But from or unto what time is not said)  
Thirdly, The Defendant did not then appear  
In his own proper Person, the Judgment to hear.  
To the reasons of appeal the Justice did say,  
And I do think only with Justice he may:  
As to the first reason, what the Witnesses mean  
Is written above, and plain to be seen.  
To the second strong reason, he above has declar'd  
Why giving his Judgment as above was deferr'd.  
To the third, the Defendant he did not appear  
In person at Court his Sentence to hear,  
Was because the said CLOVER could not make an Attorney  
When the Justice himself was out on his Journey.  
Before the said ANNA from Canterb'ry did stee',  
He therefore desired that MILKS would appear,  
And hear the sage Judgment if he did not come,  
And to appeal for him if there was any room,  
And pay all the fees, that there might be no halt;  
Therefore the said Justice did not note a Default.

All stands in this order, see't now, if you please,  
Signed and well attested by a Justice of Peace.  
Next comes in order a Bill of the Cost,  
Where the Justice takes care of his own fees first.  
The articles shew 'tis a very good trade:  
There's confessing of Judgment which never was made;  
Summon's and swearing, there's money got by't;  
In the Bill there is scarce one charge that is right.  
One pound four and twopence the Bill does amount,  
But old or new Tenor we have no account.  
Plaintiff's and Defendant's Costs all in one Bill,  
But who is to pay them remains a doubt still.

When Clergymen meddle with civil affairs,  
Seek after commissions neglecting their pray'rs,  
While one work is doing the other's neglected,  
And this is no more than may be expected.  
As affairs do now stand, some think 't would be best  
For SCALES to be Justice and WOODSKEY the Priest.  
Let the Judge wear his gown and y<sup>e</sup> Priest wear his mitre,  
Then 't will be most likely that things will go righter;  
And every one to his own business attend.  
Then Jus'tices and Priests and Lawyers will mend.  
And if none undertake what they don't understand,  
Then Justice and Truth will dwell in the Land!

## L I N E S

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON.

THE sceptred Summer rules in state,  
The rose is flushing deep,  
And LUNA maketh solemn night  
Too beautiful for sleep;  
Till Morning in her dewy robe  
Doth o'er the mountains peer,  
Where *thou* didst love so well to roam,  
But yet thou art not here.

Thou art not here, whose infant cheek  
Was pillow'd on my breast;  
Nor wilt thou cheer me when my head  
Beside thine own shall rest,  
Save with their welcome, mute and cold,  
Where dust to dust is spread,  
The frozen lip, the stony eye,  
The greeting of the dead!

Thou art not here, the historic page  
With sleepless zeal to scan,  
And question old and wrinkled TIME  
Of Nature and of Man;  
But thou art where no mists of earth  
The laboring mind enchain,  
And what was here in mystery wrapp'd  
Shall make Heaven's wisdom plain.

Thou art not here, my hand to press,  
While lonely hours depart,  
And truthful pour thine inmost thought  
Into a mother's heart,  
And bare each secret link that bound  
The motive to the deed,  
Whose tissue lore the world, perchance,  
Might fail aright to read.

Thou art not here, the ills to bear  
That mock our mortal trust,  
Nor feel again the hectic flame  
That burned thy youth to dust;  
Nor may we know what glorious themes  
Delight thine ardent gaze,  
For thou art of that spirit-land  
Whose veil we must not raise.

Thou art not here, my prop to be,  
My beautiful, my brave;  
But ah! so brief the space that bars  
The living from the grave,  
Methinks the syncope of grief  
Ill suits our fleeting years.  
God gave, and God hath taken away:  
I praise HIM through my tears.



## AN ESSAY ON BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

'THERE is nothing so closely interwoven in its consequences with the every-day existence of man as that unchangeable law, Change.' So spoke that distinguished moralist Keying Fum, admiringly styled in the chronicle, the 'Pride of Pe Kin, and the inexpressible delight of the Central Flowery Kingdom,' eight thousand years ago. Keying, by-the-bye, set up for a kind of celestial Fourierite, and being accused forthwith of heresy, was deprived by a peculiar process of both his eyes, (gouging did *not* originate in Arkansas, as the ignorant suppose; it is clearly of Chinese invention,) and at the same time of the whole of his estate, which, being neither bank stock nor state bonds, proved quite a godsend to the public treasury. It is also remarked by the historian, that immediately the vigilance of government was fearfully increased, and a great many prosperous gentlemen in the vicinity accused of the heretical taint and promptly deprived of their visuals, pig-tails, and possessions. 'But in no single instance,' adds Hoang Tschu, the recorder, sneeringly, in a spirit of inexcusable malignity, 'was a poor man known to suffer.' The saying (as is always the case with the ancients; who dare contradict them?) is the very marrow of truthfulness, the purest distillation of wisdom, a quintessential drop of attar. Change is alike a concomitant to all our griefs and all our enjoyments. It sparkles the bosom of the exultant juvenile with visions of jacket and trousers obtrusive of long rows of buttons gayly gilt. And then the quarter in the pocket: how he fumbles that pocket, how that coin expands to 'wealth beyond the dreams of avarice!' There's *change* for you. At the nuptial festival the one engrossing care, it filleth with reluctance the heart of age feebly pulsating toward its long rest. The wedding ring and trestle are alike its symbols.

But of all changes there is one, not the least afflictive, which, except at clinics and in treatises on indigestion, has not, we opine, been duly considered — change of diet.

Could we fathom the intimate relationship of mind and matter, their sympathetic sensibility, what startling discoveries might we not expect? What a stupendous amount of human infelicity, ascribed to perverse temper or moral obliquity, might not be traced to the tribe of roast and boiled, of salads and of soups! A conjugal tempest may be often brewed in a psychomachic encounter grown of some abrupt dietetic deprivation. Curious to reflect that a family jar may ensconce in the leg of a chicken, or a fit of the bitterest misanthropy lie *perdu* in a devilled beef-bone.

Change of diet has its pathos too. An ardent attachment to a favorite dish has grown into our very being; fate fulminates its fiat; the whole intensity of our affection gushes forth; our heart becomes a smitten Horreb; we would contend, but destiny mocks at our feebleness; there is a

struggle and a relinquishment.\* But we never forget; grateful are the recollections; the old saint has died in the odor of sanctity.

Nor are we, self-sufficient scoffer, essaying to bolster the subject into undue importance. We disclaim the imputative inflation. No. The study, the mart, the council-chamber and the camp, each engross their portion of human attention; but the *table* is and ever has been omnipotent over all. How large a share in the world's history does it occupy! It is the veriest of extensions. From the time of the patriarchal repast, when the kid smoked upon the embers, from the time when the Athenian epicure put on a morning scowl and passed a sulky day if the wind was not fair for the fishing-boats entering the Piræus, to this era of civic feasts, when aldermanic dignity is fretted with solicitude for its turtle and its turbot; from the period of those Roman entertainments which Juvenal satirized and of which Seneca complained—although we will be sworn they never declined an invitation to dinner—from the costly dishes of Hortensius and Lucullus, to the breakfasts of Samuel Rogers, and the *recherché* feedings of Holland House, the meals of men have been the golden sands in the hour-glass of their existence, and virtue and learning and valor have eaten their way through the world.

Our mess caterer had just deposited on the table a square paper package labelled, 'Steam-dried Buckwheat.' Abstractedly we had picked it up; there was the usual commendatory appeal to the public, which we fear would not have impressed us either to partisan or purchase, but it suggested pleasant memories, and what we deemed not incurious reflections; memories, that while they eloquently touched the heart, nimbly tickled the palate, and our thoughts ran rovingly through many seasons when the winter-morning enjoyment was builded on the substantial basis of a plate of Buckwheat Cakes. 'Ah!' we exclaimed audibly and with energy, 'had it ever been the happiness of that old epicure Apicius to have known the cake of buckwheat, he would have longed for no better paradise than one eternal reminiscence.' Startled by our own volubility, we stirred uneasily in our chair and directed around *ashasty* glance. We were alone. From the distance outside came faintly the fluctuating chorus of a drinking song, a belated horseman clattered past the window down the street, while underneath the floor an industrious rat gnawed persistive. We listened, and relapsed.

When one undertakes a muck into the region of reverie and is likely to carry it too far, a little scribbling proves a great relief; even as your skilful leech combats a vascular turgescence by promptly tipping you the lancet. It was thus, after sitting out a pair of dreamy hours, we gathered around us the ample folds of our ancient Tweed and lounged to the ink-stand. 'All this by way of explanation,' remarketh the methodic reader, 'should not have been thrown *in medias*; had you made it the frontage, we should never have waded thus far to get at your design.' Granted, most interesting censor; but get upon you a fit of gastronomic reflection, and you become perforce desultory. Logarithms, we take it, were not an after-dinner suggestion. And as to parting company, our

\* It may be well to recall a notable instance where there could have existed no strong personal objection to a change of diet. It was LUTHER's case. But we must remember it was of Worms.

gentle and courteous reader, why, even be complaisant for once, and go with us by easy stages to the end.

'No man,' observed Johnson, 'feels disposed for a brawl, or like a black-guard, with a clean shirt on.' But the feeling communicated by the shirt can be only skin-deep. If you want to improve the moral sentiments, to elevate our common nature, you must go to the—stomach. We do not mean that your adipose men are paragons of propriety. Oh, no; the Falstaffs of this world are too fond of its Dame Quickleys and Doll Tearsheets. What we would say is, simply, all sterling philanthropists are judicious feeders. We are as thoroughly convinced that Howard, and Benezet, and Mrs. Fry were invigorated by the humanizing influence, grew up and strengthened in good works under the dispensation of buckwheat cakes, as if it were laid down by their biographers. Conversely, it may be inferred, that Swedish Charles possessed no relish for this pabulum; that Catiline would have abhorred it; and that the sight of one fresh from the griddle would have been the death of Robespierre, and have brought the Reign of Terror to an early termination. Jeshurun indeed, we are told, 'waxed fat and kicked,' (the first notable example of spiteful obesity;) nothing more evident than that Jeshurun, unhappy Jeshurun, was utterly unacquainted with the *Polygonum fagopyrum*.

Peace societies are very well in their way, but inefficient, inadequate to the end they propose. Instead of anti-belligerent congresses at Paris and Brussels for the pacification of the world, we would cultivate an appetite for buckwheat cakes. 'Then,' in the language of the Constable of France, 'we should find, they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight.'\* Elihu Burritt, when he went upon his European mission of good-will, seemed to possess an inkling of this improvement in ethical tactics. While with the one hand he distributed peace publications, with the other he scattered far and wide corn-meal, with recipes for making pone and Indian dumplings. Elihu walked and worked according to the light he had; but it was an imperfect light, a mere glimpse, a pan-flash. Elihu was yet but in the outer porch of the temple. He did not anticipate the full fruition to come, when buckwheat is to stalk forth over the whole earth.

We believe the anthropophagi are nearly extinct; no cannibals now except in the Feejees, New-Zealand, and a few other ealondic localities: still who can say but that the last horrid vestiges of man-eating are destined to melt away before the civilizing encroachments of the batter-pot, that most persuasive of missionaries?

There is no hypocrisy in buckwheat cakes; they are embodied frankness; better than full cups to unmask the soul. Your eaters of them are free, open, jovial men. They would have played the very devil with the digestion of Machiavelli. We have often thought, too, how important a part they might be made to take in the political world. Skilfully employed, what a lever in the hands of a demagogue! The Roman patron, that he might be sure of the voices of his clients, was never neglectful of their paunches. Hath not the history of the day exhibited to us an aspiring cadet of the house of the great Corsican coaxing to his purpose the

bayonets of the regiments of Paris by luncheons of champagne and sausage? Is Wexford turbulent when the tubers abound? Instead of mass meetings, and partisan pamphlets, and newspaper squibs, give public breakfasts and provide plentifully buckwheat cakes. Ye suitors of power! ye humble petitioners ever piously praying! if ye would get grant, or acquiescence, or reprieve, enter into an alliance with the kitchen, keep your eye upon the over-night buckwheat pot, and as the great man next morning rolleth deliberately in grateful prolongation the last unctuous morsel, catch his complaisant ear, and be comforted by the generous promptings of a full stomach and a feeling heart.

How finely might Ben Jonson have rounded a period, and given the climacteric to towering sensuality in the mouth of his Mammon:

— 'I WILL have  
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,  
Boil'd in the spirit of Sol: pheasants,  
Calver'd salmon, knots, godwits,  
Lampreys. I will have  
The beards of barbels served instead of salads,  
Oil'd mushrooms, and, *bless me!*  
*Esquisite and poignant! buckwheat cakes.'*

We do remember a cosy, ease-dispensing tavern, one of the ancient sort, nestled in the midst of a brick-and-mortar wilderness of warehouses. There it stood, with unpretending proportions and sombre front, looking out upon the hard, stony street and its pedestrians, care-visaged men of barter. There it stood, with causeway-like hall hospitably wide, projecting eaves where pigeons builded without fear of molestation, and quaint old dormers. One room we loved to frequent when unoccupied, as it almost always was. We could find great pleasure in the carved woodwork, and a hearty, pious solace in the figured tiles encircling the capacious fire-place. The pictures, incidents from Scripture history, (here and there a fabulous grouping profanely had crept in,) had so much of life mingled with oddity, that they drew you on unconsciously into a train of sprightly although subdued reflection. Here was the gentle Ruth among the gleaners; Joseph being sold by his brethren into Egypt; Pharaoh's host struggling amid the whelming waters; the omnivorous serpent of Aaron; and next to it—even now we see the fiery Cappadocian plunging to the onslaught—St. George encountering the Dragon. Ensconced in antique, leather-cushioned chair, with arms invitingly extended, we have lingered over nerving cup decocted of Arabian berry, and you, delicious 'firstlings of our heart!' brown and crisp, and hot and buttered. And then the morning papers. Talk of pleasurable sensations! Eating and reading; playing at hide-and-seek among the columns; now a morsel of cake, and now a news item.

As we write, what dear domestic memories throng upon us! It is a dark and sleety winter's morning, when, after a shivering toilet, we descend to the dining-room. The breakfast-table is set in comfortable array, the viands all on, except—but cook says, 'Wait a moment; the cakes will soon be done.' A rousing fire rattles and roars away in the voluminous grate. The breath of our old dining-room is warmth indeed: may God bless all who breathe it! There is a moment to spare, and we look into the street, ice-glazed and slippery. Very few are yet abroad. There goes, indeed, a thrifty citizen, muffled to the throat, with stocking-feet drawn over heavy boots. Clatters along the milk-man's wagon with

its chilly-looking cans. Opposite, the baker stops a moment to chatter with the house-girl, who lingers with the morning's bread: some people *will* persist in French rolls, although it is the middle of December. Nothing else is visible but icied spouts, a broad band of lowering sky, and a melancholy cat peeping through a half-opened cellar-door. A family movement toward the table, and we turn from our place of espial just in time to see enter the faithful old servitor, of placid mien and air, self-satisfied, with the plate of cakes. And such they are in truth and verity: hot, piping hot, like the coffee that hisses from the urn; mantled with a brown so rich and delicate it would excite the envy of a whole academy of painters; and then the odor! more exquisite than ever rose from perfumed censers.

Buckwheat cakes, to be enjoyed, must be in season. To appreciate them, you must respect the unities: they are among the edibles illustrative of the calendar. The juicy peach, or delicately acidulated berry, would provoke no zest at a December dinner-table. Buckwheat cakes in the dog-days would equally outrage propriety. They spring gently and naturally upon you when the cold November mists lean against the window-panes; when after a season of repose the poker is again withdrawn from its swathings, and you condescend to interest yourself in the price of coal. They are with you through the 'melancholy days;' they linger until

—— 'the effusive south  
Warms the wide air,'

and bringeth thaw, lethargy, sunny hours, and the alosal advent, when the shad, which but a little space before was floundered in the seine, now fastened to a plank, drippeth its basting into the eager fire.

Many people nice upon the point consider sausages indispensable accompaniments. We take no exception; indeed, we rather like them, with—be bold, our pen, to write it—with a dash of garlic. O most abused, most ire-inciting of the genus *allium*!

'The world is not thy friend.'

Horace railed at thee; Shakspeare put thee into the mouths of his wenches; even the kindly 'Elia' was dehortatory. But, reader, between us two, a gentle impregnation; then indeed do they become

'Of linked sweetness, long drawn out.'

How many good-natured jests did we indulge at these glorious matutinal meals! With what amiable forbearance would we listen for the fortieth time to that old conundrum, which demandeth in what respect a buckwheat cake resembleth a catterpillar? Our maiden aunt would answer in a spirit of illustrative pleasantry, taking a canticle of golden Chester county, which must have smiled in its very churn-birth, 'Because it makes the butter—fly.' But when by some inexplicable accident the cakes had not been 'stirred,' or the batter had soured over-night, would follow what a thunder-cloud of scowls, and cataract of mutterings! A gloomy taciturnity prevailed.

That old red earthen batter-pot! We see it now, as of yore it sat upon the kitchen hearth, capped with a pie-plate, two or three little streamlets dried in the trickling fastened to its portly sides. With what keen relish of delight have we lifted, lovingly lifted its surmounting, and gazed into

the tranquil depth. Then did our mouth water, then were the salivaries pushed to action, then yearned the stomach, and leapt the blood exultingly; for we saw in the tiny bubbles, as one by one they slowly raised their heads, harbingers of bliss and breakfast.

It would be hard to say how much of love-making on long winter evenings, the fleecy snow falling fast outside, thou hast witnessed. How thy presence hath grown into the enamored soul, making dear in anticipation the hearth of home. How that sly romping Cupid has confessed thee more potent than all his quiver. And, oh! with what earnestness came upon the ear the returning foot-steps of the bed-bound good-wife, as her voice, modulated to the pathos of deep entreaty, rolled down the kitchen stairs. Startling was it in its impressiveness. We hear it now: 'Betsy, do n't forget the cakes!'

It is over. We are brick-making in the land of Egypt, and like persecuted Israel, driven to furnish our own straw. Farewell, dear household god, venerable old friend, farewell! May it be long ere thou goest the way of all pottery; mayest thou continue in a beatitude of buckwheat, and from thy capacious maw dispense whole family generations of cakes.

*San Francisco, (Cal.)*

YADREAG.

T O A N U N S E E N .

Thy hands have never clasped mine,  
Thy kiss was never on my cheek;  
What lights beneath thine eyelids shine  
I know not, proud or meek.

By Thought's pure interchange alone  
We know each other in the crowd.  
If thou shouldst speak my name aloud,  
I could not tell thee, by *that* tone.  
Thy words might fall upon my ear  
In tender accents, soft and low;  
Yet doubt, even then, would make me slow  
To say, *It is thy voice I hear.*

Few, very few thy years, and yet  
The fall of age is covering thee;  
The sun of youth in darkness set,  
The stars of night rise over thee.  
I know not if thy brow is still  
And calm with placid thoughts, or bent  
From their free arch — the sorrow sent  
Upon thee greater than thy will;  
I know not if the prayer or groan  
Breaks oftenest from thy lip: I see,  
Through that which parteth us, alone  
A vision, very dear to me:

A vision like to Death's, yet sweet —  
Ghost-like, more than human;  
Angel, more than woman;  
A mortal suffering, and complete

In suffering furnished: soft eyes,  
 Tear-freighted, to the serene skies  
 In-drawn, as though their *light* broke through  
 A star of heaven, true heaven-light;  
 A smile, not joy's, if joy is mirth,  
 Caused neither by nor given to earth,  
 No kin of earth's, nor of her blight;  
 A voice whose tone is, *I am true!*  
 The vision is not one of Life,  
 If mortal strength and deeds are life;  
 Nor is the vision one of Death,  
 If death is silence out of breath.  
 Apart from all I see, or know,  
 This image paceth to and fro:  
 A spirit struggling to be free,  
 Yet chained to its Humanity.

Since *thou art* human, then, and weak,  
 If human, by thy gentle gift,  
 To which mine eyes so often lift,  
 A blessing on thee I would speak.  
 From that sad couch, where thou hast lain  
 Long years, in helplessness and pain,  
 Thou hast fond greeting sent to me;  
 The bond hath softly blessed the free!

Upon these fair and fragrant flowers,  
 These spring-blooms God's heart sent to ours,  
 Thine eyes drooped, in the weary hours  
 That saw them opening to the sun;  
 And to a greater than the sun,  
 Thy Soul, which, when the work was done  
 Of their perfecting, thought to bless,  
 By them, my soul from weariness!

Thy kiss perchance is on them; yea,  
 My heart was with thee yesterday;  
 I saw thy hands this wreath prepare,  
 Then thinking, *May she find it fair.*  
 Thy tears fell on it: For sad longing,  
 And intense desires thronging  
 Through thy heart, forth even to me,  
 And that great struggling world thou canst not see?  
 How shall I bless one like to *thee*?  
 I might perhaps with *Love*: the word hath sound  
 Sweet and most solemn. Doth thy heart rebound,  
 Hearing that word, that word of words, from me!

Can any mortal by such utterance prove  
 The blessing-power in him? Wouldst thou  
 Be satisfied with such a gift?  
 Could human love one shadow lift  
 From off thy stricken spirit's brow?  
 Nay! not to life, nor strength, nor health,  
 Nor mortal love, nor worldly wealth,  
 Will I appeal for blessing!

God!  
 Unto Thy sovereign grace I leave  
 My love for her! Thou dost *not* grieve  
 Unknowing what Thou dost! Do Thou  
 Make blessed to her life and—death!  
 Reveal Thy mercy to her now,  
 And sanctify the years through which she suffereth.

## H E A R T S   O F   O A K .

IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST.

In a little cottage that stood in the shadow of the great Foundling Hospital, in the town of Wells, a school for a few blind children was opened, and Miss Florence Swaine was announced as an instructress. For several months this lady had been engaged in teaching a few unfortunates within the walls of the hospital, and it was the tact, ingenuity and patience displayed by her which suggested to Mrs. Hammel the idea of opening a school for her under more favorable auspices; for it was thought that if such were started for her, and disconnected in the minds of the people from a place of public charity, its prosperity would be greatly increased.

Florence Swaine was deemed particularly competent to manage this humble establishment, not because of her long experience in the concerns of life — she was not quite twenty years of age when the trial was first ventured — but because she was gentle-hearted and patient, and had herself been educated among foundlings, and that she had been all her life in some degree a teacher as well as playmate for the little ones who were sheltered under that roof with herself.

One needed not to see Florence in any particular light, or under any extraordinary circumstances, needed not to see her face animated with any peculiar expression, in order to satisfy himself as to whether she was beautiful. She was at all times lovely and loveable, yet by no means a perfect creature, in any sense of the word. Her figure was of ordinary height, slight, but not fragile, at least not indicative of weakness, though perhaps the impression of strength conveyed to others by her appearance resulted chiefly from the fact that weakness was something wholly foreign to her mental and spiritual nature. Her brown, glossy hair had a peculiar wave and beauty, and her light, dazzling blue eyes shone with the glory of sapphires; they looked a purity which her life outlived. She was very fair, she was very beautiful. Was her moving, breathing, human form a tabernacle fit, think you, for a heart of oak? Perhaps it is your opinion that bone and sinew, length and breadth and flesh, are the out-going, or the embodiment of strength?

Nay, it had been quite impossible for any one to think of weakness and Florence Swaine together. That was not the word to apply to her, nor the idea. The expression of her face was very sweet and benevolent, but it told more than that she was a mere kind and just mortal; yea, even so much, as that she could do without the love of men and women, that she could exist solitary and isolated, should occasion demand; and if you had chanced to see her at her prayers, you would know *why*. She knew what nature had done for her, yet she wanted no admiration — she, a foundling! She had no wish to attract attention, but she was well prepared to stand in her own defence, and that of her little foster-sister, against the world. Her lot was cast in no pleasant place. She was a



child given to reflection, and she beheld in herself one of that class whose lives are too frequently illustrated with martyr-tears and martyr-blood; that class whose moral power is their only glory, whose good and honest name, whatever befalls their heart, must always stand unimpeachable.

When the teacher went from the hospital to open her school and home in the cottage, she was accompanied by a widow-woman who had lived many years in the employ of the matron, Mrs. Hammel, and by a young girl who had always stood in the relationship of sister to Florence, though none could tell if there was any natural connection between them. All that was known of the origin of either was this: One evening, in the winter of 1815, a child to whom was appended the name Florence Ida Swaine was found at the door of the hospital; and three years later another infant, named Clara Swaine, was discovered in the same place, and received into the same fostering care. Several particulars relating to the manner in which they were left, and their names, induced the suspicion that they might be near of kin, sisters perhaps, and as sisters they grew up, in their beautiful affection. If there was no real relationship existing between them, it still seemed a providential matter that they were thus brought together, for they needed, each of them, and Clara in an especial degree, a friend who should be bound to them in another way than by a mere ordinary tie of acquaintance.

The love of Florence for Clara knew no bound; it strengthened her ability to penetrate into the very nature of her sister; it enabled her to discern clearly the feeble mind that looked to hers with a reverential regard little short of worship. For counsel and guidance and affection, Clara turned to Florence as a weak, frail, timid child to a parent; but it was in vain that the elder sister looked to the younger for a reciprocity of *more* than affection: Clara could impart no strength, she could never give light when the mind of Florence was in doubt or darkness. When she said, '*I love you*,' all had gone out from her that could bless another; there was no other word of power that she knew. But that word, how sweet, how precious it was!

The younger of these sisters had not the exquisite beauty of the elder; she was frailer, bodily as well as mentally; but her surpassing grace, her charming manner, natural as that light in the eyes of Florence, supplied the want of real beauty; or rather, it was another form of beauty. There was a pleasing and entire unconsciousness in the expression of that singular fascination; it lurked in her every movement and word, and bound hearts most strongly to her, and bound them because in the simplest out-going of the life of Clara Swaine was a visible manifestation of the fact that she could only live in and through love.

Those children looked astray in the hospital among other foundlings. A voice seemed speaking from their lives telling of grievous wrongs done them. That place, where the offspring of want and guilt and shame were gathered, seemed no place for them. They would have looked at home in a palace, dwelling in sunshine and splendor, fondled and petted; but not there, where they seemed like flowers transplanted from a greenhouse to the care of cold and unappreciative hearts: they reminded one of too harsh contrasts, too diverse experiences.

In bitter sorrow many years of the life of Florence Swaine had passed,

and she had never conquered that sorrow, nor found any solace save in Clara's fondness, till the idea of self-reliance began to unfold itself to her understanding. She had no faith in the common presumption that she was (or if they were sisters, that *they* were) orphaned, parentless. But they were unrecognized and unclaimed; they had been left to the disposal of fate for years, and whether guilt, or shame, or misfortune, or despair had given them over to the tender mercies of a public, was left a roving thought, suspicion, fear, that could in one way alone be quieted: by a patient, prayerful hope. Years passed after she had become a thinking being, and had learned all of her history that was known to her protectors, before she could at all reconcile herself even to the thought of orphanage. Early in life she had been a gay, light-hearted thing; there were few brighter or more bird-like spirits tabernacled among the little foundlings; but life and the world were saddened to her mind from the moment she learned all that could be learned of the doubts attending their parentage. It was a source of murmuring discontent to her, in the first years of an intelligent girlhood, to feel how entirely they (for it was always 'they' in her thought) had been shut out from the fairer social world, the victims of she scarcely knew what, but helpless in that victimage, and utterly weak to master circumstances. In those years of darkness, when her indignant and rebellious thoughts and tears could not avail her, nor her own longings help, she gave lamentably little evidencing of a strong mind, or great heart, or lofty will. Tears and melancholy and repining were her friends, for Clara had not yet attained to *her* stature of dreary knowledge; and it was not till years marked by conflict, and soul-struggling, vain hope, and vainer despair had gone by, that at last, 'knowing her weakness' by a grievous experience, Florence turned, and sought for strength where it can alone be found. Then she knew that she was saved; knew from what the great DELIVERER saved her. The star of love, the light of heaven, the grace of GOD shone for her; and in the brightness of that light her soul trode over Jordan, and through the pride of Jerusalem and the shades of Gethsemane, until it reached Olivet, and there she bowed to ask anew, and to receive. And though now ever she could not banish from her thoughts its absorbing idea, she was rescued from the miseries of its power. The philosophy of the Christian had come to her aid; a hope that transcended the mortal hope had grown up within her; and for the working out of this new faith she looked to HIM as its Finisher, who was its Author.

## II.

FLORENCE SWAINE was by no means the most imaginative person in the world, and she became less a dreamer when she had acquired a steadfast, religious faith; but as she awakened to a fuller life of perception and thought and knowledge, she was persuaded, to an absolute certainty evidence could hardly have deepened, that the position of poverty and illegitimacy, which she and Clara were doomed to hold before the world, was not theirs by right. Her conviction would scarcely have availed her in making good such claim in a court of law, but it was a comforting thought that they *might* one day be recognized and claimed. The assurance would have been of little worth, coming as it did through such a

mere shadowy vista of faith in the ultimates of justice, had it not shown its power in strengthening and comforting the heart of Florence. The faith was not vain, in that she was prepared by it for earnest working, and in that she was thus calmed to the conviction that even if her life was given by the retributive wrath of God, He would nevertheless not fail to be her FATHER, if she would be His child.

There was nothing of this high, religious faith, nor of the noble transparency of earnest truth, in the character of Clara Swaine. The dreamer more than the worker was unfolded in her; real truth had not made so searching and grievous a revelation for her, and her heart satisfied itself with looking for help, encouragement, guidance and strength to her human friends. She was thoroughly amiable and lovely, and that it seemed was all. Her trustings went far; they were given in entire self-distrust; and it was apparent to any clear-sighted observer of character, that though safe while loving wills shielded her, if by chance or fate she should be left to herself or to evil temptations, there was nothing of mental or spiritual nature that she could bring from within to oppose such influences.

After the removal of the sisters and the widow (she was to act in the capacity of house-keeper for them) to their new home, Clara, who was to have nothing to do with the matter of teaching, began to busy herself with her needle in fancy workings, her taste and ingenuity inclining her to such labors: by such pursuits she was to furnish her share toward the support of the household. The trustees of the hospital required a mere nominal rent of their new tenants for the first year, and little fear was entertained in any quarter that the experiment of the young girls toward personal independence would fail, aided as they were by the counsel and good word of Mrs. Hammel, and the clear brain and warm heart of Florence.

In the course of a few weeks twelve children assembled to receive the daily attention and instruction of the new teacher. Some, but not all of these little ones were blind; and the most of the unfortunates belonged to the hospital; two only were from independent families living in the town. The patience and wisdom which Florence displayed in conducting the education of these infant minds and hearts, and the simple, earnest goodwill with which she pursued her calling, inspired a great respect for her in the minds of the good people of Wells as she became known to them; and moreover, the influence of Mrs. Hammel — for she was a woman extensively known and admired — conspired to increase the general confidence in the new school; and as time passed on many pupils were secured for it, beside the blind.

Among the first of the children sent from the town to Florence for instruction was a little half-blind girl named Rose Percy. She became a pupil more because of her mother's charitable regard for two young girls just setting out in life, than for any great benefit that she herself might derive; for all little Rose could learn must be taught her by sound, not sight. On her first attendance at school the child was always accompanied by a boy-cousin, of about her own age; but when he afterward went from Wells, the brother of Rose assumed the office of guide and protector.

Willis Percy was at that time little more than twenty-two years of age.

He was a student of theology, preparing to embrace that profession to which his father during his life-time had done honor. This profession had not been chosen by the son for the purpose of getting a living among men. Various bequests made to the family from time to time, together with the mother's patrimony, made the Percys independent, and there was no need for exertion on the part of the eldest son, beyond his own soul's need. That soul had been tossed for years on the sea of doubt; it had been driven over the sea of despair, also. In philosophic dreams, in the pleasures of the gay and ambition of the worldly, he had sought for a guide, a comforter, a rest, but had not found it until at last he looked upward: then he saw the heavens open, and heard a voice from the eternal deep proclaiming, while a light dawned for him, 'This is the way: walk ye in it;' and from that day he was decided as to whom he should serve. His abilities were of a common order; he would be known, if known at all, probably by his goodness, his sterling honesty, faith, and consistency. Distinguishing characteristics enough in this day, some might assert, taking certain known facts into consideration. No; his temptation would doubtless not present itself in the way of popular applause.

Florence Swaine perceived all this from the first, and her appreciation for the brother of little Rose was greatly heightened by the conviction that his only ambition, if the word may be thus used, was to be known among men as a devout and faithful servant of the MASTER he confessed before them. And on his part, the brief moments in which he by degrees formed an acquaintance with Florence, had given as free an insight into her character. The few snatches of conversation held with her, when he came daily as his sister's guardian, bringing her, and sometimes to accompany her from school, induced an urgent wish for fuller intercourse with her; and this was accomplished when Florence became his pupil, and studied the languages. In these studies, proposed by Mr. Percy, and gladly entered into by both sisters, a progress was made as flattering to the instructor as to themselves; but the teacher was also learning a lesson, one other and by far the sweetest version of the primal word of the 'grand credo' he had ever yet met. Power to lead a life of such purity, consistency, and perseverance, as he saw that older sister leading, was just what he needed to have brought before him, in order that his idea of true moral beauty in action might be filled out and exalted. Young though he was, he had begun to turn, and with longing too, from the hard strength, the cold intellect, the stern defiance and restless impulse, which had seemed to him once the sublimest manifestations of human power; and as he was thus turning away, most fortunately for himself, he met with her in whom were an intellect, a resolution, and an impulse, that were all glorified with light from the heart. In the child-like innocence and purity of Florence Swaine; in her beauty and religion; in her constancy and steadfastness, manifested in the pursuit of what he *knew* must be wearying tasks; in the hope, clear, but not glowing with the joyous brightness of the hopes of youth, with which she went on in her appointed path; in all she said and did, which marked her so peculiarly and beautifully feminine, even among women, he found more than enough to admire, full enough to love.

The impression made by these two mortals was thus an equal and mutual one. Her love for the good, the exalted, the truthful, which had never found its satisfaction before, because she had not chanced to see it associated with the enhancing charm of youth and enthusiasm, found an abiding-place now in the thought of Willis Percy. The most absorbing passion Florence had known heretofore was affection for her young sister. That was a 'passion of sympathy,' which seemed destined to never grow beyond sympathy, and there was danger, because of powerlessness to grow, that it would end in disappointment. This new affection differed not so much in kind as in degree from the other. And it differed very much in degree. The sympathy, when it appeared consciously, for him, could not take the form of pitying love, as it did where Clara was concerned: for him it was appreciative, and uplifted by a consciousness of equality, and went out from her seeking a blessing. In his strong and healthful life she found the encouragement and exalting tendency which acted on her charm-like, as her own words and courage had always on her sister; and it was with much the same confidence Clara had known, that *she* turned and found what she most needed in him.

If this friendship could have continued for ever in its tranquil and perfect state, she would have been satisfied with it—would neither have asked nor wished for more. It would have made the pride and blessing of her life; she would have found in it comfort and strength and peace; and this, though absence and separation, in all but spirit, followed. But such a union was not what would content him.

It was long after the beginning of their acquaintance before he acknowledged this; and it would be difficult to say whether his disappointment or pleasure exceeded, when he listened to the answer she made to his confession. It was certain, however, that he pleaded in vain when she thus expressed her firm determination: 'Until the doubt respecting my parentage is removed, I will be the wife of no man. If it be that disgrace attaches to my appearance in this world, I can bear *that* better if alone. A day might come when you would wish that no tie united us; and—it must *not* come.' When he replied with expostulation, 'I am not looking to the past, or to its secrets, for happiness, but only to the future and to you; is not that enough?' she answered: 'Whatever seems to me wrong-doing, and so much opposes itself to my own sense of justice and duty, I will abide by. Would it be wise to bid me seek another standard whereby to judge my actions, than that law of conscience which God has given me?' And from this determination she was not to be moved. It was no new subject of the thought of Florence. She had contemplated the effects of such a decision before his love gave *life* to the idea; she had decided, long before meeting with him, that she would never, while *that* mystery was unrevealed, assume any new ties with the world. This resolution was made only for and to herself; she neither took Clara into counsel, nor had a wish to influence her in any like way.

## III.

THE office of instructor was not resigned by young Percy after the conscience of Florence had placed him *almost* in the position of a rejected lover. She could have at first wished this otherwise; but when

she saw what a restraint he placed on every thought and expression that tended Florence-ward, content to appear only as her friend and teacher, and Clara's friend and teacher as well, she could but be satisfied.

But in the second year of the school-keeping, Mr. Percy was ordered south by his physicians, for his health suddenly failed him. Undue application to study was assigned as the cause, and a cessation from all close confinement was enjoined upon him. On his departure he wrote to Florence:

"I COULD find it in my heart to bitterly reproach you, if I did not hold you far too dear for that; because it is your fault that I go alone on this pilgrimage in search of health. I could find it in me to reproach you for mistaking pride for duty. You need to repent of that pride, dear FLORENCE. HEAVEN send you grace that you may quickly do so. Do not think of me as having gone on a pleasure trip. I leave my happiness behind me, though peace goes with me, for I carry a conviction of which you must not deprive me, that I shall one day revisit the beautiful world to which I am now going, with her who can make all things in this life good and fair to me. God bless you, noble-hearted FLORENCE, and for your sake (for I know it would make you happier; and for my sake too, because from your stern resolution I have otherwise no hope) enlighten the darkness that obscures your past. Do I err in imagining that it is not wholly for yourself that you wish the mystery cleared? Am I far wrong in indulging the precious hope that the longing on your part has a fuller significance than it once had? Is not something more than your own pride involved? Forgive my asking it. We are selfish creatures, and can never enough tell our love, can never often enough be assured that others care for us. I have no gloomy forebodings respecting the results of this voyage; do not let my physician's mistake alarm you. Perhaps I have applied somewhat too diligently of late, for a more than worldly ambition has been inspiring me; nevertheless I feel strong as a lion, and a few weeks of rest at home would be as beneficial doubtless as this act of vagrancy. I go for quite another reason than is imagined; but perhaps *you* have guessed it? I have an inclination to try life — to know what it would be without you, FLORENCE; but I have a prophetic idea of the very spirit in which I shall return: how the distance, as it lessens, will seem the more intolerable; how as I come I shall long for wings of the eagle, for the wings of the wind and steam will seem to flag and fail. I would that you could speak to me now and assure my heart of a welcome *home*, dear, dear FLORENCE. God be with you, and aid you in every time of need.

WILLIS PERCY.

Not long after the departure of the student from Wells, a gentleman who had a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Hammel came, attended by her, to the cottage, bringing with him a child of one of his tenants, a precocious girl in whom he had taken some interest, and whose education he was determined now to superintend. It was by the advice of Mrs. Hammel that he sought shelter and primary instruction for the girl in the house of Florence Swain.

Giles Gerard, Esq., was a childless widower, a man of great wealth, whose castle-like residence stood on the banks of the river D——, in a most romantic region of country, distant about ten miles from Wells. So little of this gentleman's time, since the death of his wife, which occurred in his and her youth, had been passed in his own home or its neighborhood, that Mr. Gerard was scarcely known personally in the town to which he brought his protégé. Mrs. Hammel's acquaintance with him however was not confined wholly to his reputation as a man of great wealth: she was the daughter of the house-keeper who had long lived in the employ of the elder Mr. Gerard, and many of her earliest recollections were associated with his son, the present owner of one of the noblest estates in the country. Yet as a man she knew little of him: had she known more than that he was rich, and immensely so, and gentlemanly in appearance, and of high standing in the world, she would hardly have introduced him into the house of the two young creatures she loved so well.

The impression left on the mind of Florence after her first interview with this man was, that he was the most elegant person she had ever beheld. One whose circle of acquaintance was far more extensive than her

own, might with equal truth have said the same thing. His stately figure seemed the very type of natural nobility, and his handsome face and fascinating manner had been a theme of praise in prouder scenes than she had ever imagined; and it was not possible that he should come strengthened with the experience of forty years, and all outward advantages, to persons like those orphaned sisters, whose whole nature and thought was a romance, without producing an unusual effect on imagination and in heart.

The elder sister's fancy was sufficiently excited to hold him a fixed subject of thought for hours after their first meeting. The mysteries which his fathomless eyes suggested, but revealed not, the inner tone of his subdued, yet commanding and thrilling voice, the mingling of grace with a sovereign dignity that she had never seen assumed by mortal man before, enchanted, while it failed to please her. The subject of these unwonted meditations had been as sensibly impressed by the loveliness of Florence Swaine as she had been by his appearance; but it did not impress him in the way that 'the grace, the more than beauty,' the shrinking womanliness, the manifestly dependent spirit of Clara afterward did. Toward her he was irresistibly attracted, and acted upon, magnetically it must have been, certainly with an entire unconsciousness on her part, and in a way and to a degree that perfectly astonished himself. Gerard had won many, and broken some hearts in his day, but he had never pursued his conquests among weak women, for weakness had never till now been invested in a charm so irresistible to him. In Clara weakness did not bear the superscription of either vanity or ignorance or puerility; it was the weakness and beauty and charm of a thorough child, (not of a child-wonder,) united with the sense and thought and action of ordinary womanhood. It was by her trustfulness and innocence and artlessness that he was captivated; there was such a reverential deference and confidence in her manner toward those merely older than herself, as made him quite long to be worshipped by her, as he knew she would worship if she loved at all. He never on occasion of his visits (frequently and ostensibly made on his protégé's account) held much conversation with Clara, unless it may have been with his eyes, which were for ever seeking hers while he spoke with Florence; yet consciousness was long in making that gaze uncomfortable or unbearable to her. When it finally did one day accomplish this, his voice went flying with a new emphasis through her heart like a flash of lightning, and she felt the blood violently rushing to her face. Almost at that same moment came an imagining that she believed was a blessing: perhaps he was thinking of her then as she of him! who could tell?

Every Saturday without fail Mr. Gerard drove over to Wells to visit the little scholar, sometimes bringing her parents in his carriage, and sometimes conveying her back to them for a Sunday visit. On such occasions he never lost the opportunity for an hour's conversation with the young instructress, and he often materially benefited her by his kind and valuable suggestions. At these times Clara was usually present, and occasionally she held a part in the conversations; and so week by week went on.

He must early have been aware that love was growing to be a passion

in her soul, and that her love was for him. He had lived full long enough in the world to learn the signs and symbols of character and feeling. Thus, when he recollected how she was in those days when he first met her, how unconcerned and unconstrained she had been, meeting him always with mere calm and simple courtesy, as he *might* have done, and thought then of the gradual change, the change of which he imagined she herself was not yet aware, but which to him betokened all that was going on within her heart, he was, he could not avoid being, certain that she loved him. The extent of that predilection he resolved to prove.

When Christmas came, it brought a splendid gift for Clara, in the shape of a bracelet of diamonds, with a very flattering, and merely flattering, note, that for one moment almost turned the head of the surprised and delighted girl. In that moment her face glowed with delight, and her heart beat fast to a tune of joy. But then she thought of Florence, and the remembrance of her led to a re-perusal of the note. A painful expression usurped the place of that bright smile when she thought of her sister, and for an instant she could have wished herself alone, that none other than her own will might be consulted; but in a moment more the regret vanished, leaving not a trace; and she felt that it was indeed a great blessing to have one near, wise to counsel her. Thinking thus, with the gift and the note in her hand, she arose, and passed to the door of her chamber; but she paused when that was reached, and looked around as though half frightened. In that glance her eyes fell on the little table heaped with work furnished by many friends, and when they rested on that she broke into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

It was only because she was so excited, so bewildered, so overcome with the tumult of her thoughts. That *he* should have sent *her* such a gift! She had taken up her burden of work that Christmas morning with a very grateful heart, and unconsciously, 'while plying her needle and thread,' she had dreamed of him. She was happy, for she was not aspiring, she built no air-castles; and Florence was so kind, and life around her was so peaceful, so pleasant! Clara never indulged in bitter thoughts or speculations relating to her past, as Florence often did. That idea had no polarity for the sensitiveness of her soul. She was happy in the just-gone minutes, and now she wept and was wretched! How could a gift have power to so change the hue of all things?

More than an hour passed before she again arose for the purpose of seeking Florence. When she did so, all traces of grief were gone from her face; and her sister did not even guess at the tumult which had been raging so recently in her darling's heart when they two stood together.

Going up to Florence with nervous rapidity, Clara uncovered the gift, held it in all its wondrous splendor before her eyes, and said gayly:

'Mr. Gerard's Christmas gift! Imagine what I'm going to do with it, *ma amie*?'

'What, pray?' was the simple interrogation of Florence; but there was eager anxiety in her face as she asked it.

'Return the bauble at once, and tell the giver that Miss Clara Swaine has many thanks for the generous donor, but his gift is quite too grand for a seamstress.'



'Well done, my sweet sister! I was half fearful.'

'That I would accept it?'

'Yes.'

'Possible? Then you do not half know me yet, it seems.'

'But you say the gift is too much. Would you accept *any* gift from him, Clara?'

'I am not at all sure that I would.'

'Then let your answer express as much, dearest. Let him know that we, that *you* need no remembrancers *from your friends*. Such as are worth bearing in mind need not to buy a place.'

'But, Florence, you would not call it *buying*? I presume the idea would strike Mr. Gerard as utterly ridiculous.'

'Why return his gift, then, if it does not appear to you in some such light, as an impertinence on his part almost, for even proffering it? He knows enough of the world's ways to be aware of that; and that it would be something worse than ignorance on your part that allowed you to accept it.'

'I think just as you do. What is your opinion of Mr. Gerard, after all?'

'What is yours, Clara?'

'Nay, that's not fair. But I'll answer, notwithstanding, in one word: *Magnificent*.'

'It's the very word. A great pity that these magnificent things rarely possess the searching power that can find the way into hearts, is n't it?' And Florence fixed her brilliant eyes on Clara as she asked; while *she* busied herself in wrapping the bracelet in its tissue foldings, and restoring it to its case, arose when that was done, and, with a careless 'Yes,' went to write the proposed note.

#### IV.

THE attention of Florence was now immediately drawn from Clara by a new unfolding of her own 'heart-history.' This was occasioned by the sudden and unanticipated death of Mrs. Percy, the mother of Willis and little Rose. Her disease was of the heart, and she was withdrawn from the life of earth to the life of heaven without need of bearing any traces of long wanderings through the valley of shadow. When the physicians who had been hastily called to her aid acquainted her with the result of their consultation, she at once dismissed them and every hope of life, and with all speed sent for Florence Swaine.

Though her son had never confided his love for the young teacher to his mother, she had more than guessed at it; and by putting various facts that came to her knowledge together, she had arrived at nearly the whole truth of the matter. She saw Willis go from home, his lips still sealed to that story which her tender mother-heart longed to know, and did not herself speak, because her soul paid deference to his soul's secret; but now, when she knew she was dying, it was to Florence, the woman whom *he* loved, that she turned with yearning: she could not depart without blessing her.

When Florence obeyed the call, which she did at once, Mrs. Percy was not satisfied till they and Rose were alone together; and when the

young girl had seated herself close beside the sufferer's bed, with voice almost inaudible, but wholly satisfied look, she said :

'Miss Swaine, you see, it is *true*, in such an hour as we think not, the Son of man cometh. Be ready, prepare; you may be surprised. Florence, child, can you take my Rose under your charge, *as a sister*, till Willis comes back !' Seeing she hesitated for a moment, Mrs. Percy added : 'Do not delay the answer. Are you afraid to promise ? Tell me, child, will you not receive my blessing as a mother ? May Rose find an elder sister in you ? or am I deceived ? Is there no engagement, no union of any kind between you and my dear son ? I should be proud and happy to think there was.'

'Rose shall indeed be a sister to me. If a day ever comes when I *can* answer Mr. Percy's love as he desires, it will be a joy to think that you were willing to bless me as your child, dear Mrs. Percy.'

Florence knelt as she spoke, for her friend motioned her to do so, and the hands of the dying woman pressed softly on her head. What a thrill of joy was that sweeping through her soul then, even though she knew it to be a mother's love that was being withdrawn from earth ; for it was *his* mother who was blessing *her* !

Florence remained with Mrs. Percy till she had breathed her last ; and that night, when her parent's eyes were closed for ever, little Rose was taken home with her new sister, consecrated to that relationship by the words and blessing of one dying, and from that time she shared the bed and the substance and the love of Florence Swaine. It seemed not strange to any (most fortunately was this true) that the child should be committed to the teacher's care until her brother should return ; for the thorough moral independence and good sense of their former pastor's widow had inspired the people of Wells with a great affection and respect for her. The confidence Mrs. Percy displayed by this act in the teacher was very beneficial to Florence, for it increased the confidence of others. She was aided thus in a pecuniary way by the increase of scholars, and by the residence of Rose in the family, according to the mind of Clara and Mrs. Hammel and many of the townspeople ; but what hue did the fact take in her own mind ? Ah, there how far the increase to her worldly prosperity fell below the rich addition that was made to the joy of her struggling heart ! To that had been added a consolation unspeakable and full of hope.

GILES GERARD was not, after all, so much offended by the return of his gift as Clara had — yes — *feared* he might be. She dreaded more than she would confess, even to herself, the results which might follow this step. But she needed not to fear. A difficulty in the way to accomplishing an object was never known to discourage him ; and when he met Clara the following week it was with more cordiality and deference than ever, yet with an apparent embarrassment ; and he said frankly, looking straight into her eyes with an expression that told he would say it on his knees before her, if he thought she would allow it :

'You have taught me a lesson I needed to learn ; no woman had ever the goodness to teach it me before. Pardon the ignorance that presumed so boldly on your kindness.'

He spoke the flattering words in a tone so really humble that Clara felt in turn almost humiliated, and with a feeling of self-reproach, that also extended toward Florence, she said falteringly: 'Pardon me and the circumstances which compelled me to—to—perhaps wound. I was ——' Her voice completely failed here; and however 'ignorant' Giles Gerard may have been in the lore of gift-giving, he was sufficiently well versed in the language of love to feel sure he had guessed in those broken words a secret which, for her part, the poor girl would not, unasked and voluntarily, have revealed for the world.

He offered no more gifts. He needed only to seek her society often as his own inclination demanded; to converse in her hearing with Florence, and the work was done. Clara Swaine loved him devoutly as the most exacting lover could have wished. She loved as I imagine women of her nature do always. Her very being became absorbed into his; her will, her mind, her heart, her entire spiritual life. Love proclaimed himself her master; there was nothing else to be looked for; *he* looked for nothing but a total self-abnegation on her part. Before his passion for her was an avowed reality, she felt the witch-like work going on in her heart; she had felt all the torturing changes, the torment, the bliss, the joy, the despair, of an unassured love. She was sick, she was glowing with brilliant and gay hopes: the thought had been with her that he was trifling with her heart; the conviction had been with her that the passion was a mutual one.

THE manifest change that had taken place in Clara, the state of tumult in which her mind and heart were thrown from the ominous Christmas-day, did not escape the notice of Florence; and it troubled and grieved her more than she would acknowledge to herself, and the more because she saw and felt keenly that Clara was no longer so trustful and confiding with her as she had been.

The indignant idea that Gerard was trifling with her sister at one time prevailing, and then the doubt as to whether, in another case, she could be happy with a man like him, if fortune united them, cast continual shadows over the daily life of the elder sister; and when she saw how his repeated and lengthened visits produced no other results than an unequalizing of Clara's spirits and an unfavorable mental excitement, she resolved to bring the affair to a climax at once.

Florence accordingly took occasion one day, when Mr. Gerard was leaving the house after a second visit that week, to say to him, in the most courteous yet firmest manner possible, that, if his visits were made so frequently for his own gratification merely, she would greatly prefer that they were discontinued, even if the removal of his protégé should necessarily follow. Her listener quickly banished his looks of astonishment when he met that just rebuke, and after a moment's hesitation said:

'Forgive me. With your permission I will at once speak with Clara. I have done wrong in delaying. But, believe me, I ought not to be subject to your censure.'

'Nay,' she answered, embarrassed and surprised in turn, though she knew herself justified in taking that stand, 'far be from me even the

appearance of forcing you to an expression of feeling that may really not exist on your part. I only feel that it would be better for you to visit my sister less often, if you have not a much more than ordinary interest in her; indeed, it were better for all of us.'

'And I say, dear madam, that, with your permission, I will this instant seek her for my wife. She is more to me than I can acknowledge to any but her.'

Florence made no farther opposition, for she saw as far as she could see, and believed he was in earnest, as he was. And before Mr. Gerard left Wells that day, he and Clara were betrothed.

## v.

THERE was an obviously bright future spreading before Clara Swaine. Her mind was troubled by none of those thoughts which held Florence in bondage when her heart longed to utter its glad reply to Willis Percy's love. But the high and proud place she seemed destined in coming time to hold as the wife of the great man of the county was not, brilliant as it appeared, the most glorious or welcome idea that presented itself. It was enough for her to have won the love of such a man; his wealth and social place were nothing compared with that idea; and there was no need that he should draw on his credulity in order to believe it.

So was it proved that, with all her sensitiveness and delicacy, Clara's womanliness did not *approach* to that unfolded in the gentle but heroic nature of Florence Swaine. It was not in her to put away a blessing, or what seemed such, with a crushing, humbling, and abiding sense of inherited unworthiness. She was not strong enough to make such a sacrifice; and even had a 'spasmodic' strength enabled her to do it, in the grief that would have followed, in the regret and self-desertion, she would have perished.

The all-absorbing nature of this passion was soon put to the test. A malignant disease broke out in Wells, and on its appearance among her scholars, Florence was compelled to disband them for a time.

The contagion had, however, been communicated before the school broke up, and Clara was among the first infected with it. Owing to precautions which Mrs. Percy had taken, Rose was in no danger from the disease, and during the dreary and anxious time of Clara's awful sickness, she remained with Florence; and while others shrank from the house of pestilence, those two sisterly watchers were constantly nursing Clara by day and by night; and when her recovery was made certain, it was by their united endeavors, Rose learning to exercise these by the example Florence set her, that the poor patient was strengthened to meet her farther and exceeding grievous trial. What that trial was Clara knew full well, yet for days she shrank from more than contemplation of its mere shadow. But at last her wish was expressed, and once expressed, she persisted in it, that the mirror should be placed before her. Poor child! it was only truth as she felt it, that she expressed then: it had been better for her, far better, if she had been left to die in the 'desolate horror of the disease.'

Yet, even in that bitterness of self-loathing and disgust, her chief,

almost her only thought, was for Mr. Gerard. Florence, the blessed, brave Florence, did not shrink from her, that was true; *her* caressings and gentle words were not withheld; but that, Clara said to herself, was because her sister was so full of kindness and pity for *all* the suffering. What would bind him, who, she felt, might have loved her for something beside her real nature? She had now left—to her honor be it told—no wish to bind him to his vows; but what a sickening, dreadful thought it was, he might eagerly seek to release himself from her and from those vows!

Mr. Gerard had been prepared for the change wrought by disease in his betrothed; for, in his frequent visits at the house during her convalescence, Florence had told him all, and endeavored to prepare his mind for the shock, which she was determined neither should dare till Clara was beyond all danger. Those tears of Florence could flow now for all griefs but her own, and they would not be controlled when, as the trial of an interview was about to be made, she saw that man struggling so strongly with himself and striving to hide his uncontrollable grief; and she *almost* loved him when he conquered his emotion and told her, with such apparent honesty, that his affection for Clara could not do other than come off conqueror over all disappointment. But for Clara a day so dark had never opened as that on which she granted him that first interview after her sickness.

## VI.

THERE was a most solemn silence, it was so fraught with meaning, when Mr. Gerard entered the room where Clara in terrified anguish awaited him. But when he was fairly there before her, looking upon her, she was, after all, first to recover herself sufficiently to be able to speak; and it was painful to see the effort she made to address him calmly, and observe his struggle to listen, as *she* thought (justly?) his compassion only constrained him to listen. But evidently the change in her was greater than he had even thought to see.

'We did not look to meet *so*,' she said. Her soft, sweet voice! that was not lost, and with a thrill of joy he heard it. 'Is it as grievous, as dreadful a meeting for you as it is for me, Giles?'

Had he spoken his thoughts in answer, his words had been of another sort; but he conquered that suggestion by a violent effort, and said, soothingly:

'We parted as dear friends and plighted: we meet as such, dearest. But indeed I am grieved you have been so very ill.'

'You are kinder than I even dared hope; for I have been selfish enough to hope! But my hope has, truly, not gone beyond this, that you would not turn away from me in disgust. Your words make you even more precious than you were to me;' and she turned her face away, and her voice sank to a whisper as she added: 'In all sincerity, *can* you find it in your heart to love me still?'

'My Clara!' exclaimed he, and his voice was full of the fondest reproach. He folded her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly as if she had been an infant. An instant after she released herself, and said, though her voice was hardly audible:

'I shall take a thought of you and of this moment with me through

life; it will be a blessing to feel that you loved me to the last, that something more than externals found acceptance with you. I would not be nearer or other to you than dear at this moment. Of yourself, I say, you are inexpressibly precious. I love you better than when we parted last; and that I had not thought possible. But I shall not put your generosity to a severer test. You will bear kind thoughts of me wherever you go and always, will you not? And in heaven—all is beauty there.

‘Child! what is this you’re talking about?’ was his half-angry, half-tearful exclamation. ‘Why do you banish your hopes, as you call them, to heaven? Have I no power to detain them here? Are you not recovering? Have we not a beautiful world to live in? Do we not love each other? You, dear child! did you think I loved you because I thought you the most beautiful and graceful creature I ever met? Clara, disease has done its worst for you; now imagine what it was I loved when I swear, by all that is true, you are at this moment dearer than ever before. You and you only, Clara, shall I ever marry.’

‘No,’ was the feebly-uttered reply. ‘I shall hide myself from the world. The remembrance of your words will be enough for me to live on. God has cursed me, Giles, as he cursed those of old with whom he was displeased. Let the leper live apart from love and the world.’

‘It is sheer nonsense. Have I fallen in your esteem? Do not hesitate to tell me. Forget all the past, think of the now: do you *really* care for me?’

‘I love you.’

‘Well, I love you,’ he rejoined, ‘In the name of HEAVEN, what more is wanted? You are not going to wed the world, if *that* is what you are thinking of now; nor is the world’s opinion your breath of life. You are to marry *me*, whom you have honored with your favor till I feel almost too proud to live on this earth as ordinary mortals do. As soon as your strength is sufficiently recovered to allow, you must fix on our marriage-day.’

She believed him; she believed the many, many tender and loving words he uttered in that trying yet blessed interview.

END OF PART FIRST.

---

THE BRIDGE AND THE BROOK.

He throws his arms around her,  
But ever finds her gone;  
The love-span hath not bound her,  
And still the brook runs on.

‘Fair Sun! be thou my lover!’  
She rose his love to gain,  
In dreamy, misty beauty,  
But fell in storm and rain.

Leave not, for one above thee,  
The heart which wooed for years;  
A few brief hours he’ll love thee,  
Then cast thee back in tears.

CHARLES O. LELAND

## MUSIC OF THE DOLLARS AND THE DIMES.

There is music in the tinkling of the dollars and the dimes;  
For the root of every evil, the mighty dollar of all crimes,

At all times,

Is the idol of the people; it is made

The sceptre, that has swayed

All the earth, and its music is the fiat that has given

All the power under heaven!

Ay, nations have been traitorously sold

For another nation's gold.

Blood is spilled, and lives are wasted,

Love, and joy, and peace, and friendship, all are blasted,

Through the music of the dollars and the dimes:

Horrid crimes,

Such as demons have delighted

To achieve, and envy, hate and anger,

With their turbulence and clangor,

Are excited.

'T was their music that incited

The hollow-hearted JUDAS to his deed of blackness dire,

When he sold the world's MESSIAH!

And were it in the power

Of mankind, at any hour,

They would barter off their title to a future state of glory,

To listen to the story

Of the mellifluous music of the dollars and the dimes!

But oh! the joys that intermingle

With the music of their jingle

Are the phantoms of the sweet anticipations

Of the morrows,

That come loaded down with sorrows,

And are swallowed with a strange infatuation,

And the gnawing and the burning

Of the bosom, in the yearning

After gold, is the earning

For its votaries a trouble that shall never

Cease to curse them, and their progeny, for ever!

There is music in the jingling of the dollars and the dimes:

How it sublimes

The toper! how it glads his reeking soul,

When from the sparkling bowl

His heart's delight he quaffs!

Oh! he laughs,

At the jingle of the dollars

Which so musically follows

All the rest of the fortune he has lavished

On the wine. He is ravished

With the music of the dimes,

That is flowing from the table of the gamer.

Ah, his heart is full of gladness,

And all sorrow, grief and sadness

He has driven far away.

All earthly care is banished,

And his merriment is planished,

By the rushing gush of euphony resounding through the air,  
From the shuffling of the dollars and the dimes.

But his crimes —

Oh! no mortal may be telling;  
But the demons, they are yelling,  
They are frantically knelling

The story in the bosoms of his children and his wife!

Ah! his wife, he cannot name her;  
She is wearing out her life,

As he has done her fortune; she is dying,

Mid the crying

Of the little ones for bread, and in vain!

Oh! the pain

That is mingled in the music of the dollars and the dimes!

There is music in the chinking of the dollars and the dimes.

How it chimes

To the chuckles of the miser,  
And the greeting of his locks!  
What a pleasure thrills his soul  
When he gazes in his box!  
For he feels that he is wiser  
When he hears the tinkling toll

Of the music, when he's counting out his dollars and his dimes.

How it jingles!

How it tingles

His sordid sensibilities, when the gold slips from his fingers  
To their final place of rest! Oh, his eyes are fastened on it,

While he listens to the sonnet  
That so musically lingers  
In the merry tinkling chimes  
Of the dollars and the dimes!  
Then what sweet, harmonious touches

Does he hear,

When his rusty, musty iron chest he clutches,  
With the grasp of a death-like fear,

And the cankered coffers clink,

In the sordid sinner's golden idol's sink;

And God, it is, who knows

He's been hoarding golden woes,

For he stands upon the brink

Of dreaded Death's undated climes,

And his mighty box of dollars in his bier;

And the music of their ringing

Now his requiem is singing,

But it follows not the miser where he goes;

For a groan

And a moan

Tell his life away is thrown,

In hoarding up the dollars and the dimes!

And the spirits

That inherit

All the region of the tomb,

Now are grinning;

They are winning

Another banquet for the worm:

They relieve him,

They receive him

In their charnel-chamber home;

And he's heard the last chimes

Of the music of the tinkling of the dollars and the dimes.



## DESCENT INTO THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

IN the year 18 —, I found myself just entering upon the month of July, with a season of leisure before me, and within me a determination to enjoy myself. I had never seen Niagara, and it was no wonder I was shortly on my way thither.

I remember my first feeling on beholding the cataract was one of disappointment; my mind seemed unable to grasp a subject so sublime, so suddenly presented. But as I gazed, the beauty and grandeur of the scene grew upon me; less and less of my time was devoted to the lazy occupations of hotel-loungers, and even my hours for sleep were soon encroached upon by my enchantment with Nature's great work. Each day that I remained increased the effect, and to such an extent that I was finally incapacitated from any employment, save that of gazing upon the tossing waters; for not only the descending sheet, but the Rapids too, charmed my vision. Indeed, that whole region—that Smithfield of waters, where Nature tortures the stream because it will adhere to its creed and run down-hill—the whole region finally became my Elysium, and I had no more power to leave it than the Rhenish traveller the waters where sits and sings so bewitchingly the beautiful Lore-lei.

I was present under all circumstances, by night and by day: when every drop contributed to the glory of the scene, and returned the sun's loan of flashes with a seeming consciousness of the grandeur of its destiny; when the moon from on high hung over the snow-white foam, like the face of a pale watcher above the convulsed form of a friend; and when the waters, alike of sun and moon deserted, seemed raging at the clouds, and flinging frothy anathemas at them for their embezzlement of the light of heaven. Then, too, when those same clouds seemed vying with the arrogant cataract, and yielded from their inmost recesses volumes of rain, which thundered down upon and violently wrestled with the waves; when Nature smiled, and the voice of the Rapids seemed lifted in unison with the key-note of her subdued and all-pervading harmony; at all times was I present, until the spectacle seemed united to my senses and a part of my being.

It was not possible for me accurately to express my feelings; nay, they impoverished my language and disabled my pen. Still, my letters evidenced my excitement, and went forth to my friends, bearing my ideas crystallized, as it were, upon the paper in little gems of extravagant rhapsody. Letters were showered upon me in return, filled with the inquiries of amazed relatives and the importunities of my business partner.

But I could not get away.

What a delusion was mine! Hopes and intentions and prospects and ordinary pursuits were forgotten by me, and seemed swallowed up in the abyss on the brink whereof I stood.

About a fortnight after I first reached Niagara, I had at an early hour,

as my wont was, gone forth from the hotel, and bent my steps toward the object of my worship. You start at the extravagance of my language, and yet it is quite insufficient to express the depth of my feeling. I wandered upon the bank along the Rapids, taking no note of time, and lost to every thing landward. My very senses would have been inactive, but the eye and ear were necessary vehicles of the one impression to my brain. As I proceeded, the current grew less swift and tumultuous, until I reached a point where there was no perceptible agitation in the river.

My temperament has always been excitable, and I had noticed with indignation in recent epistles from friends inuendoes on my state of mind, which I construed into hints regarding my sanity. I knew that there was in our family a tendency to monomania, but I was not one who liked to think or be reminded of it. I say I met the hints with indignation; but now as I walked and mused upon the matter, my feelings experienced a change. '*Insane!*' I muttered; 'and why not? If irresistible attraction to and meditation on such a creation of God be insanity, I bid it welcome! Let reason—that reason which would tear me from this spot—forsake me, and let me be content to dwell where I may imagine the voice of God speaking to me, His creature, in the rushing of these mighty waters!'

And as I walked the thought gained upon me, and a feeling of singular, sweet peace pervaded my mind. Strange sensations came over me. The river was still there, and that I knew; but all else, men, dwellings, animals, forests, hills and plains, seemed immeasurably beneath me, and unworthy of a thought. My capacities seemed enlarged, my *physique* etherealized, and attraction to the river only bound me to the earth, else I thought I should have soared on high. My steps quickened, and I flew rather than walked to the verge of the bank. I panted for a closer union with my idol: I would get a skiff and float upon the waves.

An intelligent barbarian of old fell upon the earth, proclaiming it the bosom of his mother: with far more warmth, I claimed the bosom of the river now before me, and rushed to an embrace.

In a frail boat I floated with the current.

And now, what a frenzy took possession of my breast! I hurled the oars far from me, and yielded my course to the tide. I sprang high in the skiff, and in the exuberance of a madman's joy, shrieked with delight at my fearful position. Anon I became calmer, not more rational, and sitting me down, gazed with rapture on the current which was bearing me on every moment more swiftly. In my steady progress, I observed that the waves became more agitated, my speed greater, and it added fuel to the demoniacal flame within me. '*Swifter, swifter!*' I cried, and cursed the slowness of the stream: then the thunders of the Falls grew more distinct in my eager ears, and the white crests of the boiling waves in advance, ever toppling over, beckoned me irresistibly on.

Faster, yet faster sped the skiff, only checked by an occasional eddy, which would make a play-thing of it for a few moments, and then toss it contemptuously away. More rapidly still, until with the motion my crazed brain almost reeled; yet the faster we went, the happier was I. I sang aloud in unearthly strains, while my whole system seemed a magazine for the most extraordinary emotions of pleasure.

The prow of my boat cleaved the turbulent milk-waves, and, as if in revenge, they lashed it on from behind to its destruction. It flew forward still, by rugged projections of rock; and now I remember, though I gave it no heed at the time, that people stood upon the far-off bank, and cried out to me in accents of horror. But my glistening eyes were fixed upon the clouds of spray in the distance, which I could now discern, and which hung above — *the Fall*.

I was nearing it.

I attempted to rise in the boat and cry 'Hurrah!' such was my excitement; but the violence of motion cast me back again, and I lay with a languid feeling of complete happiness. My faculties, deranged as they were, seemed steeped in repose: I had no thought, no wish, but, as it were, a delicious inanity, a vacuity of mind.

At this moment, thank God! with a crash and a shock which shivered it, my boat was hurled upon one of the numerous little rocks which rear their dark heads above the foam. The shock, so sudden, so violent to my physical system, banished at once my listlessness; yes, more, it banished my derangement too; and as reason brought with it to me the appreciation of my condition, as the timbers of the skiff which bore me were snapped and wrenched asunder, and ground to fragments, and whirled away again upon the waves, I clung to the rock for salvation, and uttered a shriek which sprang toward heaven, as if the harbinger of my prayers. I had drawn myself upon the rock, and there, in an agony of suspense, awaited the efforts of those on shore to save me. My perverted faculties seemed now restored to me, with even more than their original vigor.

As I glanced with a shudder in the direction of the mist, which a moment since I was panting to imbibe, my eye fell upon a bit of timber in the distance, rising, falling, and hurried on the waves. It was the only relic of my skiff, and I strained my vision to watch its fate. It went on hapless and helpless in the embrace of the waters; for a moment it was lost to my view; then, forced upright in the air, it darted down the abyss with the overwhelming flood. In that instant I seemed to have lived a life-time of horror; for I imagined myself bearing that wreck company, and I imagined my own agonized, remonstrant shrieks against so cruel a destruction.

With what profound, inexpressible emotions of thankfulness am I now recording the fact that such was not my fate! I was clinging to a rock just below Goat-Island bridge, and had passed through one of the arches with my headlong boat, though unconscious of it in my frenzy. From this bridge a rope was floated to me: I had strength remaining to bind it round my body, and then was drawn, battered and senseless, to a place of safety. I lived all through the event again, in the delirium of a violent fever, but finally awoke to consciousness and recovery in my bed, surrounded by friends.

I know very well that any constitutional tendency which I ever had to insanity has been quite eradicated by this awful event. I know very well also, were I ever again to look upon *Niagara Falls* the sight would kill me.

## D A N S V I L L E C E M E T E R Y .

BY W. H. C. HOMER.

'Omnes eodem cogimur.'—HORACE.

## I.

THE murmur of waters I hear,  
A pleasant but alumberous sound;  
And the hum of the crowd faintly falls on mine ear,  
While I linger by head-stone and mound.  
Their boughs oak and pine interweave,  
And shade on the hallowed place throw,  
While winds in their emerald tops seem to grieve  
For the sleepers that moulder below:  
And never belonged to Arcadian scene  
Hill-slope and valley of lovelier green.

## II.

It is meet that a home for the dead  
The living should thus set apart;  
A pillow provide for the reverend head,  
And rest for the sorrow-touched heart.  
Let Beauty that early feels blight,  
And Manhood untimely o'erthrown,  
In Earth's brightest places be buried from sight,  
Till the trumpet of judgment is blown:  
Where fields stretch away, like a picture unrolled,  
Above their remains should be rounded the mould.

## III.

Frail blossoms of Childhood that caught  
A blush from the day-break, then died,  
Have hither by mourners been tenderly brought,  
And lovingly rest side by side.  
Ah! poor little lambs of the flock,  
That rudely were torn from the fold,  
Away with the pomp of the chisel-carved rock,  
To mark where ye turn into mould:  
Where plaid by the Spring-time is soonest displayed,  
And first seen the blue-bird, your graves should be made.

## IV.

When swathed in the cold winding-sheet  
Is the friend that from youth we have known,  
And his generous heart has forgotten to beat  
In friendly response to our own,  
It is pleasant to think that he lies  
In earth that is hallowed like this,  
Where round him old hills crowned with evergreen rise,  
And zephyrs the violets kiss:  
While leaf-harp, and wavelet that melts on the shore,  
For the loved and the lost wake a dirge evermore.

v.

Here mourners can wander in thought,  
 Unawed by the presence of Death,  
 To the beautiful field Father ABRAHAM bought,  
 With its cave, from the children of HETH.  
 And Grief, draped in sable, may find  
 In these leaf-shaded alleys a balm,  
 For this pastoral landscape disposes the mind  
 To a holy and heavenly calm:  
 And, wreathing the pale Reaper's sickle with flowers,  
 Glad souls seem to flit through these whispering bowers.

## Y = LIFE OF CAPTAIN UNDERHILL.

A SKETCH OF Y<sup>e</sup> LIFE AND CHARACTER OFF CAPTAIN IOHN UNDERHILL.\*

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

THIS most wunderfull and singular of all y<sup>e</sup> men most famed in y<sup>e</sup> Historie of y<sup>e</sup> Colonies, (and in so sayynge we not forget y<sup>e</sup> late Captain Iohn Smith, of y<sup>e</sup> like warlike Propensitie against y<sup>e</sup> Ingens of y<sup>e</sup> said Colonies,) a Valiant Warrioure, a Cavaliere, a man of Religoun, being now Gone (Peace to His Memorie) from personall Nollodge we Indite these, foreseeing that his Reputacyon be called in Question and His Valiant Deeds in y<sup>e</sup> Publique Service be set down for nought, forasmuche as he was of a Amorous Temper. We not mind that He be blamed duly where in he much err from y<sup>e</sup> straight line in conduct, as his Erroure no dowbt great, if so be that he get his due for his amiable Virtue, and Valiant Behavioure in y<sup>e</sup> Warres against y<sup>e</sup> Bloody Ingens. Peradventure, some begin only to Carp at Hys faylings, and it only Faire Play to sett off y<sup>e</sup> contrarie Qualities by which his charactere redeemed, and so put y<sup>e</sup> Captain in a true Light before His Countrie and y<sup>e</sup> World, we state what we do know respecting Hym. For a strange Coniuncyon of Opposites, probablie His Ditto rarelie to be mett; a man of firm Courage, indomitable Perseverance, of wunderfull tact in a Campaigne, and yet y<sup>e</sup> Warre fairlie over, y<sup>e</sup> next moment down on his knees praying, and soon after callit before y<sup>e</sup> meetynge for his too amouorous propensitie toward y<sup>e</sup> faire'sexe. It Be very strange that y<sup>e</sup> same Temper found in all y<sup>e</sup> Blood, though

\* HAVING lately come into possession of a mass of old MSS. relating to colonial history, I propose to print them, with the consent of the EDITOR, in the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, as the most appropriate depository for such treasures. On examination I discover in them nothing new relating to historical matters; but they are written for the most part in such a quaint style, that however deficient in grammar, they give a more correct idea of scenes and personages than the studied histories which have been composed from like sources. The MSS. which I now have, by a somewhat singular accident, relate mostly to the early settlement of Long-Island and Connecticut; and if the present paper on the life of UNDERHILL be considered worthy of attention, it is proposed to prepare a few more papers deciphered from the same sources.

y<sup>e</sup> Captain much distinguished above his Progenitors. His Paternal Ancestor, Mr. Iames Underhill, much noted for Gallantrie, and though he not marrie, yet he never see a woman but what he lift off hys Hat, and bow and smile with a Remarkabel complaisaunse, and if he meet one whom he chance to know, and she be younge and prettie, he turn round and accompanie her on her way, insomuch (sayth one who knew hym well) I not walk with hym in y<sup>e</sup> street, for when I would have hys Eare, hys Eyes wandering all about hym to y<sup>e</sup> Windows, and y<sup>e</sup> Styles, and y<sup>e</sup> Crossyng Places, and he presentlie leave me in y<sup>e</sup> midst without Ceremonie, saying, 'Good morrow, Mistress Miriam, or Miss Nancie; glad am I to see you to-day, and where now so fast, and if not disagreeabel I will go with thee a while;' and off he Goe, chitchatting about Something or nothing, while I, so backward and timorous with y<sup>e</sup> faire, be left in y<sup>e</sup> Lurch.

Y<sup>e</sup> Iland of Nassau, or Long Iland, Being large part thereof Sandy Plains, Barren sea Beaches, sands and Pine Forests, inhabit mostly, some few years agoe, by y<sup>e</sup> Devil-incarnate-Ingens, littly known to y<sup>e</sup> good People of y<sup>e</sup> Colonies, sayving around y<sup>e</sup> more pleasaunte realms of Mosquitoes Cove or Oyhster-Bay, albeit have some natyve men of more than ordinarie Parts, and y<sup>e</sup> Iland by no means Contemptible if it Be only y<sup>e</sup> grave of Captain Iohn Underhill, who lies Intered at Matinecock, in y<sup>e</sup> Towne of Oyhster Bay. This brave Warrioure, once an Officer among y<sup>e</sup> Britishers in y<sup>e</sup> low Countries, and in Ireland and at Cadiz, came with y<sup>e</sup> earlie Settlement of y<sup>e</sup> Colonie to Massachusetts, nor long had he ben there before y<sup>e</sup> Salvages know it to their bitter cost and experiance, and the Colonies finding him to be a trustworthy and a man of Valour dyd give him hys handes full, which he lyke right well. Lyttly cared he for their Pow-ows, yowling and yelling like so many Infernalls, Painted faces, Scalping and bush-fighting and Ambuscade, Fire Brands, and all that sort of Thyng, if he once get on their trail and find y<sup>e</sup> whereabouts of their forts or Palisado, he come down on them before they fairlie have time to Oil their cunnynge or get their knives ready, and the next moment you see y<sup>e</sup> Palisado and all y<sup>e</sup> Surrounding timber and Pine Woods in a awfull conflagracion, and y<sup>e</sup> red rascals, men, squaws and popooses, scampering through y<sup>e</sup> flames as fast as their legs carry them, and yelling like unto so many Devils possessed. No man in those Colonies so soon get y<sup>e</sup> hang of y<sup>e</sup> Ingen Warfoure, how they do treacherously lye in wait and Sneak round y<sup>e</sup> outskirts of Civilization to barbarously Massacer y<sup>e</sup> defenceless Children and Women. But trulie they find their match whenn they have Captain Iohn Underhill to deal with, who care no more for their Tomahawks, flint arrow-heds, Demoniack cries and horrid pigments wherewith they daubed their Bodies, to say Nothing of their whole Army of fighting Men, than if they were so many men of straw, but at them he goe with a few picked followers, and a few good Matchlocks, so that hys very name strike Terrour. To y<sup>e</sup> Experiance derived in European Countries he not add the Infatuation to fight these Barbarians accordyng to civilized military Tactics, but not too proud to take hys advice of y<sup>e</sup> Squatters and Settlers, and thereby to form hys Plans in an original way as y<sup>e</sup> necessitie require, alwaie adding to great Judgment great promptness and rapiditie of March and action. He think no more of killyng two or three hundred of them in one Expedition than of biting a Piece

of Plug Tobaccer : at last y<sup>e</sup> Government for hys Braverie present him an annual Pension of £30, which y<sup>e</sup> Bookes now show. He goe out and fight y<sup>e</sup> Ingens, and then he come back and as much distinguished among y<sup>e</sup> religious, praying and exhorting, as he lately had been in y<sup>e</sup> art of Warre, and so he goe on till y<sup>e</sup> old infirmities of hys nature give way, and he be found kissing y<sup>e</sup> women, and bringing great Scandall on y<sup>e</sup> church. Then y<sup>e</sup> Captain pull up stakes and off to y<sup>e</sup> Warre again till he kill off more of y<sup>e</sup> red Brothers whenn he received with great Honour, and high in y<sup>e</sup> Opinioun of y<sup>e</sup> Governour Sir Harry Vane. It is well known to y<sup>e</sup> Peopel of these Colonies that there was not long agone a nest of diabolic Salvages sitoated in y<sup>e</sup> fastnesses of Block Iland who waxed so troublsome to y<sup>e</sup> adjacent Parts that y<sup>e</sup> good Peopel lose all Patience, whenn at last they did Barbarously knock on y<sup>e</sup> head Captain Iohn Oldham, a man of note, to y<sup>e</sup> great grief of hys poor distressed Servants. In this so sad juncture, (y<sup>e</sup> blood of y<sup>e</sup> Innocent callyng for Vengeance,) God stirred up y<sup>e</sup> heart of y<sup>e</sup> honoured Governour Master Henry Vane and y<sup>e</sup> rest of y<sup>e</sup> worthie magistrates to send a 100 well appoynted soldiers, under y<sup>e</sup> conduct of Captain Iohn Hendicott, and in companie with him Captain Iohn Underhill, Captain Nathan Turner, Captain William Ienningson, beside other inferiour officers. And well did these trustie Warriours merit of y<sup>e</sup> Colonie ; for y<sup>e</sup> Block Iland Indians, being uncommon fierce, dyd so fight with Desperacioun as if Block Iland to which they were natyve were y<sup>e</sup> whole Univarse, for they being surprised in fysshynge and so unable to drag their Canoes into y<sup>e</sup> Woods, which being nothing but tree trunks hollowed out, y<sup>e</sup> whole fleet rapidly destroyed, and they being heinmed in by y<sup>e</sup> Sea, and sore pressed to their Entrenchment, there was nothing for it but to fight fairlie, whych they did with salvage frenzie ; but it no goe, for in a pitched fight or rigglar seige, flint arrows stand them but lyttyl instead against y<sup>e</sup> flint in our soldiers' matchlocks, and y<sup>e</sup> smell of Salt Peter make them confoundedly Sick. It was a awfull scene in y<sup>e</sup> annals of Block Iland, for y<sup>e</sup> roar of y<sup>e</sup> surf, ye howling of y<sup>e</sup> windes and crackling flames and explosyon of y<sup>e</sup> fire arms dyd so blend with yells of y<sup>e</sup> salvages and shouts of our men, y<sup>e</sup> naked Ingens running to and fro in y<sup>e</sup> thick forest, as to present a faithfull picture of Pandemonium. But neither Captain Iohn Hendicott nor y<sup>e</sup> rest would have availed on that occasyon without y<sup>e</sup> help of Captain Iohn Underhill, who did sward in hand put himself at y<sup>e</sup> head of y<sup>e</sup> men, and amid a shower of arrowes plunge into y<sup>e</sup> thickest fight. And herein he had occasyon afterwards to return thanks to ALMIGHTY God for singular Providence in preservacioun of said Underhill. For before hee goe into y<sup>e</sup> Battell, his wife saye to hym, (a remarkable good woman, whom y<sup>e</sup> Captain did too much look down upon as y<sup>e</sup> weaker vessel, and sometime sorrie are we to say it, did Disrespect accordingle.) 'Iohn, take with thee thy good helm, al-ready bullet-banged at Cadiz, and who shall say but y<sup>e</sup> LORD may not make it y<sup>e</sup> means to save thy life.' To which, Iohn, 'Pooh ! good woman, hold thy tongue, I shall doe no such thyng, but goe forth in y<sup>e</sup> strength of y<sup>e</sup> LORD who is both shield and buckler.' Whereatt she did so lament and supplicate that y<sup>e</sup> Captain snatch up y<sup>e</sup> helm, and putting it on his head went forth upon y<sup>e</sup> warre by no means timorous or mistrustynge. And well did that so neglected and despyed helm doe hym good service,

receyving a flint arrow head against it on his very forehead, and but for y<sup>e</sup> helm, assuredly hys braines come out, whereatt he dyd saye, 'Let no man despise y<sup>e</sup> Advice and Counsell of hys Wife, *though shee Be a woman*. It were strange to Nature to think a Man should be bound to fulfill y<sup>e</sup> humour of a woman, what armes he should carry, butt you know God will have it so, that a woman should overcome a man. What with Delilah's flatterie, and with their mournfull Tears, they must and will have their Desyre.' In y<sup>e</sup> Warre which was fought against y<sup>e</sup> Pequots, Captain Iohn Underhill was invested with y<sup>e</sup> principall Command, and sent to Saybrook with twenty men to keep y<sup>e</sup> Fort there against y<sup>e</sup> Dutch and Indians, who both want y<sup>e</sup> place. As to y<sup>e</sup> Dutch y<sup>e</sup> Captain not at all afraid of them, as he hisself a Match for twenty Dutchmen and fifty Indians, soe that y<sup>e</sup> Fort fare well Enough, and y<sup>e</sup> Dutchmen not get it. Now y<sup>e</sup> Captain a great friend of Sir Henry Vane, y<sup>e</sup> Governor, who stand by hym both in Religoun and in Politicalls, for Sir Henry a great Enthusiast at that time, as y<sup>e</sup> Boston men were. What wonder that Peopel more feel a sense of Dependence on a SUPREAM BEING, when the enemy all round them, and they sleep with their Firelocks by their Sides, while y<sup>e</sup> very Minister in y<sup>e</sup> Pulpitt hang hys hatt on one peg and his Muskett on another while he doe pray. These thynges Bring men to their senses, and also doe putt them Out of their Senses mayhap, in Religious fervours which be Contagious, and sometime without Reasonabel foundacyon or Aim. But in New England they doe carry such matters in a Fanaticall way, enacting sundrie Lawes not accordynge to y<sup>e</sup> Gospell, as namely that no Man Kiss hys Wife on Sunday, when trulie if he doe love her he Kiss her whensoever he Please. Sir Harry Vane and hys friend Captain Iohn Underhill, Engulfed, if we may soe Express it, by y<sup>e</sup> very Spirit of y<sup>e</sup> age, doe also approve y<sup>e</sup> like rules of conduct, while y<sup>e</sup> Captain not so successfull as to practise them, but his Spirit trulie being Willing and hys flesh weak, he no sooner come back from y<sup>e</sup> warres than engaged in some new Amours, which did so bother and vex hym that in y<sup>e</sup> Yere 1638 he set sail for England to refresh hys spirit, where in London Toun he dyd awhile forget his Sorrowe and seek hys converse with y<sup>e</sup> Principall Bloods and tell his Adventure among y<sup>e</sup> salvages to hys heart's Content. Here also he dyd publish hys book, entitled '*Newes from America, or a Newe and Experimental Discoverie of New England, containing a true relation of warlike Proceedings these two Yeres past, with a figure of the Indian fort, or Palisado, by Iohn Underhill, a commander in y<sup>e</sup> Warres there.*' In this Booke, he mentioun such places in New England having as yet fewe or no Inhabitants, whych yet yield speciall Accomodation to such as would plant there, to wit: '*Queenapoick, Aqu-wom, Hudson's River, Long Island, Nuhanticut, Martin's Vineyard, Pequet, Naransett Bay, Elizabeth Islands, Puscataway, with about one hundred ilands thereto adjacent.*' Y<sup>e</sup> Captain remain some time in England, till for his adherence to one Mr. Wheelright, a man of Religious errour, and not orthodox in y<sup>e</sup> fayth, but more especially for his unlawfull conduct to one of y<sup>e</sup> faire sex, he finally banished and Come back to y<sup>e</sup> New-England Shores, where hys fiery spirit uneasy and restless until he Go after more Indians, which he did kill.

In y<sup>e</sup> same yere y<sup>e</sup> Captain however get into more troubls with y<sup>e</sup> .



women, and it doe appear that on Sept. 7, having been privately dealt with on suspicion of improper conduct with a neighbour's Wife, and not Harkening to it, he was publickly questioned, and put under admonition. But y<sup>e</sup> Captain, to doe hym justice, give this explanation, which we doe sett down to retrieve hys memorie, 'for that y<sup>e</sup> woman Being very young and Beautifull, and withall of a joviall spirit and Behaviour, he did daylie ffrequent her House, and was divers times found there alone with her, the door being locked on the inside, and confessed it was ill, because it had y<sup>e</sup> appearance of Evill in It; butt that y<sup>e</sup> woman was in great Troubel of Mind and sore Temptation, and that he resorted to her to comfort her, and that when y<sup>e</sup> door was found locked upon them they were in privat prayer together.' But hys conduct, sayth y<sup>e</sup> other, was clearly condemned by y<sup>e</sup> Elders, who said, he Ought in such case to have called in some Brother or Sister, and not to have locked y<sup>e</sup> Door. All thys very true, that he ought not to have lockt y<sup>e</sup> door, but mayhap y<sup>e</sup> lock, for ought we knowe, being well oiled and out of orreder, y<sup>e</sup> latch slip to' of its own accorde as often y<sup>e</sup> case, and so they locked in by accident. However, I take y<sup>e</sup> Captain's worde for it against all y<sup>e</sup> Courts in y<sup>e</sup> Countrie; for a man who hath so spillit hys blude for y<sup>e</sup> Commonwealth, y<sup>e</sup> least to doo to tak hys Worde. If I do allowe for his Virtues, pacify his seemynge fautes, I not wish to atone for Underhill hys real transgressyon, but do sorely take hym to task wherein he do err, in hys too great fondness for other woman, to y<sup>e</sup> great injurie of hys wife, who did advise hym to take y<sup>e</sup> helmet whereby hys life saved. That he sinn oftymes no manner of doubt, but he dyd also as often feel Compunction of hys Errour, and bewail hyssself in Sackcloth and Ashes. In 1639, 'before a great Assemblie in Boston, upon a lecture Day and in y<sup>e</sup> Court House, he sat upon y<sup>e</sup> stool of Repentance, with a white cap on hys head, and with a great many deep sighs, a rueful countenance and abundance of tears, owned hys wicked way of life, with many Expressyons of sincere remorse, and besought y<sup>e</sup> Church to have Compassyon on hym and deliver hym out of y<sup>e</sup> hands of Satan.' Very wronglie we think y<sup>e</sup> Church acted in refusynge to receyve his soe penitentiall confessyon, and so falling short of y<sup>e</sup> Forgiveness enjoyned in y<sup>e</sup> Gospill. Then y<sup>e</sup> Captain dyd solicit to be received on Long Iland with a few families and Enjoy y<sup>e</sup> Privileges of y<sup>e</sup> Dutch Government, to which y<sup>e</sup> Governour consent on y<sup>e</sup> Conditoun that he swear Allegiance to y<sup>e</sup> States Generall and y<sup>e</sup> Prince of Orange; to which y<sup>e</sup> Captain by no means agree, he not lyking y<sup>e</sup> Dutch enough well to swear any such oath. But we next find hym in Boston, y<sup>e</sup> very hot Bed of all kind of Religious fantasy, (and mark my Worde for it, these so strait Peopel by y<sup>e</sup> Naturall course of Thynges will in less than two hundred Yeres from thys Date turn into free Thinkers, forasmuche as Extreame fly to Extreame) again upon hys knees, accordynge to y<sup>e</sup> frailtie of hys natur fallynge into Sin, but accordynge to y<sup>e</sup> Humilitie and Tendernesse of hys Disposityon Willing to make Confessyon and Amende. For hee dyd Come into y<sup>e</sup> Court of Assistants on a Lecture day and after Sermon y<sup>e</sup> Pastor called hym forth, and whenn he had declared y<sup>e</sup> Occasyon thereof gave hym full Liberty to speak. 'It was a Spectackel,' sayth a By-stander, 'which Caused many weeping Eyes. He Came in hys Worst Clothes, without a band, in a foul linen Cap, pulled close to hys Eyes, and standing upon

a Form, he dyd with many deep Sighs, abundance of Teares, and penitential Wailing, lay open hys wicked Course, hys Persecution of God's Peopel here, and Especially hys Pride and Contempt of y<sup>e</sup> Magistrates. That he had been put divers times on resolutions of Destroying hysself, had not y<sup>e</sup> Lord in Marcy prevented hym when hys Swoard was ready to have done y<sup>e</sup> Execution. Indeed he appeared like a man worn out with Sorowe, yet could find no Peace, and was therefore now Come to seek it in y<sup>e</sup> Ordinance of God. He spoke well, save that hys continuoal Blubbering did so Interrupt hym that Occasionally hys Voice and Narration quite lost, while y<sup>e</sup> Peopel, more Especially y<sup>e</sup> Women blubber and crie out quite so loud as hee, discovering all y<sup>e</sup> time a Broken, melting and bleedynge heart, and hee gave good Exhortatioun to other to take heed of such Vanitie and Beginning of Evill, whych had Occasyon hys Dounfall. It was indeed a most wofull, pityfull and interestynge Sight to Behold thys great Warriour, this mighty Man of Valour asfear'd not of fire nor Water, Man nor Divill, whom y<sup>e</sup> whooping and bepainted Ingens fly from in Battel, so humbel like a lyttyl child from y<sup>e</sup> feare of God and y<sup>e</sup> conviction of hys Sinn, while he dyd humblie beseech y<sup>e</sup> Church to deliver hym out of y<sup>e</sup> hands of Satan. Accordinglie he was Receyved into y<sup>e</sup> Church, and dyd then Cum into y<sup>e</sup> Court where hee make Confessyon of hys Sin against them and desyred Pardon, which y<sup>e</sup> Court frellie granted so far as concerned their privat Judgement, but forgive him his Adulterie they would not for example sake, nor Restore hym to Freedom, though they release hys Banishment.

Scarce time was there to restore hys soul and to compose hys feelyngs from Misadventure of thys kinde, when hys Countrie again need hys Service against y<sup>e</sup> Bloodie Ingens, and who like y<sup>e</sup> Captain in y<sup>e</sup> whole Realm to understand their Ways, and to overmaster them? Who of y<sup>e</sup> like Braverie? None, forsooth None. So off he go with Captain Mason to attack y<sup>e</sup> Indian Fort at Mystick, in which Campaign so bloodie he writes thus to hys somewhat slighted, howsoever dearlie Beloved Wife :

\*DEAREST HEART: We come by rapid marches thorough ye thickest Wilderness, our Tentments and flesh torn by ye Briars and Our feet by ye flinty Rocks so that they do bleed with every step, and last Night before Sundown attackit by five score yelling Salvages in a thick Wood whom we dyd straitway Vanquish with Oure fire arms, leaving a dozen of them Dead in their primitive Nakedness in ye woods. And now having lit our camp-fire to keep off ye wolves, which at thys Present howl all Around, I indite this with pencill by ye decaying Embers, on a blank leaf of ye Bible, which you gave me, love, when I set forth on ye Campaign, meaning to send this letter to morrowe by a trusty messenger, and hoping that it may reach you safe. Before ye Sun rise we goe down upon ye Fort at Mystick and with a somewhat long fight, (for they be exceeding salvage Salvages) we reduce them to submisyon and in three weekes, may be, I be with you again; but in ye meantime, Dears, be thou faithfull as thou wilt be to Oure dear child JAMES, and remember me in your Prayers that no Evill befall me in ye Warres. Fare thee well, dearest love, for ye light be too scanty to write More, and my Eyelids heavy, and I need sleep for to Morrow's Work, which be bot enough before the Sun an hour high, so I do seal this, and lay my head down to rest, with a Prayer for God's mercie on us both. Farethwell for this Present, Dear Wife.

Your Lovinge Husband,

'JOHN UNDERHILL.'

Nor did y<sup>e</sup> great Captain fail to fulfill y<sup>e</sup> Predictionn in y<sup>e</sup> aforesaid, for this so perverse Tribe who Entrenched themselves behind y<sup>e</sup> palisado at Mystic by the Attack of this brave man loose so many men that y<sup>e</sup> spirit of Taccacus, y<sup>e</sup> chief Sachem, totally discouraged, and soon y<sup>e</sup> whole tribe destroyed. And now his Reputation as a Man of Valour so well essayed, he was in 1641 made Governour of Exeter and Dover, where he had long stayed had he not fallen into Difficultie and Disturbances with y<sup>e</sup> Church. Then being employed by y<sup>e</sup> Dutch, with whom he no great friends, but

to y<sup>e</sup> Barbarian Ingens still more unfriendly, he did wage warr for some yeres against y<sup>e</sup> Ingens prowling North of y<sup>e</sup> Sound and West of y<sup>e</sup> Connecticut Settlements untill he had destroyed some Hundreds of them who had been foremost to ravage and lay waste y<sup>e</sup> Colonies. He dyd at thys Time live at Stamford in Connecticut, and while he dyd lose ground sometime with y<sup>e</sup> Religious by reason of hys Defection, hee was still uppermost with y<sup>e</sup> Politicall men, being soon Appoynted Delegate from that Toun to y<sup>e</sup> Generall Court at New Haven, and Made Assistant Justice. He now Come with y<sup>e</sup> Rev. Mr. Denton, and others of hys Church, to Long Iland, where hee reside at Flushing and did bethink hym to Cultivate y<sup>e</sup> Soil, but y<sup>e</sup> *amor militaris rei* still captivate hym, and he applie to Rhode-Iland which on y<sup>e</sup> 17th May 1653 made resolve to appoynt a Committee from each toun for ripening of matters that concerned y<sup>e</sup> Dutch, to furnish two great Guns and other Aid. And they did give Commission to Underhill and William Dyre to go agin y<sup>e</sup> Dutch, or any Enemies of y<sup>e</sup> Commonwealth of England. On thys he dyd attack y<sup>e</sup> Indians at Fort Neck, capture y<sup>e</sup> Fort and Destroye many of y<sup>e</sup> natyves. Now y<sup>e</sup> pot-bellied Dutch, who inhabitt Manhattan, with all y<sup>e</sup> doughty men of that more than Ordinarie Citie, wax very wroth agin y<sup>e</sup> Captain on this wise. For y<sup>e</sup> Dutch who for y<sup>e</sup> Time being under y<sup>e</sup> Protection of valiant Governours and y<sup>e</sup> guns of y<sup>e</sup> Big Fort securely smoke their pipes by y<sup>e</sup> Batterie on y<sup>e</sup> West End of Manhattan Iland not Content with theyre Maritime Privileges, and trading with Poughkeepsie and other Tounes, did league in Councill with y<sup>e</sup> Indian Chiefs for y<sup>e</sup> total subjugation and Destructyon of y<sup>e</sup> Englysshe, which y<sup>e</sup> said Underhill, on its coming to hys nolledge, did straightway divulge; wherefore sendyng a trustie guard in y<sup>e</sup> command of a Dutch Captain for his Comprehensyon, they did Cum upon him suddenlie, and seizing hym by y<sup>e</sup> Breech ask of hym to promis Obeysance to y<sup>e</sup> Government at Manhattan, to whych y<sup>e</sup> Dutch, being 12 to 1, hee did readilie assent, whereatt they Lett hym goe, and he think no more about it, but continoo cleaning hys Gun as if Nothing happen. In y<sup>e</sup> mean time y<sup>e</sup> Dutch go Back and make Report that theyr Missyon successfull, drinking y<sup>e</sup> health of y<sup>e</sup> Governor in some old Hollands to cheer up their agitated sperits after y<sup>e</sup> job, but y<sup>e</sup> Captain and others of y<sup>e</sup> like Politicks in y<sup>e</sup> Colonies still take measures for *ripening of matters which concerned y<sup>e</sup> Dutch.*

In y<sup>e</sup> yere of our Lord 1667, feeling y<sup>e</sup> Infirmities of y<sup>e</sup> flesh creep on, and weariness of hys too troublous stormy Historie, he dyd bargain with y<sup>e</sup> Matinecocks ffor lands, who deeded to hym all and Sundrie those tracts and Parcels and Gores to which he gave y<sup>e</sup> name of Killingworth, y<sup>e</sup> Red men alwaie excepting in y<sup>e</sup> grant *y<sup>e</sup> high trees whereon y<sup>e</sup> Eagles build their nests.* What ffor y<sup>e</sup> Indians on Long Iland do thys we not know for Surety. May be forsooth theyr wild free Sperrits have concorde with y<sup>e</sup> Nobil Bird, who permits no Bars nor Limits to hys aerial hunting grounds in y<sup>e</sup> misty Realms, but with a lusty strength do beat y<sup>e</sup> air where no compeer Wyng goe with hym, and gaze unflinchyng on y<sup>e</sup> Sun. Forsooth they think y<sup>e</sup> Nobil Eagle aspire most Highlie to y<sup>e</sup> GREAT SPIRIT where HE doe dwell on Hys Throne; that hee Be like Themselves, wild, Generous, untimorous and atrocious, and to drive y<sup>e</sup>

Royal Bird from out y<sup>e</sup> Realm no Sagamore or Chief permitt itt ; for never of y<sup>e</sup> million flint stone arrowes sculped by y<sup>e</sup> childeren of y<sup>e</sup> woodes, find you one Arrow dipt in royal Eagle's Heart-Blood. Wherefor they do reserve y<sup>e</sup> *High trees wheron y<sup>e</sup> Eagles bild theyre Nests*, for if y<sup>e</sup> White Man's ax cut down y<sup>e</sup> great Woods, then y<sup>e</sup> proud bird not Come, for he Disdain y<sup>e</sup> low thynges.

Now y<sup>e</sup> great Captain who hat Cut so large a Figure in y<sup>e</sup> Historie of y<sup>e</sup> New England Colonies findyng y<sup>e</sup> day of Doom come slowlie on, and that hee could fight hys Battells no more with human Arm, dyd begin to gird up hys loynes for hys last Encounter with y<sup>e</sup> King of Terrors, y<sup>e</sup> great Enemy of all y<sup>e</sup> race, and dyd make his Will and Testament whereof the Underwritten Be a true Coppie :

'KILLINGSWORTH ye 7th mo. called ye 12th day on Long Island in ye north riding under ye Supream power of CHARLES ye Second and under ye protection of JAMES Duke of York and Albina, and in ye yere of ye king's reigne, this my last will and testament, by my perfect Understanding. I doe bequeath my soul unto ye Eternal marcy, love and joy of my heavenly FATHER in ye-death and Marcy of my Saviour, my Redeemer, CHRIST JESUS which shew me by a saving faith I eternally close withall, and do declare ye witness of ye Spirit sealing to ye promises to my everlasting joye and Consolation in ye HOLY GHOST my sole Comforter in ye Faith aforesaid. I resign my Body to ye grave where it shall be decently Entered. I bequeath my whole estate in possession of my wife ELIZABETH UNDERHILL during ye time of her widowhood ; but if she marry, then my brother JOHN BOUNE, HENRY TOWNSEND, MATTHEW PAVOR and my son IN UNDERHILL I empower thereby that they see to ye estate that ye children be not wronged nor turned off without some proportionable allowance as ye estate will afford and that my son NATHANIEL remain with hys mother until twenty one yeres. I will that an inheritance of land and some meadows, as my said Overseers Judge equal and Right be confirmed upon them and his Lineal heirs, and that no part of my lands be alienated from my present Offspring. Signed, Sealed as aforesaid In pre-ence of HENRY RUDICK, NATHAN BIRDSALL, ye 18th September 1671 day and date above written.

\*CHRISTOPHER HAWKESBURY.

\*WILLIAM SIMSON.

\*JAMES COCK'

Pr. me, JOHN UNDERHILL.

In y<sup>e</sup> yere 1672 y<sup>e</sup> Captain gave up y<sup>e</sup> Ghost, and now that he Be gone we be mindfull that hee have hys just dues, for if hee Be y<sup>e</sup> Divill hisself it no more than right to give him thys, accordyng to y<sup>e</sup> old Proverbe, but y<sup>e</sup> Captain no Divill ; contrariwise a nobil, brave man, with many Naturall faults leading him to great Delinquencies sett off against hys great virtues and Christian humility, whereby he penitentially make submyssyon for y<sup>e</sup> same. Touching y<sup>e</sup> Matter of hys Amours, here perhaps where he fail y<sup>e</sup> most, Owing to hys too ardent Temper and hys Mind not Equal balanced, hys great Love of female Beauty, and hot head Perversitie for Warre, which lead hym in time of Peace still to carrie on hys Campaignes, and if he not fight y<sup>e</sup> Bloody Salvauge still he try what victory he may Atchieve, thereby personifying y<sup>e</sup> Old marriage of Mars and Venus, which we do read off Aforetime. But of y<sup>e</sup> matter concerning hisself and y<sup>e</sup> Meeting we not doe better than to state hys own Wordes in a letter which he writ, from which it would appear that even his whilom good friend master Henry Vane took ground against y<sup>e</sup> Captain. Y<sup>e</sup> Letter Be in y<sup>e</sup> words following to wit to hys friend Hansard Knowles :

'WORTHIE AND BELOVED: Remembering my kind love to Mr. HILTON I now send you a note of my tryalls at Boston. O that I may come out of thys and ye like Tryalls as good seaven tymes purified in ye furnace! After ye rulers at Boston had fayled to fastene what ROGER HARLAKENDEN was Pleased to call ye damnable Errors of ANNE HUTCHINSON upon me, I looked to be sent away in Peace. But Governor WINTHROP said I must abyde ye examining of ye Church; accordingly on ye thyrd day of ye week I was convened before them. Sir HENRY VANE the Governour, DUDLEY HAYNES, with Masters SHEPHERD and HUGH PETERS, present with others. They propounded that I was to be examined touching one Mistris MIRIAM WILBORN for carnally looking at her at ye lecture in Boston, when Master SHEPHERD expounded. This Mistris WILBORN hath since been dealt with for coming to that lecture with a pair of wanton open worked

gloves, all at the thumbs and fingers for the purpose of taking snuff. For as Master COTTON observed, for what end should these vain openings be but for the intent of taking filthy snuff? and he quoted GREGORY NAZIANZEN on good works. Master PETERS said that marriage was the occasion that the DEVILL took to cast his fiery darts and lay his pitfalls of temptation to catch frail flesh and bloods. She is to be farther dealt with for taken snuff. How the good creature tobacco can be an offence, I cannot see. O my Beloved, how those proud Pharisees labour about the minte and cummine! Governor WINTERBOR inquired of me if I confessed the matter; I said I wished a copy of these charge. Sir HENRY VANE said there was no neede of any coppie seeing I was guilty, charges being made out when there was an uncertaintie whether ye accused was guilty or not, and to lighten ye accused with ye nature of hys Cryme, here was no need. Master COTTON said, 'Did you not look on Mistis WILBORN?' I confessed that I did. He then said, 'Then you are verelie guilty, brother UNDERHILL;' I sayd nay, I did not with evill intent. Master PETERS said, 'Why did you not look at Sister NEWELL or Sister UPHAM?' I said, verilie they be not desyrable women as to temporall graces. Then HUGH PETERS and all cryed, 'It is enough, he hath confessed,' and so passed Excommunication.

'Boston 28.h 4th mo. 1638 your fellow traveller in ye vale of teares,

JOHN UNDERHILL.'

One more letter from y<sup>e</sup> Captain, and wee Conclude what we have to Indite concerning our Heroes at thys Present, but more we perhaps say of Hym at some future Time. It was written to hys Ould friend and Enemy who rebuked Hym in y<sup>e</sup> meetyng, Roger Harkalenden:

'RESPECTED FRIEND: We Both now so full of yeres and Our sinnoes so loosed in ye natural course, and strength Decayed that we shake hands together in ye same troubles. Indeed we be both on ye Edge of ye Grave, and were I not at thys time vexed by ye Courts of Law and ye Compleynings of a troublous Woman, I get ready to die in Peace. Muche doe I desyre to get my Farm in order and ye Fences in repayr to keep out ye Cattel, which exceedynglie trespass of late, but if ye Montauks behave not better I goe after them next Yere, if God spare my life so long. When I die I bequeath my good sword to my Son and my Tomahawks and scalping Knives which I have taken from ye Red Scoundrills to my Countrie, and my good will to Thee, ROGER HARKALENDEN (who dyd formerly find fault with mee, but Being afterward thyself Fallen into yelike Errours thou wilt know how to forgive) also to thy Compassyon the old squaw now on my Place at Killingworth, for whom I make some Provyson if she Outlive me and ye Negroes which I now have, YAFF and TUNE, who Be good for nothing but to pick a few Chips and hover about ye Fire in Winter. Make my lovynge regards to my Ould Friends in Boston and send me 2 Scythes by ye Sloop, as I think ye Boston Steel Be better tempered. Farthwell, as my Sight somewhat failing. Your loving friend,

JOHN UNDERHILL.'

In hys personall appearance Captain John Underhill a man of staunch look, straight and liberally favoured, of a Brave Countenance, and of a Comely Aspect, whych account for hys too great Influence with y<sup>e</sup> Fayre; in mind of a Natural Religious turn, as often Sinning and Repenting accordingly; a good Friend, a tremendous Enemy, an Unmatched Fighter, and a perfect Terrour to y<sup>e</sup> Red men of these Colonies; and he dyed without y<sup>e</sup> Feare of man, and trustyng for Salvation in y<sup>e</sup> Eternall Mercys.

#### S U M M E R T W I L I G H T .

O CALM, sweet evening! Fleecy clouds are lying  
Softly at rest along the azure sky;  
Swiftly the swallows to their nests are flying,  
Their pinions rustle as they winnow by;  
Low in the breeze the silver aspens quiver;  
Fire-flies are twinkling in the shady dell;  
Blue, in the distance, lies the sleeping river,  
Clear as a mirror, without wave or swell.  
Beauty and silence, tender, deep and holy,  
Breathe their soft spirit on the twilight air,  
While my sad heart, to peace expanding slowly,  
Loses each moment some corroding care;  
A weary weight seems lifting from my breast,  
And Nature lulls me into balmy rest.

Glenade, July, 1850.

'WELL.'

## T H E R I V E R .

## I.

Br the swiftly-gliding river,  
 Gliding murmuringly ever,  
 Ever going, ever flowing, to the deep and distant sea;  
 On its banks with verdure glowing,  
 Mid the flowers gayly growing,  
 Lay I, listening to the rolling river's ceaseless minstrelsy.

## II.

Warbled it of joy or sorrow!  
 Sung it of the coming morrow!  
 Or sung it of the days gone by, with its gentle melody!  
 No, I knew not; yet a holy  
 Strain of soothing melancholy  
 Stirred it in my spirit's chambers, by the calm monotony.

## III.

Gazed I on the waters glistening,  
 Gazing, gazing still and listening,  
 Vainly trying to unravel what the streamlet's carol said;  
 But my gaze grew dim, and dimmer,  
 Until never a flashing glimmer  
 Caught I of the passing river, and with aleep the song had fled.

## IV.

Hours after, when the shadows,  
 Stealing down the sloping meadows,  
 Over the running streamlet had their sombre draperies flung,  
 Wakened I from dreamy slumbers;  
 And the river's murmuring numbers  
 Still were playing, still were lisping, in the song before it sung.

## V.

And my dream, my dream Elysian,  
 Oh, the bright, the glorious vision!  
 It had passed upon those waters to the deep and distant sea:  
 Will it never more return  
 From that dark and dreary urn!  
 Oh! will no other streamlet, turning, bring it back to me?

## VI.

'Never, never,' sung the River;  
 'What is gone is gone for ever,  
 And no streamlet, flowing onward, ever may turn back again.  
 Forward, with a ceaseless motion;  
 Forward, out into the ocean;  
 Forward — forward — carrying all things on to pour into the main.

## VII.

'Time is, too, a mighty river:  
 Time, like me, is flowing ever.  
 Mortals slumber on its banks, and often dream a pleasant dream;  
 But alas! while aleep is wearing,  
 Time away their dream is bearing:  
 When they waken it has floated far adown upon the stream.'

## THE HARVEST OF LIFE.

THE buds and blossoms of the Spring  
 More beautiful appear  
 Than all the harvest gathered in  
 The Summer of the year.  
 But they, who pluck the fragrant flower,  
 And pass the ripened grain,  
 Shall mourn among the empty fields  
 In Autumn's sober wane.

The withered leaves, the broken stalk,  
 The blossoms dead and dry,  
 Recall no likeness to themselves  
 Beneath a Summer sky.  
 And he that made his harvest such,  
 Can only mourn in vain;  
 For never more in life we reap  
 When Autumn's on the wane.

SCENA.

## WAVE AND WOOD: OR JACK'S JOURNAL.

BY 'KIT KELVIN.'

'So is the great and wide SEA also, wherein are innumerable creeping things, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: and there is that leviathan, whom Thou hast made to take his pastime therein.'—PSALMS.

## CHAPTER I.

THE DEPARTURE: AT SEA: OUR VOYAGE: ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL: REMARKS.

I HAD often pondered on the captivating text, wherein it is written, 'Those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters,' etc. The iron had already entered my heart, and I had buried love for hill and dale; and nothing would satisfy me but to fondle old Neptune's mane. In earlier life, a fond and doting mother and careful father detained me from rash adventures; but, like the fire partially smothered, the spirit at length broke out, and I found no hindrance to its gratification.

A life within a large city, poring over musty account-books, and dealing with ungrateful men as well as selfish, had finished what as yet had been incomplete in weaning me from the land. And although sweeter kindred ties were never known than those I enjoyed, still old Ocean's hoary caps I had not seen, and I longed for the troubled deep. 'There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may.' I believe it; and although it is a common desire among young lads to try their fortunes at sea, yet a nice discrimination should be observed by parents in detecting the *surface* or *depth* of the youngster's desire. But I will not read a homily hereaway; it is not meet: although, like a garrulous old dame who *never speaks*, I *will* say, many a heart beats slow in

straitened circumstances, pursuing an irksome life-journey, because, forsooth, when young, his bias was totally disregarded and crushed for ever. It is a fearful and responsible trust to educate the young expanding mind; but I fancy it is an easy task to school it against entertaining strong desires for objects or pursuits to which the parent is adverse. To say this as positive, I would not, although there may be much truth in it.

The morning of the sixteenth of November, 1850, broke the monotony of a landsman's life, and hurried me from brick-and-mortar walls to the deck of a gallant craft — the U. S. M. steamship 'BALTIC,' Joseph J. Comstock, commander — to ply upon the great ferry between New-York and Liverpool, England. I went in the capacity of purser. A strange feeling stole over me as I stood in uniform within my state-room; a feeling of a new life. Unknown perils, strange scenes — the position I had left, the one I had accepted — all mingled in such confusion, I could neither say, 'I am sorry,' nor 'I am pleased.' I had previously parted with those the heart held most dear, and the tear had been wiped away; yet to leave the land in which they dwelt, was something I had not experienced. The busy tread of men on deck, the hoarse orders and the merry song of the capstan, soon knocked away such musings, and ere I was aware of it I had commenced in good earnest a busy life. 'The noise of the captains and the shoutings' and the booming guns soon 'spoke our adieu,' while the dense crowd of human beings that thronged the docks made the welkin ring again; and our noble craft stood away to pay her obeisance to the Sea. The hills of our native land soon melted into shadows, and the jumping pitch and drunken roll told us that Ocean was 'all about.' It is a sublime sight to look out and see naught but 'old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste;' and then the utter helplessness of mortal man upon the remorseless tide! Ah! none can know the perfectness of God in His power and majesty, until the towering wave, high-heavenward, tells him of it. 'His way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters!'

To the sea I took naturally, as a fish to the lakes. I had my 'sea-legs' on at once, and as for the disagreeable feeling of sea-sickness, I knew it not. Incidents on ship-board are numerous, but the interest of them is materially lessened by narration, from the fact that they are entirely local and of no importance, as well as quite forgotten so soon as they have existence. With the exception of a mishap to our machinery, and a rolling sea, which lessened our speed and detained us several hours, our voyage was quiet, and made in some hours over eleven days. The first land-fall is made upon the lee — *Cape Clear*; a bold, sterile, rocky coast, pushing its head from the water, like an awakened monster starting from his rest. Stretching away, we follow it for many a long and weary mile. Our monotony was at length broken in upon by receiving a pilot to take us to our moorings, and in some four hours the guns at each quarter presented our first respects to Old England *via* the smoky, dirty town of Liverpool. A peculiar yellow haze hung over the city, in some parts so thick that nothing could clearly be discerned. It is a commercial town, claiming very little to interest a stranger. I paid my visit ashore soon after anchoring, and found it quite as difficult to walk correctly as some had found aboard ship. A disagreeable and confused feeling in the head followed our landing, and for some days I was rolling with the vessel.

The town of Liverpool (old) occupies a space once covered with water;



and an old legend has it, that the first 'squatters' frightened a bird from the midst of the waters, called a Liver; more imaginary than real, it is presumed. However, this is its derivation; and the coat of arms is yet this bird, bearing a laurel in its mouth. There is but very little pride evidenced by the citizens in dress, dwellings or manners; and to an American, accustomed to *any* society at home, every thing wears a 'commonality' quite below par. The tradesmen as well as all the middle class dress more than plain, if I may be allowed the expression, arising on one part from individual closeness, and on the other from dire necessity. At the hotels you find nothing savoring of show; and although you have all real wants supplied, still it is done by measurement, and *extras*, which are entirely unknown in the States. Does the appetite call for a second roll of bread, a dish of butter, a strong potation, the former articles are 'extra,' while the latter is particularly measured out to you. In all public houses, women, generally young, are your attendants in the bar, and to your room; a selection and a custom as well for economy as policy, at times.

## CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL: ITS LIONS: GIN-HOUSES: BEOGARS: WORK-HOUSES: DRIVERS: REMARKS.

THE ocean had been traversed, and I stood upon monarchical ground, a land with which I had been conversant through history from early boyhood: a land of kings and princes, immortal bards and brave knights — merry England! I wished a pleasanter introduction to this famous kingdom than that of Liverpool; but this was our landing port, and from it I could diverge when circumstances permitted. There are a few public buildings worth the attention of a stranger, and but a few. St. George's Hall, of recent construction, and erected for public purposes, is perhaps the one of most note. Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA honors the town with her presence in a few months to 'open' it; a ceremony much like laying a corner-stone in America. Figures carved from stone, and the size of life, ornament the front of the building, a group more to keep alive the ancient rule of sculpturing than for modern modesty. However, this is but a fault in the eyes of a few, and it may not become me to condemn it. In Exchange Square stands a monument to Nelson, of iron. Its design is as beautiful as it is just to the memory of a brave officer. Upon a pedestal Nelson is represented as falling; and while Victory above is crowning him with a wreath of laurel, Death, concealed beneath, stretches his bony arm without, and places his hand upon the breast and heart of the Admiral. At the base you read the words that all know — those living, imperishable words — the last uttered in the agonies of death: 'England expects every man to do his duty.'

A park in the suburbs, called 'The Prince's Park,' is the lung of Liverpool. It is yet in an unfinished state, but has all the natural advantages to make it quite attractive. The Theatre Royal is the only decent, respectable place of amusement; while on the other hand you have the Amphitheatre, a resort for all the *commons* of the town; and singing-halls and ring-fights without number. Like all large towns, the floating population seek the common places, and one needs but a visit to cure him of all curiosity to look in again.

The gin-houses, although not so extensive as those of London, are still

a very good miniature of those dire, death-dealing establishments. You enter by one door, and there in turn are men, women with infants, boys and girls, arranged at the bar, despatching or eagerly waiting for the nauseous, unwholesome draught, and by another door they make their egress. It is a sad sight to see to what a complexion debased appetites will reduce man. There are some houses still more sad in the display of vice; the resort of street-beggars, prigs or thieves, etc. Here you find the disabled sailor, maimed landsmen, or whoever begs for charity, throwing away their long faces, showing two legs and two arms, instead of one, as at the moment before; revelling half maudlin in poisonous liquors, and exulting in the clever tricks they have imposed upon the passers-by. Although in our own midst we have all classes of vices, yet to speak from observation, I should give the old country the preference as to perfection in this matter. Deception seems more abundant among the lowest. The post-boy will cringe to you for his expected shilling; but, if disappointed, your feelings are very apt to descend into the region of your toes, causing them to jump forward toward the stern of the retiring craft. Curiosity or inquisitiveness, so rife in the States, is an element very little evidenced here. The better and intelligent portion are either indifferent, or their pride does not allow them to uncover their ignorance, while the ignorant and unlearned do *not* know, and can scarcely be taught. It is surprising to meet so much illiberality of sentiment, such ridiculous and intolerable ignorance, as stare you in the face wherever you go. I say this not in a spirit of animosity or uncharitableness, but as the truth, so far as experience in observation goes. I would not advise strangers to make their *début* in England at Liverpool.

The work-horses will surprise any one unaccustomed to such valuable auxiliaries. Their size is immense, and the weight they drag is quite as much so. Great and ridiculous is the comparison between these giant beasts and the poor little donkeys seen laboring under enormous loads, and goaded on by their unfeeling Irish masters. The former are bred in Lancashire, and fed on beans and Swedish turnips, food conducive to mettle as well as to a good condition; and the latter is an Irish way of 'getting on.' Aside from the dray or float horses, this valuable animal meets with no favor; I mean the common cab or car-horse. Urged to their utmost speed, they tear along through the streets like mad; a speed forced by the wicked driver more for his extra sixpence than a desire to accommodate the passenger. The above-said 'extra' you might as well give at once, or subject yourself to a despicable 'jaw' with the 'jarvey,' who will haunt you so long as there is a prospect of obtaining it; another way of begging, which a true American would never follow, were he as poor as Sambo's hat.

---

CHAPTER III.

## A FAVORABLE INTRODUCTION: ITS RESULT: DUBLIN: WHAT I SAW THERE.

It is very pleasant in a foreign land to meet those who possess kind hearts, giving one the assurance that although Satan has tempted all mankind, there are yet those who despise his ways and scorn the proffered crown. I had resolved to visit Dublin, and with a friend made my way

to the royal mail-steamer 'Iron Duke,' which runs to Kingston, some twelve miles from the city. The usual introduction through, I pressed my friend's hand; the steam was up, the hauser slipped, and we puffed down the Mersey. For awhile the captain's duties detained me from conversation; but this was but for a little time, after which I was invited on deck to consummate our acquaintance. We soon found that we were bound, each to the other, by the 'mystic tie' of Masonry; and although this fact might in part have biased Captain Christie, still his native gentlemanly conduct could not be too much warped by such a discovery. Be it from the former or the latter, I discovered myself in kind and generous hands, and the best of comfort and luxury the steamer could produce was mine. The captain was a gentleman, perfectly liberal in his views; and I would not attribute it wholly to his having visited the States, albeit he knew the Americans well, and the same kindness he found *from* home, he seemed determined to distribute *at* home. That night upon the Irish sea I shall always remember with pleasure, and I trust the humanity shown me by a foreigner and a stranger I may follow as an example hereafter. We made Kingston, Ireland, in the morning, and with the captain as my willing guide, we booked ourselves for Dublin. A beautiful part of Ireland it is between Kingston and Dublin; and although it was mid-winter, yet the grass was green, and the agriculturist was improving the forwardness of the season. It was my first visit to Ireland, and a very favorable impression it gave me. However, my surprise was much greater on entering Dublin; a fine, beautifully pleasant city, upon the Liffey, with spacious streets, and quite clean, reminding me of New-York, as well in the style of building as in its general aspect. With another favorable introduction to a brother Mason — poor fellow! he has since 'slipped his moorings' — we perambulated the city, and in a few hours had seen many of its '*Lions*.' St. Patrick's Cathedral, built A.D. 700, is worth a long pilgrimage to look upon. The 'touch of Time' is visible without; but within, although antique, it is yet perfect, and must remain so for ages to come. Dean Swift, his wife Stella, and his servant, lie buried beneath, while the quaint busts and epitaphs tell you of the '*nat. et obiit*' of the same, above. High above the head hang the banners of extinct families of nobility, covered with the dust and mould of centuries; and a strange feeling it begets to look thereon. Long since have they figured upon the great stage of life, and long since have they passed away; and the only evidence of their having existed is the moth-eaten banner above. '*Out, out, brief candle!*' has Shakspeare truly said. We live but to die. Could this expressive truth be always regarded, our actions would savor of more wisdom than the natural thoughtlessness of man allows.

The Bank of Ireland occupies a portion of the building called the Four Courts,\* in which, it is said, poor Emmet made his immortal speech previous to his condemnation. In this room is a statue of George the Third, the finest specimen of sculpture I ever saw. It is said his unworthy son, George the Fourth, wept when he saw it, for the inanimate representation of a worthy sire almost spoke to him with the tongue of reproach.

---

\* This is a mistake. The Bank of Ireland is in the Old Parliament House, in College-Green, nearly a mile distant from the Four Courts. — COMPOSITOR.

Trinity College is another 'sight,' having the finest room in any building in all Europe, occupied by the library. It is about three hundred and fifty feet long by forty-five broad, without a pillar to support it. Each side, in alcoves, are arranged the volumes, while the front of each alcove is decorated by the bust of some eminent man, from Socrates' time down to more modern days.

A park, called Phoenix Park, just out of the city, is also one of the attractions to a stranger. Her Majesty's troops here stationed perform their drills on this ground. Unfortunately, my day in Dublin was not the one to secure me the sight.

They have a funny way of riding in Dublin. The vehicle is called a *jarvis* or *jarvey*. Over the wheels each side is the seat, back to back, while your feet are liable to be 'carried away' by another passing machine of the same style. The driver or *jarvey*, in front, puts his horse into a full trot, and it is somewhat difficult to keep anchored. I wonder some true Yankee does not introduce the custom in New-York, a city so famous for novelties.

The old part of the town looks like old Jewry: narrow streets and very filthy. It is properly called 'The Slums.'

Although I expected to see a vast amount of poverty and beggary in Dublin, yet I noticed but one wretched being, and he, I should suppose, was the King of Misery. I turned from him as one too wretched and loathsome even to look upon. Nay, you will see more of Irish poverty in England's than in Ireland's large towns; at least this has been my observation. I attribute it to the vast emigration that is adrift. Not a packet leaves the town of Liverpool without a nest of these poor wretches swarming the deck. They are bound for happy, free 'Ameriky,' where they expect to pick up sovereigns in the streets, and gather garments from the trees.

There is also in Dublin a fine statue of Nelson, elevated some seventy-five feet; and also one of William the Fourth. The former is marble, while the latter is iron. Both stand in the centre of the town, near the arched bridge; a spot, by the way, from which can be seen nearly all the public buildings of the town.

But the day was waning, and with it I must accompany my captain friend back to Kingston: and the next morning I awoke in Liverpool.

I would here pay a humble tribute of memory and regard to Captain Christie of the 'Iron Duke,' for his gentlemanly behavior and brotherly kindness toward me on this flying trip to Dublin.

---

THE DEAD: AN EXTRACT.

O WEEP not for the dead!  
Rather, O rather give the tear  
To those that darkly linger here,  
When all beside are dead:  
Weep for the spirit withering  
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;  
Weep for the young and lovely one  
That ruin darkly revels on:  
But never be a tear-drop shed  
For them, the pure, enfranchised dead.

Y<sup>e</sup> LOW-BORN SQUIRE'S UNHAPPYE LOVE.

## A BALLAD.

## I

'SWEET hopes of Youth, Love's early dreams,  
 Why should ye fade so soon away?  
 Why did I love proud EVELINE?  
 To-morrow is her wedding day!  
 The bells are ringing far and near,  
 Those merry, merry marriage-bells:  
 How dismal sound their joyous peals,  
 Which are my fond hopes' funeral knells!

## II.

'I pass'd her father's lordly gates;  
 I saw her at her casement high,  
 With rose-wreaths on her snowy brow,  
 And joy's light in her beaming eye.  
 A smile was on her haughty lip;  
 Alas, that smile was not for me:  
 Ah, little knows that ladye proud  
 The low-born squire's deep misery!

## III.

'Sweet visions of the coming years,  
 How did ye once my day-dreams fill,  
 Of that proud time when I should couch  
 My lance against the infidel!  
 And when the impious Moslem foe  
 Upon the fields of Palestine  
 Should tremble at my battle-cry:  
 'Our Ladye, and for EVELINE!'

## IV.

'And when at last I should return  
 Unto my own dear native land,  
 With knightly spurs and glory won,  
 To claim the high-born ladye's hand,  
 She should not blush to own my love,  
 Though once a squire of low degree;  
 And he, her sire, the haughty earl,  
 Should proud of my alliance be!

## V

'But, ah! fond dreams of Youth and Love,  
 How were ye broken in your prime!  
 The proud Sir Hugo now has woo'd  
 And won the beauteous EVELINE.  
 To-morrow's sun will look upon  
 Sir Hugo's bright and blooming bride,  
 My life's bright sun, my EVELINE,  
 To gain whose smile I would have died!

## VI.

'And she, the baron's lovely child,  
 Knew not the wealth of love I bore,  
 Nor dreamt the low-born, nameless squire  
 Had dared to gaze and to adore.  
 Sir Hugo cannot better love;  
 His love cannot more noble be:  
 Sir Hugo clasp her to his heart!  
 What madness to my soul to see!

## VII.

'Why did I not my suit prefer,  
 And claim the hand of EVELINE?  
 Alas, alas! the ladye proud  
 Had scorn'd such humble love as mine!  
 Her haughty sire, he ill would brook  
 That such alliance e'er should be;  
 For she's a baron's high-born child,  
 And I a squire of low degree.

## VIII.

'Ah, why should Love e'er find a place  
 Within the lowly cottage walls,  
 When his bright smiles were never meant  
 Save for the lordly palace halls?  
 Alas! what wretched doom is mine,  
 To love beyond mine own degree:  
 To love when love is all in vain,  
 What can be deeper misery?

## IX.

'Farewell, sweet scenes of blissful dreams;  
 Your charms can ne'er my peace restore,  
 My blighted heart ye cannot heal:  
 I go, and to return no more!  
 The soldiers of the cross to join,  
 I seek the plains of Palestine;  
 And glory now shall be my bride,  
 Since I have lost thee, EVELINE!

## X.

Years pass'd: one day a palmer worn  
 Sought rest within the castle's walls;  
 Refresh'd, to him Sir Hugo's bride  
 Gave audience in their lordly halls.  
 Reclining on her proud lord's arm,  
 The noble ladye bade him tell  
 'What news from distant Palestine;  
 What fields won from the infidel?'

## XI.

Long to the ladye's wondering ear  
 He spake of fields of bloody fight;  
 Yet still in all the palmer praised  
 The prowess of an unknown knight,  
 Who, 'mongst all famed for deeds of arms,  
 E'er bore the highest, proudest part;  
 Whose battle-cry was 'Eveline!'  
 Whose shield's device — a bleeding-heart!

## POWERS' STATUE OF THE GREEK SLAVE.

Be silent! breathe not! lest ye break the trance!  
 She thinketh of her Attic home; the leaves  
 Of its green olives stir within her soul,  
 And Love is sweeping o'er its deepest chords  
 So mournfully. Ah! who can weigh the woe  
 Or wealth of memory in that breast sublime!

Yet errs he not who calleth thee a *slave*,  
 Thou Christian maiden!

Gyves are on thy wrists;  
 But in thy soul a might of sanctity  
 That foils the oppressor, making to itself  
 A hiding-place from the sore ills of time.  
 What is the chain to thee, who hast the power  
 To bind in admiration all who gaze  
 Upon thine eloquent brow and matchless form!  
 We are ourselves thy slaves, most Beautiful!

Hartford, August, 1851.

L. H. S.

## Sketch-Book of Mr. Meister Karl.

## CHAPTER THE NINTH.

## THE ENGLISH ON THE CONTINENT.

AN ODD CHAPTER FROM AN ODD BOOK, PIECED UP FROM THE EXPERIENCES, CONVERSATIONS AND  
 COMMON-PLACES OF AN ODD FELLOW.

'The romance of real life certainly goes beyond all other romances; and there are facts which few writers would put into their books, as there are skies which few painters would put into their landscapes.'

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

BLESS them! bless them! Bless them for their misplaced manners; their churlishness and surliness; their trim whiskers, blue *neckerchers*, and awkward, scrumpy coats. Bless them for their indomitable pride, and ineffable, silent self-conceit! Bless them for their pluck and courage! Bless them for their generosity and hospitality! for they *are* kind-hearted and hospitable; and hospitality, like charity, covereth every sin save the indulging in narrow-minded, provincial prejudice.

But chiefly and especially let us bless them for the fun they afford us in travelling, by their intense originality and remarkable oddity. Sir, what is the reason that the English — the only people on the face of the earth whose language contains the word *common sense*, or the idea expressed thereby — are at the same time, by every nation out of America, universally regarded as partially lunatic, and capable of any conceivable eccentricity and extravagance?

Do you want proofs, Sir? Long time ago, on the publication of the Percy Ballads, it was remarked that only an Englishman would in such a work have appropriated a corner to the songs of madmen. Hauff, in his

Memoirs of the Devil, makes the waiter say of a certain eccentric gentleman : ' He is perhaps an Englishman by profession : *they all have something peculiar in them.*' As for French, Italians, et cetera, and so on, their entire comic literature is crammed with bold Britons constantly engaged in executing all manner of inconceivable, extravagant, native-astonishing pranks. Who is it that wallops a gendarme *for the fun of the thing?* *John Bull.* Who swims the Hellespont? *John Bull.* Who will, in full dress, for a wager, trundle an opera figurante along the Boulevards in a wheelbarrow? *Jean Boule!* Who indulges in the singularly eccentric and vile custom of poking his cane at pictures and knocking off the salient points of beautiful statues? *John Bull!* I do not deny that John's quiveries are to a certain degree shared by a *western relative*, but to do the latter justice he never goes the entire figure. The American is in disposition half-way between the Englishman and continental European — say the Frenchman; and is withal pliable and impressive as wax. In six months, Sir, his Anglo-Saxonism is blown half-way to the devil, and in six more he is a cosmopolite *fini*. Yes, Sir, we are a great nation, and wear hats. Let us, however, be not fenced in and whitewashed, for no pent-up Utica contracts our powers.

TALKING of English, I remember standing, one glorious moon-light night, on the terrace of the old castle of Heidelberg. Below me lay the town; to the right the Neckar wound its beautiful panorama, and in another direction, far in the distance, shone the silver Rhine. Enchanted by the beauty of the scenery, my soul swam off in an ecstasy of delight, and I began slowly, mellifluously and dreamily to whistle 'Lucy Long,' with variations on the other popular sable melodies of my loved and far-distant father-land.

While thus employed, I heard the rustling of steps on the gravel, and from the darkness emerged the figure of a trim little Englishman, who, gliding up to my side, half whispered, in a confidential tone, and with a Jerry-Sneak air :

'Please, Sir, I aint got any pistols; I left 'em in my trunk at Strasbug. *I'm unarmed!*'

From the pitiable tone in which this last expression was uttered, I supposed that this was an appeal for charity; and remembering a worthy but unfortunate individual who subsisted for many years in New-York by going about and begging for wherewithal to purchase the implements requisite to establish himself in the wood-sawing profession, naturally conjectured that this must be a highwayman disabled from following his business for want of shooting-irons. Regretting that honest industry should be brought to a stand by such a trifling obstacle, I was about in my munificence to bestow upon him an American cent, which I had that afternoon purchased from an enterprising Rhode-Islander for six kreutzers, but was arrested in my benevolent intentions by my new friend's remarking :

'There aint any danger here, is there?'

'Danger!' I replied; 'from whom?'

'The peasants, Sir; the people who speak German and eat sour-kROUT I saw several of them to-day myself!'



'Oh! no danger at all,' I answered. 'As far as my experience goes, I can assure you that you are safer in any part of Baden than in London.'

My little man seemed quite relieved at this answer, and remarked in an apologetic tone:

'I was in Italy all last winter, but don't know this country as yet.'

'And were you robbed while there?'

'N-no; but in Italy, you know, one always expects to be robbed and murdered. I did, and so always went prepared.'

Reader, I talk confidentially to you, therefore don't scold me for what I am about to say. Just then the Devil whispered in my ear one of those '*Diabolical Suggestions*' which poor Hood delighted to write about. And the thought was dark and terrible:

'WHAT IF I SHOULD TAKE THIS LITTLE MAN BY THE COLLAR AND HOLD HIM OUT OVER THE TERRACE!'

Something of this dire and dreadful idea, I am sure, must have been legible upon my countenance; for as I turned toward him in the moonlight and he caught the expression of my face, he started back as if I had been a fiend incarnate, and with a terrific *yowl* rushed madly along the terrace, tore faster than a kicked dog down the steps, and disappeared among the shadows of the trees, the fading sound of his retreating steps mingling with and dying away in the rustling of their leaves.

No people in the world are so much addicted to the *foreign* as English. Infinitely more applicable to England than France is the speech made in Krisostauphe Cledeçol's Burlesque Dictionary of Music, by his friend, Idoluthastiphejaldenpear: '*In France, to succeed, be not French!* Call yourself Tartar, Manchou, Samoyede, Kirguish, Babylonian, Patagonian; but French!! *Pouah!* A native only sickens. Tell me of Monsieur *Nactykoraz, Zorbanikukubise, Workjachtotancross*, etc. Even in Queen Bessie's time they would 'give more to see a deade Indian than would keep a lyving Christian from starving to deathe!' Talk about Yankees running after foreign humbug! Why, John Bull can dance us five miles out of town any day on that heat, or as Tertullian remarks, '*quæ a longinquo magis placente*;' meaning thereby, 'Far fetched and dearly bought is good for the English.'

With all John Bull's nationality, nothing delights him more than to be taken, as far as face goes, for something foreign. I verily and honestly believe that a genuine Briton, who has travelled, would sooner be taken for the travelled monkey than for what he is. Often, yea, very often, have I heard a group of Albion's sons discussing their relative peculiarities on this point. 'People always think *I'm* an Italian,' says A, on the strength of his dark hair. 'Why, Sir,' replies B, 'it was only yesterday that the garsoon at the hotel spoke to me in French. He positively took me for a real Monsieur; deuce take me if he did n't.' 'As for me,' chimes in C, 'my landlord took me for a German — yes, a real Swabian; and I could n't convince him of the contrary. You know,' he continues, in an explanatory tone, 'that the Swabians are said to be the handsomest race in Europe; at least my landlord told me so.' And so the song goes round. An Englishman may generally be distinguished on the continent by his mustaches. The natives wear them occasionally, and the English,

wishing to resemble the natives, *invariably*. The mustache once mounted, John immediately conceives that he has acquired all the airs, accomplishments and graces which distinguish counts and earls from the valetaille, rascaille and canaille. (Vide Wiggins behind the counter, and Wiggins at Boulogne.)

Reader, I was once walking with an intensely-impudent young friend in Père la Chaise. Suddenly we encountered a party who were as thoroughly English in their appearance as possible, consisting of two very pretty girls and their brother. The young ladies had, however, mounted new Parisian bonnets, and John had around his mouth a curious little collection of red, bristly spikes, resembling nothing in the world save 'quills upon the fretful porcupine.' From their *tout ensemble*, I inferred that they had been about ten days and five hours in France. And as my friend passed, he stared brazenly at the girls with that peculiar leer which is so readily acquired upon the Boulevards or in the Champs Elysées, with the aid of a little attendance at the churches or bals Musard, and coolly remarked in their hearing, in English, 'Devilish pretty creatures, these French girls — are they not?'

Reader, what do you suppose the young Englishman did? Knock my friend down? Not exactly; for as we passed I observed by a side-glance that a smile of *intense* gratification stole over the faces of himself and sisters; the elder of the latter making a remark inaudible to me, but which, to judge from her expression, evidently was, 'How absurd, to be sure! But then he takes us for French, and supposes that we don't understand him; ha, ha, ha!'

'Did you know them to be English?' I asked my companion.

'Of course I did. How well the thing took, hey? I verily believe that if I had called the brother a fool of a Frenchman, he would have shaken hands with me, and introduced me to his sisters on the spot!'

From all which we are to infer:

First, That it is not creditable to look like an Englishman.

Secondly, That no Englishman resembles *himself*.

And, thirdly, as my lamented friend J. C. Neal observes in one of his sketches, 'What a delightful thing it is to be taken for that which we are not!'

And apropos of being taken for that which we are not, and English penchant for the foreign, I am reminded of the time when my particular friend Wolf Short passed himself off for a first-chop, A No. 1 Russian baron, and which I give in his own words:

'I resided, several years since, in the beautiful South-German University town of Swillbierenchen, in the kingdom of Saufschnappseneyern, governed at that time by their majesties Herr von Mayer, (*alias* LUDWIG DER AESTHETIKER,) and Madame von Mayer, (*alias* MOLLA LONTEZ,) the latter of whom subsequently received the farther sobriquet of FOLLE A LA MESSE, from being obliged on a certain occasion, by a turbulent mob, to take refuge or sanctuary in the Theatine church, during mass. And one pleasant afternoon I was interrupted in my first cup of coffee by the entrance of an agreeable and intimate English friend.'

And apropos of English friends — O Regnault mon ami et lecteur! — permit me to remark that there are in all this broad world none better.

We may laugh if we will at the peculiarities and weak points of John Bull, but let us do justice to his virtues. I will venture to say that every one of my readers who has once been truly intimate with an English gentleman, of congenial tastes and pursuits, will admit that he never had a stauncher, truer, honest, or more reliable companion. A French *valet*, a German boon-companion, an English friend, and an American wife. But never mind! *Revenons à nos moutons*; which means, '*Let us hurry along with our washing.*'

'I was struck with the melancholy, puzzled, upside-down air of my friend. Sighing deeply, he over-poured his coffee-cup with Mareschino, and filling his spoon with *café noir*, vainly attempted to light it. On my gently remonstrating with him for such an absurd attempt at a *Gloria*, he suddenly, with a grasp at self-consciousness, bolted down the cordial at a gulp, and falling back stared at me with an expression which rendered it evident that it might have been cold water, or any thing else, for aught he knew.

'My dear fellow,' quoth I, 'are you mad?'

'No, not mad,' was his slow reply; 'only in a devil of a scrape, or as you would call it, 'a bad fix.''

'Well, 'in the multitude of counsellors,' as the thief said when he took refuge among the lawyers, 'there is safety;' so open the trap of your eloquence, and let out the mouse of your troubles, as Ferdusi probably remarks. *Voire!*'

'Well, you know my rich old fellow country-woman who came here about a month ago, with her two lovely daughters and the old man?'

'Of course; and how they hired handsome rooms in the Kaufinger Gasse, and how you fell in love with Angelina——'

'At the mention of this name my friend sighed deeply, and inquired:

'Ah! is n't she a regular brick? I mean, is n't she an angel, and perfection itself?'

(N. B. The reader is requested to note that invariably, in all University towns, and on board ship, every young lady is always regarded as an angel, and the most perfect of her species at that, particularly when she happens to be the only one of our acquaintance. Curious, is n't it?)

'To this remark I assented, and requested Harry (such was his name) to proceed.

'Well! they have but few acquaintances here, and being crammed and crazy with the romance of travel, are dying to extend their circle. Angelina, I honestly believe, prefers me to any one; but the poor child would give her teeth to know something of the continental aristocracy; be hand-in-glove with a few *Grafs* and *Gräfinnen*; waltz with a live baron, and collect a small stock of adventure and anecdote. Now, I, albeit my acquaintance among the élite in Swillbierenchen is extremely limited, have done my best for them, and was getting along with Angelina as fast as fire in powder; when who should arrive but that infernal meddler Broughton. Yes, Sir! he came like a serpent into my paradise, and has knocked every thing into sixes and sevens. He has introduced them to half-a-dozen second-rate lions; made the old lady vain-glorious, and the old man ambitious; and for Angelina—oh!'

'Oh what?'

"He's very nearly cut me out! And unless I make some bold stroke, the game will be lost as sure as supper. He was actually about to introduce her to his Majesty, but I walked with him through the palace the other day, and showed him the portrait gallery of the King's beauties and sultanas. You know that Molla Lontez is the last on the list to the right, and that there is a vacant space for a few more! And pointing solemnly to the bare wall, I said, 'How would you like to see the portrait of one whom you loved hanging *there*?' Since that time nothing more has been said on *that* subject."

"My dear fellow," said I, exploding with laughter, "I like Broughton as little as yourself, but believe me, he is a very trifling rival. Not being in love myself, (ahem!) I fancy that my intellects are a *little* clearer than yours, and I rather think that we can get up a plan which will 'head in' your foe."

"Harry jumped up as if electrified, and squalled, 'Only name it, my boy, only name it! I'll drown you in champagne—give you my best meerschaum—that set of Richter you wanted—any thing—every thing—kill you with kindness, set fire to the house, and kill the police; only say the word!'"

"Do n't be frantic, Harry. Broughton, if I know the man, has done very little more than yourself. Now what if you could introduce her to a Russian Prince, or a Bohemian noble, or an Hungarian magnate?"

"I would ask nothing more, but ——"

"But do it then," I quietly answered.

"And where is the Prince?"

"Here!" I answered, rising majestically and slapping my breast, à la Frederic Lemaitre; "*me voici*, Prince Alexiovitch Torshestwo Barabanschtshik, just from my unbounded domain in Red Russia, where I own millions of serfs, with all things in proportion!"

"The magnitude of the idea was too much for my friend; he could only ejaculate, 'Bravo!'"

"There's Count Smeichelkramer; he will make a grand Bohemian lord."

"But," said Harry ruefully, "he's always drunk after eight o'clock."

"Never you mind that; I'll keep him sober. And Carl Roemer, he is half Hungarian any way: we'll make a first-class magnate of him!"

"No, by Jove!" said Harry; "he's *always* corned!"

"Well, we'll *make* him sober. And now run like a good boy, and tell Angelina who's coming!"

"Reader, to make a long story short, Angelina was elevated to the seventh heaven of delight, and Broughton, frantic with spite, rushed madly from the house when our intensely-aristocratic *cortège* entered the parlor that evening. I played my *rôle* well; talked about St. Petersburg and my intimacy with the Czar; and gave the entire party a very pressing invitation to drop in some time and be my guests, whenever they should visit my corner of Russia, promising to keep them 'like diamonds in cotton.' Angelina was charmed with my French, and whispered (in English) to Harry, that I was too good, great, noble, beautiful, glorious, and condescending for a mere mortal, and that she should always adore Russians in future. May be I did n't look at Harry just

after that! Yes, and saw by a side-glance that his angel was returning a small squeeze of the hand.

‘They went the way of all flesh, and were married. I called on them in England, after shaving my mustache, and found them happy as doves.

Angelina suspected nothing, and observed in me none of the glories which I had possessed as a Russian; only once she remarked, with a sigh of gratified recollection, ‘Harry, dear, *how much Mr. — resembles the Prince!*’

---

L I N E S :

ADDRESSED TO ——— ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTH-DAY.

AGAIN the mystic clock of life doth strike,  
And in the chambers of my heart the few  
And sweet vibrations numbering thy years  
Linger like music! From the sea of time  
Another wave rolls to thy feet and breaks;  
And now while Summer, with averted eyes,  
Leaves the green earth to wither and grow cold  
In the approaching Autumn's blighting breath,  
Life's Angel drops upon thy stainless brow  
The crown of perfect womanhood!

As one  
Who stands upon a gentle eminence,  
And looking backward sees, with saddened heart,  
The paths which never may be trod again  
Fade in the distance, so thou standest now:  
The fields in which thy childish foot-steps strayed  
Are bright in memory's retrospective eye;  
The well-remembered voices, whose sweet tones  
Made up the music of thy morning life,  
Haunt thee with melody; forgotten scenes  
Grow bright again, and all the past grows bright,  
And brighter for the thought that it is past!

But the veiled future hath yet fairer scenes  
Than aught the past hath known, for one like thee,  
Whose spirit moves by that divinest law  
Which shapes the actions of a perfect life:  
And brighter, hour by hour, thy life shall grow,  
Till merged in that completion which the grave  
Hides from our bounded vision. Therefore I,  
To whom thy happiness is more than life,  
With no regretful feeling greet this day;  
Knowing, that every year will shed on thee  
A choicer blessing than the past hath known,  
And bring thee nearer heaven!

*Washington, August 23, 1851.*

R S. CHILTON

## THE HARVEST MOON.

THE burning sun has gone to rest,  
All cloudless are the skies ;  
The breeze blows softly from the west,  
Night's dreamy strains arise ;  
Forgotten now the toil, the heat,  
That marked the glittering noon,  
As o'er the eastern hills I greet  
The reaper's yellow moon.

Aloft she cleaves the ether, thin  
And beautifully blue,  
As if impatient to begin  
The evening and the dew ;  
As if in mirthful mood she chased  
Old PHŒBUS to his rest,  
And spied him rounding in his haste .  
The corner of the West.

What placid beauty, what repose  
Makes lovely now the night,  
As o'er the landscape LUNA throws  
Her mollifying light !  
The mountain, steep and rough by day,  
Seems now a smoother hill :  
So softening influence may allay  
Man's rude, imperious will.

The reaper sees each well-known field  
Assume some fairy change ;  
And forms fantastic seem revealed  
Where swaying shadows range :  
The rustic bridge that spans the stream  
Seems now a gem of art,  
So sweetly does the nightly beam  
Perform the pencil's part.

Fit season for ideal dream !  
While plodding mortals sleep,  
I 'll wander by the lonely stream,  
And musing vigils keep.  
The glancing ripple, and the still  
Deep water's shady flow,  
Remind me of a hasty will,  
And cautious prudence slow.

The zephyrs wandering through the vale,  
As if without an aim,  
Shall fan the spark of fancy pale  
To vivifying flame !  
And thou, bright beamer ! far o'erhead,  
Composing toil and strife,  
Thou dost in bands of beauty wed  
The reaper to his life.

## A SEQUEL TO SAINT LEGER.

I WOULD dwell on this part of my history ; the sojourn in the valley of the Aar. For while it betrays many of the inconsistencies of my nature, (may they not also be of yours) I cannot forget how much, meanwhile, my character was strengthened and my purposes defined. It is pleasant to look back on certain periods, and feel that at such and such a time a change was wrought in us, pointing to a new life. And how many are there of whom it may be said, 'They live'? Most of us have no linked life, no continuous existence. We are made up of excitements, labors, pleasurable sensations, sufferings, joys. He only who has a lasting purpose has a life. It is the purpose which groups together all the outer influences, disposing of them as things subservient. It connects the days, and the months, and the years of existence into an uninterrupted whole. It preserves and sustains the *Egomet*. Without it, how can one say, referring to time anterior, 'I was'? how be assured that one shall be to-morrow what one is to-day? And as is the purpose so is the life : if the purpose be base, the life is base ; if the purpose be holy, the life is true. Where *hereafter* all this shall tend, God the Disposer knows. But, pause now, and ask yourself, 'What are your sources of happiness and unhappiness?' I do not refer to the ordinary demands and appliances of nature. Cold and hunger and thirst require covering and food and water, and the requirement is lawful. Other appetites there are, which clamor for indulgence, while the senses demand objects of gratification. I suppose these to be held under control. But beyond these, what makes you happy, what is your highest pleasure, your chief felicity? Are you startled by the question? Do you shrink from what must follow? Yet you feel that there is to be a consummation. You are told that your coming state is prefigured by your present experience. Are you content that your future should be but the heightened picture of your present?

But to my history. In the near prospect of dissolution I go back to it : to speak of fruitful fields and fertile meadows ; of picturesque valleys, silent and sequestered ; of gray feudal towers toppling with the weight of centuries, and of the stream which in its course quietly sweeps — always sweeps — their cold foundations ; of men and women in life, and healthful, who inhabited these same fields, and meadows, and valleys, active and full of cheerfulness and industry ; and of gentler, softer creatures, with lovely forms and rosy lips, and eyes that looked so deeply into mine, that the soul seemed to flow in with their gaze, until two beings, by the commingling, were but one. How often, in the long future, will young and happy hearts frequent these scenes, giving year by year the self-same tokens? The maiden's sigh ; the lover's fond kiss ; the last embrace so many a time repeated ; the smile, the tear, the sweet reproach, the fond expostulation ; tell me, in the far, far reach of time, how oft are these to be enacted here? Art thou not inexorable, O Destiny! that bindest man to acts like these, over which the will has no control? The will, with all its power, its iron rule, its fierce ungovernable despotism, where is it now? A captive, a suppliant, weak and humiliated. But is

not the recompense great? With what can one compare the ecstasy of that moment, when lips on which we have hung so long with rapture murmur to us the words, 'I love'? Stay, stay; grant me but an instant's vision. Let me look on myself absorbed as I *then* was. I do behold me. I see, I see. Oh, do not;—it has changed; like a dissolving view, it fades gradually away; and lo! the old act is replaced with its patch-work and its shifting scenes, and I am as I am wont to be. How long is this to last, and what change will the next world bring? We talk of the ruling passion strong in death. Will it not be strong *after* death? If yea, then what avails all our toilsome self-righteous drudgery? What avails this starched precision, this formal self-denial, this untiring resistance and renunciation? Can we love where we hate—and hate where we love? Must not the truth out at last? Will not the fire which is smothered burn by and by the fiercer? FATHER of Mercies, forgive me! I err. I am lost in the turbulence of passion. Bring me back to THEE, great Consolation! THOU ART GOD. Once more Faith triumphs. Once more I am at peace.

Charming was the life we led in that sweet valley; happy the hours which passed so calmly there. There were no excitements, no artificial scenes; no feverish pleasures, no factitious allurements to heat and to distract the brain. If at times the heart beat fuller and quicker than at others, it sprang from a natural fervor produced by the scene or the occasion. At the house of Herr Fluellen things went on with uniformity and system; not by rigid rule and dull unmeaning method, which produce feelings of constraint and of disgust, but with that nice regard to order and propriety always evidenced by those who feel the value of existence. All were the happier for the delightful calm that reigned throughout the household. The Herr himself had his constant routine of occupation. On one day he would traverse the valley, and visiting the cottages, would inquire into the welfare of every member. If any were sick, they received attention; if any were rejoicing, they found a sympathizer. The suffering and the unfortunate were cared for; the well and the prosperous were made still happier by pleasant congratulations. The old were reminded of the many blessings with which they were surrounded; the young were admonished to filial duties, that they too might one day enjoy them. The lover and his sweet-heart were not forgotten or unheeded. They were addressed, not by any ill-timed joke or common-place witticism, so invariable on such occasions, yet so grating to the sense, but by simple, kindly words of encouragement and hope, which, expressed with heart-felt emphasis, seemed to strengthen the mutual affection that in the good man's presence, yet with down-cast eyes, was modestly avowed.

On these visits, Herr Fluellen did not confine his inquiries to the situation of the cottagers. He carefully inspected the fields and the gardens, and made suggestions which should improve their condition. In a word, he busied himself with every thing which concerned these humble people, who had learned to regard him with love and reverence. On another day the school which he had established was visited, the progress of the pupils noted; the dull were encouraged, the idle admonished, and the diligent praised. The affairs of his own farm (for, as I shall by and by



explain, these people were not *tenants* of the Herr) also claimed close examination. The several products of the soil were carefully looked after, and the result compared with the culture of the previous year: every thing seemed to merit his observation, and nothing to escape it. After attending to these various duties, he occupied himself in reading from his well-selected library, or in agreeable conversation with his family. Madame Fluellen, as I have remarked, was in delicate health, yet she did much to second the plans of her husband. She too visited the same families, carrying with her consolation and happiness; and she was the sympathizer with many a feeling, and the confidant of many a tale, which even to the Herr were topics absolutely sealed. In her own house she was gentle, yet decisive; and while she regarded her husband almost as a superior being, she preserved that influence which should always belong to the sex, and is so necessary to man.

Josephine too had — but of her employments I will not now speak, preferring rather that they should manifest themselves as my story goes on.

Macklorne and I were no idlers. Sometimes we penetrated together the neighboring mountains, traversing one wild height after another, and enjoying a new prospect at almost every step. Sometimes we wandered for miles through the majestic forests, endeavoring to fancy an encounter with the *berggeist*, or 'spirits of the Alp,' in whose existence the inhabitants believe implicitly. But the happiest seasons were those when, with Josephine and Annette, we made excursions in every direction, exploring objects of interest or curiosity. We visited many an old ruined château and many a neglected chapel. We discovered many a wild vale and many an unfrequented path, where, it is said, the race of phantoms and of fairies love to tread. At such times Macklorne invariably attended upon Annette — I accompanied Josephine Fluellen. Often we became separated during our walks, especially when we were proceeding to a well-known locality, and then Josephine and I learned to linger, without knowing that we did linger. At times, as we surveyed together an old ruin, or looked down on some beautiful prospect, something would be said, to which the other responded as if the thoughts of both were just then but as one thought, and our eyes would meet, and I would be thrilled through every fibre of my heart as her soul *touched* mine. Frequently the calèche was put in requisition, and then the maidens would drive slowly along, while Macklorne and I walked by the side of the carriage; until, the way no longer passable, they dismounted, leaving it in charge of the servant, and we would proceed on together. On one occasion, when Annette was for some reason prevented from going out, Josephine and I made the excursion alone. We drove on for several miles until we came to Thun, which stands beautifully situated on both sides the Aar. Passing through the town, we entered the charming region beyond, which was covered with vines and trees of a rich foliage. As we proceeded, my companion suddenly exclaimed, 'What an exquisite picture!' I looked across the fields and beheld, following the track of a small stream, a little valley that at one point inclined into a rich meadow, over which were dotted thickets of beech and oak; three or four water-falls came tumbling from the rocks which rose precipitately on one side, while farther up, the hills were black with forests of fir. Directly at the foot of the ascent stood a small church,

apparently unfrequented, although a path led from it through the pasture to the main road.

'How enchanting! how picturesque!' repeated my companion; 'let us visit that old chapel and see if we can make any discovery.' We alighted, and leaving the calèche, walked across the meadow. There were no signs around of animated life, except that as we approached, some goats which were browsing high up on the ledge above, stopped to look at us for a moment, and then quietly resumed their occupation. The noise made by the falling of several streams of water across the face of the huge rocks, as they dashed from point to point, and glided away to join the river, struck with a mournful echo against the old church, imparting a sense of loneliness to the scene. We both felt it, and both hesitated to push open the door which protected the entrance. We did not delay long, but passing through, found ourselves in the body of the edifice. It seemed to be altogether deserted. We approached the altar; the furniture still remained, although covered with dust and in a state of dilapidation, and around were several old drawings representing different subjects which once decorated the walls.

'How mournful,' said Josephine Fluellen, 'these marks of neglect and of decay on consecrated ground! That the very emblems of our faith should be permitted to moulder and to perish: is it not a melancholy idea? It is not long since holy offices were dispensed here, and the faithful minister, some humble devotee, here gathered his flock together. There was the chapel for secret prayer; there the baptismal font, now broken. Hark! how strangely the murmur of the falling water sounds! Why is it that a ruin always affects the mind with awe?'

'Is it not,' I replied, 'because, when comparing it with what it once was, we are afflicted with a sense that there is nothing permanent, and that all things are silently undergoing change?'

'Perhaps so,' said Josephine; 'but to me it would seem rather because we behold that vacant and tenantless which was intended to be used and frequented. This breeds an unnatural solitude, and we are terrified. But what could have occurred to make this spot deserted?'

As she spoke, I cast down my eyes, and perceiving among the stones of the pavement, where many of the dead had been interred, something that looked like two small folding-doors, I stooped down to open them. Josephine seized my arm. 'Do not,' she said, 'seek to penetrate farther. Some vault will be disclosed full of revolting sights, or a subterranean cavern lined with horrors. Do not lift it.'

'Forgive me,' I said; 'I cannot resist the impulse to know what is beneath;' and while my companion still held my arm, I raised the doors. We beheld a large grave-stone, which appeared to be just rent in three pieces, through which was visible the figure of a woman slightly veiled with a shroud, as if 'coming forth' at the 'resurrection of the last day.' With one hand she seemed to be quietly raising a portion of the broken stone which lay over her head; in the other she held an infant struggling with its little hands to release itself from the tomb. The whole was sculptured in a masterly manner from one large block, and the swelling of the stone was so naturally expressed that the fragments seemed as if

they had just burst and were in the act of opening. On one part was inscribed the following :

'Here am I, Lord, and the child whom thou gavest me.'\*

Below we read as follows :

**'Anna Magdalena Bach,**

WIFE OF THE CLERGYMAN.

BORN 1723. DIED 1751.'

We stood regarding the affecting spectacle in silence. At length Josephine Fluellen heaved a deep sigh, and said in a low tone, as she drew me away, 'I know now why the chapel is deserted. He could not preach *there*.'

#### GOLDEN DREAMS.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

Like a dream doth it seem  
When I think of the Past :  
Up the road gallantly dashing along,  
Driving four noble grays, square-built and strong ;  
Firmly her little hands grasping the reins,  
Held them as firmly as lovers in chains.

Like a dream doth it seem  
When I think of the Past :  
From thy heart thrillingly burst the gay song,  
Witching each ear as the words swept along ;  
Woosingly over the harp-strings the while,  
Moving the tear, or awaking a smile !

Like a dream doth it seem  
When I think of the Past :  
Gently the south wind the forest trees bending,  
Showed the bright moon-light through thick leaves descending,  
Lighting the wood-path with pale dancing light :  
Whose arm was around thee on that lovely night ?

Like a dream doth it seem  
When I think of the Past :  
Bright with a thousand lights shone the wide halls ;  
Gayly the music now rises, now falls,  
Not with the dancers her fair form I see :  
The dream hath its end — she is wedded to me.

\* Hier, Herr, bin ich, und das Kind, so du mir gegeben hast.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

---

THE SEA AND THE SAILOR: Notes on France and Italy: and other Literary Remains of the late Rev. WALTER COLTON. With a Memoir by Rev. HENRY T. CHEREVER. In one volume: pp. 437. New-York: A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY.

SITTING recently upon the upper eastern piazza of the 'Lake House' at Lake George, we took up this volume for perusal. A year before, in the same place, the author sat by our side, with languid eye and pale, wasted cheek, looking off upon the matchless scene of beauty before us. Now he is gone. His eye is dead to color and his ear to sound; and he has

'No more care for all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun:'

but he will live and be remembered in his works, as well as in the affections of those whose good fortune it was to share his friendship. The portion of the volume before us called 'The Sea and the Sailor' is made up mainly of two manuscripts without a name, in the shape of sermons or addresses, which Mr. COLTON was in the habit of employing when preaching in behalf of seamen. Other appropriate matter has been incorporated with these by the editor. The 'Notes on France and Italy,' jotted down by the author some twenty years ago, have been revised and placed in sections of convenient reference. A number of aphorisms, laconics, and selected editorials, succeed, which are followed, in conclusion, with specimens of 'WALTER COLTON in the Pulpit,' which the editor is fully justified in believing will 'be valued by a wide circle of the friends of the chaplain, on the ground of their intrinsic merit, as well as that of personal regard for the preacher.' From a chapter upon the characteristics of the sailor we take the following brief passages, with no little regret that they are all for which we can find space:

'He will not silently submit even to an opprobrious epithet on board a man-of-war. One of our officers in charge of the deck called a sailor a nondescript. He had scolded him for some supposed neglect of duty, and then said, 'Go forward! you are such a perfect nondescript, I do n't know what to do with you.' Forward the sailor went, muttering to himself, 'Nondescript! what does that mean? Here, LARKIN, can you tell me what nondescript means?' 'Why, what do you want to know what nondescript means for?' 'Why, the officer of the deck called me a nondescript, and it means something bad, I know, for he was angry.' 'Well, I do n't know what it means,' said LARKIN: 'send for WILKINS, he can tell.' Now, WILKINS was a sort of ship's dictionary; and, though ignorant as any on board, he had a reason for every thing, and a definition beside. So WILKINS came. 'What is the meaning of nondescript?' inquired the aggrieved sailor. 'Nondescript,' said WILKINS, after a moment's pause; 'nondescript means one who gets into heaven without being regularly entered on the books.' 'Is that all it means?' said the sailor; 'well, well, I shall be glad to get there any way, poor sinner as I am!' If there were more of that sailor's *spirit* ashore, there would be less wrangling on doctrinal points.'

'ANOTHER feature in the character of the sailor is his humanity to dumb animals. Though he may knock down a French sailor for wearing a coat with a tail to it, he will never turn out a poor old faithful horse on a public common to die. He leaves such accursed inhumanity to those who surfeit the guest, and starve his steed.'

'When pushed hard for fresh provisions on a cruise in the West Indies, we took our lines and angled for the dolphin. One was at last hooked and brought on board. As this most beautiful fish of the ocean was dying, I observed an old sailor leaning over it and watching its spasms. As its complexion trembled through the successive colors of the rainbow, to the last one, when death set its seal, a big tear floated in the eye of the old tar, while his lips half unconsciously murmured, 'That's hard — that's hard!' He believes with SHAKESPEARE, that

THE poor beetle which we tread upon,  
In corporal suffering feels a pang  
As great as when a giant dies.'

'We had on board the CONSTELLATION a lamb, which became quite a pet with our crew, but from the fracture of one of its limbs by the falling of a belaying-pin it became necessary to kill it; but not a sailor who had played with it would touch a morsel of its meat. 'Eat TOMMY!' said JACK; 'I would as soon eat my own child!'

'ANOTHER feature of character impressed on the sailor by his ocean life is a passionate fondness for excitement. The great element on which he moves is never at rest. If he be quiet at one point, storms are howling and breakers lifting their voices in thunder at another. Here, an iceberg, in mountain majesty, tumbles on its terrific way; there, a roaring water-spout seems as if emptying another ocean from the clouds; and yonder, the vast maelstrom draws whole navies down in a whirling centre. Reared amid these stirring wonders, the sailor becomes impatient of repose.'

The well-written memoir of the author which closes the volume does no more than justice to the excellent points of his character. We knew him well; and can bear willing testimony to his cheerful Christian spirit, his great conversational power, his keen perception of the humorous and the pathetic, and his love and practice of all that was noble and generous. The portrait which fronts the title-page is a most speaking likeness of our lamented friend.

---

SCENERY AND MIND. By Reverend E. L. MAGOON, D.D., Pastor of Oliver-street Baptist church, New-York. In one volume.

A WORK thus entitled is now passing through the press, upon types of an imperial breadth and fulness, impressed upon paper of linen, fine and white, with ample margin. We see, even from the few sheets before us, that the writer will treat the subject which he has chosen in a masterly manner. We annex a single passage: 'Man feels himself advanced to a higher scale in the creation, in being permitted to see and admire the grandest of Nature's works. All vigorous souls prize most highly that healthy and expansive exercise of mind which is attained chiefly by traversing rugged paths and scaling celestial heights, in order to breathe pure and bracing air. To the query whether beneficial effects actually attend such excursions, let SYDNEY SMITH reply: 'I, for one, strongly believe in the affirmative of the question; that Nature speaks to the mind of man *immediately* in beautiful and sublime language; that she astonishes him with magnitude, appalls him with darkness, cheers him with splendor, soothes him with harmony, captivates him with emotion, enchants him with fame. She never intended man should walk among her flowers, and her fields, and her streams, unmoved; nor did she rear the strength of the hills in vain, or mean that we should look with a stupid heart on the wild glory of the torrent, bursting from the darkness of the forest, and dashing over the crumbling rock. I would as soon deny hardness, or softness, or figure, to be qualities of matter, as I would deny beauty or sublimity to belong to its qualities.' Our friend still persists, we perceive, in the use of the vile phrase, '*Says SMITH,*' '*Says JONES,*' '*Says THOMPSON,*' etc., at the beginning of a sentence. Please to discontinue that style of writing, 'reverend and dear Sir!' It is clumsy, ungraceful, and unnecessary. We have alluded to this defect once before, and must now adopt the imperative: *Stop it!* 'Don't let us speak to you thrice!'

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STATE-ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK, ON Rail-Road Statistics, and his like 'Report on the Canals of the State.' In two Parts: pp. 379. Albany: CHARLES VAN BENTHUYSEN, Printer to the Legislature.

As a native New-Yorker, we feel, in common with other citizens of our noble State, a just pride in the prosperity of our great public works, as set forth in these able reports of Mr. H. C. SEYMOUR, our experienced and capable State-Engineer and Surveyor. Among the rail-road statistics here furnished, we have tables of all the rail-roads in operation in the State, their length, track, cost, original and continuous, returns, etc., with all other particulars of any importance. In the report upon the canals of the State, the length and estimated cost of the work under contract for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, and the amount done and remaining to be done at contract prices, are shown in elaborate tables, under each separate division. The condition of the other canals of the State is given with great precision and minuteness of detail. It would seem that the services required by the engineer department are not, under the existing regulations, confined strictly to their legitimate office as engineers, in charge of the construction of the canals, but embrace many and arduous duties, in the repairs of all the canals of the State, arising from decay, breaks, and other causes. They are also employed as agents and assistants to the Commissioners in the performance of the multifarious duties of those officers, extending over seven hundred miles of canals, and having relation to numberless interests requiring constant attention. They also prepare surveys and maps, and take care of the interests of the State in the adjudication of land damages before the appraisers. Altogether, we should judge the office of Chief Engineer to be no sinecure, however capable and energetic his numerous subordinate officers may be. But Mr. SEYMOUR has qualified himself by education and experience to perform the duties and meet and surmount the difficulties of his station. He has already won the reputation of an excellent officer. We should add that the canal-report contains two handsomely-engraved maps, one giving a statistical profile of the eastern division of the Erie Canal enlargement, and the other diagrams showing the comparative size of the boats used on the present Erie Canal, and those to be used on the canal when it is enlarged.

LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER. By WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, Pastor of Amity-street Church, New-York. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN.

It was a happy thought of the able author of these lectures to take up in order, for their several themes, the brief and sententious sentences, each one a sermon in itself, of the LORD'S PRAYER. No one can habitually have heard or repeated this prayer, without feeling how completely it embodies the true wants and the natural aspirations of the human heart. Dr. WILLIAMS has both realized and exhibited this, with conscientious feeling, and in a style often rising to genuine eloquence, in the volume before us. 'One of its most striking traits,' says a contemporary journalist, 'is its free and eloquent use of Scripture language and imagery, proving the power of a mind conversant with the rich treasures of the BIBLE, as well as the broad domain of literature and science.' One thing we could have wished; and that is, that Dr. WILLIAMS had told us that '*Lead* us not into temptation' could hardly have been the true translation from the original. Surely the ALMIGHTY would not '*lead*' His children into temptation. It has always seemed to us that '*Abandon* us not to temptation' must have been the real meaning of this portion of the LORD'S PRAYER.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

'COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE.'—We wish that our readers could look with us over the beautiful pages of a London work thus entitled, which now lies before us, the present of a valued friend. It is from the classic press of WILLIAM PICKERING, London, and is printed upon the old-fashioned types in vogue a hundred years ago, with all their quaint conjunction of consonants, and upon paper wire-laid and of the finest texture. But while the volume is a luxury in its externals, it is still a greater luxury in its interior beauties. The style is as pure as GOLDSMITH'S or WASHINGTON IRVING'S. It possesses a winning simplicity, a natural grace and ease, that is as rare as it is beautiful. We shall not keep the reader waiting a moment longer for an introduction to its calm and thoughtful pages. The author commences by informing us that he lives in the country, and is much alone, and that as he wanders over downs and commons, and through lanes with lofty hedges, many thoughts come into his mind, oftentimes the same thoughts again and again, and so become his spiritual companions: 'Instead of suffering them to haunt me as vague faces and half-fashioned resemblances,' he says, 'I will make them into distinct pictures, which I can give away, or hang them up in my room, or be free to do what I like with them.' Many a reader, we are sure, has felt with the author in the sentiments which follow:

'WERE success in life the main object here, it certainly would seem as if a little more faculty in man were sadly needed. And it seems, when he looks back, as if such a little thing would have saved him: if he had not crossed over the road, if he had not gone to see his friend on a particular day, if the dust had not been so unpleasant on that occasion, the whole course of his life would have been different. Living as we do in the midst of stern, gigantic Laws, which crush every thing down that comes in their way; which know no excuses, admit of no small errors, never send a man back to learn his lesson and try him again, but are as inexorable as Fate; living, I say, with such creatures about us, (unseen too, for the most part,) it does seem as if the faculties of man were hardly as yet adequate to his situation here.

'Such considerations as these tend to charity and humility; and they point also to the existence of a future state. As regards charity, for example, a man might extend to others the inef-  
fable tenderness which he has for some of his *own* sins and errors, because he knows the whole history of them; and although, taken at a particular point, they appear very large and black, he knew them in their early days when they were play-fellows instead of tyrant-demons. There are others which he cannot so well smooth over, because he knows that in their case inward proclivity coincided with outward temptation; and if he is a just man, he is well aware that if he had not erred here, he would have erred there; that *experience* was necessary for him in those matters. But in considering the misdoings and misfortunes of others, he may as well begin at least by thinking that they are of the class which he has found from his own experience to contain a larger amount of what we call ill-fortune than of any thing like an evil disposition. For time and chance, says the Preacher, happen to all men.

'Thus I thought in my walk this dull and dreary afternoon, till the rising of the moon and the return from school of the children with their satchels coming over the down warned me too that it was time to return home: and so, trying not to think any more of these things, I looked at the bare beech trees, still beautiful, and the dull sheep-ponds scattered here and there, and thought that the country even in winter, like a great man in adversity and disgrace, was still to be looked at with hopeful tenderness, even if, in the man's case, there must also be somewhat of respectful condemnation. As I neared home, I comforted myself, too, by thinking that the inhabitants of sunnier climes do not know how winning and joyful is the look of the chimney-tops of our homes in the midst of what to them would seem most desolate and dreary.'

Now how felicitously playful and affectionate is the following: and we read it, too, on the very morning that we expected a little notelet from 'Young KNICK,' which came to town, but was not delivered from the pocket of the friend who brought it from DOBS:

'To-day, as the weather was cold and boisterous, I could only walk under shelter of the yew hedge in my garden, which some gracious predecessor (all honor to him!) planted to keep off the dire north-west winds, and which, I fear, unless he was a very hardy plant himself, he did not live long enough to profit much by. Being so near home, my thoughts naturally took a domestic turn; and I vexed myself by thinking that I had received no letter from my little boy. This was owing to the new post-office regulations which did not allow letters to go out from country places, or be delivered at such places, on a Sunday. To be sure, I knew pretty well what the letter would be:

'I hope you are well papa and I send you my love and I have got a kite and uncle GEORGE's dog is very fierce. His name is NIKKO which was a roman emperor nearly quite white only he has got two black spots just over his nose. And I send my love to mamma and the children and I am your little boy and affectionate son,

LEONARD MILVERTON.'

'Not a very important, certainly not a very artistic production, this letter, but still it has its interest for the foolish paternal mind, and I should like to have received it to-day.'

On another page we find the subjoined well-considered thoughts in illustration of the fact, that the miseries which the generality of men make for themselves do not tend to decrease unless kept down by a continual growth of wise and good thoughts, and just habits of mind. Let any man or woman look back, say on the first day of every year, at the thousand-and-one fancied annoyances of the previous twelve-month, and say how little they were worthy of making them ill at ease, or positively unhappy, even for a single moment. The subtle and stern despotism of such fancies is pregnant with too much evil, in a life which is but short at the longest:

'It is a strange fancy of mine, but I cannot help wishing we could 'move for returns,' as their phrase is in parliament, for the suffering caused in any one day, or other period of time, throughout the world, to be arranged under certain heads; and we should then see what the world has occasion to fear most. What a large amount would come under the heads of unreasonable fear of others, of miserable quarrels among relations upon infinitesimally small subjects, of imaginary slights, of undue cares, of false shames, of absolute misunderstandings, of unnecessary pains to maintain credit or reputation, of vexation that we cannot make others of the same mind with ourselves. What a wonderful thing it would be to see set down in figures, as it were, how ingenious we are in plaguing one another! My own private opinion is, that the discomfort caused by injudicious dress worn entirely in deference, as it has before been remarked, to the most foolish of mankind, in fact to the tyrannous majority, would outweigh many an evil that sounded very big.

'Tested by these perfect returns, which I imagine might be made by the angelic world, if they regard human affairs, perhaps our every-day shaving, severe shirt-collars, and other ridiculous garments are equivalent to a great European war once in seven years; and we should find that women's stays did about as much harm, i. e., caused as much suffering, as an occasional pestilence—say, for instance, the cholera.'

The author goes on to say, that the ill-natured things men fancy have been said behind their backs cause more annoyance than even the income-tax; an annoyance, too, inflicted by the one ill-natured person who generally infests each little village, parish, house, or community. These meditations were suddenly interrupted and put to flight by a noise, the cause of which is thus pleasantly explained:

'THE children of my neighbors returning from school had dashed into my field, their main desire being to behold an arranged heap of stones and brick-bats which, after being diligently informed of the fact several times by my son LEONARD, I had learnt was a house he had lately built.

'There is a sort of freemasonry among children; for these knew at once that this heap of stones was a house, and danced round it with delight as a great work of art. Now, do you suppose, to come back to the original subject of my meditations to-day, that the grown-up child does not want amusement, when you see how greedy children are of it? Do not imagine we grow out of that: we disguise ourselves by various solemnities; but we have none of us lost the child-nature yet.

'I was glad to see how merry the children could be, though looking so blue and cold, and still more pleased to find that my presence did not scare them away, and that they have no grown-up feeling as yet about trespassing: I fled, however, from the noise into more quiet quarters, and broke up the train of reflections of which I now give these outlines, hoping they may be of use to some one.'

We commend the brief passage which ensues to those pseudo-literary 'authors' who complain of 'neglect,' and fancy that the grand catholicon for their diseased



banplings will be found in an international copy-right law; a most just and righteous measure, as we have always strenuously contended in these pages, but still of 'no consequence' to them: 'I have never talked loudly of the 'claims' of literary men, but have always maintained that for them, when they are of *real merit*, to complain of 'neglect' is absurd. A great writer creates a want for himself. No body wanted him before he appeared. He has to show them what they want him for. You might as well talk of LEVERIER's planet having been neglected in GEORGE the SECOND's time. It had n't been discovered — that's all.' To these remarks, 'ELLESMEER,' the author's colloquist, adds: 'An idea strikes me. I see how literary men may be rewarded, literature soundly encouraged, and yet the author injured the least possible by his craft. Hitherto we have given pensions for what a man has written. I would do this: I would ascertain when a man had acquired that lamentable facility for doing third-rate things which is not uncommon in literature, as in other branches of life, and then I would say to him: 'I see you can write; here is a hundred a year for you as long as you *keep quiet*.' But such an offer is not always taken, as one of our popular publishers found 'to his cost' when he offered 'PUFFER HOPKINS' his cheque for a hundred and fifty dollars if he would withdraw one of his various 'writings' which in an unlucky moment, the 'evil eye' having been 'come over him,' he had been led to announce as 'in press.' But 'something too much of this.'

We take the liberty of asking those parents who are in the habit of multiplying little prohibitions to their children, until obedience to them becomes well nigh impossible, whether there is not much truth in the following remarks! Errors there are, doubtless, in the other extreme, but surely there can be a safe 'middle-way':

'I do not speak of 'spoilng children' in the ordinary sense, but rather of the contrary defect, which, strange to say, is quite as common, if not more so. Of necessity the ages of parents and children are separated by a considerable interval: the particular relation is one full of awe and authority; and the effect of that disparity of years and of that natural awe and authority may easily, by harsh or ungenial parents, be strained too far. Other persons, and the world in general, (not caring for the welfare of those who are no children of theirs, and, beside, using the just courtesy toward strangers,) are often tolerant when parents are not so, which puts them to a great disadvantage. Small matters are often needlessly made subjects of daily comment and blame; and, in the end, it comes that home is sometimes any thing but the happy place we choose to make it out in songs and fictions of various kinds. This, when it occurs, is a great pity. I am for making home very happy to children, if it can be so managed. . . . Listen to the captious, querulous scoldings that you may hear, even as you go along the streets, addressed by parents to children. Is it not manifest that in after life there will be too much fear in the children's minds, and a belief that their father and mother never will sympathize with them as might even others? People of all classes, high and low, err in the same way.'

Speaking of the manner in which vice is engendered by the want of other thoughts, seizing hold not of the passionate, so much as of the cold and vacant mind, our author observes: 'The pleasures of the poor will be found to be moral safe-guards rather than dangers. I smile sometimes when I think of the preacher in some remote country place imploring his hearers not to give way to back-biting, not to indulge in low sensuality, and not to busy themselves with other people's affairs. Meanwhile what are they to do, if they do not concern themselves with such things! The heavy plough-boy who lounges along in that listless manner has a mind which moves with a rapidity that bears no relation to that outward heaviness of his. That mind will be fed; will consume all about it, like oxygen, if new thoughts and aspirations are not given it. *The true strategy in attacking any vice, is by putting in a virtue to counteract it; in attacking any evil thought, by putting in a good thought to meet it.* Thus a man is lifted into a higher state of being, and his old slough falls off him.' Hear also this humane and tender-hearted Christian-man, how he speaks of permitting one's servants to have human affections as well as their masters and mistresses: 'Masters and mistresses should recognize the fact, instead of needlessly discouraging it, that men and women love one another in all ranks; that MARY, if a pleasant or

comely girl, is pretty nearly sure at some time or other to have a lover. What does a lady mean who lays down the law in her household that 'No followers are allowed!' Perhaps she subscribes to some 'abolition-society;' but does she know that by this law of hers, as applied to her servants, she is imitating one of the worst things connected with slavery! If obeyed, it renders the position of a servant-girl still more perilous, as more isolated; and if disobeyed, it is a fertile source of the habit of concealment, one of the worst to which a girl in a subordinate situation is subject. For my own part,' adds our author, 'I could not bear to live with servants who were to see none of their friends and relations. I should feel that I was keeping a prison, and not ruling a household.' And now, reader, what shall be said of the following! They are the author's words, and he says: 'They are *right*, I do believe, and I will not suppress one of them. I do not write as a hermit, but as a man who thinks he knows something of the world:'

'To own to immorality, to have that fair respectability spotted which we all value so much, and which is valuable, is no slight effort. A man who would beard a lion in his den, will shrink from doing what he ought to do, lest in so doing his neighbors should say unpleasant words about him behind his back. And yet there have been respectable men who have worn beards and strange hats which their neighbors did not wear; a more daring thing, perhaps, than owing to any immorality, and endeavoring to repair it. There are men who have secretly supported the burden of an illegitimate family. These, at least, are far better men than those who have joined the world in ignoring the existence of those whom they were bound to know of and to succor. Great kings who can afford to set aside conventionality, before whom 'nice custom curseys,' have boldly taken charge of their illegitimate children, and the world has not thought the worse of them for that, whatever it may justly have thought of the rest of their proceedings.

'Some may reply, all this acknowledgment is encouragement. I say not. I say it holds before a person those duties, the general forgetfulness of which encourages to immorality. But, really, the questions of general morality ought to be of second-rate importance to a man who is neglecting his first duties.

'Is it not so?' I said, looking round upon the thin shadows cast by the crosses over the graves. 'Silent population,' (any one of whom, the meanest, could now tell us more than all the wise men and doctors of this earth,) 'silent population, is it not so?' But none answered, unless a sigh of the breeze which now stole over the church-yard was the expression of one of those subtle chords of sympathy, rarely heard, still more rarely appreciated, which perhaps bring animate and what we call inanimate nature into secret, strange communion.

'I went down again upon the bridge, looked up at the solemn sky, for the moon was clouded now, and beneath me at the dim waters, being able to discern naught else; and still with some regard to what I had been thinking of in the church-yard, hoped that, in a future state, at least, we might have some opportunity of loving and making our peace with those whom we have wronged here, and of seeing that our wrong, overruled by infinite goodness, has not wrought all the injury which there was in it to do.'

We find it difficult to stop. It is like parting with a genial and well-tryed friend at the sanctum, to take leave of so truthful, agreeable and instructive a companion as our author. We close, however, with these observations upon literary style. What the writer contemns he avoids, with an ease that shows him master of a grace beyond the reach of art: 'Which, of all defects, has been the one most fatal to a good style? The not knowing when to come to an end. Take some inferior writer's works. Dismiss nearly all the adjectives; when he uses many substantives, either in juxtaposition, or in some dependence on each other, reduce him to one; do the same thing with the verbs; finally, omit all the adverbs; and you will perhaps find out that this writer had something to say which you might never have discovered, if you had not removed the superfluous words. Indeed, in thinking of the kind of writing that is needed, I am reminded of a stanza in a wild Arab song, which runs thus:

'TERRIBLE he rode alone,  
With his Yemen sword for aid;  
Ornament it carried none,  
But the notches on the blade.'

So, in the best writing, only that is ornament which shows some service done, which has some dint of thought about it.' And now, reader, said we not well? Is not the volume from which we have quoted so liberally, worthy of the praise which it has received at our hands? 'We pause for a reply.'

AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR FROM 'CARL BENSON.'—Our friend 'CARL BENSON,' from whom to hear is a pleasure that is always abundantly shared by our readers, sends us the following entertaining and instructive gossip, touching Latin verse, and similar matters. We have reason to hope that he will not forget 'Old KNICK' while enjoying a temporary sojourn abroad. 'CARL' is a scholar, and although a young man, a 'ripe and good one;' but he is far from being a pedant. He has a quick eye for the beautiful and the humorous, a style singularly direct and pellucid, and he has had the advantage of enlarged observation of the world. We shall await his forth-coming book, of which we have had a slight inkling, with no little interest. It will be 'frank, free and fearless,' or our augury is at fault.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

DEAR KNICK: There was a paper in your Magazine last month that much delighted some of us. I mean Mr. SHELTON's on the *Arundines*. And it was pleasant to find such an essay appreciated not only by professional scholars, but noticed with praise in other quarters. Among others whose fancy it tickled was Col. FULLER, of the '*Mirror*;' whom, by the way, you have to thank for this letter, if you consider it worth any thing, he being the indirect cause thereof. There was one paragraph in Mr. SHELTON's article that somewhat amused me—where he speaks of a certain wandering FIDLER; because I happened myself at that very time to be putting something on paper respecting the same illustrious stranger. In a little book of mine, to which our king of bibliopoles, G. P. P., has done me the honor to stand god-father, and which may be expected out before many months elapse, I shall give a leaf from the subsequent history of said FIDLER, showing how he was a prophet without honor in his own country or any other, and how—*risum teneatis!*—he absolutely passed in England for an American!

It struck me the other day, that since the readers of 'Old KNICK' were able to bear a little Latin again in moderate doses—nay, seemed rather to enjoy them than otherwise—I would send you some extracts from my manuscript collection. These translations of English into classic verse are sufficiently ingenious to be amusing to all who can read the language with an approach to fluency. True, there is a great deal of 'business' about them, and much centorism; still they are very pretty at times, and it is not altogether unprofitable work either to write or read them.

Here is a version from BYRON, actually written in an examination, with no assistance but pen, ink and paper—not all by one man, however. One of the examiners composed it from three or four of the best exercises:

'THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!  
Where burning SAPPHO loved and sung;  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where DELOS rose and PHŒBUS sprung;  
Eternal summer kilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

'The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea,  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I deemed that Greece might still be free;  
For, standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

'A king sat on the rocky brow  
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis,  
And ships in thousands lay below,  
And men in nations; all were his.  
He counted them at break of day,  
And when the sun set, where were they?'

'LITTORA quæ olim sagrantia carmina SAPHO  
Fudit amara, Græco littora cincta mari,  
Quæ pacis crevere artes, crevere duelli,  
Pæne ubi et Pæneo DæLOS amata suo,  
Aurea ridet adhuc æstas, semperque renascens  
Sol nitet in campis; cætera mersa jacent.

'Montibus aspicietur Marathon, Marathona supinum  
Oceanî crebris litibus unda lavat,  
Atque ibi dum solus starem me luit imago,  
Debita tum Græcis libera visa dies,  
Medorum quis enim tumultu dum instabat Achæus  
Se servum externo credere possit hero?

'Rex olim, ut perhibent, montana in fronte sedebat  
Despicit exstantem quæ Salamina freto.  
Mille rates infra stabant in litore, gentes  
Innumerae, domini consuecia quæque sui,  
Sed, quas mane novo numeraverat ille cohortes,  
Pars sole occidit quantulacunque manet!'

There was another version of the third couplet,

'ÆTHERÆ æstatis vos gloria mollis inaurat,  
Sed præter soles occidet omne decus,'

which was much neater and closer to the original, *but* — there is a barbarism in it. *Inauro* is never classically used in a metaphorical sense; it applies only to the covering with real, actual gold.\* The sun is said *tingere*, not *inaurare*. Little idiomatic elegancies of this sort are apt to escape a man, even after he has considerable practice in the manufacture of longs and shorts. One rather singular one has just occurred to me. If you had to speak of birds expressing their feelings in song, it would seem just as natural to say *cano* in Latin as *chanter* in French, or *sing* in English. But it happens that the *cano* is scarcely ever used by the Augustan writers to express this action on the part of the feathered race: indeed I doubt if it ever is. *Queror* is the usual term: e. g.: 'Et parte ex omni dulces queruntur aves.' (OVID.) This use suggests plenty of speculation. Why should the birds be said to *complain*? The nightingale does indeed, as many poets bear witness, old DRAYTON among them:

'OUR mournful PHILOMEL,  
That rarest tuner,  
Henceforth in April  
Shall waken sooner:  
And to her *she'll complain*  
From the thick cover,  
Redoubling every strain  
Over and over.'†

Is she put by a complimentary synecdoche — a part, and a great part — for the whole race of singing birds! — or is there some farther meaning in *queror* than the ordinary one? For surely the note of most birds is joyous and inspiring: any thing but a lament. Think it over.

\* Yet you may call the sun's rays *aurea*: thus you might translate

'Sol hath gild every grove,  
Every bill near her,  
With his flames from above,  
Striving to cheer her!'

VICINUMQUE nemus, vicina cacumina tingunt  
Aurea delictis lumina grata mels.

† 'The Shepherd's Sirens,' a very beautiful and melodious bit of verse; which, by the way, I once did into elegiacs, the above stanza running thus:

'Oculus excutiet vernos exorta sopores  
Dulciloqui princeps jam PHILOMELA chori,  
Dumisque a densis perfundet debile carmen,  
Continuus gaudens semper iterare modos.'

Here is HERRICK's '*Night-Piece to Julia*' done into very pretty Glyconics by a friend of mine, who throws off such things on loose scraps of paper while his kettle is boiling in the morning, or at any fag-ends of time :

'HRR eyes the glow-worm lend thee!  
The shooting stars attend thee!  
The elves also,  
Whose little eyes do glow  
Like sparks of fire, befriended thee!

'No will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee!  
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee!  
But on thy way,  
Not making a stay,  
Since ghost there's none to affright thee!

'Then let not the dark thee cumber!  
What though the moon doth slumber?  
The stars of the night  
Shall lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear without number.

'Then, JULIA, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me,  
And when I shall meet  
Thy silvery feet,  
I'll pour my soul unto thee.'

'Te nox sideribus vagis,  
Te bona face lampyris,  
Te quæis parvula lumina  
Scintillant lemures leves  
Ducant, JULIA, euntem!

'Infidus et ab ignibus  
Tuta sis et ab anguibus!  
Perge, nulla lateat tua  
Larva, quam metuas, via  
Perge ne remorare!

'Cælum quid tibi si nigret?  
Luna si mala dormiat?  
Nonne divite lampadum  
Nocte, nonne faventibus  
Tu donaberis astris?

'Sic tu, JULIA, sic veni,  
Sic vocata redi, redi!  
Mox in te, simul albicant  
Ad limen nivei pedes  
Totâ mente profundar.'

Will you endure, after this, 'a poor thing, but mine own'—a translation into OVIDIAN verse of BURNS's pet love-song!

'YESTREEN I had a pint o' wise,  
A place where body saw na;  
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine  
The gowden locks of ANNA.  
The hungry Jew in wilderness,  
Rejoicing o'er his manna,  
• Was nothing to my honeyed bliss  
Upon the lips of ANNA.

'Ye monarchs tak' the east and west,  
From Indies to Savannah:  
Give me within a straining grasp  
The melting form of ANNA:  
Then I'll despise imperial charms  
Of empress or sultana,  
While dying raptures in her arms  
I give and take wi' ANNA.

'Awa', thou saunting god of day  
Awa', thou pale DIANA!  
Ilk star gae hide thy trembling ray,  
When I'm to meet my ANNA.  
Come in thy raven plumage, NIGHT,  
Sun, moon, and stars withdraw a',  
And bring an angel pen to write  
My transports with my ANNA.'

'HESTERNA laticis cyathus mihi nocte Falerni  
Fallebat spumans, tutus eratque locus;  
Hesternâ, nerrini, carissima nocte capillos  
In nostro flâ-os straverat ANNA sinu.  
Ah! loti ramo desertis exul arenis  
Gaudeat aspecto, quo domet ille famem,  
Ast ANNÆ hærebam mellito letus in ore,  
Gaudia quam fuerint lata s cunda meis!  
Omnia longinquo, reges, enectis ab Indo  
Usque ad ubi Hesperitis exstat Atlantis aquis,  
Fervidus at dominæ teneam mollesima membra,  
Languidaque amplexa cincta sit ANNA meo!

'Delicias magnorum ergo nil inde morabor,  
P. sthabita et conjux prospera regis erit,  
Dummodo languescens uluis circumdatus ANNÆ  
Divinas reddam suscipiamque vices!  
Jam male resplendens subducas lumen, APOLLO,  
Candida jam radios dems, DIANA, tuos!  
Stellaque nunc ignes coetis quæque micantes,

Sic ANNA properam, sic vult ANNA mihi !  
 Jamque adeas nigra, O Nox, quæ niteris alba,  
 Et valeant FUGIENS, sidera, luna, precor.  
 Tu calamum affiatu divino tange poetæ,  
 Divina ut narret gaudia quanta tulit.

By the way, what a picture of Scotch frugality does the very account of a Scotchman's revelry present ! 'Yestreen I had a pint o' wine !' Fancy a man 'going off on a spree'—becoming inspired on a pint of wine ! 'Young New-York' drinks his two bottles of FORESTIER when he has the same object in view, and then there is room left for a few glasses of LATOUR, or some of the 'Old Yacht.' To be sure, 'Young New-York' is n't much of a poet. So, too, in the Waverley novels we have people making merry over a *gill of ale* !

And now will you have a scrap of Greek to wind off with ; the length of which may not aggravate the compositor too much to set up, or myself too much to correct in proof ? What say you to this ?

'AN ! who can hold a fire in his hand,  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
 By bare imagination of a feast ?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
 Ah, no ! the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :  
 Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
 Than when it bites, but healeth not the sore.'

Φεῖ, φεῖ· τίς ἂν τοι χειρὶ βαστάσει φλόγα  
 Τὸ Κανκασίον ψυχρὸς ἐνθυμούμενος,  
 Λίμον τ' ἀναιδούς ἀγρίου ἀμβλύνοι στόμα  
 Φάντασμι' ἔρημον προσβαλὼν θοίνης φρένι ;  
 Ἢ γυμνὸς ἀμφὶ νυφάδι χειμῶνος μέσση  
 Στραφύγῳ, μνησθεὶς ποικιλείμενος θεοῦ ;  
 Οὐ δῖτα, τάγαδ' ἂν γὰρ εὐπερινὸς ἔχων  
 Μάλλον τις αἰσθάνοι' ἂν εὖ τὰ χεῖρ' ὄντα,  
 Ὅσους τε λύτης μείζονα βλάβην φέροι.  
 Ὅταν δάκνῃ τὸ τραῦμα μὲν, τέμνῃ δὲ μή. c. a. n.

And now *vale*, most genial KNICK ! Take my good wishes, as I am sure I have yours :

'GANG ye east or fare ye west,  
 Ika star blinka blithe for thee ;  
 Or tak' ye the road that ye like best,  
 All true freres ride in company.'

For ourselves, we are going to Paris to see the next revolution. Our trunks are on the shore and our steamer on the sea. *Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.* We will 'go over the great level,' and find our level in the world's metropolis.

*Horné's Hook, Helligate, Sept. 12, 1851.*

CARL BRUNSON.

'FIRE ! FIRE !'—It certainly would seem that 'wonders' are never to 'cease.' Here now is an invention, recently made famous in England, which will soon have a world-wide fame, that was sleeping in some latent chemical mystery scarcely a year ago. We mean '*Phillips's Fire-Annihilator.*' Space has been overcome in travel by rail-roads ; but what incredulity was manifested, what sneers encountered, when they were first started ! And the Magnetic Telegraph, one of the most wonderful inventions of the age, was it not at first fairly (no, foully) hooted at ! It was. And now that the latest, and surely a not less important discovery, has been made, in the great *Fire-Annihilator*, are there not still some skeptics ! But the *fact* is abundantly established, that this marvellous machine, portable, and, in its various sizes, most easily carried and managed, by one or more persons, will *instantly*, by the emission of a gas, evolved in a single moment, by a process perfectly simple, and always in order, extinguish any burning building ! It has been tried, tested, *proved*. An American gentleman informed us yesterday that he saw the rolling flames of a house in London (as completely on fire as he ever saw a dwelling in New-York) paled, subdued, quenched, in five minutes, by three men, walking one after another, like SHADRACH, MESHACH and ABEDNEGO, into the midst of the flames with one of PHILLIPS's exterminators ! HON. ELISHA WHITTLESLEY is President of the American agency.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We were standing one evening, some years ago, in the door of the house of a friend, residing in one of the upper streets of the city, being about to take our leave of him for the night. The atmosphere was beautifully clear and the air delightfully cool. The far-off stars alone in their serene and silent spaces, with a back-ground of such deep blue as one sees when looking into the sky at midnight from the top of Kaïtskill-mountain. While we were 'gazing steadfastly into heaven,' the friend by our side remarked: 'By the by, there is a comet predicted to appear, somewhere about this time, in the heavens. I was reading an article about it this very afternoon in the *'Commercial Advertiser.'* it will make its first appearance, I believe, in *that* quarter of the heavens,' pointing high up, and in a south-westerly direction. We stood regarding wistfully that particular part of the evening sky, when our friend exclaimed, 'As I live, there is the comet *now*! Yes—yes; there it *is*, to a certainty!' And following his directing finger we saw, far up, and away in the south-west, a semi-luminous body, something not unlike an enlarged star, with a dim 'continuation,' like the fainter light of the 'Milky Way,' of a clear, bright night. 'Look at it!—*think* of it!' exclaimed our friend. 'There, in yonder sky, is an erratic, wandering body, with no fixed orbit, uncontrollable, so far as known, by any specific law, or regular celestial mechanism, which, after sweeping its awful cycle amidst the revolving worlds above us, suddenly 'streams its horrid hair' on the midnight sky! How wide, how sublime, has been its celestial journey! And is it not a heavenly, an almost overpowering thought, that hereafter, in a world of unclouded light and knowledge, it may be vouchsafed to us to see with our natural eyes, and without the mistakes to which calculation is subject, the course of comets, the order of the solar and planetary systems, and fathom the depths of that dread arch of mystery that now hangs suspended above us!' This incident, which occurred many years ago, was forcibly called to mind a few days since, as we were steaming down from Dorn's, on the morning of the recent partial eclipse of the sun. Here was demonstrated not only the grandeur of the divinely-ordered movements of the heavenly bodies, but the sublimity of the intellect of the creatures of the ALMIGHTY. At the very moment predicted, we saw, through a bit of smoked glass, a faint rim of shadow clip the edge of the great orb of day, and continue its encroachment upon its diminishing light, until the exact extent that had been foretold was attained. And *then* it was that we thought of those who, at that precise moment, high upon the Alps, were looking from those towering forms of Nature that 'pinnacle in clouds their snowy scalps,' to see the mighty shadow of the eclipse roll along the vast region below, blotting out whole provinces of lovely Italy in its giant-march! It were worth the toil of a twelve-month to witness that sublime spectacle. We shall look with the deepest interest for the elaborate reports of the European astronomers and *savans*, who from the Austrian and Italian Alps, and the far shores of Norway and Sweden, were at the same moment watching the same magnificent celestial phenomena. We have already had some imperfect intimations of the pleasure they will excite. . . . ONE of the very sweetest of BURNS's songs is one that we have seldom or never seen quoted. It was a favorite of BURNS himself; and yet in several editions of his poems it is not to be found; perhaps because, in the opinion of his editors, he had immortalized so many 'Bonnie JEANS' that this one could be the better dispensed with. What a beautiful picture it is of first love budding in a maiden's young and tender heart! Read it, ye young lovers, and take courage; and ye who *have* been such,

recall the blissful days, 'sweet as remembered kisses after death,' when you were 'in the same situation:'

'*THERE* was a lass, and she was fair,  
At kirk and market to be seen;  
When a' the fairest maids were met,  
The fairest maid was bonnie JEAN.

'And aye she wrought her mammy's work,  
And aye she sang sae merrilie:  
The blithest bird upon the bush  
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

'But hawks will rob the tender joys  
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;  
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
And love will break the soundest rest.

'Young ROSE was the bravest lad,  
The pride and flower o' a' the glen;  
And he had owsen, sheep and kye,  
And wanton naggies nine or ten.

'He gaed wi' JEANIE to the tryst,  
He danced wi' JEANIE on the down;  
And lang ere witless JEANIE wist,  
Her heart was lost, her peace was stol'n.

'As in the bosom of the stream  
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en,  
So trembling pure was tender love  
Within the breast o' bonnie JEAN.

'And now she works her mammy's work,  
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain,  
Yet wist not what her all might be,  
Or what would mak' her weel again.

'But did na JEANIE's heart beat light,  
And did na joy blink in her e'e,  
As ROSE told a tale o' love  
One e'enin' on the lily lea?

'The sun was sinking in the west,  
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove:  
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,  
And whispered thus his tale of love:

'O JEANIE fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
O canst thou think to fancy me?  
Or wilt thou leave thy mammy's cot,  
And learn to tent the farm wi' me?

'At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
Or naething else to trouble thee,  
But stray among the heather-bells,  
And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

'Now what could artless JEANIE do?  
She had na will to say him na:  
At length she blushed a sweet consent,  
And love was aye between them twa.'

'It took' ROBERT BURNS to conceive and execute that exquisite comparison in the sixth verse, which, for appositeness and beauty of imagery, is scarcely equalled by the simile of the stream of memory deepening its channels, in his 'Highland Mary.' . . . How the features, the genial smile and bright sparkling eye, of our long-departed friend, J. T. S. — a, come before us in this passage of an accidentally encountered private note of his, inviting us to an early autumn-feast of 'Owls,' with a few kindred spirits! 'Talking of 'owls,' he writes, 'reminds me of an incident which came to my knowledge only last week. It seems that the law only allows partridges and quails to be sold, eaten, or held in possession in any way, from some time in October until January. Yet there are certain persons who defy the law, and serve the birds under the name of 'OWLS.' Well, not long ago, at one of these 'lawless' places, some three or four good fellows met accidentally, 'with a view to a few.' Just as they were about issuing the necessary orders, a gentleman from Tarrytown stepped in. He was hungry, too; and hearing TOM, DICK and HARRY each call for a 'broiled owl,' he thought *he'd* try 'owl.' Owls were plenty about Tarrytown, and if they were a delicacy in New-York, he could 'get his man to shoot some, and pocket the cash for 'em.' The owls were served: delicious! — young pin-feathered partridges; hot — on buttered toast! I need not tell you, Louis, that they were enjoyed. The Tarrytown gentleman was in ecstasies. A few weeks afterward he called at the same place, and very quietly taking the landlord aside, said to him: 'How about those 'OWLS?' I have had two of the largest and fattest you ever saw cooked at home, and they were so 'all-fired tough' that no body could eat 'em!' The landlord 'took' at once. 'My dear Sir, how long did you *keep* your 'owls' after they were killed?' 'Oh, I had 'em cooked 'right off.' 'Nonsense!' exclaimed the landlord. 'An 'owl,' in order to be right juicy and tender, should hang by his tail-feathers until he drops to the ground: *then* he is in cooking condition! Why, do you know, Sir, that the bird which you ate at my house had been hanging by one feather for four weeks in August, before he fell?' The last time I saw the gentleman from Tarrytown, he told me, as a secret in the preparation of game, that he invariably hung



his 'owls' now!' . . . 'Alban, a Tale of the New World,' is the title of a work in two volumes, by the author of 'Alice, or the New Una,' just issued from the prolific and popular press of PUTNAM. It reaches us too late even for perusal, much less adequate notice; unless we were to adopt the lamented ROBERT C. SANDS' method of reviewing; namely, to 'run his nose through the uncut leaves of a book, and if it smelt pleasantly, to praise it.' By that criterion, we should be bound to commend 'ALBAN.' Glancing hastily over the book, we perceive that SEIKAS, who used to be a good deal at WINDUST's, when we used to take an occasional beef-steak there, is one of the characters. It is the same name, 'any how;' to say nothing of the kindred 'flash of the eye' and also the 'astute Jewish countenance.' 'ALICE' was considered very decidedly 'High-Church'—as much so as the 'Chapel of our Floating SAVIOUR' at high tide; but as the author has since joined the Catholic church, as one of its priests, we may suppose that the fervent zeal of a new proselyte has correspondingly increased the florid upholstery-descriptions of the present work. But '*nous verrons*' by and by. . . . CONSIDERABLE cachinnation in the sanctum this morning at an anecdote of an old Dutchman, who was addicted to a semi-occasional indulgence in 'things spiritual.' He had returned from a political torch-light procession, slightly 'by the head,' when a by-stander near a bar obtained his assent to 'a cock-tail with him.' That finished his business. He fell asleep in a chair, and did n't wake for an hour. His courteous friend, meanwhile, was reading the evening papers by the table. Presently the inebriated Dutchman partially awoke from his troubled nap, and asked this maudlin question: 'Vat did you zay dat vaah I drinks! Vaah it a gok-dail, or vaah it a dorch-light brozeshion?' It must have been a dubious stomach that inspired that last fancy! . . . 'No,' we say to 'C. P.,' who writes us from Newport: your emotions are *not* 'peculiar to yourself;' we have felt the same a hundred times. The 'gray and melancholy waste' of ocean has almost always had that influence upon us, when we have seen it from some bold headland or rocky promontory. DICKENS had a kindred feeling, he told us, on his return from Niagara, while looking at the Great Cataract: and TENNYSON beautifully expresses the same emotions in these lines:

'BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O SEA!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me!

'O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sisters at play:  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

'And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

'Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O SEA!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me!

Now do not the lines we have italicized almost *exactly* express the 'unexplainable influence' depicted by 'C. P.' in his 'Ocean Reverie?' We shall print a part of his communication however. . . . THE September issue of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' is an excellent one. Some scholarly and able pen has been employed in its pages to do justice to that very-much overrated pen-and-ink author, MARTIN FARGUEHAR TUPPER. Uninfluenced by the profuse 'blarney' which that patronizing gentleman, 'too sweet to be wholesome,' poured out upon us while here, the reviewer proceeds to his work of exposition. We give a few passages from the critique, and fully endorse its conclusions:

'We have no disposition to be unjust to Mr. TUPPER. It must be frankly confessed that he is not one of our favorites. At the same time, we disclaim any feeling of hostility. We have never heard any thing alleged against his private character. He is, apparently, a man of good heart, correct morals, and kindly feelings. The burden of much that he has written is, love from man to man; and, especially, good-will between JOHN BULL and BROTHER JONATHAN. In all this we heartily concur. We are favorably disposed to writers of motives and aims so unexceptionable. We are inclined to be indulgent, even though their sentiments be mainly common-places, and their rhymes not superior to those of the poet's-corner in a Saturday news

paper. We are content to take the will for the deed; and to endure, now and then, a few sorry stanzas in consideration of their object, as we tolerate a dull sermon for the sake of its wholesome doctrine. So do we feel toward Mr. TUPPER. We have forgiven his occasional hovering about our ears, hoping that, like uncle Toby's fly, he would go elsewhere in the wide world to finish his buzzing. We saw that he belonged to an ephemeral race, and were satisfied that he too would have his day. . . . He has enough of talent and scholarship to pass current in educated society; enough, with diligence, to have attained mediocrity, perhaps something more, in a learned profession; certainly enough, if prudently used, to have set up a contributor to a second-rate magazine. But he committed, early in life, the mistake of overrating himself. He set out with the conviction that he was a man of genius; and to this he added the belief that his genius was both versatile and prolific. A copious flow of words aided the deceptio, and encouraged him to undertake task after task, finding them (in *his way*) so easily accomplished; while his false estimate of his own powers prompted him to enterprises that a man of sounder self-judgment would have shrunk from attempting. Possessing some natural ability, improved by instruction at school and college, he could not fail to produce, now and then, whether from invention or imitation, something that was readable; but it was impossible that he should compose so much and so hastily as he did, without writing a vast amount of common-place or senseless trash. There have been men gifted with glowing fancies, fed with full streams of learning and knowledge, whose literary achievements appear almost miraculous; but these efforts belong to an order of intellect far different from that of Mr. TUPPER. The eagle may swoop from his eyrie and carry off the lamb in his talons; the crow, who essays to imitate him, will only entangle his claws in the fleece, and fall an easy prey to his captors.

Touching the 'Proverbial Philosophy,' the work by which TUPPER is best known, and which has the rare advantage of having been the product of his early energy, perfected by the experience of after years, the reviewer observes: 'We see nothing in it but a heterogeneous collection of old maxims, strung together with little or no connection, and without a key to reconcile their occasional contradictions. Whatever does not fall within this description is only a 'bald disjointed chat' of the author with himself, uniting the other portions, as links of an old chain are tied together with bits of rope.' Now we know gentlemen of the highest literary taste, and accomplished critics, who are also precisely of this opinion. Of Mr. TUPPER's modest 'sequel' to COLERIDGE's 'CHRISTABEL,' the critic says: 'Had a common stone-mason undertaken to restore the Torso, the attempt could not have been more presumptuous nor less successful. The imitator has very naturally picked up some of the quaint and ungraceful oddities of his great model; for mimics always find it easier to represent some peculiarity of a great man's gait or gesture, than to rival his noble thoughts or his dignified eloquence. But when Mr. TUPPER essays to reproduce some striking picture of the original poem, his pitiable failure becomes painful to contemplate.' It is due to the reviewer to state, that he does not merely *comment* upon Mr. TUPPER's writings; he enforces his remarks by numerous quotations in illustration of their strict justice, and thus 'makes out his case.' He closes with this conservative sentence: 'We shall be content if, while affording our readers an hour's amusement, we may have inspired them with the resolution to scrutinize, before they acknowledge, the pretensions of the *next* literary adventurer.' . . . SOMEBODY (Captain DONOHUE, if we *must* give names,) mentions an old saw-miller, in Maine, whose profane ob-structure of the stream which 'carried' his mill was itself carried away by a sudden freshet. The mill was old; the machinery in its decadence; the whole establishment 'tottering to its fall.' The owner was regarding the 'flood-wood' of his fortunes with a sad and wistful eye, when a friendly by-stander consolingly said to him: 'Build *another*: 't wont take you three weeks to do it.' 'Ah,' said the *ci-devant* miller, looking at the old naked edifice, which had no more 'back-water' for a back-ground, '*it aint worth a dam!*' Mentioning this the other evening to a friend, he said it reminded him of a d—m which stopped the waters of a river between the mountains in one of our northern States, and which, by a sudden 'fresh,' was swept away during the night. The owner of the works thereon was a well known gentleman of honor and intellect, but irritable, notwithstanding, and apt at times to give vent to his aroused emotions. The neighbors, as usual, gathered around, awaiting the arrival of the owner, and speculating as to the manner and language

he would adopt, under the strong provocation to his 'pheelinks.' He soon after arrived, and probably suspecting, from movements and signs about him, that the assembly was waiting for an out-break, very coolly surveyed the rushing river, and the sluice-way it had opened, and turning to the people with a bland smile, he said: 'I think, neighbors, you will all agree with me that this river ought to be dam—d!' . . . *'The Little Great Man,'* a satirical poem by one Mr. 'T. C. A.,' reaches us from Boston, in a 'second edition, enlarged and corrected.' It is the rhymed revenge of a student ('rusticating' involuntarily, perhaps, with no lack of leisure to court the Nine) upon 'J —,' a professor or tutor, whom he evidently 'loveth passing well.' The writer's devoted affection, however, is too apparent. His terms of endearment are too saccharine to be effective. He writes with 'a perfect looseness,' and don't know when to stop. He is a rhymester without a Pegasus, but makes up for the equine deficiency with a 'motive-power' not unlike the fabled 'cork-leg.' Howbeit, he now and then 'gets off a good thing,' even in the height of his anger. As for example, this hit at scaffold-repentances, of which we have seen so much of late in the public journals:

'Tis not repentance that which DEATH  
Wrings from a wretch with gasping breath;  
One moment seems too short a time  
To cancel many years of crime:  
Yet wretches who denied their God,  
Until condemn'd to feel the rod,  
Are sentenced, hung, and are forgiven,  
For priests declare they've entered heaven,  
And mourn their victims may not be  
Their pious murderers' company.'

This last couplet, as we gather from a note, refers to the case of HENRY G. GREEN, who was executed at Troy a few years since, for deliberately poisoning his wife, but who was supposed to have 'experienced religion' a few moments before his death. 'I hope he did,' adds our satirist; 'but it was ridiculous to hear a pious divine lamenting, with the most holy horror depicted upon his countenance, that the poor wife had not made an 'open avowal of faith,' that she might keep company in heaven with her sainted murderer!' 'T was a great pity, was n't it, that she should be debarred from the celestial society of such a kind and affectionate spouse! . . . THERE used to be curious alliterative titles to books in 'days gone by.' About the year 1646 there was published a work entitled: '*A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust Cast upon John Fay.*' Another was called: '*The Snuffers of Divine Love.*' CROMWELL's time was particularly famous for title-pages: '*Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches*;' '*High-Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness*;' '*Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant*;' etc. An imprisoned Quaker published: '*A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, known among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish.*' About the same time appeared '*The Spiritual Mustard-Pot, to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion.*' Also, '*A Shot at the Devil's Head-Quarters, through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant.*' Another: '*Reaping-Hook well tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop: or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation.*' On the title-page of another, we have the following copious description of its contents: '*Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin,* or the 'Penitential Psalms of the princely Prophet DAVID; whereunto are also annexed WILLIAM HUINNIS's '*Handful of Honey-suckles*,' and divers other Godly and Pithy Ditties, now newly augmented.' . . . THE metropolitan doctors, of different nations, render nice certificates of death to our 'Board of Health,' do n't they? What do you make of these,

for example? 'War is 't awr abow!' as Mr. BAR said at the London police station-house:

'THIS is to certify that MARY fourteen months old born in this city daughter of Mrs. J — H — Division st. died to-day of *menin gitis consecutivæ of cholera infantum*. C. H —, M. D.'

'BARBARA RETLING, old nine months died to-day *on paralysis*. The Father is not able to defraud the burying expense. In testimony of it, P. A —.'

'DIED MAREHRATA HUMER ten months old Died at 19 o'clock last with thee father of HENRY HUMER on thee cholera. Dr. B —.'

THE best impromptu in English is said to be the following, 'perpetrated' by the author of the '*Night Thoughts*,' when two ladies, with whom he was walking in a garden, (one of them his 'intended,') compelled him to leave them, to answer a summons from the Duke of WHARTON, his 'patron:':

'THUS ADAM looked, when from the garden driven,  
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.  
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;  
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.  
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind:  
His EVE went with him — mine remains behind.'

'FATHER HECKEN,' the devoted Catholic missionary, of whom we made mention in a late number, is dead. He died of cholera while ascending the Missouri river. In a brief record of his life the '*St. Louis Times*' observes: 'He was perhaps more profoundly acquainted with the aboriginal languages of North-America than any man of his day; spoke and wrote more than a dozen of them; had investigated their affinities and relationships, and grouped them together in families, of which he discovered the Algonquin to be the patriarch, and had formed a grammar and dictionary of the Pottawattomi language, which, should they ever be given to the public, will be the most splendid contribution to American philology made for many a long year. For fifteen years he has roamed the wild savannas of the Missouri territory, in company with the Indians, to whose welfare he had devoted his life; and wild will be the grief and mourning with which the news of his death will be heard among his red children, by whom he was almost adored.' We cannot doubt that such will be the case. In the language of old SKENANDOAH, the report of his decease will come to their ears 'like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.' . . . '*The New-York Organ*' is a paper conducted with marked taste and talent. It is various and interesting in its selections, and its editorials are conceived and executed with dignity and spirit. It well and wisely inculcates the virtue of temperance, to support which cause it was originally established; but it is *itself* temperate, which is more than can be said of other 'temperance-journals' which we have seen. Calm argument wins many whom denunciatory ultraism would offend. . . . In former days, one ZACK. SOULE flourished 'down east' as a kind of 'hedge' or 'hemlock-lawyer.' He was not a favorite at the bar, but on the contrary, *vice versa*. At one of the terms of the court, the volume entitled '*The World Without Souls*' was lying about 'promiscuously' in the 'bar.' On a fly-leaf one of the young 'waiters on PROVIDENCE' wrote this distich:

'A world without souls' is a world I'd admire,  
If all souls were like to 'SOULE ZACHARIAH.'

'*The Book-Trade*' is the name of a periodical published in this city, which we can conscientiously commend as a valuable monthly record of new publications, and as an excellent advertising medium for book-sellers. It has the same aim, in regard to the above objects, with one of its weekly contemporaries, which is usually known by the sobriquet of '*Book-sellers' Circular*.' Its notices, however, are of American new works, instead of being re-hashes of English reviews of foreign current literature. It gives a catalogue of all the works issued monthly in the Union, distinguishing those

which are serials, and contains a large amount of information of interest to publishers at large. Mr. H. WILSON, Number 40 Ann-street, is the publisher. . . . PROFESSOR ANDERSON is a great juggler, and a 'right kind of a man,' to boot. Histrick with the bottle, from which he pours about a pipe of liquors, of any kind asked for, is truly marvellous. Some of the notices of him, however, are in exceedingly bad taste, to say nothing of their credibility; being very much as the following would be of a kindred American exhibitor abroad: 'Professor PUZZLEM was a warm friend of General WASHINGTON, old JOHN ADAMS, and Dr. FRANKLIN. 'PUZZLEM,' said WASHINGTON to him one day at dinner, 'I think I can beat you at that trick of making the plates disappear. I'll bet you five dollars I can do it!' 'Done!' said PUZZLEM. The money was planked, and Dr. FRANKLIN held the stakes. WASHINGTON won, for he was an expert trickster, and when not engaged in battle was always practising the intellectual and elevating art of the necromancer. Old Mr. ADAMS, who was taking notes at the time, observed that *he* also was very fond of juggling, and should like to take lessons of the Professor. Dr. FRANKLIN also joined his class, and soon became an accomplished operator. When their lessons were completed, they presented Professor PUZZLEM with a silk purse, containing one hundred rix-dollars!' Perhaps all this would be generally believed in England: also, perhaps it might not. . . . Well, well! Master 'Y. Y.!' you are beginning to know about 'Kisses' pretty early for a 'young lad of sixteen!' But you shall be heard, if only for the purpose of making you ashamed of yourself some fifty years from now. The lines are for the perusal of young lovers in particular, and not for 'general circulation.'

## I.

WHAT are kisses?  
Short-lived blisses  
As the dew-drops in the sun;  
Yet in giving  
And receiving  
Them, are hearts oft lost and won.

## II.

Foolish lipping,  
Nectar sipping  
Sweeter than the honeyed flowers;  
Such employment!  
What enjoyment  
It imparts to twilight hours!

## III.

Bright eyes shining,  
Brown locks twining,  
Cheeks as ruddy as the rose;  
Smooth chin rounded,  
Straight neck bounded  
By a heaving bosom's snows:

## IV.

All these charm me,  
But not harm me  
Half so much as ruby lips  
Sweetly smiling,  
Foul-beguiling.  
As sweet poison thence it sips.

## V.

Words they've spoken,  
Trembling, broken,  
Low, but all my frame they thrill;  
'Thine for ever!  
I will never  
Cease to love thee, come what will!'

## VI.

With a blessing,  
Fondly pressing  
Many a time those lips to mine,  
Thus I murmur,  
'Lovely charmer,  
I too am for ever thine!'

A fog lay over the broad expanse of the Tappañ-Zee, at Doss his Ferry, the other morning. There is a small but *very* long-eared donkey at that place, the Buccaphalus of a juvenile play-mate of 'Young KNICK,' whom also *our* scion backs whenever so minded. The little animal is very strong, and 'carries weight for age,' so we mounted him, on the foggy morning aforesaid, and rode to the water's edge, looking into the mist, which hid the farther shore from sight. Sir JOSEPH RETNOLDS, in one of his lectures, says that the horizon-line of the 'great and wide sea,' in mid deep, is one of the most striking emblems of the infinite and the eternal to be found in all the works of the ALMIGHTY. We thought of this while looking off upon the dim (and at the time boundless) waste of waters before us; and then came the thought of NAPOLEON at Saint Helena, musing by the solemn shore of the vast ocean which formed the watery walls of his island-prison; and so strong was the last impression,

that, mounted as we were, we began to feel, in that moment of deep reverie, that we *were* NAPOLEON, taking our equestrian exercise of a morning, and looking off upon the sea; when all at once, an unmistakable juvenile voice, that is usually 'music to our ears,' 'let down the peg' that held up our musings, with the untimely, and we may add uncalled-for remark, accompanied by a loud laugh, that was surely unnecessary if not unbecoming: 'If there is n't FATHER ON DUNKEY! — *how he looks!*' Our imaginary NAPOLEON vanished as quickly at this interruption as did HAMLET's father's ghost when he 'smelt the morning air;' and we 'saw ourselves as others saw us;' a biped, clad in a thin linen coat, broad-brimmed Rocky-mountain-fur hat, (a present from 'BELLACOSCA,' now of that ilk,) seated on an ass, and a little one at that! As we turned him to go back, having 'satisfied the sentiment,' his saddle turned too, and we fell to the ground, a distance, perhaps, from the top of his back, of some three feet. No bones were broken; but we didn't like the report of the unimportant circumstance which 'Young KNICK,' bore to his mother: 'FATHER got threw from DUNKEY!' 'Threw!' — that's a good style of grammar to be used by the son of an Editor! All this may seem ridiculous; but why might we *not* have fancied ourself NAPOLEON, amidst the kindred outward accessories of his last position? Supposing our dress and steed were *not* war-like? Is it the *uniform* that makes the captain? If it *is*, we should like to know it! . . . A FRIEND in a southern city, from whom to hear is always a pleasure, sends us the following anecdote of that prince of writers and rarest of sensible humorists, the late REV. SYDNEY SMITH:

'It happened during the youth of SYDNEY SMITH, that he was settled as curate of souls in a small inland English town. And in this town there was a field, over which the inhabitants had from time immemorial been accustomed to travel, according to that right or title known to students of BLACKSTONE as 'PRESCRIPTION.' But ere long the field alluded to came into the possession of a crusty old codger, who seems to have relished legal prescription about as well as medical; for to the great discomfort of the entire vicinage, he at once put a stop to this right of way by putting up a board-fence, and stationing a big bull-dog as superintendent of the same. Nor was there any one bold enough to dispute the owner or the dog. Nay, so sulky was the anti-prescriptionist that he even refused to communicate with any man on the subject.

'In consequence of this, the poor devils applied to the parson, who was even more at a loss than they, for the old heathen repudiated clerical interference with even greater bitterness than legal or medical. But SYDNEY knew that there were other methods of killing dogs beside choking them with bread and butter, and set himself carefully to work to ascertain the habits of this 'modern TIMON.' He soon found that he was in the habit of going once a week to a solitary ale-house, and there reading, to mug-and-pipe accompaniments, a filthy little sheet whose staple consisted of reports of criminal trials, and similar spice.

'I have got you!' thought the RABELAIS of the nineteenth century. And repairing to his sanctum he at once prepared the report of a trial, which was represented as having recently taken place in some out-of-the-way court, of a certain farmer who had also illegally closed a right of way, and confirmed it in like manner with a big bull-dog, which had bitten a child. All manner of antiquated law-dust was copiously sprinkled in the speech of the judge, and the heinousness of keeping a savage dog was clearly proved from PLOWDEN, BRAXTON, and other familiar legal works. But the judge also admitted that the testimony had amply established an almost angelic goodness of character in other respects for the accused. He had given annually nine-tenths of his goods to the poor, was a model father, a pattern husband, a perfect son, and the very *ne plus ultra* of every thing in all things — save only in keeping a vicious dog. In consequence of this being his only offence of any description, the judge declared that he would be *very* lenient and inflict the mildest penalty possible, consistent with duty; that is to say, he should simply sentence him to *transportation for seven years!*

'Dashing down his beer, smashing his pipe, and dropping his paper, the old fellow ran home, shot his dog, and demolished with hasty blows the fence, and so ends the tale.'

LISTENING, on a recent memorable evening, to the sweet air of one of DEMPSTER's popular songs, as it floated over the moon-lit waters of beautiful Lake George, we could not choose but think of what our friend LONGFELLOW once said in relation to the

music and execution of this charming, unaffected vocalist: 'WEBSTER,' said the poet, 'once said of England, that she surrounded the world with one continuous strain of martial music; but DEMPSTER does something much better: he encircles it with the songs of peace: he goes about doing good; lightening, as it were, and refreshing the soil about the flowers of life.' Whosoever the reader may be, when he peruses this tribute, if Mr. DEMPSTER is singing in his vicinity, let him attend his concert, and hear

'WHETHER or no  
This thing be so.'

By-the-by, 'speaking of music,' Mr. SAMUEL C. JOLLIE, who publishes the most beautiful music we ever saw, has sent us the following popular productions: '*Foster's Lily Waltz*,' with an exquisite lily-vignette title, that is itself worth the price of the music; '*Echo of the Valley*,' a brilliant waltz, dedicated to Mrs. DAVID H. LITTLE, of Cherry-Valley, and containing a good view of that pleasant village, looking from the west; '*A sequel to 'The Cavalier*,' as sung by Miss MARY TAYLOR; '*Merwin's Grand March*,' as performed by the Cleveland Brass Band; and BLOOMFIELD'S '*Island Schottische*.' . . . A CORRESPONDENT of the '*Tribune*' daily journal, writing from Lake George, pays a deserved tribute to the unsurpassed attractions of the scenery, and to the excellence of the 'Lake-House,' one of the best-kept watering place inns in this country. We annex a passage or two from the communication of 'A GOTHAMITE' to which we have allusion:

'We left the caravansera of the United States Hotel at Saratoga early in the morning of a glorious August day. We were fresh and vigorous with rest, we were animated with hope, and we saw the hills gradually rising before us; a scene to the full as beautiful as that which gladdened the eyes of 'ABRAHAM the son of ABENESSER.' We rolled swiftly on to the Morran-station, where we took the plank-road, and BLANCHARD'S pleasant coaches, for Lake George, that most beautiful of all the misty beautiful scenes of our noble State. In an hour and a half of delightful riding, during which the dim-mist 'Green Mountains' of Vermont and the undulating hills of Washington county were all the while in sight, we alighted at SHERRILL'S 'Lake-House,' so greatly improved and renovated that we did not know the place. The superb parlor and new rooms erected by the proprietor leave nothing to be desired in that unsurpassed establishment; unsurpassed, I mean, for true comfort, for abundant and luxurious living, and for the matchless scenery of bright water and mountains near and far, whose braided and commingled shadows chance into a different beauty with every hour of the day. I sailed in the fleet '*Geylord Clark*,' bearing the colors of your friend 'Old KICK;,' I caught bass and perch by the 'fifties;,' I inveigled the shy trout from the streams that pour their silver volume into the lake; I visited Fort George and 'Bloody Pond,' and dwelt in a long reverie upon the sanguinary scenes of a by-gone time. May they never come again! For,

'Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers  
And pools of blood, the earth hath stood aghast;  
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers  
And ruddy fruits.'

'I saw '*Cix livin' Live Rutil Snax from Tung Mounting*,' and held the red hat-ribbons of a fair and gentle lady over the glass cover, which provoked them to coil, and emit from their rattles that sound which is so much like the noise made by locusts; and presently, with flattened heads and tongues blue-quivering, they threw back their jaws, and struck up at the offensive crimson. The whole under-surface of the glass was covered with spots of their poison thus emitted. 'Wake snakes,' and then get out of their way!"

THE advice and example herein set forth are from the pen of an old and genial friend, who follows, and is, and does, precisely what he describes:

'TOIL not for fame, nor a sounding name,  
Strive not for wealth nor power;  
Whoso clings to these faithless things,  
Is cheated every hour.

'I'd spend my life away from strife,  
With my wife and children dear;  
I'd have a cot in a sheltered spot,  
And a pleasant neighbor near.

'I'd work each day in a quiet way;  
I would read, and write, and talk;  
And I'd sometimes ride by the river's side,  
Or enjoy an evening walk.

'I'd do what good so'er I could,  
Regardless of praise or blame;  
And when at last my days are past,  
Have my children do the same. J. B. S.

THERE is a report quite current in town that the yacht '*America*,' built in New-York, has beaten the British Royal Yacht Squadron out of sight. 'Can't be true,

can it?' They say, too, that the American commodore tried to secure a wager of fifty thousand dollars, that he could out-sail any yacht-craft in Great-Britain, and couldn't get it. But 'pears to us this *must* be a mistake! 'Kaän't *be*, ye kno'!' . . . 'Bore' *us*, 'N. H. J.,' of Wayne county, Indiana?—'not a bit of it!' Your missive is 'booked,' and we should like more such, moreover. . . . GENIO C. SCOTT, in his '*Mirror of Fashion*,' continues to 'set the style' of gentlemen's habiliments at each change of the four seasons. Couldn't the style of his pictured *faces* be changed now and then! They are 'nice-looking' faces, disfigured by nothing that can be called expression. The fall-fashion strikes us as simple and tasteful.

'COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,  
First in her fields, her pioneer of mind,'

is no longer among the living. While the sheets of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER are early passing through the press, it is announced in all the daily journals that 'JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, the preëminent American novelist, expired at his residence, 'Otsego-Hall,' Cooperstown, on the afternoon of Sunday the fourteenth day of September, in the sixty-second year of his age.' In the words of an able contemporary, 'Mr. COOPER rose with the dawn of our literature; and at a period when it had to struggle for a recognition before the tribunals of European opinion, his name was one of the few to which we confidently appealed to substantiate our claims. He has since grown with its growth, and in his list of illustrious books he has left us a noble and imperishable inheritance.' We are promised an authentic sketch of his life, and a condensed but comprehensive review of his great works, by a competent hand, for this Magazine. We may remark here, that there is an elaborate sketch of the life and writings of Mr. COOPER, and a fine portrait, in the April number of the '*International Magazine*.' This sketch he himself regarded as the one which did him the completest justice. It was, as we judge, from the capable pen of Dr. GAISWOLD, long his intimate personal friend. . . . We hope it is not too late, in this glorious month of October, to remind all those who would 'travel by water' along our noble Hudson, that *now* is the time to see the beauties that border that matchless river. Take the swift, the beautiful 'REINDEER' up the great stream, and the sumptuous 'NEW WORLD' 'bock agen.' So shall you see what our river-steamers are; what themes of just pride they are to every New-Yorker—to every American. Is there any thing like them for speed, comfort, luxury?—any thing in the wide world? 'Not by a long shot!' And Captain DE GROOT, with his right hand man PATTERSON, and Captain ACKEN, (although young, yet 'remembered of old' by all voyagers on the river), and his courteous sub-officers—they too will exemplify the combined excellence of native steamers with native officers. Town-reader, metropolitan or transient, *go up and down the Hudson in our October!* You will never regret nor forget the passage during this 'Sabbath of the year.' . . . LAWYERS are a grave, sedate race when 'on duty,' but 'out of court' we know of no class who cultivate the humorous more assiduously, and we may add, more effectively. Read the following, for example, sent us by 'one of 'em:'

'In one of the western counties of the 'down east' State, there 'waved' many years ago, and for many years, an artillery company, famous in all the country side for its parades and sham-fights. To see the Paris Artillery of a 'trainin'-day was 'an aim and an achievement.' In the time of the last war with England its meetings were frequent and exciting. Lieutenant J—, remembered for his love of liquor, hate of the 'Federalists,' and habitual use and misuse of the word '*business*,' was 'balmy' beyond question, when, late in the afternoon of training-day, he was invited by the captain, in accordance with the usage of those days, to take command of the company for a short drill before breaking up. Bracing himself as well as he could against a large elm, he commenced giving orders: 'Fellow-sogers, p'ise sward!' said he. After some



little time he roused himself and repeated, 'P'ise sword!' 'Why, lieutenant, we've been p'ised for five minutes,' exclaimed one of the sergeants. 'Well, the '*bis-ness*' is, keep p'ised!' hircoughed the Lieutenant.

'It was in the same county, in the time of the old Common Pleas Court, that an elderly and garrulous female witness was called to give her testimony in a case before the bench. Her answers to the counsel were so confused and unsatisfactory, that at length the judge (afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court) interfered, and inquired who she had been talking about. 'NANCY KNEELAND, now in *divine presence*,' was the prompt reply.

'At a recent term of the court in an eastern county, J — s H — s, or 'Uncle JEMMY,' as he is familiarly called, was a jurymen. Several actions of H — s, a clock-vender, came on for trial. All the cases, good and bad alike, going against the plaintiff, some one asked 'Uncle JEMMY' how it happened: 'Why,' said he, '*Most all of the jury had some of them clocks!*' There was 'retribution,' moral and legal! At the same term of the court several members of the grand jury, as they went up to the court-house, were in the habit of calling at the shop of the sheriff and taking a 'nip.' Afterward the sheriff was sued before a Justice of the Peace for selling liquor contrary to law, and one of the 'Jurors aforesaid' was called to give his testimony to the fact of buying of the defendant during the term of the court; but he declined to answer on the ground that he had taken an oath to '*keep the secrets of the Grand Jury while in session!*' Among the items in an account sued in the same court is this: '*To repairing one ox, 35.*'

WALKING over the hills to-day, at the Ferry of DOSS, that look down upon the broad Tappan Zee, and the distant shores of the lordly Hudson, holding 'Young KNICK's' little brown hand in ours, as we traversed the faintly-fading fields we began to meditate upon *why* it is, that even the precursors of Autumn are so melancholy. The wind has a different sound in the trees; it *sighs* as 'fall' approaches, and the leaves respond but slightly to its most fervent kiss: moreover, there is a hushed silence in the air which belongs not to Summer. And these outward things beget an irresistible inward sadness: and as we walked, these lines of TENNYSON came to mind:

'TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
To rise from the depth of some divine despair,  
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the fading autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more!'

There are no two sadder words in the English language than 'no more—no more!' . . . It is WASHINGTON IRVING who says, as few but himself could say so well, that 'it is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear dulness to maturity, and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some may be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root, even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation.' . . . THERE was 'once upon a time' an old pilferer 'down east,' upon whom all thefts, far and near, were at once charged, when any loss was discovered. The old fellow bore the universal 'onus' patiently for a time; but finding that in some instances he was suffering for the sins of others, he issued a '*Caution to the Public*,' in the usual form: 'I hereby forbid all persons, from this date, to steal on my account and risk. I am no longer accountable for their trespasses, as I have more than I can answer for of my own!' Slightly *gelid* that, to our conception. . . . OUR theatrical and other kindred notices this month must be 'brief as the poetry of a ring.' At the 'BROADWAY,' our great tragedian, EDWIN FORREST, after a long absence from the stage, has appeared, night after night, to literally *overflowing* houses.

Neither his great powers nor great popularity have at all abated. He is nightly welcomed by 'hands with hearts in them.' The 'BOWERY' is in the full tide of success, with attractions that seem incapable of being resisted; promising not only to return the losses of its indefatigable proprietor and manager, but to secure for him a handsome fortune. NIBLO's, always full, is now 'only more so' every night, 'rain or shine.' MRS. MOWATT's triumphant engagement was followed by that of the always-popular RAVELS; and we hear of several other enticements, equally treasury-filling. BROUGHAM's beautiful theatre, with the new piece of '*John Bull and Brother Jonathan*,' is the '*talk of the town*,' as well as its *resort*; and the 'Chambers-street Theatre,' as we hear, is also well filled with admirers of the old standard attractions of that house. Strangers in the city, and returned citizens, have no lack of dramatic amusements. . . . QUITE a clever little paper is the '*Juvenile Weekly Gazette*' of this city. But study *simplicity*, boys, in your articles. We notice the employment now and then of certain long 'sesquipedalian' words, which are certainly any thing but juvenile. Boys, be boys, as well with your pens as with your

——— 'marbles and kite,  
Your spin-top, and nine-pins and ball.'

You are not philosophers yet. 'When I was a child,' says SAINT PAUL, 'I *spake as a child*.' . . . We propose to get up a series of school-books for new beginners, commencing with the most juvenile 'intellections.' Here is the first reading-lesson: 'HENRY was a bad boy. He lived in the town of Frederick, Maryland. He threw camphene-oil on a dog's tail. The dog ran away, with his tail on fire. He ran into Mr. GEORGE KEPHART's barn. He set fire to the barn. The barn was burnt down, and the hay and corn burnt up. See what comes of being cruel! HENRY was a bad boy.' . . . CAN any body tell us who wrote the following? We heard it sung the other evening to a very charming air, and should like to trace its authorship:

'Give me old music! let me hear  
The songs of days gone by,  
Nor stay thy voice in kindly fear,  
If to thy notes a falling tear  
Should make a mute reply:  
The songs that lulled me on the breast,  
To sleep away the noon,  
Sing on — sing on! I love them best,  
There's witchery in the notes imprint  
With each familiar tune.

'Give me old wine! — its choicest store,  
Drawn from the shady bin;  
Our vineyards shall produce no more  
Such rare strong juice they gave of yore,  
As sparkling lies within;  
This was my grand-sire's chief delight,  
When the day's chase was o'er.  
Fill high! fill high! its treasures bright  
Shall sparkle on our board to-night,  
Though we should drink no more.

'Give me old friends! — the tried, the true,  
Who launched their barks with me,  
And all my joys and sorrows knew,  
As chance's gales the pilgrim blew  
Across the troubled sea:  
Their memories are the same as mine —  
Our loves through life shall last;  
Bring one, bring *all*, your smiles to shine  
Upon our good old songs and wine,  
Like sun-beams from the past!'

DURING the war of 1812 it chanced that an invasion was expected in the town of Lyme, situated at the mouth of the Connecticut river. The 'spirit of the times'

had previously manifested itself in militia gatherings and organizations; and the individual who had undertaken to discipline the rustics in the art of war was one Captain TINKER, who had advanced his company to a high state of 'theoretical practice,' through the aid of broom-sticks and corn-stalks, interspersed here and there with a rusty old 'Queen's-arm.' Well, several ferocious and determined 'parades' were executed, in anticipation of the enemy's advent. Balls were cast, guns scoured, flints picked, and the 'troops' were set to work in digging a trench which should command the entrance of the river, under the supervision of Colonel S——, who was a veteran of the revolution. It was not long before some gun-boats were seen approaching, closely followed by two English frigates; and as they came within range, a shot or two was fired. The 'troops' were all duly entrenched; and thrust through their embankment, the muzzles of two culverins, fully charged with death-dealing matériel, stood 'grinning grim defiance' to foreign invasion, and awaiting the charge. But at this juncture our doughty captain was not to be found. The valiant colonel had ridden up and down the lines in vain in search of him; but at length he espied in the distance a dirt covered head bobbing up and down occasionally from the ground, whose 'continuations' were evidently busily engaged in finding the bottom of a deep hole. In the summer-tide of passion, the colonel rode up to the spot and exclaimed: 'What the devil are you doing in that hole, Captain TINKER? Why are you not at the head of your troops?' 'Troops be d—d!' replied the captain; 'it's their business to take care of *themselves*: this is *my* hole; I dug it last night; and the cursed Britishers can hit me if they kin—let 'em shute! Let the troops git under *their* sand-bank if they don't want to git hit: *they* got one!' Wasn't this an exhibition of the 'better part of valor' in a commanding officer? . . . 'Love at First Sight,' in the March number of the KNICKERBOCKER, was by BULWER, as attributed and editorially doubted. . . . MANY matters, including sights witnessed and enjoyed in a recent trip to Lake George, are embodied in some five pages of 'Gossip,' crowded out of the present number. . . . HERE, by the post-man, come two letters from two little girls at boarding-school in the country. They are '*coming home*!' for their vacation, and are as juicy about the heart as their 'forebears' who will welcome them after their long absence. Little did we once think that we should ever have such fervent aspirations that these *then* 'little people' should be trained up worthily for both worlds! Each was a little baby once; and so were *we*, for that matter, and feel almost like one now—and a crying one at that. Time rolls on so *very* swiftly! . . . 'By the way, KNICK, R U A Q B X P-ditionist?' asks a correspondent. 'Not exactly;' and yet we have certain American sympathies with those who have been deceived and betrayed, of which there is a record, written and 'typed,' in our deferred matter. . . . THAT was a modest request of a correspondent, of whom we had never heard before, and whose asinine hide we couldn't have recognized in a tanyard, to come thirty miles to read a manuscript poem, and 'eat some watermelons.' A' a time, too, when the country was like a huge over-baked pudding, the earth dry as Scotch snuff, and vegetation scorched to a cinder! It was '*no go*' on our part. We had 'mush,' 'water,' and other 'millions,' nearer home—and better company, too, 'spect. . . . THERE is a 'palpable hit' in the following, which we derive from a friend, that will not be lost upon those who condemn such affectations:

\* A JUVILLE PROFESSOR.—The new professor of Teratology in the JUVILLE THACKMURGIC AND AUTOLOGOISTIC COLLEGE, when about lately to take a walk in the fields, borrowed a stick from the professor of Hippopotamology, and said, 'Resolved to perambulate these graminiferous enclosures, and supported by this ligneous auxiliary, I make an exodus from my domicile, in

defiance of multifarious adversaries, anserine and asinine, masculine and feminine, equine and porcine, canine and feline, ursine and vulpine, serpentine and murine, ovine and bovine.' The remaining members of the Jugville faculty, convinced by this and other proofs that their colleague was a man of rare abilities, conferred forthwith on the learned teratologist the degree of A. P., (*Asinivrum Princeps*), that being the highest academical honor which their charter allows them to grant.'

'I SHOULD like you to have seen,' said a friend to us the other day, 'a specimen of a green Yankee who came down the Sound in a Hartford steamer with me. He had never been 'to 'York' before, and he was asking questions of every body on board the boat. However, if he *was* 'green as grass' he was picking up a good deal of information, which will doubtless stand him in good stead hereafter. One of his comparisons struck me as decidedly original: 'Up to Northampton,' said he 'I took breakfast, and they taxed me tew shillin's! 'Twas a pooty good price, but I gin it to 'em. 'Twas *enough*, any way. Well, when I come down to Har'ford, I took breakfast ag'in, next mornin', and when I asked 'em 'How much?' they looked at me and said, 'Half a dollar!!' I looked back at 'em pooty sharp—but I *paid* it; and *arter* I'd paid it, I sot down, and ciphered up inside how much it would cost a fellow to board long at that rate; and I tell you what, I pooty soon found out that 'fore the end of a month it would make a fellow's pocket-book *look as if an elephant had stomped onto it!*' 'SAM SLICK' himself never employed a more striking simile. . . . MANY a bereaved heart will feel the touching tenderness of the '*Dirge*' which ensues, which needs no proof, save that afforded by the lines themselves, that it came from the heart of the writer:

'CHARLIE, darling little CHARLIE,  
Much belov'd, but blighted early,  
Blinding tears our grief are telling,  
As we scan thy narrow dwelling.

'Household echoes, lately ringing  
With the gladness of thy singing,  
Now are silent, or awaken  
To the wail of hearts forsaken.

'While the budding woods were growing,  
Daffodils and pansies blowing,  
Song-birds to their haunts return'g,  
Thou hast gone and left us mourning.

'Mourning for our vanish'd pleasure,  
Mourning for our cherish'd treasure;  
Words of consolation spurring,  
Comfort finding but in mourning.

'To thee baby hearts were clinging,  
Now wit' wordless sorrow wringing,  
He recall'd thee home who gave thee;  
Night was come, and death would have thee.

'So we leave thee here in slumber  
Which no earthly pain can cumber,  
Till the trump of God awake thee,  
Home to CHRIST in bliss to take thee.' w.

AN exceedingly pretty ballad-song has just been published by Mr. SIDNEY PIERSON, bearing the title, '*I bring thee, Love, no Costly Gems.*' The words are by our correspondent, Mr. J. HOWARD WAINWRIGHT, and the music by GEORGE BRISTOW, Esq. *Apropos* of music: as we write, the eminent *cantatrice*, Miss CATHARINE HAYES, is taking the town captive by the exquisite melody and execution of her songs. Her popularity here is even now as 'fixed' a fact as her transcendent merit. . . . '*The New-York Times*' is the title of a new and handsome penny journal, established by HENRY J. RAYMOND, Esq. It is a most ably edited and thorough newspaper, and we predict for it an ultimate success second to no other metropolitan sheet. . . . Thus pleasantly writes 'M. W.:' making us still more to regret the loss of his previous lively and felicitous communication: 'So then it seems that my last letter to you has, with other 'light literature,' been found and converted by some person, who has doubtless helped himself to all the wit done up in that abstracted parcel, and suddenly become the life of the circle in which he moves. If I knew the man, I should not take one step toward bringing him to justice. I feel that he has been already punished; for I can imagine the opinion which he must have formed of himself when he broke open the 'box,' in the shade of his retirement, and found the expected treasure turned, like fairy gold, into a few leaves of an 'Editor's Table.'


Perhaps, if he is a timid man, his condition is still more pitiable, and he is going about among his friends, full of anecdotes which he dare not utter, and of puns which he dare not perpetrate for fear of being detected as a thief! You ask me to repeat that letter, but there is not a shred of it, either original or copy, in existence, and the spirit of controversy which inspired it has passed away. I have a faint, dreamy recollection of some grievous injury received from you in connection with the poet WOLFE; but I freely forgive you both. This lovely frame of mind is not a passing mood of midsummer; nor is it a relaxation of the moral state, produced by the heat of the days and stifling watches of the night, with which we have been lately tried as in a furnace. It is the result of a visit to the country. Mr. FOWLER, the phrenologist, suggests, in his evidence in the BUDLONG case, that the geological position of New-England is by degrees changing the skeletons of the inhabitants and giving their features a peculiar cast. We Dutchmen long ago detected certain stony influences at work upon the hearts of the people of New-England, and the effect of the Plymouth rock alone has been, as we all know, decidedly injurious. It seems, according to Mr. FOWLER's theory, that the same power, mysteriously exhaling from the soil, is now elevating their cheek-bones and permanently lengthening their countenances. There must be some truth in this theory, or else how could my removal from the sandy island of Manhattan to the top of an exceedingly high mountain in a neighboring State affect me as it did in a single month? I felt my intelligence falling day by day, from the high state of cultivation common in New-York, to the fallow condition of the rural mind; and so on, until I had nothing left but a few animal instincts, and a vegetable taste for dew and sunshine. Yet there is, in my experience, no resting place for the soul of man like that same mountain; which lifts one above the busy world, rising serenely as Ararat out of the deluge of life. No young hearts ever soften toward each other in the glare of an evening party as they do beneath the moon which overflows the landscape there with light. In the free wind that blows from field and woodland the trees sparkle all day as if they were carved from emerald, and the sky beyond seems to be set in plates of sapphire between their waving branches. There the bosoms of the young feel a continual thrill, and the full-grown man himself is sometimes lulled into a reverie, and builds a castle in the air. There too people meet and mingle on the most familiar terms, to be scattered in a month over the face of the earth, and become strangers to each other for evermore; and there the tenderest ties are woven in a week, to part some day, as the morning stage leaves the place, and never be united again! There the Philadelphian talks through her pretty nose, and riots in her joyous animal existence, and the southern girl forms her sudden friendships, and makes wild speeches about disunion. There the New-England maiden, ever cool and watchful, reasons herself into a flirtation, and the New-Yorker moves through the scene with her inimitable air of knowledge of the world. For me, especially, there lingers round the place a wondrous charm; a recollection of the supernatural light which made it glorious to my eyes in earlier years; ere 'the sun and the moon were darkened,' and before I knew that childhood and youth were 'vanity.' But my lamp burns faintly in the close air of this September night; the town sends up a haze, seething like a cauldron toward the moon; and the heavens close over the earth, dark and stifling as the vault of a dungeon. Wherefore I wish you a 'Good Night!' . . . 'S. S. C.' of Z —, is most welcome. November will 'tell the tale.' . . . THEY had a grand vocal concert recently at Dayton, (Ohio,) given by Messrs. FABIAN, KLEIN, 'and the for-a-long-time-admired-and-celebrated comical musician, C. KREUGER, not only at New-York, St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati known — no, but listened to in the whole

world with the greatest of pleasures — and he make twenty different faces!' A 'true bill' from the singers' own hand-bill. . . . A VIRGINIA poetess, in a brief poem in the 'Southern Literary Messenger' addressed to two sisters, and entitled '*Coming Home*,' has these effective and felicitous lines:

'Thus o'er the mountains' line of blue  
That framed your first sweet years,  
Ye often saw the picture through  
A haze of yearning tears.  
No home had elsewhere seemed so fair,  
No spot such memories gave;  
Ye had been happy children there,  
There was your mother's grave.

'The girding hills whose depth of blue  
Her eyes such gladness gave,  
Are henceforth consecrate to you —  
Their shadows cross her grave!'

Whoso has returned, after many years, to the place of his birth, and in the absence of all that made it 'home,' finds that only NATURE has not passed away, 'like the early cloud or the morning dew,' will understand and feel this mountain-framed picture. . . . HAD'N'T the critical friend who has discovered a mote or two in the eye of our proof-reader better remove a raft of timber from his own? Guess so. From the marked number of the KNICKERBOCKER which he has sent us, he has certainly picked out a few errors, more *and* less material; but his 'corrections' contain twice the number. He sprinkles in commas with a pepper-box, darkening that which is clear and confounding what he would illustrate. What would our friend 'JOHN WATERS' think of a profusion of commas to indicate, in poetry, a simple cæsural pause, where there was no sort of disjunction of sense? He has twice marked out the first *e* in 'doggerel.' Where does he get his authority for this? He marks a *u* in the first syllable of '*sobriquet*.' What French dictionary does he use? He crosses out an *l* in 'recall,' although the latter is the orthography given by our two standard American orthoëpists. Nevertheless, we thank our correspondent for his 'good intentions,' and shall not be ill-pleased if he chooses to lay down a few more crumbling stones in the infernal pavement. . . . WITHIN two short weeks from 'this present writing,' (September the eighteenth,) will open at the STUYVESANT Institute, Number 659 Broadway, the exhibition of '*Leutze's Grand Picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware*;' a production every way worthy of the high reputation of our great modern American historical painter, from whose gifted pencil it proceeds; a picture in which, in the language of one of the most distinguished art-critics in Germany, 'the artist has depicted the events of the hour in which the destiny of the States of North-America was decided, through the boldness of their courageous, cautious, immortal leader — GEORGE WASHINGTON.' The painting is one of the most perfect of all its eminent creator's efforts. . . . 'KIT KELVIN' has favored us with three numbers of a manuscript-journal published on board the 'BAL TIC' United States' mail-steamer, containing, among many other good things, the '*Trial of Captain Joseph Comstock*' for permitting a north-east wind to blow for six days in succession, to the great discomfort of his passengers. Our old friend and correspondent 'LINCOLN RAMBLE' and HORACE GREELEY took part in the case. A 'curtailed abbreviation' of this marine legal-report will appear hereafter. . . . 'WHAT are these '*Royal Bath Brick*,' that one hears so much about?' asked a gentleman the other day. 'They are the 'bricks,' replied a ready-witted friend, 'that GEORGE the Fourth used to carry 'in his hat' at Bath, his favorite brandy-and-watering place!' . . . A MAN named PRICE has just published a spelling-book, which may be seen at REDFIELD'S. He approached his task as MILTON did the composition of

'Paradise Lost': 'As things have gone on in this way, and the public have suffered, I now undertook, in the fear of God, and looking to HIM for divine assistance, to — write a spelling-book!' . . .  We call especial attention to the *Advertisement of the Thirty-Ninth Volume of the Knickerbocker Magazine*, on the cover of the present number. Our FRIENDS! — will you READ, and ACT? . . . We have an apology to make to our recent correspondents. Never, in a single month, during the last eighteen years, have we received so many good — really good — articles, both in poetry and prose, as now swell our 'Immediately-Accepted' port-folio; representing, we may add, not only matériel from various quarters abroad, from American sources, but communications from every single State in this Union! Each one 'bides its time,' and that time will be an early one. Thanks to our friends, ours is only '*l'embarras des richesses*.' . . . 'Do I understand the counsel for defendant,' asked a very far-western judge, 'to say, that he is about to read his authorities, as against the decision just pronounced from the bench?' 'By no means!' responded the counsel 'aforesaid.' 'I was merely going to show to your honor, by a brief passage which I was about to read from the book which I hold in my hand, what a d — d old fool BLACKSTONE must have been!' 'Oh, ay!' said the judge, not a little elated: 'and there the matter ended.' And here our 'matter' ends for this month.

\*. We have received the following new publications, to some of which we shall 'pay our respects' hereafter: From the enterprising metropolitan house of D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, '*Sun-beams and Shadows, and Buds and Blossoms*,' or 'Leaves from Aunt MINNIE'S Port-Folio,' by GEORGIE A. HULSE; a '*Home is Home*,' a 'Domestic Tale'; ARNOLD'S '*First Latin Book*,' on the OLLENDORFF plan, by ALBERT HARKNESS; and PERKINS' '*Practical Arithmetic*.' From TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, the first and second volumes of *De Quincey's* Writings; 'Poethumous Poems of MOTHERWELL'; Memoirs of the BUCKMINSTERS; and LOWELL'S 'Vision of Sir LAURFAL,' fourth edition: From GOULD AND LINCOLN, '*A Wreath Around the Cross*.' From H. BAILLIÈRE, Number 290 Broadway, '*Festiges of Civilization*,' or the 'Ætiology of History, Religious, Æsthetic, Political, and Philosophical.' From CHARLES SCHNEIDER, '*Vagabonds*,' or 'The Attaché in Spain'; '*The Epoch of Creation*,' or the 'Scripture Doctrine Contrasted with the Geological Theory,' by ELEAZER LORD; with an introduction by RICHARD W. DICKINSON, D.D.; and Willow-Lane Stories, by 'UNCLE FRANK,' illustrated: From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY, of Philadelphia, a beautiful volume of beautiful '*Poems by Mrs. E. H. EAMES*,' with a preface by her eloquent brother, Rev. T. H. STOCKTON: From the BROTHERS HARPER, the recent superbly-illustrated work of BARTLETT, the eminent artist, entitled '*The Nile-Boat*,' or, 'Glimpses of the Land of Egypt.' From E. C. AND J. BIDDLE, Philadelphia, CLEVELAND'S '*English Literature of the Nineteenth Century*.' From PUTNAM, the admirable novel of '*Swallow-Barn*,' by KENNEDY; and two numbers of that tasteful and attractive series, MARY COWDEN CLARKE'S '*Gir'hood of Shakespeare's Heroines*,' 'OPHELIA' and 'CATHARINE AND BIANCA.' From J. W. MOORE, Philadelphia, the first volume of CHAMBERS' '*Papers for the People*,' an excellent series; together with a sketch of the objects and proceedings of the society for the elucidation of '*The Auto-Chthonian History of America*.' WEBSTER'S recent Speeches; F. A. P. BARNARD'S Oration at Tuscaloosa, Alabama; 'Poems and Tales by MARY CAMPBELL'; the 'Christian Examiner: From TROUTMAN AND HAYES, Philadelphia, a superb edition of the '*Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*.' From B. B. MUSSEY AND COMPANY, Boston, '*The Theory of Human Progression*.' From STRINGER AND TOWNSEND, '*Self-Deception, or the History of a Human Heart*,' by Mrs. ELLIS; and '*Curiousities of Medical Experience*,' from PUNCH; and from GOWANS', '*Taylor's Elements of Thought*.' — Among the pamphlet-documents which we have recently received, and which await adequate notice in our next number, are: a '*Report of the American Dramatic Fand Association*,' and the September issue of the '*Philadelphia Art-Union Reporter*.' The first corrects some important misconceptions as to the original founders of a most praiseworthy charity, and sets forth its present prosperous condition; while the second shows the gratifying progress and undeniable success of an institution which is doing much for art and for artists. Our own American Art-Union, as we learn from the best authority, is already in advance of its last year's prospects by the receipts of more than four months. Several superb pictures, both in landscape and historical compositions, we understand, are in progress for our 'ancient and honorable' National Academy; and we learn from Mr. WALCOTT, the president of the 'Artists' Association, that that institution promises to be as flourishing as its best friends could desire. Glad are we that these things are so. Humanizing, refined ART; 'long may it wave!'

# Slander and the Dragon ;

A ROMANCE OF THE HARTZ PRISON.

BY REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON, M. A.  
OF HUNTINGTON, NEW-YORK.

A NEW AND REVERSED EDITION,

With Illustrations. Just published, by SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 Nassau street, and GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 166 Broadway, New-York.

The above is an original and striking Allegory on the subject of Slander. It is very neatly got up, and is sold at Fifty Cents, and may be had of all Booksellers.

## Cuba and the Cubans :

COMPRISING A HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA, ITS PRESENT SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND DOMESTIC CONDITION, AND ITS RELATION TO ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM CUBA."

With an Appendix, containing important statistics, and a reply to Senor Saco on Annexation, translated from the Spanish. Also, a Map of the Island, and its relative situation to the other West India Islands, and different parts of the United States. One Vol., 12mo. Price 75 cents.

SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 Nassau street.

## The Illustrated Domestic Bible.

This beautiful and valuable edition of the Bible is now completed, and may be obtained in various styles of binding, from \$7 to \$10 50.

In addition to the authorized version, this edition of the Bible contains seven hundred Illustrations, three steel Maps, very full References, Reflections, Notes, Questions, Dates for every day in the year, Family Record, Chronological Order, &c.

Agents wanted in every town in the United States.

Address, post paid,

S. HUESTON, 139 Nassau street.

## Agents for the Knickerbocker.

NEW-YORK		ALABAMA	
W. O. Little & Co.,	Albany.	M. Bouliemet,	Mobile.
J. O. Derby & Co.,	Auburn.	George Little,	Montgomery.
T. S. Hawk,	Buffalo.		
CONNECTICUT.		LOUISIANA	
A. H. Maltby,	New-Haven.	J. C. Morgan,	New-Orleans.
VERMONT.		OHIO.	
K. Smith & Co.,	Burlington.	Post & Co.,	Cincinnati.
NEW-JERSEY		INDIANA.	
M. E. Dennis,	Newark.	Perkins & Buckingham,	Terre Haute.
PENNSYLVANIA.		MISSOURI	
W. B. Zieher,	Philadelphia.	E. K. Woodward,	St. Louis.
MARYLAND.		E. B. Post & Co.,	127 North Fourth st., St. Louis.
Wm. Taylor,	Baltimore.		
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		CALIFORNIA.	
Frank Taylor,	Washington.	Cooks & Le Compte,	San Francisco

OF Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by J. B. SMITH, J. T. DENT, JASON TAYLOR, J. W. ARMSTRONG, PERRIN LOCKE, W. RAMSAY, DR. JOSHUA WADSWORTH, ALEXANDER B. LAWE, A. J. SMILEY.

OF Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Ala., is our General Travelling Agent for ALA BAMA and TENNESSEE, assisted by B. B. BRETT.

OF Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 123 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our General Travelling Agent for the SOUTHERN and SOUTH-WESTERN States, assisted by WM. H. WELD, JOHN COLLINS, JAMES DEERING, A. KIRK WELLINGTON, E. A. EVANS, P. LOCKE, JOS. BUTTON, JOHN T. JUDKINS, GEO. P. BUTTON, and THOMAS D. NICH.



# PROSPECTUS OF THE THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME.

## GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

THE

# Knickerbocker Magazine,

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

will commence its THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME with the number for January, 1852.

The subscription price for the KNICKERBOCKER will be reduced from FIVE DOLLARS to THREE DOLLARS, on and after the first day of January next.

The change is made for a reason precisely the reverse of that which ordinarily induces a Publisher to lower the rates of his Magazine. This is usually done because the publication cannot be sustained at its original rate, which is consequently reduced with the hope of extending its circulation. This is followed invariably by a deterioration of the work, in all its departments, and in every thing relating to it. Indeed it may be laid down as a rule, in the conducting of a Magazine, that if the original price will not remunerate for its publication, it is only going from bad to worse to reduce that price.

The KNICKERBOCKER at the present time enjoys a larger subscription list, and pays better, than it ever did before; and of the twenty years of its existence, the present year has been the most prosperous.

The Publisher is now in a situation, in consequence of the condition of the Magazine, to offer it for THREE DOLLARS per annum.

With this reduction there will be no change in its form, size, character or quality, except a change always continued *for the better*; for it will improve on the past, maintaining the position so long awarded to it.

### TERMS :

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

THERE WILL BE NO DEVIATION FROM THIS CONDITION.

To Clubs of Ten, \$2.50 each.

Booksellers and Postmasters are requested to act as agents. Those who will undertake to procure subscribers will receive favorable terms. Specimen numbers will be sent gratis on application post-paid.

All remittances and all business communications must be addressed to SAMUEL HURSTON, 139 Nassau street, New-York.

# ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. A GLIMPSE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, . . . . .	477
II. NUT-SHELLS: A POEM. BY RUFUS HENRY BACON, . . . . .	488
III. SEEKING DINNER UNDER DIFFICULTIES. BY FRANCIS COPCUTT, . . . . .	493
IV. STANZAS: TO MY WIFE, . . . . .	508
V. LA BELLA ENTRISTECIDA. BY RICHARD HAYWARDE, . . . . .	503
VI. CROSSING THE BORDER. BY SAMUEL S. COXE, . . . . .	504
VII. THE ISLE OF LIFE: A FRAGMENT, . . . . .	512
VIII. THE JACOBIN OF PARIS. FROM 'HISTORIC FANCIES,' . . . . .	513
IX. HEARTS OF OAK. IN TWO 'PARTS.' PART SECOND, . . . . .	515
X. ASHUELOT RIVER: A SONG, . . . . .	525
XI. LINES WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIES. BY WASHINGTON CHILTON, . . . . .	526
XII. SKETCH-BOOK OF ME, MEISTER KARL, . . . . .	527
XIII. STANZAS: AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE, . . . . .	534
XIV. THE FAIR BOY LEONATUS. BY R. H. STODDARD, . . . . .	536
XV. SOME ACCOUNT OF SMITH, . . . . .	537
XVI. THE INDIAN MAID. BY E. FLORIBUS URUM, ESQ., . . . . .	541

## LITERARY NOTICES:

1. ESSAYS BY RICHARD HENRY DANA, . . . . .	548
2. THE EPOCH OF CREATION. BY ELEAZAR LORD, . . . . .	546
3. OUTLINES OF A SYSTEM OF MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHY, . . . . .	547
4. THE LADIES OF THE COVENANT, . . . . .	549

## EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. MORE 'LAST WORDS' FROM CARL BENSON, . . . . .	550
2. UNDER THE OWL. NUMBER ONE, . . . . .	551
3. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, . . . . .	552

1. LADY-LIFE IN CALIFORNIA: SCENES IN SAN FRANCISCO: THE GREAT FIRE. 2. THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR THE OCTOBER QUARTER. 3. GOSSIP FROM INDIANA: WILLIAM DELANEY PATTON, THE MILITARY ORATOR: CHAPMAN, THE POLITICAL 'SON OF THUNDER.' PUCKETT, THE LEGAL EMMETT. 4. 'FASHIONABLE' PREACHERS AND 'CRACK CHURCHES.' 5. VISIT TO THE ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND: PORTAL ADDRESS TO MR. DEMPSTER, THE DISTINGUISHED SCOTCH-THORN VOCALIST: A FEW HOME REFLECTIONS. 6. PSEUDO-NOTICES BY FOREIGN JOURNALS OF TRASHY WORKS, WITH SPECIMENS. 7. A CONSULTATION OF THE STARS. 8. 'LET 'EM PASS!'—A WORD FOR 'H——.' 9. A NEW WORK BY 'SHELLEY.' 10. BONHOMIE OF THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PRESS, WITH EXAMPLES. 11. NEW-YORK GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS. 12. AUTHORSHIP OF 'GIVE ME OLD MUSIC,' ETC. 13. UNIVERSALITY OF KISSES: LINES 'TO MARIE.' 14. 'HISTORIC FANCIES': A GRAPHIC PICTURE: CANZON FROM THE SPANISH. 15. 'PREACHING A FUNERAL' IN NORTH CAROLINA. 16. DOGGETT'S NEW-YORK DIRECTORY AND 'POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC' FOR 1852. 17. DEATH OF JOHN NEILSON, JR. 18. THE ADVENT OF WINTER: 'SUMMER IN THE HEART.' 19. MEETING IN HONOR OF THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JAMES FENIMORE COOPER: LETTER FROM HON. EDWARD EVERETT: LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ. 20. 'THE LITTLE FLIRT.' 21. 'HONOR TO WHOM HONOR': THE KOSKUTH FUND. 22. THE 'JERSEY DUTCH': A SKETCH OF 'DAYS GONE BY.' 23. 'ETHIOPIAN MUSIC' ABOUT THE SANCTUM. 24. VISIT WITH THE 'LITTLE KNICKS' TO SING-SING STATE PRISON. 25. 'LOCOMOTIVE' DECLARATION, BY THE 'RIVER-BARD.' 26. GENIN'S 'FREE ACADEMY IN 'ROADWAY.' 27. NIGHT STORM IN AUTUMN. 28. 'LOCO-FOCOS' IN A NEW CHARACTER. 29. CUMMING'S 'SCHOOL OF DESIGN.' 30. 'BACK-STREAMS OF WINDSOR,' ENGLAND: A CHERISHED MEMENTO. 31. DOUBTFUL SCRIPTURE CHRONOLOGY. 32. A FEW COMMON THOUGHTS ON 'COMMON THINGS.' 33. TAYLOR'S 'INDICATIONS OF THE CREATOR.' 34. 'CONFESSING THE 'APE.' 35. 'COMPENSATIONS' OF THE SUMMER-OLSTICE. 36. THE SOUL'S EYES: AN 'OMNIBUS CHAT.' 37. BANK-NOTE LITERATURE. 38. FURDEN'S GREAT IRON FACTORY, NEAR TROY. 39. TRIUMPH OF THE YACHT 'AMERICA': 'ENOUGH SAID': OUR OCEAN CLIFFERS AND STEAMERS: MR. GEORGE PLATT, THE NEW-YORK ARCHITECT AND DE ORATOR. 40. ORIGINAL CHARACTERISTIC LETTER FROM CHARLES LAMB. 41. 'THE DICKINSON HOUSE' AT CORNING. 42. 'ENGLISH LITERARY HONESTY': THEFTS FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER. 43. A SOLEMN THOUGHT. 44. IMPROVEMENTS IN THE 'OLD GUARD' OF OUR CITY PRESS. 45. A TRICK 'SCOTCH PINT.' 46. THE AMERICAN MUSEUM. 47. A WORD TO PUBLISHERS. 48. 'DREAM-LAND BY DAY-LIGHT.' 49. TO CORRESPONDENTS, ETC. 50. 'SOME ACCOUNT OF SMITH,' ETC.

---

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1891, BY  
SAMUEL HUESTON,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

---

1853 Jan 8 *Aut of*  
*Lane, Parker 223 of Bula*

## THE KNICKERBOCKER.

---

VOL. XXXVIII. NOVEMBER, 1851.

No. 5.

---

### A GLIMPSE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

THE imagination of the poet, which has pictured to us sunny climes where the blasts of winter are unknown, where the earth is clothed in perennial verdure, and man lives in communion with a bountiful nature, that ministers to all his wants, without toil, were perhaps never more nearly realized than in the Sandwich Islands, before adventure drew to their shores civilized man. Although these islands are situated in the tropics, the ardor of the sun's rays is so tempered by the cool breezes which blow over the vast expanse of waters by which they are surrounded, that they enjoy a climate of one perpetual spring, where the verdure never fades, and the flowers never cease to bloom.

Before civilization engrafted upon these islanders wants and vices which were before unknown to them, their existence was as peaceful, as happy, and as free from all corroding cares and perturbations, as the human mind that looks no farther than mere physical enjoyment could desire. Their wants were few, and nature supplied those wants almost without the curse, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' The root of the taro plant yielded an abundant and excellent substitute for bread, with but little labor; the sea offered up a bounteous supply of the most delicious fish; and a variety of exquisite fruits grew in wild luxuriance throughout the country. The inner bark of a species of mulberry, macerated in water, and pounded out with a wooden hammer, supplied the tapa cloth, out of which they formed their primitive costume, which consisted principally in a simple robe, and the 'maro;' the latter formed out of a strip of cloth about two and a half yards long and six inches wide, which they twisted round the waist and under the crotch.

Their pleasures were few and simple. During the day they repaired to the sea, with their surf-boards, composed of a plank of light wood, six

feet in length and eighteen inches in width, and sported amid the roar of the foaming breakers that dashed upon their shore; and when the evening arrived, the song and the dance gladdened their hearts, until the hour of repose drew near.

But these primitive customs have been gradually passing away, since the first discovery of the islands. Admixture with foreigners has taught them new wants and new vices, and in a few years more not a vestige of their ancient habits will remain. The advancement of civilization has been greater in some of the islands than in others. This is especially the case with Oahu, whose principal town, Honolulu, is the residence of the court, and the principal commercial port of the islands. In Hawaii, however, the case is different. Here the natives have mingled much less with foreigners, and still retain much of their original simplicity.

These beautiful islands, from the productiveness of their soil and the salubrity of their climate, hold out great inducements to the enterprising, especially at the present time, when they are brought comparatively near to us by the acquisition of California, and by rapid steam communication. By reason of this proximity they must inevitably undergo a rapid change, and it may not be uninteresting to the readers of this Magazine to take a glimpse at them, ere civilization has swept away the last vestige of their primitive habits.

Having arrived in California some time after the discovery of the gold mines, in a government vessel, and having been unavoidably detained there for more than a year, I was much rejoiced when the news was promulgated that our ship was to be dispatched to the Sandwich Islands. No one can conceive of the discomforts of a new country, suddenly overrun with an influx of strangers, but one who has had some personal experience in the matter. The tide of adventure flowed toward San Francisco in one continued stream; and the number of houses being too small to accommodate the sudden increase of population, a vast number were obliged to encamp out, exposed to all the vicissitudes of a very disagreeable climate. Every man was obliged to be his own cook and valet, unless he was fortunate enough to find some one who would condescend to serve him for one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Provisions of all kinds were scarce and exorbitant, and vegetables could not be procured at any price; for no one thought of putting a spade into the ground for agricultural purposes, when he could dig up virgin gold with the same labor.

Owing to this scarcity of vegetables, scurvy was very prevalent throughout the country, and the crew of our ship was likewise suffering severely with that disease. Under these circumstances, it was a happy day when the anchor went up to our bows, and we spread our sails for the islands. A fair wind soon wafted us far from El Dorado, and desponding faces put on a cheerful aspect, and even the feeble and sick appeared to rally a little with the bright prospect before them of revelling for a while in the delightful climate of the islands.

One day during the voyage, as I was sitting upon a shot-locker, between two of the guns on the main-deck, musing upon all the discomforts I had escaped and the pleasures in store for me, my thoughts were interrupted by the sail-maker's gang, who brought down an old main-sail that, after

long service, was unfit for farther use, and had been condemned to be cut up. While the men were awaiting the arrival of the sail-maker, to receive orders how to proceed, I began to reflect upon the selfishness and cruel ingratitude of man, so soon to be exemplified in the worn-out canvas before me; but in the midst of my reflections I fell asleep. I had hardly closed my eyes when I thought I saw the sail-maker arrive, and heard him give orders to his men to cut the stops and unroll the sail, preparatory to its demolition. But just at this moment a plaintive voice, apparently from the interior of the sail, caused the men to pause in their operations, as if spell-bound. 'Spare me, Mr. Sail-maker! spare my old worn-out body,' said the voice. 'Have pity upon my old age, for I have been to you and hundreds of others a true and faithful friend. In fair weather and in foul weather I have spread my bosom to the breeze for your sake; night and day have I been at my post, never taking rest while a breath of air ruffled the bosom of the ocean; and now, when worn out by hard service, and no longer fit for active duty, I think I am in justice entitled to some consideration. I beseech you, do not disgrace me by mutilating my frail body, and applying it to mean and vile purposes, but put me carefully away in some snug corner of your sail-room, until we arrive at home, and then let me be transferred to the sail-loft where I was born, there to doze away the remainder of my existence in peace and quietness.' The sail-maker, who had listened to this harangue with manifest impatience, no sooner heard it brought to a close, than he gave a hasty signal to his men to proceed with their work. The bustle that ensued awoke me from my nap, and I opened my eyes in time to behold the old sail demolished. Its reef-cimbals, clews and toggles were first carefully removed, to be applied to a new sail; then its foot-ropes, leech-ropes, head-ropes, etc., etc., were torn off, to be unwound and spun into smaller ropes, or made into swabs for wiping up the decks; and lastly, the old worn-out canvas was cut into pieces and strips, of all manner of shapes and sizes, to be applied to a thousand odd jobs about the ship.

After a delightful passage of fifteen days, we made the island of Hawaii, and came to anchor in Byron's Bay, on its eastern side, early in the afternoon. This island is renowned for its great crater of Kilauea, and for its having been the scene of the murder of Captain Cook, the discoverer of the group. Before the sails were furled, the ship was surrounded by more than fifty canoes, filled with natives, and freighted with poultry and vegetables. Such a chattering, and such shouts of laughter, my ears were never before saluted with; they all appeared to have gone crazy with joy, and to have lost all control over themselves. The arrival of a man-of-war in their waters is as good as a gold mine to them. It sweeps off all their pigs, chickens and turkeys, and all the produce of the soil, which they cannot consume themselves, and gives them the mighty dollar in exchange, which appears to be as much appreciated here as it is in more civilized countries.

The view of the shore from the anchorage was charming. Toward the south, as far as the eye could reach, a verdant plain was spread out before me, whose shores were washed by the ocean; and to the north-west the land rose gradually toward the interior, until far inland the snow-capped summits of Mounaloa and Mounakea reached an elevation of

nearly sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Along the shore, the cocoa-nut tree waved its feathery branches to the refreshing trade-wind, and the thatched roofs of the village of Hilo peeped here and there from among the deep foliage in which they were imbedded; while just beyond, the landscape was occasionally studded with fields of the coffee-plant and waving sugar-cane.

I landed upon the beach opposite the town, in the mouth of a beautiful little stream, called Waia-loa, which, rising a short distance from the coast, supplies the royal fish-ponds, and then empties into the bay. No sooner had I set foot on shore, than I was surrounded by a crowd of natives, some of whom were leading very good-looking horses, which they pressed me to hire. I declined the offers of several, who, in half-English, half-Kanaka, asked me to give their steeds a trial. Some of my companions, however, who were desirous of testing their mettle, mounted forthwith, and set out toward the village at full speed. But they did not go far before they found their beasts were given to the vile practices of stumbling, shying and balking; several were thrown before they had advanced more than a few hundred yards, but their fall being upon the sandy beach, they escaped without injury.

I was much diverted with the costumes of the natives who followed me in my walk. Some were entirely naked, with the exception of the 'maro,' heretofore described; some had on only a shirt, or a piece of tapa cloth, covering the back and breast, and extending down as far as the knees; others a jacket or straw hat, as the sole article of dress. Proceeding along the beach, I soon arrived at the mouth of another little stream called Wai-Kama, which I crossed in a canoe that was very civilly offered to me by one of the natives; after which, a short walk brought me to the edge of the village.

Hilo contains about eight or nine hundred inhabitants, but as the houses are much scattered and surrounded by a dense tropical vegetation, the dwellings for the most part are hidden from the view entirely, or their thatched roofs only are seen peeping up from their verdant nests. This peculiarity, together with the quietude that reigns around, gives a rural air to the place, which is quite inviting to one who has been long subjected to the confinement and monotony of a life on board ship. Indeed, the waving branches of the trees and the rustling of the green leaves, stirred by the refreshing sea-breeze, together with the perfume of sweet-scented flowers that filled the air, produced in me sensations indescribably pleasing; sensations that no one can realize who has not been long absent from these natural companions of man's existence.

Strolling through the village and surrounding country, I passed many very pleasant days in visiting the habitations of the natives, and witnessing their primitive mode of life. Their houses are constructed after a very simple method. A square spot is cleared and marked out, of the size requisite for the building; then rough posts, formed out of saplings, are placed in the ground, a short distance from each other; around this, and upon the top of these, rafters are secured. The frame as it thus stands is then thatched with the leaf of the pandanus tree, the sugar-cane, and fern. The cane and fern are used for the roof, and the pandanus leaf for the sides. A door in front and one in the rear afford light and air to the

occupants, the purely native houses having no windows. One-third of the interior is occupied by a rough staging, about a foot and a half high, covered with several layers of mats, and screened off by a curtain of tapa cloth or calico; this is the common bed for the whole family.

Their household utensils are as simple as their houses. Calabashes of different shapes and sizes supply the place of iron and crockery ware, so that their tubs, bowls, pitchers, plates, etc., may be said to grow upon the same vine. They require no utensils for their simple cookery, for this is prepared by a baking process under heated stones. The principal articles of their diet consist of fish and the root of the taro. The first, before cooking, is enveloped in several layers of large leaves, well secured at each end; and the last is simply baked and eaten as the potato, or after baking is mashed up, kneaded out, and mixed with water, in a large calabash, until it becomes of the consistency of mush. In this state it is called 'Poi,' and is the national dish of the country.

To see the avidity with which this is consumed, one would suppose it to be the most palatable food in existence. It was quite diverting to behold a half-dozen or a dozen natives gathered round a large calabash of this article, and to witness with what surprising rapidity each one in his turn would dip two fingers of the right hand into the vessel, and convey a large portion to his mouth, which was held wide open for its reception. To give a zest to this repast, a little salt fish, or salt water, is usually at hand, of which each occasionally partakes.

Wherever I went I was greeted with smiling faces, and received the national salutation of 'Aloha,' or welcome; and I scarcely ever remember to have passed a house without having been invited to enter. I almost invariably found the family to be very numerous in proportion to the size of the domicile. They were generally quite unoccupied, some lolling about the mat floor, others fast asleep under a piece of tapa cloth. As soon as I was seated, the female part of the household, with the natural curiosity of the sex, usually approached to scrutinize the dress and appearance of the 'Karhouri,' or stranger. They would examine me from head to foot with the utmost particularity, every now and then exclaiming, 'Maiki!' pretty, when they noticed any thing which met with their approbation.

The young girls, though a little dark, were often quite handsome, and usually very interesting. Their glossy raven hair, falling unconfined upon the shoulders, and frequently curling in natural ringlets; their dark lustrous eyes, as soft as a gazelle's, and full of expression; their teeth of matchless whiteness and regularity, embellished faces that appeared only to know how to smile. And the villainous dress which civilization has placed upon their backs, consisting of a single loose gown, unconfined at the waist, could not altogether hide their fine figures and well-turned limbs, which they appeared very fond of displaying to the best advantage. But the charms of these island beauties last only for a short period; a few years after puberty, the sylph-like form of the girl changes to the gross *embonpoint* of the woman, and the features become coarse and masculine.

Indolence appears to be the besetting sin of the natives. Their wants being few, they have no motive for exertion, and hence the greater part of their time is passed in listless idleness. And not until their wants,



either real or artificial, are more numerous, and it requires exertion to satisfy them, will civilization make much progress, and intelligence be propagated to any extent among these islanders; for labor appears to be the natural stimulus to the energies of man—the first link; as it were, in the chain which advances him in the scale of being.

At the edge of the village is the beautiful little river Wai-Rouka, which, descending rapidly over its rocky bed, through wild and picturesque mountain-passes, forms two beautiful cascades just before it empties itself into the ocean. The stream above and below these cascades is the common bathing-place for the whole village. From early dawn until evening, it is thronged with swimmers of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes; some of whom are seen sporting like so many porpoises in their natural element, some diving from cliffs twenty or thirty feet high, while others are reclining upon the rocks and basking themselves in the broiling hot sun.

But the greatest diversion here, especially among the young girls, was to plunge into the stream above, and allow themselves to be swept down by the rapids over the cascade. Whether this preference was caused by a species of savage coquetry, arising from a desire to display their sylph-like forms to the best advantage, I will not pretend to say; but certainly these island beauties, as free from the incumbrance of dress as was their mother Eve before the fall, appeared to be highly pleased when they attracted particular attention.

I often passed an idle hour sitting upon the banks of Wai-Rouka, witnessing the graceful movements of these Naiads, as they fearlessly sprang into the stream, were swept down over the rocks by the boiling rapids with the speed of a race-horse, until arriving at the edge of the cascade they were launched off into the white foam; then plunged into the calm deep basin below, and, still visible, sank down, down through the crystal waters, until suddenly rising again to the surface, they shook the diamond shower from their flowing tresses, swam toward the precipitous rocky walls that shut in the stream on each side, nimbly clambered up their sides, and joyously returned to perform the same feat over again.

Wai-Rouka, arising in the snow-capped summit of Mounakea, is beautifully picturesque along its whole length. Gathering volume as it descends in its rapid course toward the lowlands, it is seen rushing through deep ravines, boiling over rocky beds, spreading out into placid basins, and tumbling over huge precipices, until it empties itself into the ocean. Its most celebrated fall, 'Ka-wai-anue-nue,' or the Rainbow-Cascade, so called from the numerous rainbows formed in its spray, is about two miles from the village. Here two broad sheets of water, separated a few feet by a verdant knoll, tumble over a precipice of one hundred feet, and joining quickly in their descent, spread out into one sheet of silvery foam, which falls into a calm basin below, surrounded by lofty banks which are covered by the rudest and most luxuriant vegetation. From this elevated spot there is a fine view of the village and bay, as well as of three extinct craters, just back of the former, which are now clothed in verdure, and present the appearance of three regularly-formed colossal mounds, placed in a row.

The ancient custom of eating raw fish is still continued in this island;

nor is it confined only to the lower class of people. I had an opportunity of being an eye-witness to this, for while strolling out one evening a short distance from the village, I was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and took refuge in a chief's house, near at hand. Here I found a party consisting of about twenty individuals, squatted upon the mat floor, and feasting upon raw shrimp and 'poi,' which was served up in calabashes, as is the usual custom. As I entered the house, the governor of the island was about taking leave, doubtless well filled with the delicious repast. Dogs are also eaten, and considered a great delicacy.

During my stay I was invited to a dinner, after the native fashion, given by Mr. P——, an American, who has resided for many years upon this island, and whose kindness to strangers is only equalled by his hospitality. The dinner was given at his country-house, a few miles from the village, and was served up under the umbrageous boughs of a grove of bread-fruit trees. Every article was prepared *à la* 'Kanaka;' that is, first enveloped in leaves, and then baked among heated stones, covered up with earth. Our fare consisted of fish, pig, chickens, turkeys, etc., etc.; but the most curious dish of all was a baked dog! No vulgar cur, I assure the reader, but of a species peculiar to the island, which are reared with the delicacy of an infant, and fed upon 'poi,' until considered in good condition for eating. I must say that the idea of eating dog was somewhat revolting to me at first, but seeing others partake with great relish, my curiosity got the better of my stomach, and as I thought in all probability it might be the only opportunity I would ever have of tasting such a delicacy, I soon had a goodly slice smoking on my plate. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,' for I soon found doggy very tender, very juicy, and most delightfully cooked.

Before closing my remarks on Hawaii, I cannot refrain from mentioning the names of the Rev. Mr. Coan and the Rev. Mr. Lyman, American missionaries, from whom I, as well as my associates, received the kindest attention during our stay. It was a beautiful sight to behold these voluntary exiles from their native land, far removed from the turmoil of the busy world, its vanity and ambition, devoting themselves body and mind to the spreading of the religion of the cross among these poor islanders. Although their abodes were humble, they were nevertheless the scene of contentment and happiness. Their wives share with them their exile, and lighten the dull monotony of their changeless life, and smiling children are rising up around them, who perhaps in some future day will be ready to carry out the good work their fathers have commenced. Mr. Coan is the pastor of Hilo, and has likewise several parishes in the interior under his charge, all of which he visits at stated periods, performing the journey on foot, which is not a light task in this climate.

Mr. Lyman devotes his attention principally to a native school, where about fifty boys are instructed in the usual branches of a common education, and are taught to relinquish their old habits, and conform to the usages of civilized life. The latter circumstance is calculated to be of more benefit to the cause of civilization than at first might be supposed. Constrained by example and precept at an early age to conform to the customs and usages of enlightened nations, these youths form habits which are carried with them when they have finished their studies, and

return to their homes, in different parts of the island, where they become nuclei of light to those around them, diffusing their knowledge more or less, according to the influence they are capable of exerting in their spheres.

THE day appointed for our departure from Hilo having arrived, we were all obliged to be on board at an early hour, and our ship was immediately placed under sailing orders, which in a man-of-war completely severs all communication with the shore. The wind, however, did not prove favorable on that day for clearing the mouth of the harbor, at the entrance of which is a large shoal. The day after it still continued in the same quarter, and for seven successive days thereafter we were obliged to do penance on board ship, in sight of the charming scenes where we had been revelling for several weeks.

Some of the gentler sex took pity on our imprisonment, and swam off to pay us a visit of condolence. As they were not permitted to come on board, they played around us for several hours, delighting the crew with their easy and graceful movements through the water, and the dexterity which they showed in diving for buttons or pieces of money. If any article was thrown overboard, they darted after it with such rapidity that they always got beneath it in its descent through the water, and invariably caught it in their two hands, held out close together for its reception. Some time afterward I learned that when these poor girls returned on shore they were arrested and imprisoned in the calaboose. Their kind-heartedness toward the 'Karhouries' had induced them to break one of Kamehameha's laws, which prohibits women from visiting ships, unless by special permission from the authorities.

On the eighth day of our detention, the wind came out fair, and at seven o'clock in the evening we lifted our anchor, and stood for Lahaina, island of Maui. All the following day we skirted along the north-eastern coast of Hawaii, near enough to have a fine view of its picturesque scenery, embellished with numerous silvery cascades, foaming over its precipitous cliffs, and tumbling into the ocean. Many of these cascades had a fall of several hundred feet, and one of them, which possessed the greatest volume of water, was judged to be at least eight hundred feet in height.

On the morning of the second day after our departure, we entered the 'Pailola' passage, between the islands of Maui and Molakai, and at meridian came to anchor off the town of Lahaina, which is upon the first-named island. Lahaina, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, is situated at the foot of a range of mountains, which, rising gradually from south to north, reach an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The northern part of the range is broken by gorges of several hundred feet in depth, with nearly perpendicular walls. These mountains are quite destitute of vegetation, and if they were not in some measure relieved by the verdure of the gardens in the town, and the cocoa groves along the shore, the place would present a truly desolate appearance. I was only enabled to take a glimpse at Lahaina, for our stay was so short that I could make but one trip to the shore.

I visited the royal palace, the residence of his Hawaiian Majesty before

the removal of the court to Honolulu. This is an extensive building, in the form of a parallelogram, surrounded with balconies, and constructed out of a species of coral rock, a very handsome and durable building material. The American mission church also attracted my attention. This is beautifully situated on the border of the royal fish-pond, approached on one side through a lofty cocoa-nut grove, and surrounded by fine umbrageous trees. This edifice appeared entirely out of place in this spot; in fact it looked so American, that it occurred to me that if by some magic power it could be wafted over sea and land, and set down in one of our country villages, no one would be able to tell it from a bona fide Yankee meeting-house.

Lahaina is a great resort for whalers at certain seasons of the year, for the purpose of refreshment. Vegetables are quite abundant, and the Irish potato is cultivated in great perfection on the highlands of this island. The latter is of the greatest service to the whaler in his long voyages, for while his potatoes hold out he has no fear of the scurvy.

Leaving Lahaina at an early hour in the afternoon, on the morning of the next day we came to anchor off Honolulu. This town is situated on a plain about nine miles in length, composed of alluvial soil resting upon a stratum of lava. At the back of the town, and about two miles from the beach, runs a chain of lofty mountains, broken at one part by a deep gorge called the valley of Nuannu.

The whole face of the country shows the effect of volcanic agency; and although no living volcanoes have existed on this island since the memory of man, several extinct craters are still visible. Among these, Punch-bowl Hill, at the back of the town, upon the summit of which a small fort is erected, and Diamond Hill to the eastward, are the most striking, as they still retain all the characteristics of living craters, so far as their form is concerned.

Honolulu has about nine thousand inhabitants, among whom there are about seven hundred foreign residents, principally English and American. The houses of the foreigners are mostly built of wood; some few, however, are constructed of coral rock, which is procured from a shoal at the entrance of the harbor. This building material has come into use within a few years, and is now used for all substantial edifices, such as stores, warehouses, and public buildings. The native population use the grass house, as in Hilo, but with many additions and improvements, borrowed from the whites.

The principal hotel in the place having no accommodations for lodging, I was obliged to rent a native house during my stay. I found this kind of domicile exceedingly cool and agreeable in that warm climate, for the thatched walls did not altogether prevent the air from circulating through the apartment, and in the stillness of the night the music of the breeze sighing through the thatched walls sounded pleasantly to the ear.

My next-door neighbor, with whom I soon formed an acquaintance, was a colonel in Kamehameha the Third's army. For a gentleman occupying so high a station, he led a somewhat singular life. His principal occupation was to sit at his door, squatted upon a mat, with nothing on save a loose robe of yellow pongee silk, until toward evening, when he would retire for a short time to the house, and reappear arrayed in a civil-

ized garb, mount his horse, and gallop off on a ride. Upon his return, coats, pantaloons, shirt, shoes, stockings, etc., etc., were immediately laid aside for the yellow silk robe, and he would again resume his seat at the door until it was time to retire for the night. During my stay I did not observe that he varied this monotonous mode of life in the least, with the exception, perhaps, that once or twice he preferred to take his seat for a few hours under a tree near his house, instead of at the door, which was his favorite position.

The European and American society here is excellent. The stranger is received with the open arms of hospitality, and treated with the utmost kindness and attention during his stay. Dinner parties, evening parties and pic-nics fill up every idle hour.

Riding is a very favorite amusement among the ladies, and scarcely an afternoon passes that you do not see several equestrian troops sallying forth to enjoy a gallop in the country. The Pali is the favorite ride, and if the stranger has a fair 'cicerone' for his companion, this will probably be the first place he visits. Leaving the town, in a few moments he enters the lovely valley of Nuannu, blooming with the freshness of spring, and shut in on either side by lofty and precipitous mountain walls. Nuannu is formed by a break in the chain of mountains running parallel with the coast, and is about half a mile wide at its entrance, and seven miles long, passing transversely from the southern to the northern side of the chain, and contracting gradually until it terminates abruptly in a precipice of more than a thousand feet in depth.

The view from this spot is truly sublime. Above on either side tower the peaks of the mountain to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, and far, far below, the eye rests upon a verdant plain whose shores are washed by the ocean. The beholder might dwell for hours upon this scene with increasing delight, were it not for the strong wind that rushes through the narrow pass, with almost sufficient force to knock one down. The Pali, independently of its scenery, is celebrated as having been the scene of an awful tragedy in 1795.

Kamehameha of Hawaii, subsequently Kamehameha the First, surprised Kalamikupule, king of this island, and his followers, near the entrance of the valley, made a charge upon them, and drove them toward its termination. Kalamikupule and many of his party were slain, and the remainder, rather than surrender to the enemy, threw themselves off the precipice and were dashed to pieces below. This action was the decisive blow which placed Kamehameha in possession of the whole group of islands, which afterward in honor of him took the name of Hawaiian.

Scarcely a party makes a visit to the Pali without encountering one or two showers by the way, for the clouds hanging over the summits of the mountain peaks disperse their forces to the valley very frequently during the day. But these showers are so light and so much a matter of course to the residents of the place, that they appear to be rather a source of enjoyment than inconvenience; for they freshen the air, lay the dust, and produce a succession of the most brilliant rainbows I have ever beheld.

Equestrian exercise is a very favorite amusement of the inhabitants of this island, both male and female. Saturday is the great riding day, when every available horse in the town is brought into requisition. The riding-

dress of the females is exceedingly picturesque: it consists of one of those bewitching little Panama hats, tastefully trimmed with ribbons and flowers, and jauntily set on one side of the head; a gay-colored dress, and a long scarlet cloth used as a skirt, which is wound round the waist and falls down in graceful folds so as to conceal the feet. They ride astraddle, sit their horses exceedingly well, and appear to be perfectly fearless from the manner in which they dash along. The favorite ride is over a level road to the eastward of the town; and from four o'clock in the afternoon until sundown, this is thronged with parties numbering from fifteen to twenty each, flying along in the most break-neck style imaginable.

His Majesty Kamehameha the Third being absent on a visit to the island of Hawaii, his consort, Queen Kalama, honored our ship with a visit. As she came alongside, the yards were manned, and in a few moments after her reception on deck a royal salute was fired. The Queen, at the time of her marriage, is said to have been the handsomest woman in the Hawaiian group, and she is even yet a remarkably fine-looking person. She was dressed in the European fashion, and her toilet, without being gaudy, was exceedingly elegant, and arranged with much taste. Her suite consisted of John Young, Premier, a tall and remarkably fine-looking young man; Kehuanoa, Governor of Oahu; Paki, Chamberlain, a man of colossal stature; all of whom were in full-dress military uniforms: also R. C. Wyllie, Minister of Foreign Relations, a Scotchman by birth; and Mrs. Judd, wife of Dr. Judd, Minister of Finance. Many of the principal people of the place, both natives and foreigners, visited the ship on this occasion, and the deck presented quite a gay scene.

After her Majesty had made the tour of the ship, she was invited to partake of a handsome collation, and soon after the band struck up a quadrille, and the quarter-deck was brought into requisition as a 'salle de dance.'

In about two hours her Majesty took leave, apparently highly delighted with her visit, and soon after the remainder of the company followed her example.

Almost every writer who has visited these islands has given some account of the American missionary establishment. Unhappily, their remarks have often savored of harshness, and blame has been bestowed where praise was justly due. It is not my intention here to go over a field so thoroughly gleaned by others, for my visit to the islands was too limited, and my time too much engrossed with other matters, to look into the subject deeply. I would remark, however, that although extraordinary success may not have crowned the labors of the missionaries here, their success has been as great, if not greater, than it has been in other parts of the world. The difficulties they have to encounter are manifold; and one of the greatest of these, in my opinion, is the bad example shown to the islanders by the depraved population which commerce and adventure are constantly bringing to their shores.

Let us take a glance at what the missionaries have accomplished since their first landing in 1820. They have reduced an oral to a written language, and diffused the BIBLE, beside numerous devotional and educational books, among a people languishing in profound ignorance. They have established churches and schools in all the islands; and out of a pop-

ulation of eighty thousand souls—which is the estimate for the group—more than seventy thousand can read; as large a proportion as can be found in any country upon the face of the globe at the present time. By this hasty summary it will be perceived the missionaries have not been idle; for they have opened the door to the ignorant, and shown them the way of truth, and this at best is all that man can accomplish.

The day of our departure arrived, and it was not without many regrets that we bade farewell to many kind friends, upon whose faces we may never look again. Indeed, this severing of the bonds of friendship almost as soon as formed, is one of the greatest afflictions of the voyager. He gazes on the bright eye of beauty and enjoys the pleasures of friendship only long enough to experience the bitterness of separation. And perhaps it is a happy state for him, when after years of wandering the heart has become callous from never-ending change, and the feelings have grown cold.

R. T. M.

## NUT-SHELLS: A POEM.

BY RUFUS HENRY BACON.

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

In ancient Greece, ere that the spoilers came  
To waste her fields and wrap her homes in flame,  
The Theatre rose and flourished. Long it held  
A sway majestic in those days of old,  
And the bold *DRAMA*, in that manly age,  
Mirror'd the world upon her lofty page.  
Virtue she honored, but with lash severe  
Scourged coward Vice, that ahrank in rage and fear;  
Thrust swelling *Arrogance* aside, and gave  
To modest *Merit* many a willing slave;  
Hurl'd from his throne the hoary tyrant *Wrong*,  
And crowned the *Right* with coronals of song.

When Greece had fallen, Rome herself decayed,  
And knight and monk their later part had played;  
When Britain, that fair isle of northern seas,  
Long used to war, had long been lapped in peace;  
Then rose the *DRAMA* from her ancient sleep,  
Like *VENUS* rose, a goddess of the deep;  
Reclaimed her throne, enrobed herself anew,  
Round her fair limbs the royal buskin drew,  
Put on her crown, that glowed with gems and gold,  
And sat in state, as queenly as of old!

She waved her sceptre: from his wondrous lyre  
The 'Bard of Avon' poured electric fire;  
Thrilled the throng'd 'GLOBE' as now the globe he thrills,  
And filled with joy as now with joy he fills;  
Bore from his compeers the high palm of song,  
And chaplets won, that aye to him belong;

Shamed *ÆSCHYLUS*, and bade the Grecian stage  
Yield to the fulness of a riper age.  
*APOLLO*'s self! he moved the human heart,  
And reached the summit of his age and art;  
Wealth, rank and beauty in his ray grew dim,  
And England clapped her hands, and bowed to him.

Faults, follies, crimes, the Pulpit dare not touch,  
Lest it should say too little or *too much*,  
The Stage portrays, now comic, now severe,  
And prunes them aptly with its smile or sneer;  
And with grim Vice, to make the contrast sure,  
Places fair Virtue, innocent and pure;  
So plain the moral, that it needs no wherefore  
To tell the audience what on earth she's there for.

This of the Past, the palmy Past is true: .  
The baser Present turns another view.  
The *DRAMA* sleeps! or if awake she seems,  
'Tis her last yawn before she sinks to dreams.  
Rebaking Folly, she struck hands with Sin,  
And on her throne now grins a Harlequin,  
Patting great *SHAKESPEARE* on the back to say:  
'You are some pumpkins, but you're in the way.'  
On our own shores the *DRAMA*'s sleep were certain,  
Were she not tickled so by jolly *BURTON*.  
They say he scoffs: if so, it is mysterious  
How it could chance his Family is '*serious*!'

#### THE FIELD.

THE Pulpit trammelled, and the Stage asleep,  
The Lyric Poet must the harvest reap,  
Although his numbers give to numbers pain,  
And, like the sickle, go *against the grain*:  
For Folly ever has a thousand shapes,  
In which disguised, she Wit and Wisdom apes;  
Vice too has masks, and can at will appear  
So like to Virtue that her dupes revere  
And pay her worship; while poor Virtue goes  
Disgraced, a stench in every body's nose!  
Alas! that now the text applies anew:  
'Rank is the harvest, but the reapers few!'

#### THE REAPERS.

LET down the bars! Three comic Poets come:  
Two from the land of granite and of rum;  
The other from — they say it isn't much! —  
An island village, settled by the Dutch,  
Lying embayed upon the orient shore  
Of that great State which wears *EXCELSIOR*.  
Each of the trio wields a martial pen;  
Yet their wives say they make good *husband* men!  
And here is proof: for each his cradle bears,  
To cut the grain so inter-grown with tares.  
Down with the bars of folly and of sin!  
We will rake after, while they're *pitching in*!

#### PARK BENJAMIN.

'LAST come, first served,' you know the maxim runs:  
At least 't is thus old debtors do with duns;  
And so we'll touch, nor fear his classic baton,  
First of the three, the Bard of OLD MANHATTAN;



Who like *Vespuccius* — not like him with shame,  
 But honor — to a *New World* lent his name;  
 A name that snacks of *ISRAEL*, it is true,  
 But no one less deserves the name of '*Jew*.'  
 Large-hearted, wasteful; peppery, but kind;  
 A man of humor, and a man of mind;  
 Loving young merit quietly to befriend,  
 Whose petty foibles with great virtues blend;  
 Keen, ardent, bold, discriminate, sincere;  
 A friend — to love! an enemy — to fear!  
 Unlike the Hebrew, with small love for Mammon,  
 Yet like him, still, in his contempt for *gammon*!

DOCTOR HOLMES.

AND next the poet for his Justice\* famed;  
 For caustic pungency by poodles blamed;  
 Whose scalpel keen, that with the lyre has wed,  
 Dissects as well the living as the dead:  
 Of girlish stature, but Titanic wit,  
 He pleases more the Boxes than the Pit.  
 Well may the folks of ice and wooden combs  
 Be proud and boastful of their pleasant HOLMES.  
 Others we mourn whose bier we follow after:  
 HOLMES breathes '*his last*,' and we are thrilled with laughter!

JOHN G. SAXE, Esq.

THE third, arrived from Heliconian journey,  
 Attaches all — by *power of attorney*.  
 The youngest, too: we give his senior joy,  
 Who dare cross swords with this Green Mountain Boy!  
 We in his fearless song no mincing meet;  
 No Gallic fashions mar his Saxon feet.  
 But hold! he does mince; for he Folly minces,  
 And *cuts her up* until the '*galled jade* winces!' *!*  
 Saxon the sinews of his poet's arm;  
 His speech is full of the old Saxon charm;  
 Saxon the jokes which he pert Folly cracks on;  
 Saxon his mind; his very *hat* is SAXE on!

SAXE vs. PETTICOATS.

BUT the best light, by far, for painting *him* in,  
 Is that which shows his power on the women.  
 Time was when ladies, both the short and tall,  
 In street or parlor, balcony or ball,  
 Wore trailing dresses floating far behind,  
 Or *making cheeses* in the frolic wind;  
 Sweeping the pavements as they sailing went,  
 And hid their insteps when their beaux were bent.  
 Perchance, in winter, ere the church was filled,  
 Warming their feet, the while the organ spilled  
 Its first few notes of Sabbath-music solemn,  
 Echoed in sweetness back from arch and column,  
 In the broad aisle they lingered on the flue,  
 Where, grateful now, the ardent air leaps through.  
 Behold some damsel, slender as a reed,  
 And fair as slender, beautiful indeed,  
 Suddenly grow to such enormous size,  
 That you can scarcely half believe your eyes!  
 Spreading to seem, with each succeeding minute,  
 St. Peter's dome, with a small child stuck in it!

But now, in love with Saxe, the ladies dress  
 So as to show their taste for manliness  
 With their wings up, behold them as they pass,  
 Like turkeys tip-toe in the morning grass;  
 Or herons wading in some shallow near  
 Ontario's waters, or Oneida clear!  
 How strange a poet can indeed so soon  
 Turn the fringed pantalette to pantaloon.  
 Yet so it is; the ladies — these are facts —  
 Throw off their little-coats and cling to Sacks!

## ANGELICA.

But not alone as Fashion's ribboned queen,  
 Hare-brained and rude, is smirking Folly seen:  
 Gravely she comes to train the youthful mind,  
 And sets the mode: 'blind leader of the blind!'

Lo, yon fond mother with a spindling son,  
 Who longs for twenty, while she has but one!  
 See how her love concentrated cleaves to him,  
 And gently bends to every idle whim.  
 She feeds him dainties till his cheek is pale,  
 And calls the doctor at his slightest ail;  
 From morn till eve, his wishes are her will,  
 And though he flout her, he is fondled still;  
 Selfish and rude, to all but her a pest,  
 Do others chide him, then she loves him best;  
 Caressed at all times, never 'crossed' nor struck,  
 This impish gosling is her 'little duck.'

## HELEN.

And here another of a different mould,  
 Her vixen nose proclaiming her a scold.  
 Prolific fortune this good dame annoys,  
 Not with one only, but a dozen boys!  
 One she throws this way, and another that,  
 And deals decisive with each saucy brat.  
 She with her palm the eldest gives a box,  
 Were it of oak, would almost fell an ox!  
 The youngest, a fat chub with curly pate,  
 Perchance from school and home to supper late,  
 She seizes struggling, holds him to her knee,  
 Fixing her grasp to leave her right hand free:  
 And then she pummels him with blows so stout,  
 Were he a tub, she'd stave its bottom out!

Neither is right; nor are they wholly wrong:  
 But I must wind the bobbin of my song,  
 And leave good sense to show meanwhile to you  
 The golden mean of Simpleton and Shrew.  
 Nor dream, my friends, the poet wedlock shuns:  
 Oh no! its cares are mostly little ones.

## THE MODERN HIPPOLYTE

'A woman should be both a wife and mother:  
 She that lies here was neither one nor t'other!'  
 So reads a quaint old epitaph, that may  
 Be said, at once, to 'turn from grave to gay.'  
 Let her peruse it whom I now arraign,  
 The pertest, rudest of all Folly's train:

Were Folly dead, you'd think she had not died,  
 So to the life is she personified.  
 A strapping beauty, with a flowing tongue,  
 You may not call her old, you *dare* not — young !  
 Who frequents parties made for the *élite*,  
 And PETRARCH '*Tetrarch*' calls, and thinks him '*sweet* ;'  
 Hears Grecian scholars talking of old Passow,  
 And gallops down with praises meant for Tasso !  
 She's always found at festivals and fairs,  
 Where the beaux shun her, and she calls them '*bears* ;'  
 Runs up the rostrum, and runs down the WHIGS,  
 And styles the DEMOCRATS '*a set of pigs* ;'  
 MARSHFIELD — a swamp ; and BUFFALO — no better ;  
 DETROIT — defunct ; ST. LOUIS — a dead letter !  
 Talks like a maelström about '*WOMAN'S RIGHTS*,'  
 And loves the negroes better than the whites !  
 The Union terms a kindling wisp of straw ;  
 The highest crimes, duty to '*HIGHER LAW* !'  
 If she converse, she's heard across the way ;  
 Her tread is tramping, and her laugh a neigh.  
 Such are not women, as they are not men :  
 Kind Fortune save us from a crowing hen !

## EPILOGUE.

ALAS ! how long will my unbridled muse,  
 With her wild song, your patient ear abuse !  
 It were far better she had held her peace,  
 Than, ere she ceases, that your patience cease.

Make way for PEGASUS — to freely pass !  
 Undo the girths and let him go — to grass !  
 While this you do, ere I dismount, I'll say  
 But a short word, then slide my harp away ;  
 Which if I break, in some unlucky fall,  
 I, like a cobbler, lose my little all.

Sons of the SIGMA PHI, that second mother,  
 Through whom I proudly own myself your brother,  
 It rests with you to guard her ancient fame,  
 And bid fresh fires upon her altar flame.  
 Be true to her, and to yourselves be true,  
 And while she triumphs you will triumph too.  
 To you, her children, with whom first I drew  
 Hope's bracing air, and into manhood grew,  
 May she, through life, her tender counsels give,  
 And guard your memory when you cease to live.  
 Nor think the Poet's love one thrill the less,  
 If his rude harp do not that love express.  
 Love is reserved and shy, and may not show  
 To the world's eye how ardent is its glow :  
 Round the old hearth-stone circled, brothers meet,  
 Nor let affection block the crowded street.  
 In that bright HALL you consecrate to-night,  
 While the first stars put on their crowns of light,  
 Secret, familiar, shall the speech betray  
 What the heart covers in the glare of day ;  
 And there, hereafter, if the olden fire  
 Burn in your veins, nor in your hearts expire,  
 Shall Genius find his own appropriate home,  
 And plume his pinions from the '*BETA's*' dome ;  
 There droll-eyed Humor and quaint Mirth shall sit,  
 And Wisdom point the subtle shaft of Wit :

For you shall Fancy her light baton wave,  
 And call Ambition from his sculptured grave,  
 Once more, with royal mien and stern command,  
 To tread the earth, and in your presence stand :  
 Again Love wander in the woods at noon,  
 Or plaintive sing beneath the silent moon ;  
 While Beauty watching, through her casement-bars,  
 Sees rosy morn eclipse the waning stars.  
 Thus will 'THE MOTHER,' in her sons, live o'er,  
 In happy pride, her young, sweet days of yore !  
 And, now, the 'BETA' through my verse extends  
 A warm and hearty welcome to her friends :  
 Long may you cull with her Life's choicest flowers,  
 To crown with joy the fairy-footed hours ;  
 And when its scenes and acts draw near their close,  
 May your sweet sunset mar the beauty of the rose !

FINIS.

Ingliside, July, 1851.

HANS VON SPIEGEL.

## SEEKING DINNER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

AURORA and I loved each other, and we also loved Mrs. Jones, for she had made us acquainted : beside, Mrs. Jones was chatty, kind and sensible ; very sensible, for she never saw nor heard any thing that we did n't want her to see nor hear ; so we often met in Mrs. Jones' back parlor, without the fear of Aurora's father before our eyes, who disliked me exceedingly on account of some false facts which had reached his ears, and he wished me at the — no, not there, but any part of the world I happened to have a liking for, except his house. But, alas ! for sublunary bliss, Mrs. Jones had an only son in Milwaukie, the son of a husband and *first* love, (wonderful conjunction ; ) and Mr. Jones, having made a 'pile' out west, had sent for his mother, offering her a home in his house for life, in addition to the one she already occupied in his heart. So our dear friend sent for Mr. Leeds, who a few days afterward hung his red 'banner on the outer wall,' and 'Going, going, gone,' ringing out loudly and clearly from the loved abode, sounded in our ears as the sad knell of all our 'tête-à-têtes.'

The following Friday Mrs. Jones was to leave town. So on Thursday Aurora told Ma that she would take an early walk in the morning, and breakfast at 'aunt's,' and possibly not come back until dinner time ; and she did take an early walk, but she breakfasted on board the 'Alida,' and as to returning to dinner, we shall see.

Well, the captain cried, 'All aboard,' 'All ashore,' and our *morning accident*, as one may call an American steamer, sprang out from the wharf into the stream, and between the river-banks, covered with their June draperies of fresh emerald green, we wended our way toward West-Point, with the intention of saying good-bye to Mrs. Jones there, and returning in the afternoon. Passing Cullock-houk, the High Torn, and so

on, (names unknown to gazetteers, but sacred to boyhood's memories of vacation weeks in the country,) grave and gay by turns, we kept our place on the promenade deck until the boat reached West-Point. Then came the hurried farewell, the tears from the weaker vessels, and the dash and foam and spray from the strong one. Handkerchiefs waved; Mrs. Jones' face grew less in the distance, and was soon lost to our sight for ever.

As an hour and a half would elapse before the down boat from Albany would stop to take us back again, we wandered about that paradise of beautiful walks, listening to the birds that were carolling their songs of love in the sunshine, to the cannon which the cadets were firing at the target across the bay, and to the music of our beating hearts; and in this atmosphere of affection and cannon-smoke, our souls shut out the memory of the past, the anticipation of the future, and revelled in the dreamy bliss of the hour.

'Hark!' cried Aurora. Hark, indeed! It was the bell of the steamer as she approached the wharf, and we half a mile away. Putting spurs to our will, we indulged in the luxury of a hard run, and succeeded in reaching one end of the wharf as the plank was hauled in from the other, and the 'thing of life' dashed on her course quite as indifferently as if no 'Niobe all tears' had been standing fifty yards off, praying for a place on her receding deck. Alas! poor Aurora; she turned her flushed face and tearful eyes upon me with a look of utter, hopeless despair, worthy of a more important cause; but it was not an unimportant one, however. The link which bound me to her father's indulgence was weak enough in itself; and keeping his darling and only daughter away all night, as now seemed inevitable, I felt would break a dozen such links. I should be forbidden the house, that was clear; and as to Aurora, poor girl, her fate was dreadful, for would she ever be allowed to go to her aunt's again to breakfast? No, decidedly not. It was a moment of intense and feverish thought; but I had had such fevers too often during a strange and eventful life to be dismayed now. I remember a very acute attack some years ago that came near being cured with cold water. It was on Lake St. Peter, when two steamers ran into each other in the middle of the night and both sunk, and I thought I was being drowned: a mistake, by the way, and an unfortunate one too, perhaps, for Aurora; for, had I become a dinner for St. Peter's fishes, would she not have been home to her own in time?

But now, clearly defined, yet leading to no mode of getting to New-York, except in imagination, my head was crowded with all manner of race-horses, wagons, wings, rail-roads, balloons, steamers, row-boats—row-boats! Oh, row-boat! It came paddling into my brain, and made fast to the long wharf of memory, and its freight was a dim twilight recollection of an old advertisement in the *Sun* newspaper. I went to the end of the wharf, and asked the gaping idlers who had been smiling at our 'fix,' 'Whose boats are those?' But they all belonged to Captain this and Lieutenant that, and could not be had. I felt angry and nonplussed, and looked toward New-York with 'infinite longings,' as the novels say, or as I have seen a child look through the glass of a confectioner's window, or a loafer through that of a Broadway broker's office; but 'T will never do to give it up so,' I thought, and glancing from my wondering neigh-

bora, (who perhaps were speculating on my sanity in wishing, as they supposed, to row to New-York,) I saw, some distance out in the river, a man rowing down stream; taking off my hat, I waved it for him to come back, and in a few minutes he was at the wharf.

'Can you take two persons to Peekskill?'

'Y-e-s.'

'For how much, and what time will it require?'

'Two dollars; about three or four hours.'

'That's useless; how much will five dollars shorten the time?'

'Well, I guess I could take you down for that consideration in about two hours.'

I beckoned Aurora, who had been watching my movements with eager curiosity; we descended to the boat, and again I suggested to our Charon that the only possible usefulness of the trip depended on his placing us in Peekskill at an early hour. We took our places in the well-cushioned stern-seat; the boat shot out into the stream; the two brawny arms before us pulled with right hearty good-will; and we were soon enjoying the breezes which fanned us from the brow of 'St Anthony's Nose.' Then I resigned myself to the delicious repose that the heart feels when alone with one we love, and by whom one feels himself beloved.

Aurora, too; with what sweet, confiding and unbounded confidence she looked up in my face, asking no question about the route, only too happy apparently to be with me, and to be going toward New-York, and her dinner. Yet there was a 'fly in our pot of ointment,' and we felt that his eye was upon us. Through all that pleasant row, the look faded from our eyes half expressed, the sentence sunk to a whisper. Oh that some ingenious son of science would invent a mode of rowing to enable the oarsman to see *where he is going*, and no where else! We wished him at the — no, we wished him just where he was, with his strong brawny arms to help us out of our difficulty. Slowly we wended our way at the foot of the lofty highlands, which from our little boat seemed to tower twice as high as they do from the deck of a steamer.

But this rowing over a route that you have been in the habit of passing at a speed of twenty miles an hour, oh! what interminable miles it does make. You look at a mountain, and then chat and dream away an hour, and look again, and seem to have hardly changed your relative position. Of course to a certain extent I was happy. I was with Aurora, and could look in her black soul-lit eyes and feel my own soul expand under their magnetism, and up to the everlasting hills and see their summits in the heavens, and feel through them more linked to the eternal; but what was all this, when we *must* be home to dinner at five? Steadily, pull, pull, pull, and dip, dip, dip, the oars moved on as if the boat were alive and had a pulse; mountain after mountain was left behind us, and now the last was on our right, like a giant guarding the paradise beyond, and on our left, Fort Independence: a glorious place, by the way, to while away one's summer leisure, where often in the years gone by I would leave the hotel as soon as we had breakfasted, with a little lunch-basket, books, needle-work, fishing lines and choice companions, and row off in our fairy boat to some mountain nook, and read, and chat, and dream away the hours, or in the shadow of a rock throw out our bait to

tempt the fishes from their bath to our dinner-table. Even now the merry echoes of the song and laugh seem to ring in my ears. May you never have sadder hours, Mary, than when those echoes answered to your song of 'The Mountain Maid.'

But those days have vanished into the eternity of the past, and the sere and yellow tinge begins to color the foliage of our life-tree; but '*revenge nous à notre mouton*,' if we can get to New-York time enough to eat it. Farewell, Fort Independence; farewell, ye towering, heaven-piercing Highlands, at whose base, where plummet and steam-pump never sounded, is Kidd's vessel and untold treasures; farewell, enormous pump, enormous coffer-dam, enormous humbug, where rusty cannon were dropped in at night, to be drawn out next day for the admiring eyes of tender-headed stock or shadow-holders; a long farewell to your *acidulated* grape-shot and sour ingots; no 'pile' will ever bless your eyes from those 'diggings,' farewell! Peekskill is in view; we approach, and in a few minutes more have paid and thanked our Charon, and are hurrying up the long wharf in search of knowledge under difficulties. We had been long on our way: three hours and ten minutes from wharf to wharf.

'Have you a carriage, horses, wagon, buggy; any thing of the kind?'

'Nothing.'

'Where can they be had?'

'Up the village, about a mile.'

And such a mile up that steep hill! I had to take myself and help Aurora, who almost gave out before we had ascended half of it in the hot sunshine. At last we reached 'Williams' out of breath, and beginning to be a little out of patience.

'Have you a carriage, horses, wagon; any thing of the kind?'

'Nothing.'

Of course not; 'my prophetic soul' knew that before I asked him.

'Where can they be had?'

And the place was described up this street and down that, of course some distance back on the road we had just passed. I left Aurora and ran back, and fortunately found the proprietor sitting in one of his unwashed vehicles, while the smoke from a Virginian regalia curled about his head, the fumes from which made day hideous twenty feet around him.

'Can you take two to Whitlockville by five o'clock?'

'Where's that?'

Where's that, indeed! A livery-stable keeper at Peekskill not know where Whitlockville was! I began to have serious misgivings about that advertisement, but answered: 'Why, fourteen miles back of Peekskill, to be sure: it is the station of the Harlem rail-road; and the last train leaves at five.'

He had not changed his position, and now slowly pulled out his watch, and elevating it to the level of his eyes, said:

'No, Sir-ee!'

The emphasis on the final letters was a serious damper on my enthusiasm; it was the 'unkindest cut of all;' and as to obtaining any cut, even a cold one, of that day's dinner in Fourteenth-street, all hope of it was growing 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' But I answered, drawing out my watch in opposition to his over-fast one: 'It wants

twenty-five minutes of four, neighbor, which leaves you an hour and a half nearly to drive fourteen miles: I have often done it in less time. It is absolutely necessary for us to be in New-York to-day. We were too late for the boat at West-Point, and have *rowed* all the way here to try and reach the cars. I will give you ten dollars to do it, or five if you get there too late.'

He gradually turned his head as I spoke, and as the last words left my lips the cigar left his. He sprang from his seat, and ran into the stable, saying: 'The browns can do it, if any team in the county can.' I walked back to the hotel, and in about two minutes the 'browns' were harnessed and at the door, with a good carriage, only too heavy, and a colored Jehu, who said he *thought* he knew where Whitlock was. The 'browns' were the best hack team I ever saw, well-bottomed, broad-chested, fresh and full of spirit; and off we started, with just eighty minutes at our command.

Reader, did you ever drive back of Peekskill? Shade of Macadam defend you if ever you do so! Such hills; such valleys; such a total want of a square foot of horizontal ground! Where can it be matched? Here you have to drive slowly, from the absolute inability of horse-flesh to pull a carriage up at any other rate; there you must drive slowly, to keep from being dashed to pieces at the foot of a hill. And the road itself! one would think all the showers for a twelve-month had rained cobble-stones and pebbles. We made, however, good speed under the circumstances; for a dollar-spur to Jehu made him risk our necks several times with a 'perfect looseness.' Now we were at the bottom of a valley, that looked from its shape, if nothing else, as if it might have been the wake of a clipper-ship, and the circle of vision took in a potato-patch and two trees; then, again, on some 'bad eminence,' or at least dangerous one, with the mountains, villages and river spread out like a map about us, and beautiful as a garden; but on we went, seeing little of all this, and noting less, my watch and the 'browns' being the alpha and omega of my interest. Jehu suddenly pulled up for an instant to wet the horses' mouths at a wayside trough, four miles from Peekskill, and I found that we had lost two minutes beside the time he should have done it in; but he said the roads beyond were better, so we started again in good spirits. The horses were warming up to their work, the roads a little less rugged, and barns, houses and trees were left behind us in rapid succession. Nothing was uttered, and nothing heard, save the carriage, the ticking watch in my hand, and occasionally from the stretched-out neck of some old goose a prophetic hiss as we passed. Again we had made four miles, and now in good time, though still behind on the first heat; but the day was shortening, the air less warm, the delicious evening breeze was beginning to stir the branches, the road, too, for the most part was level, indeed no part being steep enough to check our speed, and the 'browns' went with a will, as if sixteen quarts of oats and side-dishes of fresh clover were waiting their coming. We regained the lost time, and by Jehu's land-marks had made fourteen miles ten minutes before the hour; still no Whitlockville appeared, and no rail-road; not even a blacksmith's shop, tavern or steeple could be seen in the distance to indicate a village. Still on we went faster and faster, and on went the hands of that watch: eight



minutes — five minutes; no Whitlockville; three — two — one. Suddenly, shrill, sharp, and distant, we heard the whistle of the locomotive echoing over the fields. This was too much. I sprang from my seat, snatched the reins and whip from Jehu, gave the 'browns' a cut over the back, and madly they started off at a hard run; so hard indeed that I did not know whether I was driving them or they were running away with me. Stones flew, and clouds of dust arose; trees, fences and fields seemed to fly past us; innocent flocks of wandering geese were dispersed from the even tenor of their ways, hissing defiance as we went on. One lady swine, who had chosen the middle of the road to give her interesting progeny their evening meal, jumped from her place, scolding in deep contralto, while the little ones ran in all directions, giving vent to their annoyance in the shrillest falsetto; all but one poor thing: the 'browns' trod on its toes, and it lay on the road calling 'Ma' at the 'top of its register.' Altogether it was a bit of harmony equal to the Italian opera *behind the scenes*. On went the 'browns,' leaving huge spaces behind them at every jump. Another instant we had passed the spur of a hill, which hid our view, and the whole wide table-land was disclosed. Then

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd  
Round that swift locomotive, the cars were afar;  
And I said, If there's peace to be found in this world,  
Poor AURORA and I can but hope for it *there*.

Aurora laughed outright at our ludicrous position, and the next moment was crying as heartily. Jehu looked at our departing bourne blank and dollarless, and I had my hands full in attempting to pull up the 'browns,' who seemed wild with excitement; and when at last I stopped them, although covered with foam, and the blood rushing through their veins as if worked by a steam-engine, they pricked up their ears and pawed the ground, still anxious to try their mettle against that of the iron-horse; but they had to say fail, and turn back toward their home, while ours and our dinner grew colder and more distant at each step.

Where Whitlock is I don't know; whether it *is* at all has never been settled in my geography; and we then felt equally indifferent whether it was church, tavern and dwellings, or only four planks and a cross-road. Not so, however, with regard to the horses; they had made a splendid run of some sixteen or seventeen miles in eighty minutes, over a road, too, which made our carriage resemble twenty-four of 'Halsted's dyspeptic chairs' rolled into one. It might cost them their lives; we had nothing to rub them down with but cobble-stones or a fence-rail. To let them stand was dangerous; watering or feeding out of the question; so we cast a sad, lingering look at the smoke hanging on the horizon, and slowly on a gentle walk turned back toward Peekskill.

We had done all we could, and felt disposed to pass the night together without vain regret because it had pleased Mercury and the 'browns' to keep us from our separate homes in town. Beside, who can resist the influence of a June twilight in the country? Certainly not lovers; so our five minutes too late, home, and all our mishaps, were forgotten, or at least not spoken of.

The fragrance from the fields, the gentle breeze, the warm rays of the setting sun, stole over and about us, and lent their influence to calm our

hearts and thoughts; while the repose of all around, even the geese without a hiss, and the four-footed *mère de famille* sleeping at the road-side, tended to subdue our feelings from the restlessness of the late excitement, and make us enjoy the luxury of the passing hour. Beside, drivers differ from boatmen in the fact that they drive without facing their fares; and Jehu, with an intense abstraction that did him honor, kept his eyes and attention fixed on his colored companions in harness. Poor things! the traces of grief were in his eyes — the grief of *traces* in theirs; but I wiped them from one with the unearned fee, and as for the others, they were walking toward home at a two-mile-an-hour gait, to them doubtless very satisfactory: equally so to Aurora and myself; for the sun, shining directly in our faces from above the distant western hills, made it *absolutely* necessary to draw down the curtain between Jehu and ourselves, and we were quite alone.

The sun at last sunk behind the mountain peaks, but the curtain was forgotten. Gradually the stars came forth and sprinkled the carpet of heaven with diamonds, hinting to the soul of the glory above, and making it long to join the angels in their infinite of love and holiness. Gradually the twilight deepened into night; trees stretched out their arms as if they were weird things, and spirits seemed to be whispering near in every rustle of a leaf as the branches were swayed by the gentle breeze. Here stood a bleached and leafless tree, with its branches pointing toward heaven, as if it still dared the lightning which had scathed it; there a vista opened in the forest, to which the dim star-light only lent vastness and awe, and in which the imagination conjures up shapes which might rival Circe and her crew. No word passed between Aurora and myself; words would have marred that eloquence of silence, that delicious reverie. But my hand pressed hers; my arm stole round her fair-form; gently I drew her toward me, and gently her beautiful head rested upon my breast. The pulse beat no faster; the heart's blood under her head moved on in the even tenor of its way; but oh, what a depth of tenderness was there! It seemed as if life had been an unreal dream, and that I had awakened and stood face to face with the Infinite of Feeling. The past, with its loves and passions, which had seemed as they occurred to absorb my being, shrunk into insignificance; the past with all its suffering was forgiven; the past with all its disappointments was forgotten, and the future unthought of. I thought I had loved Aurora before; now I knew it, and felt it in every fibre of my being; while 'the heart, enlarged by its new sympathy with one, grew bountiful to all.' Yet I had no distinct idea of all this, or of what I could do, dare or suffer for her. It seemed as if our souls were but one, that there was no separate existence; and in the midst of this delicious dream, the lines passed through my mind: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what is laid up for him hereafter;' and yet, God help us! we sin on and lose it all.

It is a most beautiful characteristic of love, that the deeper, the more absorbing or profound it becomes, the more mere passion shrinks into the back-ground; and yet all love between the sexes is founded in it. This fact has probably led to so many theories of 'Platonic' love. Love bears the same relation to passion, that flowers do to the earth: they spring

from it, root themselves in it; but oh! how far separated from it are their beauty and perfume, and how soon are these lost if they are covered with the soil, or even planted too deeply in it. This passion-basis may exist without the absorbed lover's consciousness — less so as his affection is broader, deeper, holier; but still it rests there, a substratum on which the fair fabric is built, and its sweetest, most beautiful, or, if you please, *Platonic* form still resembles the denizen of the garden, *where the flowers (of affection and sentiment) spring up in such luxuriousness that they hide the earth in which they grow.*

The lights in Peekskill were twinkling in the distance; we had nearly approached the end of our ride. Aurora's head still occupied the same pillow, and her breathing was so regular that I thought she slept; but as we passed the lighted window of a cottage, I moved her gently, and her eyes were turned up toward mine with a look of such earnest depth, that I knew she had thought and felt with me during all that two hours of eloquent silence. I pressed her to my heart and whispered, 'Mine, mine for ever! He before whom we are alone, and with whom we have been communing, be our witness!' And the tears fell from her eyes, and she hid her face on my breast again.

The carriage stopped at the hotel. After waiting a moment, I lifted the curtains. Poor Jehu! he was fast asleep on the box. The horses had taken their own time and road to reach home, and they had been nearly five hours about it, for the clock was striking ten. We had been fasting fifteen hours, and having awakened to a 'realizing sense' of the wants which flesh is heir to, the half-hour which it required to broil a chicken seemed interminable. At last supper was ready and despatched, and I handed Aurora to the carriage again to drive down to the river. The sky in the mean time had become nearly hidden with clouds, and all was dark, dark; and as we began to descend that steep hill which overlooks the entrance to the Highlands, and Aurora saw the dark sky, the outlines of the darker mountains about us, and the still darker river flowing below, which seemed to realize the poet's suggestion, 'in that lowest depth a lower deep,' she trembled, and asked me where I was taking her, saying it seemed like the place she had so often dreamed of, where bad spirits go in blank, black despair.

'Pandemonium with the fire put out,' I suggested; and with a lecture for making light of so dark a subject, we reached the wharf. A boat was in waiting, and we were soon rowed out into the stream toward Caldwell's Landing. But Aurora's annoyances were not over yet. We had reached the middle of the river, when we saw one of the largest steamers dashing on its way in the darkness toward Albany, and Aurora, a little unnerved by the day's excitement, became suddenly frightened and uncontrollable, clinging to me and crying convulsively. No wonder, indeed; for there are few things more fearful than one of these steamers at night, with the lights dancing about her, the fire falling from the boiler into the water, the roar of her furnaces, the dash and spray of her wheels, and you in a row-boat without knowing but the next moment she may be upon you. No wonder, when the Indians first saw them, that they thought the Evil One had been let loose. But she passed on, and we resumed our way, landed at Caldwell's, went up to the hotel, were shown into the little

old-fashioned parlor, sat down on two high-backed chairs, and in five minutes, bolt upright, were fast asleep.

The last word of the *katy-did* had been spoken; the last wakeful cricket was still; every leaf rested on its native branch as if it were carved there; no breeze nor zephyr stirred grass-blade or flower; the steam pump at Kidd's coffer-dam was quiet, and quietly the tide flowed in from whence it had been pumped with such noisy labor all the long day; the current of the river stole by without a ripple; the old man waiting for the Albany boat nodded over his lantern on the distant wharf; and the stars sent their gentle glimmers through our casement when there was no other light. Delicious midnight hour! delicious solitude! what lovers would not envy, as yet there we slept! A loving breast; a beautiful head, willing to be pillowed there; lips that might make one forget eternity, and willing to be pressed; a waist whose outline the graces might have envied; an arm that might encircle it unforbidden: yet there, in that witching hour of night and loneliness, we still slept on.

'The boat's a comin', Mister.'

We started from our perpendicular couches, for a moment unconscious of our whereabouts; then Aurora blushed, but the next moment her silver laugh rang out with a gush of melody sweeter than The Linds' magic 'Ah! non giunge.'

'All aboard! all ashore!' and again we were moving toward home. But alas! well we knew that the spirit of that dinner had departed, and nothing but its *bones* remained

'For lingering Memory's brooding care.'

I secured a state-room for Aurora, and then took possession of my own berth, too stupid and tired to be equal to the task of removing boots or coat, and in a moment was asleep again.

'Are you the gentleman I am looking for?'

'Certainly! what is it?' said I, springing up.

'A lady on deck wants you.'

I hastened from the cabin, and found that we had arrived in New-York. Aurora was waiting impatiently for me. In a few minutes we were driving up Broadway. Not even a late reveller was abroad; the last omnibus had gone to its short-lived rest; the city seemed deserted, dead. As we approached the house, lights were visible from the drawing-room, from the basement, from the upper windows: perhaps after all they were waiting dinner for us. In another minute we had rattled up to the door, which the mother opened as Aurora stepped from the carriage and sprang into her arms. While they were sobbing out their explanations, I passed on to the drawing-room, where the father was standing, stern, fixed and silent; but that look was eloquent as though it had been spoken in thunder, 'Now, Sir, explain what is the meaning of all this?' And as concisely as I could, I related what had occurred, and the efforts I had made to reach home; and imagining the best time to leave would be when he found his darling restored safe and uninjured, and that he had not been played the fool with, I bowed and withdrew. He kept his eye on me to the last, but there was not a change of muscle on that rigid face, no word from the compressed lip. I pressed Aurora's hand as I passed out, and left the house; and so ended my day in the Highlands.

'Is that all?'

Yes, that's all: we *lost* our dinner.

'But——'

Oh, yes, my fair blue-eyed reader, I understand. Raise your eyes from what I am writing, and tell me what you see?

'Why, a lady with a lap full of caps and lace and things, and a sweet Grecian face, as pure and smooth as if it had been cut from marble and never ruffled by a care; and, oh! what a mass of dark silken hair is folded about it as gracefully and naturally as if it had bent to its place like the petals of a flower, without comb or brush. But she looks down at her work with an absorbing earnestness, as if she loved her lace and——'

That will do; it is Aurora. Look again.

'Oh dear me! it's not caps and things; it moves; it's a real live baby, and it shakes its tiny head and puts up its little hand to pull away the things which have dropped on it, and smiles as it looks up to its mother's face, as if it had just left heaven to have its worth proved by an earthly trial, and did n't know yet but that it was still *at home*.'

That's 'Aurora' also. Would you lose a dinner for such a one? I do n't think Aurora would part with it for two dinners.

#### T O M Y W I F E .

In my fancy's visions oft appeared  
A being fraught with grace,  
Her pure soul mirrored in her eyes,  
To beautify her face.  
I thought, 'Could such an angel-guide  
To cheer my lot be given,  
How light would seem life's direst illa,  
How like were earth to heaven!  
Heart linked to heart, hand clasped in hand,  
To journey onward to the Silent Land!'

Imagination's dreams were fair;  
But fairer far than they  
The star that on my path uprose,  
And darkness grew as day!  
That voice, the music of my life,  
Still thrills upon mine ear,  
As when it breathed so trustingly  
In answer to my prayer:  
'Heart linked to heart, hand clasped in hand,  
I'll journey with thee to the Silent Land!'

Let storms descend! let thunders crash!  
How wild soe'er the weather,  
We'll calmly gaze on shipwrecked hopes,  
So we brave the blast together:  
Oh, happier far with thee to dwell,  
Where woe and blight surround me,  
Than rest of thee in Paradise,  
With angel-voices round me:  
Heart linked to heart, hand clasped in hand,  
We'll rest together in the Silent Land!

*La Bella Entristecida.*

RENDERED FROM THE SPANISH OF J. Q. SUZARTE.

BY RICHARD HATWARTH.

PRETTY NINA, why this sorrow  
In thy life's auspicious morning?  
Must thy cheek its paleness borrow  
From the ashen hues of sorrow,  
When thy youth's bright day is dawning?

Why with hidden ill repineth  
That pure virgin heart of thine?  
Heart where grace and love combineth,  
Free from stain, as star that shineth  
Through the azure crystalline.

Why should eyes like thine be shrouded  
In their tearful radiate fringes?  
Eyes, whose brightness when unclouded  
Shineth like the moon unshrouded,  
When her beams the lakelet tinges.

Thou in thy sweet pensive dolor  
Still more beauteous seem'st to me.  
Ah, I see the truant color  
Chase the gloomy shades of dolor  
From my bright divinity!

Tranquil in thy peace thou sleepest,  
While those heavy-lidded eyes  
Closed upon the world thou keepest,  
And thy soul in rapture steepest  
With the angel melodies.

In thy tender heart are blended  
Sinless grief, and resignation  
Calm and placid: though unfriended,  
Soon thy suffering will be ended,  
Soon restored thy animation.

In thy cheek the lucid blushes  
Will return to embellish all;  
Soon thy lily forehead flushes  
Underneath the rosy blushes  
Of the virgin coronal.

What from grief brings ever pleasure?  
What content, from woe and pain?  
What turns losses into treasure,  
Bringing blisses without measure  
To the sorrowed heart again?

'Hope!' my NINA — 'Hope,' beloved!  
Beautiful, beneficent,  
Lo! your griefs are soon removed,  
Lo! your faith and virtue proved,  
And the bitter woe is spent.

## CROSSING THE BORDER.

THIS last day of summer has met us with a most delightful sunshine in this capital of North England, the ancient city of York. It comes, too, upon the holy day, when the air is hushed. A quietude of unaccustomed delight seems showered upon field and grove, minster and wall, as the sun-light glances upon the earth. The cool air, which has so long followed us through Scotland, and down to this city, gently gives way before the warming radiance. The influence woos one from the fire-side.

Through manifold turnings, the ancient walls of the city are gained, and easily ascended. How exhilarating is the Sabbath-morning walk along the gray battlements! Spring hath come again in seeming. The birds in the apple-trees below are almost as numerous as the fruitage, and twitter with so transporting a melody, that Silence herself listens, locked in her mute cell. It is indeed a 'merry, merry sunshine.' The green hedges glisten with the freshening morning. The lowing of the kine, ever and anon, is borne toward the walls from the country beyond; while as I turn, the city appears to rest solemnly and still as the gray walls themselves. Chimney-stacks no longer stream with smoke. Their week-day work is done. They join the spires in their silent gesture upward. The Minster—that old York Minster, so celebrated in annals, and so glorious in structure—stands out prominently in the glistening air, with its lofty tower of solid masonry, companioned by two other towers, 'with spiry turrets crowned,' high above the Gothic arches and niches which grace the body of the immense pile. The eye glances at many an old and humble church, with stained windows and blackened stone, half hid in the green copses and red-tiled houses which, intermingling, give the city a rural aspect. The slate roofs here and there may be seen by the dazzling glance of the sun upon them, which, upon this last summer-day, makes all nature shimmer in the grateful sheen. The chimes begin their morning hymn, inundating the glittering landscape with viewless waves of sound.

This is a scene that awakens many a memory which the English classics have implanted by their faithful delineations of English town and country. COWPER and THOMSON are beneath my eye in their placid, bright, original features. How blessed is that country which can boast so glorious a landscape—so green, so goodly, so pleasing, 'that the harp of Orpheus is not more charming!' How doubly blessed is that country whose native genius hath painted, in undying language, the quiet beauty and cheerful spirit that brood over field and city, dale and hill!

There is a similar pensive beauty clinging to the country throughout the north of England and the south of Scotland—and which may be called 'the Border'—which pleases, and which engenders a deep devotional spirit *while* it pleases. Was it not this peculiarity which led to the erection of such piles as Melrose Abbey, Dryburgh Abbey, and Fountain Abbey? But of these by and by, when we take the reader over the border.

The tramp of many feet upon the pavements indicates the church-going crowd. We have been too long absent from worship not to wish for an

hour's communion in some house of God. A stranger need not inquire the way to York Minster; for it is its own great guide to its own great temple. It cannot be surveyed with as much effect from any other point as from the large green upon the north. Buildings surround it upon the other sides, which forbid a view commensurate with its extent and grandeur. Its form is that of a cross; and its appearance, except in a small portion, is rather new, compared with other minsters of England.

We spent some time under an ivy shade, upon a seat of stone, busying the eye in climbing from point to point, and unravelling the Gothic complexity which binds the whole. If you take it apart, you may form numerous large churches and chapels, each one a marvel; each one having its Gothic arches and niches, with windows whose dull colors from the outside inadequately foretell the resplendent beauties which are revealed within. Flowers and leaves, obdurate to frost, bedeck each pinnacle; while spire after spire rises around like a petrified forest. Festoons of stone, richly carved, grace the different arches, while in the niches stand the forms of prophet and saint. Quaint, grim and humorous heads are protruded at different points. Together, the immense structure constitutes a maze, in which the sight may wander and in grateful variety be lost.

There can be no question but that the Gothic sprung from the green alleys and branching trunks which beautify nature. If we go within, and note the lofty vault, with its intertwined and adorning branches and foliage, the idea of a forest of giant trees interlaced cannot be repressed. But as we enter, other thoughts are ours. The organ swells in grand symphony 'with voices sweet,' filling the large temple with a harmonious complexity of music, which well befits such a Gothic pile. Service has begun. The choir is full of worshippers. The chanting floats mildly 'upon the easy bosom of the air.' The bishop enters the chancel with two other ecclesiastics, preceded by an usher bearing a silver rod. I am a novice in these ceremonies, having been reared in 'Dissent,' and cannot call things by their right names. But that does not prevent an appreciation of the beautiful service in choice *English*, which issues from the lips of the venerable prelate; and finds response in the choir, from the lips of a score of youths in white dresses, whose tenor voices, under some master-tone, rise and fall sweetly in unison with the organ's swell and cadence. Near by, the unresting eye discovers a saintly and martial company, wholly unmoved by this discourse of praise. In stony immovableness they repose upon, and kneel over their own graves — these abbots and bishops in strange and uncouth dress, and those soldiers and knights invested with mail and uniform. The light, colored by the stained glass, irradiates their fixed features, fills the air with its purple hue, rests against the huge pillars, and tips the canopies of carved wood which overhang so fitly the seats of Gothic.

I noticed here, as at Westminster, that much of the old manner and form is preserved. The ceremony which we heard and saw at Rome was here translated into English, and pruned of many of its formulas; but to us it appeared *ceremony* still. The tendency at present in the English church is decidedly toward the formal, and, consequently, from the spiritual. The good Archbishop of Canterbury has given notice to many



of those who minister under his charge, that he will summon them into his court, unless they cease certain practices not 'set down' in the Book of Common Prayer : to wit, lighting candles at the altar, turning from the congregation, chanting certain parts of the service, *et cetera*. Well, let the prelates fix the forms of their church as best they may. We simple-worshipping Puritans can only hope that, in the form, they will ever enshrine, as they have often enshrined, the sincere spirit ; and that we may never be ashamed of our plain service and plain meeting-houses, wherein the GREAT OBJECT of all worship is as accessible as in Gothic minsters or Italian basilicas. Nay, have we not what our ancestry had, and what all mankind in common have, that temple which no human art can adorn, where no exclusiveness reigns, and where no intercessor intervenes between God and the soul except the SAVIOUR ? Have we not the temple of Nature ? 'What a structure is it ; and what a glorious adorning is put upon it, to touch the springs of imagination and feeling, and to excite the principles of devotion ! What painted or gilded dome is like that arch of blue that swells above us ? What blaze of clustered lamps, or even burning tapers, is like the lamp of day hung in the heavens, or the silent and mysterious lights that burn for ever in the far-off depths of the evening sky ? And what are the splendid curtains with which the churches of Rome are clothed for festal occasions, to the gorgeous clouds that float around the pavilion of morning or the tabernacle of the setting sun ? And what mighty pavement of tessellated marble can compare with the green valleys, the enamelled plains, the whole variegated, broad and boundless pavement of this world's surface, on which the mighty congregation of the children of men are standing ? What, too, are altars reared by human hands, compared with the everlasting mountains—those altars in the temple of nature ; and what incense ever arose from human altars like the bright and beautiful mountain mists that float around those eternal heights, and then rise above them and are dissolved into the pure and transparent ether, like the fast-fading shadows of human imperfection, losing themselves in the splendor of heaven ? And what voice ever spoke from human altar like the voice of the thunder from its cloudy tabernacle on those sublime heights of the creation ? And what anthem or pæan ever rolled from organ or orchestra, or from the voice of a countless multitude, like the dread and deafening roar of ocean, with all its swelling multitude of waves ?'

For the last few days we have been visiting the ruins of other temples, those made with human hands in the middle ages. We have been to admire the elegance of art, as it sprung from the hands of the old free-masons, and the spots where burned the singular devotion of those early scholars and monks whose power evoked such beautiful structures. We look at them more curiously than at the great temple of Nature. Why ? Because human, fraternal sympathies draw us thither. We feel that hearts once beat within those cloisters, where now the tenacious ivy clings, to impulses kindred with our own ; that the intellects of the patient schoolmen here pondered the classic tomes their hands preserved, and delved into dialectics more abstruse than any we now have, and formed systems of philosophy as wonderful as they were fruitless ; and that here hospitality once gathered the wayfarers around its ample board

in the old abbey, where now the velvet grass-plot grows, and the traveller wanders. It is these kindred sympathies which make Melrose, Dryburgh and Fountain abbeys such pleasing resorts for the traveller. May I not herein weave an episode of our pilgrimage to these ancient shrines?

Edinburgh was in a tremor of excitement the morning we left for Melrose. A crowd as great as that which gathered the evening before to greet the Queen now hung darkling about the gates of Holyrood, impatient to see her Majesty enter the crowned and garlanded car, which was awaiting her appearance as we leisurely moved by in our own unostentatious conveyance. Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags soon shut out the classic city of the North. The tall castle and ever-beauteous monument to Scott have fixed Edinburgh in our mind as deeply as the Acropolis and the Theseum have fixed Athens. Around them arise the many-storied dwellings and black old churches which give a peculiar air of antiquity to Old Town, and the neatly-pillared fabrics which adorn the vicinage of Queen-street and Crescent-place in New Town.

Thirty-seven miles from these spots, in the fertile valley of the Tweed, where nature is so richly diversified with pastoral slope and majestic hill, we found the finest specimen of Gothic architecture ever reared to the honor of man or the service of God in Great Britain. Its peculiarity consists not in its size, nor its stone, nor its form; but more especially in the perfection of its minute ornaments every where profusely carved, and its elegant proportions on every side still traceable. Its form was that of the Latin cross, with a square tower in the centre. The choir and the transept yet remain. Our guide led us into them, and up between the masonry, by narrow stairways, upon the walls. The west gable is in ruin. Over the richly-moulded Gothic portal in the south transept is a magnificent window, the great attraction of Melrose. It is twenty-four feet by sixteen, divided by four bars, which interlace at the top in various curves. The stone-work of the window is as perfect as when the colored light first beamed in upon the vocal choir. Nine niches are above this window, and two on each buttress, for images of CHRIST and HIS apostles. Various images yet remain in their places. Sculptured forms of plant and animal adorn pedestal, canopy, and buttress. The leafy tracery is yet to be seen, so delicate and light that straws may pierce, and just pierce, their minute orifices. The eastern window is particularly beautiful, and has been the theme of Sir Walter Scott's poetry. He recommends the visitor to see it when the oriel, the corbels, grotesque and grim, and the pillars, like bundles of lances bound with garlands, are all silvered with the mild moon-light. We can well imagine that, under so magic an enchantment, when the silver light edges the imagery, giving the semblance of ebony and ivory to the delicately-wrought material, Melrose would enchain the beholder, as it were some fairy creation, and would justify the verse of Sir Walter, when he says:

'Thou wouldest have thought some fairy's hand  
Twixt poplars straight the oster wand  
In many a freakish knot had twined;  
Then framed a spell when the work was done,  
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.'

Many of the Douglas family, as well as other noted persons in Scotch annals, including Alexander II., are buried in this abbey. The heart of

Bruce lies beneath a broken stone. Douglas tried unsuccessfully to bear it to the Holy Land. It reposes in more congenial soil. Around it the grass and alders grow, and plentiful hangings of ivy climb. Around it there repose, in the grave-yard, generation after generation of those who have named the name of Bruce with thrilling pride; and nearer, within the abbey, lie numerous abbots and monks who once ruled, and, if tradition be true, revelled right jollily, in these sacred walls. We walked about the ruins over the mounds—a silent company. We felt, in truth, that ‘never was scene so sad, so fair.’ Scott has breathed the immortality of his poetry upon the scene, and has given it added interest by weaving the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel’ around it. Could we do better, after seeing Melrose, than to visit the home of him whose pen had imparted so much interest to the old abbey, and indeed to almost every spot which we have visited in Scotland?

I wish that I could forget one thing about Abbotsford, and only remember what we saw, and not what we heard. From Melrose we drove through hedged lanes and turnpike gates, until we reached the portal of Abbotsford. We met there a party of Americans who had been waiting some time for entrance. Under their direction, and being advised that it was proper, we took a path leading down to the stream, and enjoyed the view of the houses, which, taken together, and with as much unity as they can muster, constitute Sir Walter’s seat. They have no particular style or comeliness; but they have a fine prospect of water and hill, mead and wood. A grassy lawn spreads its green carpet between the stream and house. Additions are being built, which cannot adorn it more, nor add a single leaf to its volume of associations.

We returned to the portal just in time to see a queer old English housewife dancing along, with a crowd after her, and scolding with a virago’s tongue. She unlocked the gate. Now came our turn: ‘So, so! you’re the party that have been wandering over the grounds, where you’ve no business—none at all!’ I did not like to spoil our visit, so kept my teeth clenched, and my tongue in prison; and we all marched in like whipped and naughty children, smothering revenge enough to have cannibalized the old Xantippe, and sauce enough for the meal. With a consequential, snappish-rhetoric air, and a lachrymose snuffle, (rare combination!) she led us into a hall, or armory, where, amidst the tasteful arrangement of guns, pistols and swords, many of them once carried by kings and Highland chieftains, (including Rob Roy,) were hung, as primary in interest, the iron keys of the Tolbooth, which, the reader of the ‘Heart of Mid-Lothian’ need not be reminded, once turned the lock on deluded Effie Deans. A glass case contained the last suit of clothes worn by Sir Walter. Presents from Byron, among which was a silver urn of rare workmanship containing some human bones from Athens, were distributed around among the canes, hatchets, and other instruments which the novelist had used. We were ushered into his study; saw the old arm-chair in which he received the airy servitors of his brain; his books and furniture, all just as they were when he died. A good-natured Louisianian asked if he might sit in the chair.

‘No, Sir—*noh!* never have heard such presumption before—never!’

‘Oh! but it could’n’t hurt it, and it would be quite a pleasure to remember.’

The old lady flushed, while she replied : ' I do n't admire such taste as yours, Sir. We hold that chair too sacred for any one to sit in. This way, Sir. Oblige me by not delaying, *you* — Miss ! If I allowed every body to sit in it, it would soon be dirty and ragged. Pass on, Sir.'

And so, with tantalizing haste and unwomanly pertness, she posted us from room to room, until all the sanctity of the place began to ooze out in vexation, which finally found relief in the humorous. Would not Sir Walter himself chuckle to see such a specimen showing off his mementos ?

The library gave us most satisfaction. The portraits of the family hung around. Sir Walter's picture did not impress me so peculiarly as the statue in Edinburgh, in the Gothic monument. Neither has it the intellectual vigor which speaks from the marble bust by Chantrey, which is in the library. A bay-window and recess hung with crimson damask occupied the side of the room next to the stream. The window opened to one of the finest views of nature that ever inspired an author. Before the fire-place a dog was quietly snuggled in the deep wool of the rug, which gave a peculiarly Scott-air to the chamber. Sir Walter was always accompanied by his dog, and is so represented in his portraits. His famous dog cut in stone stands before the outer door, under the shadow of the stag-antlers.

We would not dwell too much upon the minute ; but such an arrangement as we saw at Abbotsford is worth a study. It indicates a chaste and superlative refinement, and connects the idea of literary ease with worldly comfort so deliciously, that we would fain have lingered, but for : ' The door's open, Sir ; do n't you see ? ' from Mrs. Xantippe. Taking one glance at the portrait of Lockhart, another at the odd sketches, illustrating Sir Walter's characters, which hung on the wall, and still another, despite Mrs. Xantippe, at a sketch of Queen Elizabeth dancing in full costume, frills, ruffs, high head-dress, (all in admirable caricature,) which was a pet of Sir Walter, and is an unique and striking crotchet from the brain of Art, I left the library to enter another room, in which time only was allowed to see Napoleon's pistols, which I wickedly wished might spontaneously go off at Mrs. Xantippe.

One of the party ventured to inquire something about the family who reside at Abbotsford, (a gentleman who married his grand-daughter — I forget his name — lives there,) when our splenetic madam put a clapper on his interrogation by saying : ' It's not very polite, Sir, to ask such questions when the people are in the house. They might hear you. I wish nothing of the kind mentioned. There's the court : a sixpence each. Come ! no loitering !'

And thus we passed by the rare collection of curiosities which the antiquary had gathered. A glance at the shield spoken of in Waverley ; a stride past the writing-desk presented by George IV. ; a retina confused, and a tympanum fretted with the petulance of the guide ; a few maledictions on the shameful and disgusting manner in which so much that could inspire respect for the memory of the wonderful ' Wizard of the North ' is displayed ; and we are *en route* for a more delightful and a holier spot — the burial-place of the great bard and novelist at Dryburgh Abbey.

Ettrick and Yarrow, made known far and wide as the English tongue travels by the songs of Hogg and the sonnets of Wordsworth, lie contiguous, with their wild hills, and are plainly seen from Abbotsford. Before we reach Dryburgh, the Tweed, which is here a trout stream, swift and clear, must be crossed. As we rowed over, we observed an odd anchor in the midst of the stream, staying by its human grip a skiff in which a nobleman who owned the fishery was standing, swishing his pole and letting out his gossamer line after the most approved custom of Izaak Walton, and totally unconscious of the shivering servant, nearly up to his arms in the cold water, who moved the boat at the pleasure of his lord. But did not that servant watch anxiously for glorious nibbles or sun-down?

The abbey at Dryburgh is hid in a wood, and is approached through an orchard. It is very ancient, having been founded during the reign of David I. by the Lord of Lauderdale. The spot was once a worship-grove of the Druids. Lying near the border, it has been subject to the harshest vicissitudes of border wars. Its ruins are very extensive. It has one charm which no other ruin possesses: a large star-window perfectly preserved, high up in a wall which is entirely enclad in ivy, and leaving only this gem of stone and sky, like a sapphire brooch, clasping the glistening drapery of green investing the ruin, all too beautiful for the corrosion of Time.

On the twenty-sixth of September, 1832, a solemn procession moved over this eminently beautiful spot, and under these verdurous arches, bearing the remains of the greatest of the name which appears so frequently upon the grave-stones of the abbey. Mourning no common loss, they heavily carry the bier down the grassy aisle of St. Mary; and soon, with holy rite and sad hearts, the body of WALTER SCOTT is committed to the earth to mingle with the common mould, surrounded by his ancestry and the ancient proprietors of the abbey. But Marmion, Waverley, Ivanhoe and Old Mortality were not interred in Dryburgh upon that day. They form a part of the deathless spirit and creative mind of him who shed at once so much lustre upon his country's legends and history, and so much benignity upon mankind. We gathered a twig of ivy near his tomb, and added one more link to the chain of kindred thoughts, which already contains the resting-places of Shelley, Keats, Virgil, and the kings and princes of song who rule from the urns of Westminster Abbey.

The ruins of Dryburgh are fast decaying. But the granite slab which covers the remains of Sir Walter looks fresh and new. On either side are his wife and only son, and the tombs of all three are enclosed in an iron railing. They are ivy-clad and deeply embowered in a shade which is worthy of its Druidical dedication in the olden time.

Dryburgh was the refuge of Edward II., after his unsuccessful invasion of Scotland. The vault once haunted by the familiar spirit known as Fatlips, that attended the female wanderer who once sought refuge here, is still shown. She had made a vow that she never would see the light of day until her lover returned. She only left her vault by night to procure the means of subsistence. A statue of Wallace occupies a prominent spot in the wood above the abbey. As we cross the stream again,

the fine monument on the battle-field of Penielheugh appears, which, like the triple-topped mountain cleft by the wizard Michael Scott, follows us far toward Kelso. Our ride down sweet Teviotdale during the setting of the sun (and a lustrous setting it was, gorgeous in cloud-gold !) was by many ancient seats of power and pleasure, and over many spots rich in legendary lore and historic interest. The meagre remnant of Roxburgh castle, upon a commanding hill near the road, overlooked the romantic river. A holly tree near still marks the spot where James II. was killed, while besieging the castle. The Duke of Roxburgh resides in the splendid palace of Fleurs, a stately specimen of the Tudor style, which rises from a sloping lawn that runs up from the opposite bank of the stream, not far from where the Teviot mingles with the Tweed.

Castles and abbeys become common before we reach Berwick, and even after we leave it for Newcastle, upon the 'coaly Tyne.' Between Newcastle and Thirsk, amid the country of coal-pits, an apparition strange, yet beautiful, appeared upon a distant hill. It was a Grecian temple, not far from Aycliffe. How finely its rounded columns and proportionate entablature rested against the sky ! An extended ride still kept its classic elegance in view ; and it will be a long, long time before the vision of that temple will fade from our memory of northern England. That temple in the smoky landscape became a reminder of classic lands. It was like — what was it like ? A jewel in an Ethiop's ear ; an hexameter from Virgil in the dry black-letter of an old law tome.

We have unavoidably omitted much of the descriptive which belongs to the valley of the Tweed, which cultivated hills and dimpled lawns, great bridges and time-gnarled forests, combine to diversify and grace. The rail road hurries us to Ripon, through a country where monuments to England's material greatness arise in the form of tall chimneys, and locomotives dash, with a white scarf floating behind, almost at every point of the compass. We frequently counted six or eight playing over the land at once. What will not iron and coal do for a little island ? Our object in coming to Ripon was to see the most extensive abbey-ruin in Great Britain. It is upon the property of the Earl of Grey, and accessible to strangers. It is like those I have described, but with a difference. It is approached through an extensive park, in which profuse art has adorned nature, by changing her trees into vaulted aisles, her waters into swan-peopled lakes, and her lawns into spreads of loveliest verdure. Statues are seen ranged through vistas. Laurel banks, neatly trimmed, line the paths. Water-falls murmur in the quiet air. Soon the extensive ruins are seen, of course ivy-garlanded, with towers of immense size and altitude, and arches underground, between which the stream sullenly complains. Dungeons with iron fastenings are visible, not far from the long range of cloisters where the monks studied and walked. The great chimneys and fire-places, yet showing marks of the culinary caloric, are to be seen ; while near by, upon a portal stone, are carved the arms of the abbey, which are three horse-shoes — emblems of good luck, and talismanic to keep the witches away. The nave and transept were very extensive, and finely preserved. But every where the hand of sacrilegious Decay is at work, despoiling window and niche of figure and strength ; while Time has sown his grass-seed gently over the tessellated

floor, which now yields to the traveller's tread, as he passes through this great home of the monkish multitude, and in fancy re-peoples it with singing choir and praying priests, all ruled by the baronial abbot and his men-at-arms.

By Knaresborough, and the Dropping Well, we seek this capital of Yorkshire, and have spent our Sabbath in enjoying its repose and pencilling our journeyings. We are ready once more to gather our robes about us, and trudge on to other scenes. But the three abbeys and Abbotsford must ever be our land-marks by which to tell the high tide of our pleasure and our progress through the Borders.

What is the influence which remains, now that our eyes have feasted upon ruin and landscape, and our minds have recalled the associations with which they are fraught? Now that the pleasure-loving and curious propensity has been gratified, what permanent good has been engrafted upon the immortal nature, by thus moving amid the beauties of nature and of art, under the twilight of antiquity? Are these objects but the chance scribblings and frolicsome creations of the dead past, meaningless and indifferent in this present time? Is there no lesson of beauty to be learned from a perception and a study of these Gothic piles, in the witchery of their ruins? Comes there no admonition to patience and devotion, as we recall from their graves the form of monk and friar, and think how, day after day, and night after night, they fought within the cloister the logomachies of Aristotle, under the command of Scotus or Aquinas? Oh, yes! Here, in these homes of the studious and learned, there burned altars to truth and goodness, although their fires were dim and sepulchral. When all else was ignorance profound, with vestal vigilance the light was kept bright, until it burst into the full radiance of a better civilization. When baronial insolence ruled its serfs with iron sway, and ran riot in the worst passions of our sinful nature, there was found in these abbeys a refuge, where peace and good-will hedged the innocent round about with protection, and where the religion of Jesus kindled its hope of celestial beatitude high and aloof from the troubles and turmoils of the world.

SAMUEL S. COX

---

THE ISLE OF LIFE: AN EXTRACT.

OPENING the map of God's expansive plan,  
 We find a little isle, this life of man:  
 Eternity's unknown expanse appears  
 Circling around, and limiting his years.  
 The busy race examine and explore  
 Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore;  
 With care collect what in their eyes excels,  
 Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells;  
 Then, laden, dream that they are rich and great,  
 And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.  
 The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,  
 And every hour sweeps multitudes away:  
 They shriek and sink — survivors start and weep,  
 Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.

## THE JACOBIN OF PARIS.

## I.

Ho, St. Antoine! ho, St. Antoine! thou quarter of the poor,  
 Arise with all thy households, and pour them from their door;  
 Rouse thy attics and thy garrets! rouse cellar, cell, and cave!  
 Rouse over-worked and over-taxed, the starving and the slave!

## II.

'Canaille!' ay, we remember it, that word of dainty scorn  
 They flung us from their chariots, the high and haughty born.  
 Canaille — canaille! ay, here we throng, and we will show to-night  
 How ungloved hand, with pike and brand, can help itself to right.

## III.

It was a July evening, and the summer moon shone fair,  
 When first the people rose, in the grandeur of despair;  
 But not for greed, or gain, or gold, to plunder or to steal:  
 We spared the gorgeous Tuileries — we levelled the Bastille.

## IV.

A little year, we met once more — yea, 'canaille' met that day,  
 In the very heart of *his* Versailles, to beard the man CAPET;  
 And we brought him back to Paris, in a measured train and slow,  
 And we shouted to his face for BARNAVE and MIRABEAU.

## V.

Ho, CONDE, wert thou coming with thy truant chevaliers,  
 Didst thou swear they should avenge the Austrian wanton's tears!  
 Ho, ARTOIS, art thou arming, for England's ceaseless pay,  
 Thy Brunswickers, and Hessians, and brigands of Vendée!

## VI.

Come, then, with every hireling, Sclave, Croat, and Cossack:  
 We dare your war, beware of ours; we fling your freedom back.  
 What, Tyrants, did you menace us! Now tremble for your own!  
 You have heard the glorious tidings of Valney and Argonne!

## VII.

How like the Greek of olden time, who in the self-same hour  
 At Plataea and at Mycale twice crushed the invader's power,  
 So we had each our victory, and each our double pay,  
 DUMOURIEZ with the stranger, and *we* at the Abbaye.

## VIII.

Oh! but it was a glorious hour, that ne'er again may be;  
 It was a night of fierce delight we never more shall see.  
 That blood-stained floor, that foes' red gore, the rich and ruddy wine,  
 And the strong sense all felt within — our work it was divine!

## IX.

They knew that men were brothers, but in their lust they trod  
 On the lessons of their priests, and the warnings of their God;  
 They knew that men were brothers, but they heeded not the Lord,  
 So we taught them the great truth anew, with fire and with sword.



## X.

Oh! but it was a glorious hour, that vengeance that we wreaked,  
When the mighty knelt for pardon, and the great in anguish shrieked!  
But we jeered them for their little hearts, and mocked their selfish fears,  
For we thought the while of all their crimes, of twice five hundred years.

## XI.

He used to laugh at justice, that gay aristocrat,  
He used to scoff at mercy, but he knelt to us for that!  
But with untiring hate we struck, and as our victim fell,  
He heard — to hear them echoed soon — the cries and jests of hell.

## XII.

Ho, St. Antoine, arouse thee now! Ho, brave Septembrists all!  
The tocsin rings, as then it rung! arise unto its call!  
For the true friend of the people, and our own PÈRE DUCHENE,  
Have told us they have need of the people's arms again.

## XIII.

For the Gironde hath turned traitor, and the Moderates have sold  
The hard-earned rights of HOCHÉ's nights, for promise of PITT's gold;  
And the pedant and the upstart, as upstart only can,  
Have dared deride, in lettered pride, the plain and working man.

## XIV.

What, we who burst the bondage our fathers bore so long  
That Oppression had seemed sacred in its venerable wrong;  
What, we who have out-spoken, and the whole world obeyed,  
With its princes and its monarchs, on their high thrones afraid:

## XV.

What, we who broke that mighty yoke, shall we quail before BRESSOT!  
And shall we bow to him, as lowly as he would have us low!  
And shall we learn the courtier's lisp, and shall we cringe and sue  
To the lily hand of fair ROLAND, like love-sick BARRABOUX!

## XVI.

No; by great HEAVEN! we have not riven the mighty chains of old,  
The state-craft and the priest-craft, and the grandeur and the gold,  
To be ground down by doctrines, to be crushed by forms and schools,  
To starve upon their corn-laws, but to live upon their rules.

## XVII.

No; if we must have leaders, they like ourselves shall be,  
Who have struggled and have conquered with single hearts and free:  
Who do not ape the noble, nor affect the noble's air;  
With TALLIEN for a RICHELIEU and LOUVET for VOLTAIRE.

## XVIII.

No; we will have such leaders as the Roman Tribunes were:  
COUTHON, and young St. JUST, and simple ROBESPIERRE.  
Now glory to their garrets, it is nobler far to own  
Than the fair half-hundred palaces, and the Carolingian throne.

## XIX.

And glory to the thousand proofs that day by day they give  
Of some great end to which they tend, those solemn lives they live;  
When the Monarch and the Anarch alike shall pass away,  
And morn shall break, and man awake, in the light of a fairer day.

## H E A R T S O F O A K .

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

## VII.

NEARLY a year from the time of Willis Percy's going passed, ere he returned to Wells. On the sudden death of his mother, letters were forwarded to him, but they were months in finding their way to him; and when they were at last received, his departure for home was not delayed one day.

And gladly was he welcomed on his return, he came so full of life and health and vigor, by Florence and the little Rose. For his part, nothing could so much have rejoiced the heart of the mourning son, as did the finding his child-sister under the guardianship of the woman of his love; nothing, at least, but the recital Florence made of his mother's last triumphs, and of the blessing wherewith she, dying, had blessed her. And when he saw how tender and entire an affection existed between Florence and Rose, and thought of his mother's words, he fancied that all difficulty was now removed in the way to the fruition of his best hope: he looked, but did not speak the expectation, for even as he looked it, she said, 'I cannot tell you how happy I was, even at such a moment, though Rose was sobbing so bitterly, for I could only think, 'A mother has blessed me!' If God shall bless us in the way we most hope before we die, Willis, think of it! I have had a mother's blessing too. Oh, how thankful I should be! *I am thankful.*'

It would have been no less vain than unmanly to struggle for conquest with Florence in a matter which had become so essentially one of conscience; and as he now prepared to apply himself with fresh ardor to study, he was greatly enabled to do so; and the conviction became an abiding one, that in no other way could he so well grow in grace and strength, as by trusting patiently to God, to time, and to her, for the future's brightness.

He did not often visit at the cottage school-house after his return. It was not necessary that he should, in order that the mutual confidence between himself and Florence should be kept alive; and both felt that frequent intercourse during the continuance of their present relations would distract their thoughts too much, when they needed to be kept in calmness for the successful pursuit of daily labors. But Willis had taken for his motto, 'Hope on,' and its actings were revealed in his cheerfulness and true piety; and so, whenever he and Florence were together, by reason of their resolves, and the discipline to which they subjected themselves, each felt as they parted again that it had been good for them to be together: their hearts had grown stronger meanwhile, their souls had caught another note of the jubilant hymn of Cheerfulness.

But there was a day that came at last when they met in sorrow, and conferred in sorrow, and parted with heavy grief. Since the time when he heard of the relations existing between Clara and Giles Gerard, of

Clara's illness and its shocking effects, there had been a fear and a doubt in Percy's mind to which he longed, yet hesitated, to give utterance. For days he struggled between a sense of urgent duty, and a fear of misconstruction, and a gentle dread, which those who have suffered most know the most of, the dread of giving pain. He longed to say that which might be utterly misunderstood, or altogether disbelieved; that which doubt might turn, a double-edged weapon, against himself. But at last he determined to speak with Florence, come what might, of what she herself had determined to ask him; and it so happened that at the very time when he was laboring to find words for his communication, she took occasion to say:

'Am I wrong in supposing that you have some particular and pressing thought which you wish to make known to me, and don't know how!'

'No; you are right,' he answered resolutely. 'I did wish to speak with you, yet did not dare, for fear my words might be misconstrued. From the relations which you know I should be so proud to form with *you*, it might be suspected — I mean,' he said more solemnly, 'any one but you might suspect there were some other than right motives influencing me to say what I must say to you. You will, I feel convinced, understand the purity of my motives. The fact that Mr. Gerard is still betrothed to Clara, and that, as common report goes, they will shortly be married, impels me to tell you the truth, and it cannot be gainsaid. He is not a man with whom your sister can be happy if she loves truth, or cares for virtue, or if she despises loathsome sin!'

He arose as he said this, his face pale with emotion, and his eyes filled with tears. Florence also arose, and said hurriedly, 'You speak in such a way, that had you said this of another yet nearer than he, I could but believe you. I am as sure that you tell the truth as that I live. You would certainly not come here with a mere report — and *such* a report. But mere words would fail to convince Clara. They ought not to. Oh! it would be too awful to take this comfort from her, Percy.'

'I would certainly not have *dared* come to you with the story, had I not feared to keep it from you. I declare, as most solemn truth, in all parts of this land, among the great people who consider him an equal, he is well known as a gambler and a dissolute man. I know too that there are many very proud ladies of his acquaintance who would be glad to assume the relations your sister bears toward him. But if I know Clara Swaine and you, I am convinced you would both shrink, as from pollution, from a man like him, whatever the world might think of him.'

A momentary silence followed his words. It was broken by Florence, saying: 'I thank you for the courage you have shown in coming with this story to me. I have already persuaded them to defer the marriage for the present. I will prove my perfect faith in you by speaking of this to Clara.'

They parted immediately after.

Florence was leaning against the mantel, her head bent in deep thought. She was pondering Percy's words, and she could not hide from herself the fact that the words had only given form to the fears which in many ways had been suggested to her. As she stood thus and thought, a door

opposite to that through which her friend had gone out, opened, and Clara entered. She only stood within the door of the room, and when her sister's raised eyes fixed upon her with most earnest sorrow, she returned the glance with an almost fierce indignation, exclaiming:

'Is it possible that you have tamely listened to, and meekly promised to use the mean weapons of slander against him and me? Shame on you, Florence! Could you not defend an absent friend against calumny?'

'You have heard it all, Clara!'

'Yes; I could not avoid listening. It is certain that listeners never hear any good of themselves.'

'Oh! do not say so. It seems a comfort to me even that I have not to tell you that. I do not see how I should ever have found strength to.'

'Then you believe what Percy says? I never heard any thing so utterly contemptible.'

'At least,' said Florence after a moment's pause — and in that moment she had conquered a deal of indignation — 'at least you are sufficiently sane and wise to see the necessity *to wish* to wait a little, before irrevocably deciding about such a matter as this. A man like Willis Percy, let me tell you, Clara — oh! my dear, dear Clara! — would not breathe such things to me, a woman, your sister, if there were not something in the story.'

'I tell you he has some secret motive; or if not that,' she added, self-rebuked by her words, 'he has been astonishingly credulous. O my God! have I not been tried enough already? You should have ordered him from the house, Florence. It was an insult to us, as well as to Mr. Gerard, that *he* should presume to come here with such slanderous gossip as that!'

'You are talking far more like a child than a sane woman should. I hope — you will not, I fear, for you seem wofully beside yourself — but I hope you will see that it could but be my most fervent prayer that Mr. Percy has been misinformed. I only charge you, dearest Clara, do not in a blind confidence trust too far; do not, in a romantic confidence, make yourself liable to a long future of regret. I hope as devoutly as you can, that I am unjust in this. If *I* wrong Mr. Gerard, it is unconsciously, and you ought to know it. If you do not know it, we have lived together to little purpose.'

'Yes, I do know it!'

'Then I charge you, be patient. You can learn no lesson so important as that, Clara, in this life.'

VIII.

THE penetrative powers of Mr. Gerard told him that some unhappy influence was working in the mind of Clara, when he again visited her. And the confidence she had in him would have prevented her, in case of his clear questioning, from withholding the truth of the matter; but he did not choose to work thus, and instead, drew the secret from her almost involuntarily, till she found that he had possessed himself of it entirely.

The question he asked then was, 'What has Florence said to this, or does she not know of it?' And it was thus answered, and with as much eagerness as though Clara were defending her sister against some wronging thought: 'She repeats the advice which you remember she gave at

first, long before I heard this; for she says it is always better to wait and bear patiently, than do in haste what might cause the repentance of years.

'Excellent advice! if it were needed. Tell me, does she believe this story?'

'She may not believe it, Giles, yet she advises us on each other's account to delay. She says prudence demands it.'

'We will *not* delay,' was the decided answer. 'Choose between her and me.'

Clara's face was bent upon her hands: she could not, she dared not answer. At last he grew impatient at her silence, and fell upon his knees before her, whispering:

'Have you not perfect faith in me? If I thought you had not, I would spurn you!' He said it with all the indignant emphasis of a wronged and virtuous man. 'You have faith,' he continued, in answer to the gentle pressure of her hand. 'Well, then, you shall prove it, and at once. I scorn my accusers, but I will show them the glorious faith of a woman. You shall be mine; and then, when we stand side by side together, one, in that world which has dared impugn my honor, you will see, Clara, how they will come fawning around us, and you will learn from what a vile, insignificant source—it *could be* none other—that voice came to distress you.' He kissed her fervently, and then asked with bewilderingly sweet voice, '*Are you afraid?*'

'No,' was the instant answer: she might well have been! 'But Florence? Oh! dear as you are, think what she has been to me, what she has done for me! How could I act in opposition to her will, and grieve her, as the least deception on my part would, past all help? How could I even be at peace with myself? For I know how much she is in earnest when she counsels this delay.'

'She need not know it. Go with me alone from hence, as if we should go to-day in secret, and come back openly and in triumph to-morrow. The world, be you sure, child, for I know more of that world than you do, will glorify you for the courageous act. And how much you will honor me by such confidence! You will make me doubly your slave. I cannot brook to have another directing us. I must have you by my side always. I cannot endure this parting with you day after day. I do not want, I cannot longer permit those to come between us who would postpone our union indefinitely, for the mere gratification of their own whim or selfishness.'

'But, dear Giles,' was the faltering argument put forth when the girl's soul was all a-flame with his words, 'I cannot charge Florence with selfishness. You do not know her as I do. She has been all to me heretofore. I assure you it is not without reason that I look up to her as though she were more than a mere elder sister.'

'Well, then, honestly, I believe you: she is not selfish. But you acknowledge she is over-careful in this endeavor to put you on your guard against *me*. Dear Clara, we are not children. There is not a mortal existing to whom you are so bound as to me; or, tell me, is there another?'

'You *know* there is not one,' was the answer.

‘Yes, I know it, by this feeling I have for you. There is perfect sympathy between us. Then why should you listen to the suggestions of others, rather than to me? Go with me to my house: we will be married there. It will then and thus be in your power to aid Florence, to give to her entire rest and ease, should she desire it; for if she will, our home shall be hers. She shall be freed from that wearying life she leads; for she will permit *you* to aid her, when I could not even offer to do so. We will all go abroad: you shall learn life, and enjoy it to the full, dearest.’

That suggestion relating to Florence was well put. It made the idea of flying for a moment from her protection seem less dreadful: for Clara had fancied many times how glorious and pleasant a thing it would be to give her noble sister rest, and station, and riches such as she deserved; and since the engagement with Mr. Gerard this fancying had transformed itself into a good within her grasp. He had before this used the promise as an assurance; he produced it now, a temptation. Should she put it away for ever, in the weak fear of doing that which should make people talk and wonder for a day?

DAYS passed after this important interview before Mr. Gerard came again to see Clara. He stayed away only for the purpose of exciting her wonder and fear at his absence, that when he should again present himself her feeble will might be completely subdued to his. He had not studied the poor child in vain; he had made no miscalculation in regard to her character. By that very policy was she placed wholly at his mercy; for before he appeared again, Clara had resolved that she would go with him wherever he chose to lead her. But it was in vain that she strove to hush the voice within, by the deceiving idea that she should benefit Florence, and *repay* her long devotion thus; she could not satisfy herself with the sophism that the end justified the means. It was with her a struggle of thought to the last, and when the struggle ended in her resolution, Florence and Gerard were all she really thought of. Her own happiness was not at that time the grand idea. Her own? It was the last she could reason about then. A love for him that amounted to entire abnegation of self had been her heart’s offering since that day during her recovery when he avowed his faithful and entire love for her. Had it not been so, she would yet—oh! in the name of human nature do not doubt it!—have hesitated, re-thought, and perhaps have prayed over that temptation.

‘In a day, or at very farthest a week, they would come back. Did she dare fear or doubt him?’ He asked it that bright morning when she went out from Wells and joined him, and left with him the paths of duty, peace and holiness. He asked it; and the sun shone so joyously, and the birds sang so sweetly, the flowers bloomed so purely, every thing seemed so merry and so fair, that she answered, ‘No;’ but the answer had less of sincerity in it than when uttered while under the care and protection of Florence.

## IX.

Nor only that one day which Clara had appointed in her own mind for time of absence, but many days, so many that they began to be num

bered for months, passed by, while the unavailing search and watching for her return continued. No doubts existed as to with whom she had departed; but *how* she had gone was a tormenting and dreadful thought for the grieved and disappointed Florence. The deception practised against her by one whom she had loved and tenderly watched over through her life-time, fell with awfully enlightening force upon her. She could not rally; she was almost blinded by it. Through the loneliness and gloom and grief, which settled like a steadfast cloud upon the house after Clara's going, but one ray of brightness and comfort streamed: the joyous, half-blind, merry and affectionate little Rose Percy. It seemed to her teacher, her sister, Florence, in those days, that the blessing of the child's mother had indeed taken a tangible form in the person of Rose; and in the girl's constant presence, her true innocence and childlikeness, she felt that she was finding her real earthly comfort and sustainer. The more sentient companionship of Willis even did not equal that of the guilelessness and dependence of the little one.

After a search of many weeks, which was continued in every imaginable way, the idea of its being crowned with success was abandoned in despair; and then Florence, looking to ONE mighty, and to herself, again turned her attention to her daily tasks, as strong really but still more grave and silent than before that day of dreadful visitation. Was there no other way for her to do than to still toil on? Could she find no safe shelter and retirement from the curious? Yes! Willis Percy had again opened the doors of his home, and entreated her to enter, as its mistress; he had besought her to take his honorable name for her own; he had implored her to accept his protection from the shame and disgrace brought on her own house; and she put away the cup of blessing, and said, 'Though I should die, will I be true to myself!'

---

THE close of the year of Clara's absence found Florence receiving the erring, lost sister of her heart to her lowly home again, with tearless eyes, but prayerful, and therefore not despairing calmness; found her in a consciousness of new need, and still sterner duty, that filled heart and brain with terrific light, seeking and finding strength to not only labor diligently—she had done *that* always—but in addition, to watch and guard the broken, shattered mind, the feeble life of the poor wanderer. And succeeding days, and months, and years, saw her growing up to the performance of that necessity; and when parted at last from her great human comfort, little Rose, whose mind she had prepared for other instruction than she could give, Florence was compelled to look for relief from her school toils only to the more distressing, because hopeless tasks devolving on her as Clara's guardian.

Of what those months of absence had been to Clara in the proving, Florence never knew; and it was well that she could not know. The name of Gerard never escaped her sister's lips after the time of her return. All energy, all sense, all affection and interest seemed to have been left behind in the outer world of horror from which she had escaped on that night, that wild and dreadful midnight of her return home; that night when Florence heard her beseeching voice above the voice of the storm,

and knowing what and whose it was, hastened to receive the loved and lost one back.

During the five following years of Clara's life, at regular intervals, letters came to her address, (he had not given her even another name!) containing drafts, which, if made use of in the way directed, would have enabled the sisters to live in entire ease, in luxury, had they so chosen. But, though the support of the household now depended on her unaided efforts, for Clara had lost all ability for and knowledge of her former pursuits, those drafts were never 'dishonored' by Florence in making use of them; and they had no other 'sight' than that of fire. She would have perished herself from want, and would have suffered Clara to know the same fate, rather than accept relief from him who had worked them such intolerable wrong.

Those five years passed, and Florence was alone: her sister had gone with the dead. She went not obeying the call of the ALMIGHTY, but at her own bidding. Her insanity or imbecility had taken in the last days of her life a new form: she became utterly mute, as one deaf and dumb, and no word, or sign, or token of understanding could be drawn from her; and it was while this change was causing an increase of dread in the mind of Florence, that all cause for farther watching and sorrow for Clara was removed for ever. She was found drowned. The life of the gentle, and trusting, and deceived, and erring Clara ended with a tragedy.

The teacher had been out with her pupils for a half-day's ramble in the woods, leaving her sister in the house-keeper's charge. The return of Florence and the children to the town led over a bridge which spanned the river D——; and when at night-fall they crossed it, they found themselves awed and trembling amidst a crowd which had gathered at the magic words, 'A woman drowned!' and *her* eyes were among those gazing with pitying eagerness to distinguish the form and half-hid features of the suicide, and her voice was the faintest of those which broke forth with such grief and horror, when the name of Clara Swaine was once again taken on the lips of a wondering people; and her form was the first to bend, with forgiveness and faithful, fearless love, over the dead.

When it was discovered that life was quite extinct, a litter was hastily procured by the sympathizing multitude; the body was placed upon it, and then for a moment Florence stooped over it, smoothing the drenched and tangled hair and closing the eyelids. As they paused thus in deep silence ere the bier was lifted, the people were compelled to stand hastily back; for a coach with fiery horses came dashing rapidly over the bridge, and one who rode therein had much to do with that poor dead creature's history. The dust his proud steeds raised fell on the face of Clara. Poor Clara! more pitiable Gerard! She had gone to the judgment: he, in the strength of his pride, and wealth, and years, was going on into the world, whose smiles and cordial greeting would, he well knew, await him wherever he might turn; where his example was to be spread, and where the frown of woman would surely be not raised against him, nor the scorn and scoff of men!

The courage, strength and ability which had, during all Clara's life, and more especially in its last years, increased with every new trial and discouragement, seemed for a time after that death to fail Florence totally.



For a while with high heart she struggled against nature's encroaching self-distrust, weakness and despondency, but then the over-taxed heart failed utterly. The courage, not earth-born, nor earth-sustained, had been long the comfort and sustainer of her soul. Where was it? why had it vanished? Even in the 'patient, never-wearying love' of Percy, which never revealed itself more clearly and generously than now, Florence found no consoler, no sustainer. It was even at one time a source of bitter thought, for it seemed to her as though this love had been given merely to aggravate and to tantalize; proffered as it was to a sense of justice so strict and stern as nature and circumstances had fostered in her soul. But, praise to the Grace that did not then desert her! the wrongful thought was wrestled with and overcome. Religion had been long the great comfort of her soul, and it was not to prove a broken cistern in the time of her great need! And now again her soul put off its sackcloth, and she went on her way willing to live, and thankful that she could live, by faith and not by sight.

For some time Percy and she had been separated by distance, he having gone to take the pastoral charge of a church in Brunswick. On hearing of Clara's death he came at once to Florence, feeling that she had a right to look for him, and a hope that he had cherished for years stood out full in the light as he sought her, to speak consoling and holy words. But stricken as he found her, she would accept no more from him than his Christian sympathy. It would have been no marvel if, when he parted with her again, and stood once more among his people, he had preached to them with a new force, and in a new sense, concerning the SAVIOUR'S 'Be ye perfect,' he carried with him from Florence such an entire conviction that it was possible for mortals to obey the very letter and spirit of the far-reaching injunction.

Percy's last visit to Florence, and the few and brief letters she wrote him, did much for him; the breath of resignation was transmitted from her soul into his, and he began to learn much of that divine patience from her, the patience that could endure even till time was no more, looking for its measure of happiness, denied on earth, to another state of existence. After all the impatience of youth, the love-longing and expectance, peace, calm peace and true submission came, and dwelt within him, comforting him, and precious to him beyond all things, because he knew it was a twin-spirit of the quiet that was in her. That Peace! it was the good Samaritan to him! His early hopes went by all on the other side, and he saw them going, while he lay wounded to the heart, weak and powerless; and then Peace, that very Peace which Florence knew, came to him, bound up his wounds, and left him in the care of the great PHYSICIAN, and He restored and blessed him.

When the Samaritan's good offices were abiding in the soul, and proving themselves in the daily life which he pursued; while he was receiving calmly, and with intelligent consciousness, the conviction that he was indeed a stranger and a pilgrim on earth, ordained to toil, and grow not weary in his journeying, he was compelled to test his strength, to prove the genuineness of his peace. Tidings came to him, but not through Florence, that an *envoy extraordinary* had come, seeking her, from England, bearing a recognition and a will from her father, by which she was made

heir to an immense fortune. The story was communicated to Percy through a friend whose word he could not doubt; and acting on the instant suggestion of a thankful heart, he wrote to Florence:

'*Why are you silent? I have waited all this day — it seems a century — for words from you. I have had such joyful news of you as I cannot believe you would willingly keep from me. Are you ill? May I come to you? Oh! tell me what you wish me, what I may do. I have no mind of my own left; for I write, Florence, in the overwhelming consciousness that you are happy now beyond all you have dared or allowed yourself to hope. The long year, the intense desire of your life appears before you in the shape of a full blessing. I dare not think of the way in which you may remember me. It will be your place, power, necessity, to think of me as for the first time in the light of a petitioning lover, for I know all things must now become as it were new to you. You must say to-day to your heart, whether you can love me. I plead nothing; my heart leaves itself wholly to your heart's judgment. You have tried and proved the things of this world; you have a more than ordinary knowledge of life as it is really. If, looking into the inmost recesses of your heart, you find no image of me remaining, do not hesitate to tell me of it. Even in that happening I would not have you forget, unless the assurance is worthless, that I rejoice in your present cause for rejoicing as thoroughly as I have in past times sorrowed in your sorrows.*

'*Your friend in truth,*

W. PERCY.'

A LETTER and an envoy had indeed come; they had been received by Florence. Judge Browning, one of the most distinguished of England's lawyers, had on his death-bed dispatched this person with a word of recognition and a will, by which his daughter was left a millionaire, and Florence received them. It seemed indeed, in the experience of that day, as though no sorrow were to be spared her, no pang of disappointment. After others had announced to her the glad tidings of the bright fulfilment of her whole life's hope, the stranger came into her presence, satisfied that it was she to whom he bore the acknowledgment of one whom the great men of England revered. He laid the letter before her, and with her own eyes Florence read what Judge Browning had written on his death-bed. She read the story of his youth and poverty; of his wife, and of her sufferings and early death; of his child, *his only one*, whom before her mother died they, in their destitution and misery, left to the care of strangers. No attempt was made in the epistle to palliate the neglect which had continued in his after-years' prosperity. Compensation was made, or the dying man had evidently endeavored to suppose it was made, in giving at the last wealth and name to his child. It was not the thought of this long desertion that spread darkness over the eyes of her who read, that sent sickness into her very soul, that cast a shadow like the shadow of death over her for a moment, when she thought of the child to whom that letter was addressed; of Clara, to whom another hand had been extended, for whom another voice than that of her proud, vain-glorious, earthly parent, had said the recognizing words: '*My child!*'

Refolding the letter — for with that what had she to do? — she returned it to the envoy, and said, 'The recognition is made many years too late. I am not Clara Swaine, to whom you will see this letter is addressed. She was the only child of Judge Browning, if I read aright? She is dead.'

'He had never but one child; but is it possible I do not see that daughter before me? What a dreadful mistake!'

'I must refer you to Mrs. Hammel, the matron of our Foundling Hospital, Sir: she is the one with whom you could most profitably confer now. If the disposal of this property is in your power, do not forget her, and the house of refuge in which she has spent herself. It was a home for Clara many years, as you are probably aware.'

The messenger bowed himself out in silence: he could not find words

wherewith to address the woman who had gone down from the sun-light into the darkness of disappointment, even while his eyes were upon her, in such calm submission.

x.

DAYS passed on, and Percy's letter was unanswered. Those days were marked for him by wonder, anxiety and impatience; but for her they were recorded as the witnesses of a victory over the last great temptation of Florence Swaine.

But at last, at last she wrote to him. Without and around her, in that hour, were signs and tokens of an approaching departure, noise and confusion: the little cottage, the home of years, was nearly dismantled; one room only was as yet untouched, that in which she had lived long alone with her tried and purified soul. The widowed house-keeper had gone back to the friendly protection of the hospital, and the matron there was bethinking and wondering over a romance she had known in real life. In other dwelling-places beside that of Florence there were evidences of leaving, of sundering ties, of sorrow and hope battling together. But there were no homes so desolate as that where she sat alone, writing to Willis Percy, while the soft summer wind was filling the sails of a vessel lying in the harbor, waiting its passengers; a vessel which was that night to go forth on a far voyage to heathendom.

There was a deathly pallor on the face of Florence as she wrote, dimness in her brilliant eyes, but the gathering tears did not fall; and though her hand trembled so violently when she began to write that she could hardly guide her pen, yet was she going forth conquering and *to conquer!*

'You would have folded me safely in the shelter of your name, WILLIS, while disgrace was on mine. Should you take me now, you would not find the *disgrace of doubt* removed. You would have defended me, when the harsh judgment of the world had gone forth against mine — mine no longer, by tie of life or of blood! You would have saved me from labor, have shielded me from sorrow, had it been in your power; and now, when, if I dared or could I would cry, '*Take me!*' you fold your arms, you look on me distrustfully, fearing for the constancy, the truthness of my heart's love for you, because you think I am in prosperity! Give me back your old confidence; indeed, indeed I deserve it, if I ever did. Do I not *need* it! Oh! noblest heart! believe me, it is my joy and consolation in this hour, the last, the very last spent in my native land, to think that I have been permitted to love you.

'You have learned probably by this time that it was on Clara the too-late blessing fell; that I have always been unconnected by natural ties with her, with any whom I know. From me you will learn that I am going *now*, at once, to give my future years, my strength — I have strength yet, dear WILLIS — my years, my strength and talents, to the service of our MAKER. It matters little whether that service be rendered here or afar. Do not call it weakness that leads me hence. *I might fail here.* I must free myself from the recollections which are so closely associated with this place. I should have asked your counsel, had I not seen my duty to myself and my GOD so clearly pointed out, that I dare not shrink from its performance — I cannot shrink. You know of this party of Christians about to sail for India. Some of them are our own personal friends; and I know that did I consult you merely as a Christian pastor might be consulted, you would say to me, 'Listen to that voice within you; pray to God; and then act as your judgment shall decide.' This I *have* done, and nothing remains for me but to say to you, Farewell. Farewell! We are not parting for ever. I know we shall not meet again in this life; I shall never hear your voice; you will not see my face again. Had I thought that we were equal to a calm parting, I would have called you to me. Farewell! 'Our help is in the name of the LORD; we are His servants. Let us be faithful: *He will not disown us.*

'In the bonds of faith, and fellowship, and love, yes, by the grace of God, your

\* F. S.

THE vessel had sailed ere this letter reached its destination. Florence looked her last upon her native land. Thenceforth was she no more to Willis Percy, but as much as an angel-thought, a guardian, soothing and sustaining angel-thought. Her going left him in one sense peculiarly and sadly alone; and yet, could he have done so, he would not have called her back. In his imagination he saw her going, as she really did, calmly,

resolutely, holily, and his spirit would not even whisper, 'Return, and bless me.' She *had* blessed him in that very act of departing. So were his hands made free, and his heart purified; so was his soul in its entireness drawn upward in adoration, and between heaven and earth it vibrated, in every movement worshipping, and rendering service acceptable to God.

Years went by before he answered that letter of farewell; and he had not meanwhile heard from Florence, save through others. When he did write to her, he also was on the eve of a departure: he had 'set his house in order;' he was going 'home.' And he knew, for friends had told him, that her feet had entered the same path, that she too would soon enter her FATHER'S house. Percy died in the very prime of life and usefulness; he was cut down in the midst of apparent vigor, and energy, and watchful labor; he had fought a good fight; he had kept the faith. Then, as he had desired, his letter was sent over the great oceans, to the land whose darkness Florence had striven to enlighten, whose people she had toiled to bless, with a patience, and hope, and ardor too, which, if individually exhausting and destroying, were, as an example, life-giving and glorious. And that letter she read for the first time on her death-day. Had she not reason to fold it THEN, as she did, closely upon her breast? Had she not cause, when her heart was groping no longer 'blindly in the dark' for an earthly father's love and benediction, to say, triumphantly as she did, while her spirit was being caught up to meet HIM: 'My SAVIOUR, not deserted!'

---

ASHUELOT RIVER: A SONG.

AIR: APTON WATER.

Sing on, Ash-u-é-lot, sing till thou shalt fail  
To join the bright stream of my own native vale;  
I list to thy murmurs, I hear thee deplore  
The nation that named thee — they see thee no more.

How sweet in the Autumn to stray by thy side,  
Beneath the smooth beeches that drink of thy tide;  
To hear the wind sigh for the wild sylvan chief,  
And faint, dreamy tinkle, as slow falls the leaf!

Here came the dark maiden, in days that are flown,  
When, painted for battle, her warrior had gone;  
To muse o'er thy waters, to hear in their flow  
The accents of pleasure or sobbings of woe.

When bright shone the moon, and the bough scarcely stir'd,  
And the wolf's lonely howl from Monadnock was heard,  
She saw in thy mantle of mist, chill and gray,  
The ghost of her warrior rise wreathing away.

Still plays in the breeze, as of yore, thy light wave,  
But on thy green banks all unknown is her grave;  
The plough-boy turns, whistling, some mouldering bone:  
Here still flow thy waters — her grave is unknown.

Sing on, Ash-u-é-lot, sing till thou shalt fail  
To join the bright flood of my own native vale;  
I list to thy murmurs, I hear thee deplore  
The nation that loved thee — they see thee no more!

## LINES WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY WASHINGTON CHILTON.

Soor'd vales and swelling hills with verdure clad,  
Far-reaching plains and forests dark and vast,  
And wild ravines in whose deep shades the deer,  
Sore pressed on open plain, finds shelter safe  
From hungry hunter and relentless wolf,  
And laves her panting sides in their cool streams,  
Or in the tangled thickets rests secure.  
The unrestricted sight finds nothing here  
Save Nature's beauties spread with lavish hand:  
No village bright, nor cultivated fields;  
No human habitation, nor the house  
Of God. The ceaseless hum of industry,  
The jarring sounds that make the city's noise,  
The winds waft not to these far solitudes.  
This mound so green was virgin all, till now,  
To human foot-steps and to human eyes,  
Unless, perchance, some roving savage band,  
Comanche wild, or wilder Wichita,  
From war's pursuit, or from the eager chase,  
Sought in its tempting shades a welcome rest.  
The hiding quail and silent wooing dove  
Quit their green trysting-place at my approach,  
But soon in neighboring thickets reunite,  
And there, from interruption safe, resume  
Their blissful meetings, rudely broken up.  
The hawk, slow-sailing, seems awhile to pause  
And scrutinize with keener gaze the strange  
Intruder. The wary sentinel-crow,  
High perched on yon dead elm, distrustfully  
Looks down, and to his feeding comrades near  
Croaks timely warning to prepare for flight.  
As in the waving wilderness I lie,  
Harmonious sounds swell up from yonder vale,  
And distant woods, and westward-stretching plains,  
The groves are filled with music; songsters gay  
And murmuring insects join their varied notes  
With swaying branches and the streamlet's voice.  
The yellow-breasted lark, shunning the woods,  
Skims the broad meadow, and from weed to weed  
Sends forth his short and oft-repeated lay.  
The breeze that now with gentle freshness fans  
My temples, throbbing with the noon-day sun,  
Full-freighted comes with odors sweet of flowers,  
That hide their faces in the verdure rank,  
And in their grassy prisons lost to view,  
Challenge remembrance with their perfumed breath.  
Few years shall pass ere these untrodden wilds  
With noise of toiling multitudes are filled.  
These forests old, that have withstood so long  
The wrathful tempest in its wintry might,  
To man's supremacy shall bow at last.  
The earth, tormented, shall supply his wants,  
And from these bright flowers' graves will soon arise  
The luscious fruit and life-sustaining grain.

The cabin rude shall be the city's germ ;  
 And towers and domes from these broad plains may spring,  
 And heaven-pointing spires o'ertop this height.  
 Some weary denizen may then, like me,  
 Seek out this cool retreat, to while an hour  
 In musing on the glories of the scene.

## Sketch-Book of Mr. Meister Karl.

### CHAPTER THE TENTH.

'I HAVE another dear friend who is a sexagenary bachelor. The heyday of life is over with him, but his old age is still sunny and chirping. He is a professed squire of dames; the rustle of a silk gown is music in his ears. . . . In his devotion to the fair sex — the muslin, as he calls it — he is the gentle flower of chivalry. He loves to bask in the sunshine of a smile; when he can breathe the sweet atmosphere of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, his soul is in its element; and his supreme delight is to pass the morning, to use his own quaint language, 'in making dodging calls, and wiggling round among the ladies.''

HYPERION.

ONE glorious autumnal afternoon, our entire party had the luck to find themselves comfortably quartered in a handsome old-fashioned suite of apartments in Vienna. Dropping into the Wolf's room, I found it tenanted for the nonce by nearly all the gentlemen of our company, who certainly appeared quite as much at home as if all right and title to its occupancy had devolved upon them. An intense atmosphere of fragrant tobacco-smoke, mingled with the fumes of coffee and liqueurs, and the *dégagee* air of the visitors, at once evinced that Wolf was *the* man (and there is always one such in every establishment) in whose room every one felt perfectly at liberty to 'loaf,' drop in, or stay a week, without the slightest fear of causing annoyance.

Extended on a sofa lay fast asleep the fat, testy, sentimental little old gentleman already introduced to the reader at Venice. A most unlikely person he seemed at first sight to ever win his way to the affections of our company; but he had done it — irrevocably — and was now fixed, fast as a nail, in the hearts of every one, more particularly in those of the ladies, who would all to a man have rather burnt their fans than send him adrift.

In good faith Mr. *William Dumble*, (or Uncle Bill, as young C. insisted on calling him,) though what the French call a '*FAT*,' *id est*, a man of impenetrable self-conceit and obstinacy, was bristled all over with as many good points as a candy pyramid or the Confession of Faith. Irritable as an old mud-wasp, he still continually showed himself brave as a lion, and that far oftener for his friends than himself. But though so chivalric, peppery and fiery, the little old gentleman had a soft heart — *very* soft; softer than Charlotte Russe, and could be melted almost to tears by any moving tale of love, distress, or sentiment. He was in fact not a little credulous, but it was that creditable variety of credulity which originates not so much in a want of knowledge of the world, as from a continued association with that better class of mortals who give us but little reason for distrust. And that there are many such — far more than we at first

ever suspected—is generally the last and truest lesson of life learned by the citizen of the world or *roué*. But Uncle Bill's *forte* was the ladies, to whom he devoted himself with that honorable assiduity manifested by an industrious hen toward a brood of remarkably promising chickens. And as there were, fortunately for him, none among the latter at all disposed to ridicule his weak points, or overtask for the sake of jest his ever-ready services, it may be imagined with what zeal this gallant squire gave himself up in all honor and respect to the dames and demoiselles.

But I must return to the Wolf's room. There lay Uncle Bill, fast asleep, still holding in his hand Moore's Loves of the Angels. On the bed, one up, the other with his head toward the feet, were young C. and Adrian the artist, each puffing away for dear life at a mighty meerschaum, and varying its uniformity by a pull at their coffee or the Mareschino; while at the table, encumbered by guide-books, maps, cigar-cases, whips, weapons and foils, sat the Chevalier, deep in dominoes with Count de Egerlyn. Von Schwartz was mildly strumming a guitar and humming airs from 'Lucia;' while in one corner were picturesquely grouped several gentlemen seated on chairs, trunks, and the window-sill, earnestly occupied in debating the relative advantages which would accrue from a visit that evening either to Sperla Garden or the Opera.

'Is this a *café* or *estaminet*?' said I, struck with astonishment and delight at the after-dinner paradise of tobacco and liqueurs so unexpectedly revealed to me.

'No, old fellow, it was n't born one, but it's a devilish good substitute,' cried C., thinking of New-York. 'Come in, take a cigar, and don't be proud, but help yourself to coffee and fixins.'

I was just about to comply with the invitation, when a burst of laughter—lady laughter—from the adjoining parlor caused me to start and inquire, 'Who's there?'

'*Le Loup dans la bergerie*—the Wolf in the sheep-cote,' replied Count Egerlyn, laughing.

Quitting the *café*, I quietly entered the parlor.

Reader, did you ever see a pretty French engraving entitled, 'How girls pick up their wit'? It is an illustration of the scene I beheld. Seated at the table was Wolf, while around him were assembled the ladies, all apparently in the best humor in the world with him, themselves, and each other. You see them in the picture: Coralie, Mrs. C., the Countess Egerlyn, Julie, Gertrude Du Val, and Bel—the *IDOL BEL*, as Wolf called her, and the *IDLE BEL*, as she called herself. There was *LA CAMPEADOR* with her talking eyes, and Bel's sister with her black ones, not to mention many others, nearly all of whom are omitted by the artist on account of his inability to do justice to their charms. And there, directly in the midst, sat Wolf, snug as a bug in a rug, and happy as a young pumpkin in the sun. He was evidently in his old element of yarn-spinning, flirting, and '*coutant fleurettes*,' or saying pretty things; and to judge by the intense happiness and fun that prevailed, the ladies were quite of a piece with him.

'And that, I suppose, Mr. Wolf, is also true?' cried Coralie, as I entered.

'Fact—true as a lover's vow, every word of it. But talking of the instinct of animals, it's nothing to what occurred within the experience of

an intimate friend of mine, an officer in an American vessel. One day while in the East, on coming up after a noon-day nap, he was astonished to find that an enormous tiger had been brought in a cage on board; and he accordingly seated himself not far from the animal and began observing it. Now it happened that at the same time three young monkeys had also been received and sent for the nonce down below; and the said monkeys, beginning to feel themselves more at home, had resolved on a promenade tour of inspection round their new domicile, and accordingly ascended the companion-way, arm-in-arm, in an elegant leisurely manner.'

'Arm-in-arm?' cried the ladies.

'Yes, arm-in-arm, the outside monkeys swinging their tails gracefully for canes. So well indeed did one conduct himself, that my friend began to fear that the sailors had by mistake brought off some native of rank, supposing him to be a connection or relative of the rest. Well, no sooner had they fairly ascended, than they found themselves directly before the cage of their natural enemy the tiger. Struck with terror, each uttered a piercing scream, and in a touching attitude of despair fell fainting on the deck.'

'Dreadful!' exclaimed Coralie.

'How awfully the tiger must have felt,' said BEL, 'to think of the suffering he had caused. I would n't have had his feelings for an acre of Cashmere shawl.'

'And what became of the poor young gentlem —— I mean monkeys?' asked the Countess Egerlyn.

'The youngest was the first to recover and endeavor to arouse his friends, by pinching and shaking, to a sense of their condition. But all such exertions were in vain. Finally, observing not far off a very large wooden bowl full of water, near which lay two pewter spoons, he carried his friends thither, and by dint of splashing and pouring water with a spoon into their mouths restored them to consciousness.'

'Noble creature!' cried Coralie.

'No sooner had they fairly recovered, when, apparently by the advice of the one whom my friend took for a native, they at once rolled the bowl overboard, and springing into it rowed themselves ashore with the spoons, evidently preferring the risk of a watery grave to the recurrence of such shocks to their nerves as that which they had just experienced.'

'But,' said Bel, 'it do n't seem to me natural that a creature which had acted so much like a fool in coming up stairs should have shown so much sense when his friends fainted.'

'Both monkeys and elephants,' replied Wolf, 'have intelligence enough to supply their sick or wounded companions with water. Even cats lick their dead kittens. Beside,' continued Short, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, 'my friend informed me that he had good reason to suspect that this last monkey was *the lady of the party!*'

Here a general burst of laughter, giggling and tittering took place, broken by Gertrude Du Val's remarking:

'Your friend, I presume, was thinking of the remark made in *Marmion*, when Clare brings water to the wounded knight:

'O WOMAN! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!'



'Oh, undoubtedly,' rejoined Wolf. 'But talking of monkeya, these creatures are sometimes incredibly intelligent. Several years ago, an old friend of my father's took with him to Paris an orang-outang, who manifested immediately on his arrival a remarkable quickness of what might almost be termed intellect. On the third evening he stole ten francs, and made his escape through the window to a masked ball held on the Boulevard Italien. Being naturally taken for a gentleman in disguise, he had no difficulty in obtaining admission, and of course still less in conforming to the usages and etiquette (or rather want of it) which there prevailed. Having performed with ease the feat so much admired by the disciples of Chicard, of galloping around the hall with his partner on his back, and afterward climbing with a grisette in his arms up to the fourth tier, he became of course immensely popular, and being from his taciturnity taken for a stranger, (probably English,) was much courted and caressed (about supper time) by the ladies present.'

'They might have known,' said Coralie, 'from his conduct, that he was not *bête* enough to be English.'

'But having unthinkingly snatched from one of his admirers a stick of *sucré de pommes*, or apple sugar, he was arrested by a *gendarme*, whom he at once pommelled *à la Kentuck*, and then took to flight, after biting off the ear of the unfortunate soldier, bearing with him the musket of his vanquished foe!'

'*Bravo!*' exclaimed the ladies.

'For some time after this, he prudently remained at home, restraining his antics to kissing his paws from the window to ladies passing by.'

'Who, of course,' replied Coralie, 'mistook the monkey for a *lion*, in the Parisian sense of the word.'

'But on the fourth evening, my gentleman found his monkey again missing. He had absconded, bearing with him several bank-notes, all of my friend's eye-glasses and kid gloves, the best of his clothes and linen, a pot of rouge, some hair-dye, and several excellent works on etiquette, conduct and politeness, not to mention a set of *Dumas* and *Paul de Kock*.'

'It strikes me,' said Mrs. C., 'that this last theft did not indicate such a *very* remarkable degree of good sense!'

'My friend heard only once of him after this. The monkey, owing to his extravagance, was soon reduced to earn his livelihood by taking part in an exhibition of well-trained animals, (like himself, no longer *sauvage*), held, I believe, in the *Rue de Cléry*.'

'Poor creature!' sighed Coralie. 'Poverty makes us acquainted with strange companions. And what became of him then?'

'His latter fate is involved in mystery,' replied Wolf. 'But not long after a gentleman, hitherto unknown to fame and fortune, made a striking *début* in the literary and social world of Paris. From the extravagant feats narrated of this lion, my friend always insisted that the successful gentleman could be no other than his long-lost monkey!'

'You should have brought your tiger into this story, Mr. Wolf,' exclaimed Coralie. 'As it is, according to Voltaire, you have only made *half* a Frenchman of him.'

'Voltaire spoke of the *men*,' replied Wolf, 'and, indeed, only of the worse part of them. As for the ladies, they are half dove —'

'And half devil,' rejoined Coralie, rising. 'Mr. Wolf, let us have the pleasure of your company this evening to the opera. Come, Bel, my angel, let us vanish! Mr. Courier, excuse us.'

With these words our lady friends departed, and I took with Wolf the back track to his room and its fragrant attractions; but M'lle Coralie, lingering an instant behind, cried after us:

'Monsieur Wolf, are you sure the monkey did not afterward take a trip to *your* country?'

'Va — tu m'embêtes!'<sup>\*</sup> was the equivocal and intensely-refined reply of my friend, in a low tone, heard only by myself and the gay Parisienne. 'And as for being a monkey,' he continued to me, in a mild growl, 'I doubt very much whether I or any other man would lose ground in the esteem of Miss Coralie and her fellow French even if I had been the hero of my last tale a dozen times over. Vive la Grande Nation! I *like* them; I do!'

#### AFTER-PIECE.

'AND MR. PRYNE solemnly declared to me, that he would rather lose his life than disguise himself as a woman.'

CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS.

THAT evening, after our return from the opera, while seated in Wolf's room, I was astonished to hear an unusual rustling, bustling and whispering in the parlor. The ladies were evidently about something, which (as young C. was therein involved, to judge by his laugh) was evidently mischief.

Softly opening the door we joined the party, and beheld an unexpected apparition. There in the midst stood young C., disguised as a lady, in all the glory of flowing tresses and rosy cheeks. *Half* disguised, I should have said, for his silk dress lay on the table beside him, and Coralie, convulsed with laughter, was busy in lacing his corset.

'Walk in, gentlemen,' he exclaimed, as we entered, 'and do n't be shocked to find me in *skirtibus*. Though hovering around the airy confines of delicacy, I have not as yet stepped beyond the borders.'

With these words he modestly raised the hem of his garments, as if stepping through mud, to convince us that, like many other ladies, he had not as yet relinquished the pantaloons; which movement somewhat disconcerted the occupation of Coralie.

'*Fis donc!* — be still, you naughty boy! Remember that modesty is now your greatest jewel. There, now you're improved.'

With these words she drew back to contemplate his figure, and complacently pronounced it not so bad. The robe was then donned; a simple camellia twisted into his wig; his white kids drawn on, and a cashmere laid over his shoulders. Bel and Mrs. C. proposed one or two small alterations, but ultimately yielded as usual to Coralie's superior French taste in all such matters.

'Had n't we better take off the moustache?' said Wolf maliciously, referring to an almost imperceptible down which shaded the upper lip of C.; a remark which caused that young hero to draw up in intense indignation and anxiety.

<sup>\*</sup> 'You make an animal of me' — *id est*, you weary and annoy me; a coarse French expression.

'Oh, not at all,' cried Coralie, who had, from their mutual spirit of recklessness and fun, rather an affection for young C.; 'a lady is always the more *piquant* for a light moustache.'

'Indeed?' replied Wolf; 'that sounds French. But politics apart, what *does* all this mean, now that Carnival is over, and masked balls out of date?'

'Why,' said young C., 'Uncle Bill, you know ——'

'Yes,' replied Wolf, 'I expected as much. A rig on Uncle Bill, of course. That forms a part of the daily devotion of yourself and Coralie.'

'Well, Uncle Bill showed symptoms of mutiny and disobedience this evening at the opera. Quite unbearable, was n't he?' said C., appealing to the ladies.

'Oh, *terrible!*' cried Coralie, who appeared to have made up her mind to swear to any thing.

'On the frivolous pretence that I had taken a seat which he wanted, he refused to summon an ice-cream for me!'

'Yes, indeed — the monster!' quoth Coralie.

'Refused to apologize, and like a Coriolanus called me '*Boy!*''

'Abominable!' chimed Coralie.

'For which offence, knowing his rosy modesty and ungovernable morality, I propose rousing him out of his slumbers, and scaring him to death with this disguise!'

'Well, 'Luck be with you,' as Falkenberg said to the devil,' replied Wolf. 'But if Uncle Bill murders you I shan't blame him.'

'Stop a minute, my daughter,' cried Coralie. 'Let me first embellish your charms a little!'

With these words she took a match, and having reduced one end to a coal, proceeded to draw a faint black line beneath each of the under eyelashes, which gave, as she said, a more interesting expression to his glances. Then with the same she made two or three black dots on his delicately-rouged complexion, pressing them with the tips of her delicate fingers, so as to give the appearance of slight moles or freckles.

'When the complexion is good,' said she, 'little defects like these remove the suspicion of its being artificial — that is, when they are well placed. Beside, they add, like the moustache, to the general piquancy of expression.'

With a little ultramarine from the ground of a rouge paper, she then drew across the top of his nose a faint blue vein.

'And now,' said she, 'you are perfect. Go, my daughter, and remember that beauty without modesty is like a potato without a peel: the first dust sullies its purity.'

Fortified with this injunction, C. took his way to Uncle Bill's nest, which opened into the parlor, and after a terrible series of raps, boldly entered, leaving the door a quarter of an inch ajar.

'Who 's that?' growled Uncle Bill, awakened from his nap.

'Are you Mr. William Dumble?' inquired C., in as soft a tone as he could assume.

'Ye — e — s,' replied Uncle Bill, turning over in bed and staring at his visitor, who was barely visible in the faint light admitted from the parlor. 'Who are you, Ma'am, I ask — *who are you?*'

'One who has lived for years in the hope of at length beholding your loved countenance, and receiving from you those embraces and that pecuniary patronage which every child is entitled to expect from its parent. Yes, my father! arise and behold in me your long-lost daughter, SABINA BRANDYBUG!'

Great was the wrath of Uncle Bill at this speech. Stammering with confusion and rage he cried, 'Begone, you infamous hussy — get out! Why, I was never married in all my life!'

'Oh yes, you were, my father,' replied C. in a voice broken with sobs, 'though you were so tipsy at the time that you knew nothing about it. I have the certificate here in my waistcoat — I mean my — my hat.'

'You wretched creature, begone this instant!' cried Uncle Bill, not noticing in his rage C.'s slight inaccuracy. 'Bless me,' cried he in despair, observing that his exordium produced not the slightest effect, and gasping with terror at a new thought, '*what if the ladies should hear of this!*'

'*Ladies! LADIES!*' cried C.; 'oh, then, if there be ladies here, I will seek from their feminine souls that sympathy which my barbarous father denies. To them will I unfold the story of my wrongs, and in their company bind up the broken sorrows of a burning heart.'

'WOMAN!' exclaimed Uncle Bill, evidently frightened into a compromise, 'what do you really require?'

'That you mention me politely in your will; acknowledge me as your daughter; give me a handsome cheque on your banker, and make me a present of those two boxes of prime Havanas which you bought yesterday morning.'

Here C., who could no longer restrain his laughter, made a rapid escape through the door — just in time to avoid the candle-stick and boot-jack which came thundering after him. A general roar from such of the company as were assembled in the parlor completed the climax of Uncle Bill's wrath.

'This will cause trouble,' said I gravely, after a minute's pause.

'Shouldn't wonder,' replied C., as if he thought *that* to be the best of the business.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when Uncle Bill, hastily but completely dressed, bolted out, his round face red hot with rage.

'This is infamous!' he exclaimed; 'yes, Sir, *infamous!* (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Mr. C., there is my card!'

With these words he extended to C. a card, at which the latter glanced, and then burst into an uncontrollable laugh.

'Why, what now?' said Wolf; 'what's on the card?'

'*MARIA NUZZI*, (oh, you old reprobate!) *'beg leave inform the english american nobility that she wash and whiten beautifully their linen, at elegant price, and in the cheapest manner.*

'*N. B. MARIA NUZZI speak english and french.*'

'Oh, Uncle Bill!' continued C., 'I always knew that you fell in love with our washer-woman at Venice, but little thought that you carried her card about as a *souvenir*.'

To this last Uncle Bill made no reply, but shot back into his room, slamming the door after him like a thunder-clap.

'We have all acted very imprudently, I fear,' said Mrs. C. with her

sweet voice. 'It is but just that we offer Mr. Dumble an apology for such a trick. Cousin, you, with M<sup>lle</sup> Coralie, must be more careful in future.'

At this reproof the two young rogues, whom I verily believe nothing else would move, began to look extremely grave. But recovering herself, Coralie said :

'*C'est bien fâcheux* ; but I will bet my best point-lace collar and cuffs, that our good Uncle is laughing now as heartily at the joke as any of us.'

How Mrs. C. brought the reconciliation about I never exactly knew. But one fact recorded in Uncle Bill's history is, that he and young C. made the next day, in loving company, a long excursion to the Esterhazy Gallery and the Prater, and that after dinner he actually presented Miss Sabina Brandybug with one of the much-coveted boxes of regalias, previously solicited. I am not quite certain but that the old gentleman, who like most sound batchelors liked to be bantered for his love-scrapes, was rather pleased at an incident which had brought him out so strongly as a *mauvais sujet*, and one who could tell, *if he liked*. Nor do I doubt but that Coralie and C., who thoroughly knew his weak points, afterward availed themselves to the last degree of this penchant, and trotted him out in the most astonishing manner, until they were more than reëstablished in his good graces. But one thing I *know* : that they ever after treated him with such kindness and attention, that I consider the chances of their being mentioned in his will as by no means doubtful ; trusting only that a century may elapse before this mark of esteem may be of any advantage to them.

'Who is it that hath writ this tale,  
Hath told it—and so on ?  
That in Vienna, in Austria,  
Hath KARL the Meister done.'

#### A F F E C T I O N ' S   T R I B U T E .

WHEN night breathes over hill and dale,  
To calm the weary world to rest,  
And softly throws her soothing veil  
Across thy pure and lovely breast ;  
Then, wrapp'd in slumber soft and warm,  
Like a sweet spirit from above,  
I deem thee some embodied charm,  
Too pure for man's unholy love.

When seeking at the heavenly throne,  
(An almost sinless suppliant there,)  
A blessing from the Holy ONE,  
Who shields thee with a FATHER's care ;  
So saintly in thy early youth,  
I deem thee, then, a guardian given  
To teach me purity and truth,  
And guide my wandering steps to heaven.

## LEONATUS.

*The fair boy Leonatus,  
The page of Imogen.*

It was his duty evermore  
To tend the lady Imogen :  
By peep of day he might be seen  
Tapping against her chamber door,  
To wake the sleepy waiting maid ;  
Who rose, and when she had arrayed  
The Princess, and the twain had prayed,  
(With pearléd rosaries used of yore,)  
They called him, pacing to and fro ;  
And cap in hand, and bowing low,  
He entered, and began to feed  
The singing-birds with fruit and seed.

*The brave boy Leonatus,  
The page of Imogen.*

He tripped along the kingly hall,  
From room to room with messages ;  
He stopped the butler, clutched his keys,  
(Albeit he was broad and tall,)  
And dragged him down the vaults, where wine  
In bins lay beaded and divine,  
To pick a flask of vintage fine ;  
Came up, and clomb the garden wall,  
And plucked from out the sunny spots  
Peaches, and luscious apricots,  
And filled his golden salver there,  
And hurried to his lady fair.

*The gallant Leonatus,  
The page of Imogen.*

He had a steed from Arab ground ;  
And when the lords and ladies gay  
Went hawking in the dews of May,  
And hunting in the country round,  
And Imogen did join the band,  
He rode him like a hunter grand,  
A hooded hawk upon his hand,  
And by his side a slender hound ;  
But when they saw the deer go by,  
He slipped the leash, and let him fly,  
And gave his fiery barb the rein,  
And scoured beside her o'er the plain.

*The strange boy Leonatus,  
The page of Imogen.*

Sometimes he used to stand for hours  
Within her room, behind her chair ;  
The soft wind blew his golden hair  
Across his eyes, and bees from flowers  
Hummed round him, but he did not stir :  
He fixed his earnest eyes on her,  
A pure and reverent worshipper,  
A dreamer building airy towers :

But when she spoke he gave a start,  
That sent the warm blood from his heart,  
To flush his cheeks, and every word  
The fountain of his feelings stirred.

*The sad boy Leonatus,*

*The page of Imogen.*

He lost all relish and delight  
For all things that did please before ;  
By day he wished the day was o'er,  
By night he wished the same of night ;  
He could not mingle in the crowd,  
He loved to be alone, and shroud  
His tender thoughts, and sigh aloud,  
And cherish in his heart its blight.  
At last his health began to fail,  
His fresh and glowing cheeks to pale ;  
And in his eyes the tears unshed  
Did hang like dew in violets dead.

*The timid Leonatus,*

*The page of Imogen.*

'What ails the boy !' said IMOGEN.  
He stammered, sighed, and answered, 'Naught.'  
She shook her head, and then she thought  
What all his malady could mean.  
It might be love : her maid was fair,  
And LEON had a loving air.  
She watched them with a jealous care,  
And played the spy, but naught was seen :  
And then she was aware at first,  
That she, not knowing it, had nursed  
His memory till it grew a part —  
A heart within her very heart !

*The dear boy Leonatus,*

*The page of Imogen.*

She loved, but owned it not as yet :  
When he was absent she was lone,  
She felt a void before unknown,  
And LEON filled it when they met ;  
She called him twenty times a day,  
She knew not why, she could not say ;  
She fretted when he went away,  
And lived in sorrow and regret :  
Sometimes she frowned with stately mien,  
And chid him like a little queen ;  
And then she soothed him meek and mild,  
And grew as trustful as a child.

*The neat scribe Leonatus,*

*The page of Imogen.*

She wondered that he did not speak,  
And own his love, if love indeed  
It was that made his spirit bleed ;  
And she bethought her of a freak  
To test the lad : she bade him write  
A letter that a maiden might,  
A billet to her heart's delight.  
He took the pen with fingers weak,

Unknowing what he did, and wrote,  
And folded up and sealed the note :  
She wrote the superscription sage,  
'For LEONATUS, Lady's Page !'

*The happy Leonatus,  
The page of Imogen :*

The page of Imogen no more,  
But now her love, her lord, her life ;  
For she became his wedded wife,  
As both had hoped and dreamed before.  
He used to sit beside her feet,  
And read romances rare and sweet,  
And, when she touched her lute, repeat  
Impassioned madrigals of yore,  
Up-looking in her face the while,  
Until she stooped with loving smile,  
And prest her melting mouth to his,  
That answered in a dreamy bliss :

*The joyful Leonatus,  
The lord of Imogen !*

R. E. STODDARD.

#### SOME ACCOUNT OF SMITH.

It is wonderful with what trustfulness people will believe, as they peruse the 'Journal,' the 'Table-Talk,' the 'Letters' of the distinguished dead, that it never came into the head of said dead that any body would ever publish their ephemera. If however other people do believe such nonsense, I don't.

But yet if we can, at the demise of any great man, in truth and really, find any repository wherein he has carelessly placed unconscious thoughts, pure spontaneities—the voluntary out-flowings of the soul, which came from him without squeezing, as the most precious wine leaves the grape; if we can, I say, after his departure, find such a casket, and the cunning to open it, how precious and pure the treasure therein, and how fruitful to the soul of the finder!

Private journals, table-talk, letters, etc., are none of them that casket. Nonsense! Men *do* know, and expect, and wish, that the things they say and write will be published. Therefor they say and write them; there is a self-consciousness in them—an alloy, of howsoever few carats.

There is no such objection to the revelations of a Book of Accounts; at least there is none heretofore, and now; though in truth, even as, on opening the sepulchre that veils the wondrous lamp, forthwith it goes out and can no more be lighted, so now, after my present publication through my present medium thereof, no Books of Accounts, whether purporting to be of earlier or later date, are in any wise reliable.

ASA SMITH is dead.

But though, according to high authority, his works do follow him, yet do I detain them by summary process of subpoena, until they bear their



pure testimony to the many virtues of their doer: for I will that the present generation have the benefit of the good done by those that are gone; and I trust there are many quiet and reflective souls who may love to pause and contemplate the unobtrusive beauties of the character of Smith, even among its homely surroundings. One of the most singular, and intricately as well as symmetrically marked bugs I ever saw, I found away down a dell in dark woods, under a little stone all covered with moss, to get at which I had to straddle a swamp and squat down on a soft stump.

Divers extracts from Mr. Smith's Private Account I shall now present to the public; endeavoring, as I pass them along, to set each, by a few appropriate words, in its proper light as a picture of a soul.

And no body can suspect that Mr. Smith ever thought any thing would be done with his old Private Account, except that it should lurk for ages in the dusty garret of his old white farm-house in G —, and should be burnt at last for kindlings, or made into a scrap-book. So barbarous monks over-wrote their squashy homilies and meaningless chants and prayers, upon precious manuscripts of the elder, half-inspired, now lost, and so lost, classics of Greece and Rome.

And I will here acknowledge, that for some of the sayings of Mr. Smith I can in no wise account; so I only give them, and mark them, that others may study them; in manner, though not in spirit, as the schoolmen stuck up theses in market-places, for all comers to discuss, to wonder at, or to controvert.

But to my items. I omit many names, dates, and other technics, as unessential to the present æsthetic line of investigation:

1. 'A. B. Dr.  
'to Filch Birrels.  
'to for (four ?) Bush. and three pecks Qince.'

Qince: phonotypy. There's no use in having a *u* after every *q*; there's a *u* in the *q*. So reasoned Smith; so reasons Pitman.

But neither the Theban nor the Emersonian Sphinx—eldest and youngest of their race—could read the riddle of those singular words, 'Filch Birrels.'

2. 'to a yoke of Oxen three days a Draging.'

• A Dragon? Can it be? Did Mr. Smith truly keep 'Dragings' to let? The day's work of an elephant must in comparison be but as that of a grasshopper. Or then what *does* it mean?

3. 'To Russel Griffing Choping one day.
4. 'to fourteen dollars Cash, . . . . . \$1 22'

The items look like the titles of sonnets. I 'feel to' write a most extraordinary sonnet 'to fourteen dollars Cash!' But not at the low valuation which my friend Smith placed on that sum. Very few people think so little of money as that! But what a noble subject is 'a yoke of oxen and a Draging!'

5. 'To a half bushel Quincee  
and half a pek of Quincee.'

The native and uneducated shrewdness of Mr. Smith's mind has here taken a distinction too subtle for me to appreciate.

6. 'to eighteen bushels of turnips and a half.'

A new and hitherto unmentioned variety of that useful esculent.

7. 'to one Stock of buinut boards.'

Probably this material became necessary for that garment, from the economical accountant's well-known habit of wearing painted sheet-iron shirt-collars, to save limpness and starching.

8. 'to my horse to go to hartlang and suffield.  
'to my horse to go to terrifvil.'

Hartlang — terrifvil: old Indian names, still provincially used as names of certain towns.

'Suum cuique,' said the fair-minded Smith, and credits the horse for the work he did.

9. 'to Homer lamson and myself Diging potatoes part of half a day.'

That is, half a part of a day. How many parts make a day? Or did Mr. Smith, with the metaphysical acuteness which belonged so eminently to his character, reason thus? 'Homer and I are two: therefore, as both of us worked part of a day, each of us worked part of *half* a day; and as I name each, so I must mention the time during which each worked.' Probability would seem to favor the latter conclusion.

10. 'This day settled all boock accounts with S. M. and found due to A. S. no dollars, and forty cents.'

No dollars. Here we have a peep, through a smallish hole indeed, but still a decided peep, into a fund of quiet humor, which forms a substratum of Mr. S.'s character, occasionally creeping out, as above, to great advantage.

11. 'Enos Mix Dr.

'to a horse to go to Colebrook sixteen miles, and to sally Bakern.'

Are we to suppose that Mix told Mr. Smith that he was proposing to call on Miss B.? No, indeed. Smith's keen eye at once detected the Sunday rig of Mr. Mix, and his experienced and reflective mind told him the youth's errand, which he absently jotted down in the end of his charge against Mix.

Compare the following from a contemporary periodical:

'At Jaalam, the 12th, by Rev. HOMER WILBUR, A.M., Miss SALLY BAKER, of Colebrook, and Mr. ENOS MIX, of G —.'

12. 'To myself drawing one stick and cattle, all day.'

It is well known among Mr. Smith's personal friends, that his bodily strength was immense; but I can scarcely believe that he did actually propel those articles during the entire period mentioned, for the trifling remuneration recorded, viz.: \$1.50. I am myself inclined to favor the belief that Mr. S., who was county surveyor during many years, was called upon in his artistic capacity to take portraits of those oxen and that stick; doubtless a cane as valuable to the owner as that of Franklin, bequeathed to Washington; and that his love of art induced him to find his greatest and sweetest recompense in the labor itself.

13. 'to my horse to go to turkehills and mecanieville.'

The sturdy independence of Mr. Smith's character here displays itself

in an uncompromising resistance to the present unreasonable and absurd style of English orthography.

14. 'to my horse and wagon and homer to go to widow Dibbles and beyond.'

The homer, according to Gesenius, equals ten ephahs. The ephah, by same authority, equals a bushel and a half English, or thereabouts; wherefore a homer is about fifteen bushels. Is the involved language of this entry a circumlocutory contrivance on the part of Mr. S. (whose retiring diffidence is as remarkable as his diffusive and genuine charity) to hide his kind gift to Mrs. Dibble? Or is 'homer' identical with the Mr. Lamson or Lampson before and after mentioned in the Book of Accounts?

15. 'David Squs  
to my horse to go to Colebrook.'  
16. 'David Squars  
to my horse to hichcockville.'

There is an economical arrangement in the first of these entries, not reproducible in print, whereby the latter half of the *u* in 'Squs' is made to occupy the place of an *i*.

Remark also the earnestness of spirit with which Mr. Smith, in his firm grasp of the essence of his thought, has neglected the accident of form, in the synonyms 'Squs' and 'Squars.'

Dwell likewise for a moment on the startling abruptness of the latter entry. It is no ordinary mind that could compress so much meaning into so compact and hammer-falling a sentence.

17. 'To my horse to go to hartland and Cullen Hayoses—Up to captain bullees—Down to Joseph Cases.'

So underneath the hard exterior of our New-England farmer, an exterior that would even endure the attrition of sheet-iron collars and stocks of 'butnut boards,' there bubbled, sported, blossomed a fountain, a child, a flower, of fair and delicate poesy; budding out in the inauspicious dusky corner of an old Book of Accounts; flowing through the dry stones and bones of daily business; chirping and crowing in a gathering of grave elders.

How true and honest is the nature of Smith! How truly great, even in its insuspection of the beauty folded within itself! And how can we enough admire the involuntary and deep artist-soul that dressed up so ghastly a skeleton as an old ledger-account with the blooming flowers of poetry—the flowing robes of song! And in the strong march of the lines we see again the power of the mind of our friend.

18. 'Recond with Homer Lampeon and found due him two Dollars, to be paid in potatoes or Apples or cider or turnips or part of each, within one year from date.'

Valuable as showing the variety and extent of Mr. Smith's possessions.

19. 'To forty or fifty pounds of provender.'

Quantity is a category of material existence; quality is an everlasting predicate, appreciable by a spirit disembodied, as much and more than by a clay-clogged soul. How delicately may we find this truth to have been felt by Mr. S., in his neglect to define the number of pounds and the care with which he particularizes the subject-matter!

30. 'Homer Lampson Dr. to a Det against Enos Mix.'

Not very explicable that; unless we conclude that Mr. S., like the steward in the parable, making to himself a friend of the mammon of unrighteousness, and distrusting Mr. Mix's solvency, resolved to charge his (Mix's) liability over to Lampson, in case Mix should fail to meet his engagements.

Having thus set forth (in a similitude) lobster, oil, vinegar, mustard — in short, all the 'ingrediences' — I will end by saying, that I have not written except for those who can from those materials concoct for themselves a lordly dish. Let each such fall to. He will find, who knows how to seek.

H. F.

---

T H E I N D I A N M A I D .

---

BY E FLURIBUS UNUM, ESQ.

---

BENEATH the green boughs, in the wide-spreading shade  
Of the tall forest trees, stood the Indian maid:  
Oh! dark was her hair as the night-raven's wing,  
And her eye like the depths of some clear forest spring.

Unlike our pale maidens, so wan and so weak,  
The roses of health bloomed on her round cheek;  
Or at least would have done so, beyond any doubt,  
Had it not been so dirty they could n't blow out.

A sun-beam down through the thick foliage strayed;  
On her breast and the bronze of her features it played,  
And her crescents and full moons of silver\* therein  
Flashed brightly as newly-scoured milk-pans of tin.

Her pack lay beside her, all rigged for 'a start,'  
But some deep-seated grief seemed to prey on her heart;  
And her dark musing eye sadly gazed on the ground,  
As if she were wrapped in some reverie profound.

Perchance she was thinking of leaving the land  
Where her forefathers brave fought with bow and with brand;  
Or of some young brave on the enemy's track,  
Or what deuced hard work 't was to carry her pack.

But what was her grief, or the cause of her woe,  
Is something I probably never shall know;  
For as I stood gazing, she turned her about,  
And shouldered her pack, gave a sigh, and 'put out.'

*Keppacon, August, 1851.*

---

\* *Esquaws* frequently wear a number of large silver ornaments cut in the shape of moons and crescents on the breast and hanging in the ears. It is supposed that the 'round trees, like the moon,' mentioned by *ISAIAH* as worn by the daughters of *Zion*, were of a similar description.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

---

PROSE WRITINGS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA. 'Old Times;' 'The Past and Present;' 'Law Suited to Man.' Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

WE propose commenting upon the essays of RICHARD HENRY DANA, printed in the second volume of his 'Poems and Prose Writings,' and entitled 'Old Times,' 'The Past and Present,' and 'Law Suited to Man.' These comments will be confined to some of the views and positions advanced and maintained, and not extend to the mode and style of stating them. For, as a writer, Mr. DANA is beyond our praise, and above our criticism. In style, he is in prose what WORDSWORTH is in verse, and in verse what MACAULAY is in prose; to this extent: that his prose is marked by the careful finish, the studied elegance, the purity of tone, and the harmonious flow, of the poetry of the one; and his verse is characterized by the energy and strength, though not with the realizing life and the scenic art, of the prose of the other. As a thinker, however, so far as he is developed in these essays, he does not, in our judgment, occupy a correspondingly high position. His mind is too thoroughly metaphysical to be eminently practical. He must possess a genial heart, though, for he absolutely revels among beautiful objects; and dwells too fondly and lovingly upon the attractive features of his subject, to always discover and avow the truths embodied in it, and connected with it. He seems content with gazing at the superficies of things; and though, artist-like, he pictures a stately and beautiful edifice, of Gothic massiveness or Corinthian grace, he does not lead you within its outer door, to see what winding passages, what gloomy apartments, what dungeon vaults, dark and noxious, may lie concealed within its sculptured walls.

And indeed, if it were excusable that any subject should woo the grateful, reverential spirit to a concealment of its faults, and an exaggeration of its virtues, it is the Past—the Old Times—resting amid a boundless forest of venerable oaks, moss-grown and ivy-twined, whose roots stretch far out into the soil of our Present, and under whose myriad spreading branches we of this day are often fain to seek repose and shelter. To our author, this Past is a sacred and a holy theme. He bends lowly before it, in reverent regard, as he would in the presence of an aged parent. It trembles lightly its noiseless halls, its silent galleries, and pauses in humble adoration before each sarcophagus, enshrining the ancient orders, the hoary customs, the antique religions, which there lie buried in eternal sleep. And, as a generous friend would have his memory revert and dwell only among the graces of a loved, departed one, and fondly believe even his faults to be of virtue born: so he, to whom the Past is more than friend, spreads over its errors the mantle of forgetfulness, or surveys them with a benignant charity. Its virtues rise before him tinged with the golden sun-

light of an enthusiastic love. This is, perhaps, but natural. It forms the burden of every desire we feel, and prayer we utter, over the grave of an erring one, that the evil there was in him may 'lie entombed with his bones;' that the good only may live after him. And the aspiration which we breathe over the clay of *one* departed, may it not also be said over the commingled dust of the innumerable throng who have composed the living generations of the ages gone!

But, while there are memories which are generous merely, there are other memories which are just. A just memory is that which remains after the judgment has calmly and carefully analyzed its object; separated the dross from the gold; and affixed to the one its worthlessness and to the other its value. It does not betoken a less degree of sensibility because it is devoid of uniform praise; nor is it wedded to ingratitude or uncharitableness. It is the process of a true, clear-judging reason; unbiased by sentimentality on the one hand, and uninfluenced by heartlessness on the other. The generous memory, though it may seem more genial to the conceit of a romantic mind, is in fact far less complimentary to the object it enshrines. Glossing over the errors which clearly stamp it in the eye of reason, it lingers weakly, though lovingly, amid the graces which adorn it; and not unfrequently transmutes the one into the other, that the whole may appear more symmetrical to the sight. Its praise, by this means, degenerates into fulsomeness; so that, instead of being a process of the judgment, it becomes a child of adulation. It is liable also to the additional and more grievous error of lavishing its encomiums at the expense of other and meritorious objects. Based upon grounds at least in part factitious, and satisfied only with the bestowal of unmeasured praise, it sometimes falls into the dishonesty of detraction, and seeks to advantage its own by unfairly contrasting it with the shorn and mangled proportions of another.

It is in the light proceeding from this generous memory, that our author surveys the landscape of the Past; and he has fallen into all the errors incident thereto. He gazes with a reverent delight upon the titled and privileged orders that rise in marked and regular gradation, from the enslaved peasant to the enthroned king. Each degree bears upon it, in his eye, the seal of a heavenly ordination. Nobility of rank is but a synonyme for nobility of worth; the crown that rests upon the kingly brow, shelters also an embodiment of the highest human virtue. The star that glitters upon the noble's breast—it waxes pale before the intenser light that radiates from the noble's heart. Rank is adorned with learning, with generosity, with charity. Inborn and acknowledged, its possessor can afford to be dutiful to his superiors, chivalrous with his equals, and condescending to his inferiors. The peasant, born to his humble state, and educated thereto, or rather, educated not at all, finds the pomp and circumstance of rank and power hedging him round with impassable barriers, beyond which his longings do not traverse, and above which his aspirations do not soar. The accident of birth forbidding all hope of change, the lowly soul learns contentment with his lot. The social state being thus distinctively marked, oppressions on the one hand and assumptions on the other are both done away. Rank is honored with reverence; power begets humility; condescension is repaid with fidelity. The dignities of government being inherited, or conferred upon nobility, the laws are, of consequence, justly and impartially administered. The sovereign is made not the one only just man; but the maxim, 'The king can do no wrong,' is amplified to include all who wear the insignia of rank and power. To the justice of the law, and the terrors of its threatenings, is added the farther incentive to obedience in the mystical majesty of those who administer it. The personal dignity of the law-makers and law-officers is, in the mind of the humble and unlearned, transfused into

the law itself; and by this cumulative process is generated a mysterious awe, a sacred reverence, throughout the subject masses, and therewith insured a ready submission. Religion, as well as law, is invested with a secret, invisible power. Its teachings are conveyed through the medium of mystic rites, and deep-meaning symbols, which gather an irrepressible force from their very incomprehensibility. The pageantries of its stately ceremonials awe even the haughty soul into a compliance with its requirements, in cases where the simple utterance of its truths would be impressiveless and vain. And so, all are brought under its holy influences.

'Verily, this is Utopia!' is gleefully shouted from the joyous hearts of all hopeful, unthinking humanity. What need had our Lord Chancellor MORE to voyage us to an imaginary island in the midst of the shoreless sea, to people it with impersonations of good, and to frame for it his pure code of morals and of laws, that the world might feed upon the fruitage of a perfect state? What need, when around him, and behind him in the favored past, lay this paradise of social life, of civil order, and of religious purity?

'Alas!' replies the discerning, but not less generous soul, 'Alas! indeed, that it is only Utopia! and alas! too, that all Utopia is but unreality!'

The most superficial historian cannot but have anticipated us in the judgment, that Mr. DANA's picture of the Past is glaringly exaggerated. It presents to view the romance, and not the reality, of the antique eras. He seated himself in the centre of an oasis, and suffered his eye to regale his sense of beauty from the flowery meads, watered by bubbling fountains, and the umbrageous woods, tempting with delicious fruits, and vested with luxuriant foliage. He saw not around him the parched and sandy desert, limitless as the boundless ocean, over which the simoom of war, revenge and hate, cruelty, bigotry and superstition, had blown its blasts of ruin and of death!

The limits of this review will not permit us to give even an epitome of the social, religious and political condition of the Past. Suffice it, that the most charitable survey over its decades of centuries, as a whole, will reveal comparatively little to gladden the heart of the statesman, the moralist, and the philanthropist. At no time has its social state been free from the mark of oppression on the part of superiors, and of servility on the part of inferiors. At no period has its religion been free from the taint of bigotry on the part of its teachers, and of superstition on the part of its followers. At no age has justice been the rule of the governor, and liberty the boon of the governed. Its religions have too often sanctified all the passions which morality rebukes. Under its garb, war, lust, avarice, cruelty, murder, not unfrequently raged in all the fury of their licentiousness. The heretic and the infidel were the chosen and permitted victims, upon whom the faithful might sate their devilish passions in the practice of any enormity. Liberty is no where named in its historic annals; or only so in connection with oppressions which fix upon the pretence of its existence the stamp of hypocrisy. It is uttered in earnestness of heart only by an occasional sorrowing spirit, who, from the very temple of tyranny, bewails the wrongs and the crimes of the Jerusalem around, wallowing in the splendors and luxuries of its sins; or by some other heroic soul, who had strength enough to break the bonds of oppression, and daring enough to cheer the despondent hearts of the enslaved with songs of this birth-right, given them of God, and despoiled by man.

The Past, so characterized by wrongs in its social, religious and political organizations, could not have furnished, as our author claims for it, a soil for the genial growth and highest development of the virtues of reverence and humility. On the

other hand, it were impossible that there should be any healthy, stately growth of either. There could be no reverence, for ignorance was as pervading as the air; and knowledge is the very life of reverence. It is impossible to entertain reverence for the incomprehensible; but quite possible to harbor fear, and to cherish awe. The hidden power, the terrible majesty, the innate virtue of beings differing from them only in the blazonry of the jewels that glared their sight to blindness; the mysterious symbols and the imposing ceremonials that accompanied the teachings of religion and the administration of law; these might engender a craven fear, or an impalpable awe; but they could never, from the ignorant mind, call forth a true and heart-felt reverence. There could be no humility; for gratitude is its essence. Humility could not find genial growth among the lower orders, for gratitude cannot exist in the hearts of the multitude enslaved. Gratitude could not go out from the higher orders, either to God above, or to the herd beneath; for they held their very place and station by grossest wrongs to both. Humility could not flourish on such desert soil.

This picture of our author, then, as we have before remarked, presents to view not the reality but the romance of the Past. In looking upon it, we cannot forbear an acknowledgment of the artistic grace displayed in its rich and gorgeous coloring, and in its representations, so glowing, and instinct with life. Nor can we help regretting that he did not place upon his canvas a sketch of the days of chivalry; that era revealing the romance and poetry of the Heroic Past, and upon which his mind evidently dwelt while embodying some of his most delightful fancies. At the touch of his graphic pencil, with what distinctness would we see the army of knights and retainers of a half-dozen centuries gone, wending their toilsome way toward the holy city, to wrest from the galling clutch of the infidel the sacred shrine of their immaculate Head, who, living, was the embodiment of the exalted virtues of the Christian faith. Seen with his poetic vision, how would their revengeful hate heighten into an heroic chivalry; their coarse and grating songs rise into a high-sounding melody; their worn and soiled suits of mail become burnished, and gleam through the lengthened vista; each warrior, 'clad in complete steel,' become vested in true nobility; and the clanging of his armor grow musical in the mellowing distance, as it floats down through the centuries between!

The Past is gone, with its institutions and its usages; and with it has died, in the mind of our author, all faith in the permanent existence of the highest requisites for good government and social happiness. Monarchy has given place to republicanism, and the change is linked with destruction. The virtues of reverence and humility, on which he doats so earnestly and fondly, lie buried in the grave. Like the crusades, the movement of his mind and affections is backward, ever backward; never onward and upward, with a living faith in the promises of God and the virtues of humanity.

It cannot be necessary for us to enter into any vindication of the Present. It is here, before us all. Here, with its enterprises of good, and its enterprises of evil. Here, with its tireless energies, whitening the sea and covering the land. Here, with its inventive power, compelling alike the emblem of wrath and the emblem of innocence—the lightning and the dove—to do the same bidding at its will. It is here, with its conquests of war and its conquests of peace; with its institutions of learning and its institutions of crime; with its temples erected for the worship of God, and its penitentiaries raised for the glory of the devil. But we cannot pass the occasion, without noticing the imputation that the Present is devoid of a reverential spirit. We hold that reverence does exist among us, freely and naturally. It does not manifest itself, as did the fear and awe of the ancients, in rendering homage to the



surfaces of things—to accidental rank, as such; nor invest its possessors with adventitious dignities and virtues, that it may bow down before the god of its own creation. It does, however, bend lowly before the naked Truth—before untrammelled Right. And in this is our highest hope; from it we draw our brightest auguries for the future.

Far be it from us to prove ungrateful to the Past. We thank it for the lessons of wisdom inscribed upon all its pages of savanic lore. We thank it for the lyric sweetness of its rhythméd melody, and for the nobler strains of its heroic barda. We thank it for its valor displayed on field and wave, and for its higher valor shown in its martyrdoms for the Truth. And, infinitely beyond all, we thank God that He has bound us of the Present to the Past, by ties indissoluble, through a SAVIOUR and a Salvation.

THE EPOCH OF CREATION; or, the Scripture Doctrine contrasted with the Geological Theory. By ELEAZAR LORD. In one volume: pp. 311. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

WE have read this work with pleasure and profit; and while we are compelled in the main to differ from the intelligent author, we acknowledge the force of many of his arguments, and think them worthy of a careful consideration. So long as human knowledge is mixed with a degree of uncertainty, there will be different opinions and conflicting theories; and more especially in considering the mighty and mysterious changes of the past. Geology was originally pursued as a distinct science, by men who were above the influence of prejudice, and who scorned an improper use of their knowledge. By them it was not arrayed against the Mosaic cosmogony. Then, as now, the true student of science looked to the sacred record as the only testimony worthy of belief; and considered the natural phenomena so far only as they went to explain the sacred record, or aided him to read it rightly. But as the early conjectures seemed to conflict with the inspired history, the unbelieving made use of them in their arguments denying the authenticity and truthfulness of the sacred writings. By this means the whole army of clergy was excited to a general and ill-judged attack on the science.

It cannot be denied that, with a literal interpretation of the inspired volume, a disagreement between the friends of the two records is unavoidable; but it is very generally conceded that a more liberal view not only fully reconciles the geological phenomena with the Mosaic account, but illustrates and proves the truth of both. Recent discoveries have done much to harmonize all that had even the appearance of opposition, and to bring the savan and the theologian together as co-workers on broad and liberal grounds, where, rising above the letter into the spirit of the inspired writings, and from isolated discoveries to great principles, they found themselves in the presence of the same Almighty POWER, who, writing not alone on the stones of Sinai, but on all, has left unmistakable evidence of His own great being in every department of the universe.

In these views Mr. LORD does not fully agree with us. He defends the Scriptural account of the creation in its literal sense, and refuses all geological aid in its interpretation. This task he has performed with great ingenuity and force; and to those who entertain similar views, he has given an interesting and valuable commentary. His style is clear and forcible, and his arguments generally well directed. His reviews of Professor HITCHCOCK's *Geology* and HUGH MILLER's '*Foot-prints*' may be considered the ablest portions of his book; but we think we discover a spirit which

should not be found in scientific and theological discussions. Sarcasm can have but little influence in settling important questions of any character, and least of all in matters of this nature. We are not certain that we do Mr. LORD justice in these reflections; but if we do, we would persuade him to leave such feelings to the editor of the '*Literary World*,' and others of similar elements, to whom they properly belong.

In conclusion, we recommend the book to our readers, and particularly to those who are interested in the discussion. While we differ in our views, we are anxious to see both sides of the great question fully and clearly presented, so that knowledge may be increased and truth attained. We need original thinkers, who are ready to take the responsibility of a new thought, and who, like our author, are willing to attack the strong places of science. To such we give a hearty welcome.

OUTLINES OF A SYSTEM OF MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHY: Being a Research into the Laws of Force. By SAMUEL ELLIOTT CORIUS. In one volume: pp. 336. Boston: LITTLE AND BROWN.

If these 'Outlines' prove correct, new experiments must be made, and systems yet unknown adopted. The beautiful discoveries of NEWTON, proved by innumerable concurring phenomena, and acquiesced in by philosophers of every grade and character, will be remembered only with the errors of the past. That mighty chain of gravitation which binds the universe together; that directs the motions of the heavenly bodies; limits their wanderings, and regulates their varied influences; and on the supposition of which the forces of nature have been calculated, the planets weighed, and their localities pointed out before they had been seen by the eye of science; must yield its supremacy to the innate force of matter. The problem of the three bodies must be opened again; and the calculations of CLAIRAUT, D'ALEMBERT and EULER proved the foolishness of great men. Some other cause must be shown for the harmony discovered by the immortal LA PLACE; and the labors of ADAMS and LEVERRIER, to which the civilized world turned with the profoundest reverence, must be treated as happy accidents.

But are they true? Is there a natural force in each element, by which motion is produced, and through which all natural phenomena may be explained? These are questions of importance, suggested not alone by these 'Outlines,' but by every inquiring mind. There are many things unexplained by gravitation, or any other known element. Into the mysterious workings of the universe we are enabled to penetrate to certain fixed points, but there the lights of science leave us, bewildered, in the presence of potencies unexplained and of beauties indescribable. No human eye can detect the secret of their harmony, because the Power which moves the machinery is behind the horizon that binds all mortal vision. All human theories may be questioned, nay, they should be. If we would advance, we must examine and re-examine every position taken in our progress; open and re-open every question so long as arguments can be added or doubts suggested. In this opinion our author fully agrees with us. With a boldness which we admire, and a force which commands respect, he attacks our oldest and best-supported theories. Nor is his book a mere attack upon the views and theories of others; he offers something in their place. The Vandal may level the most perfect edifice, but it requires the skill of civilization and refinement to erect one worthy of admiration. This our author has

done. While he denies the theory of gravitation, and all the influences of such a force, he supplies its place in the universe by other potencies of equal extent and influence. He attempts to prove that there is a transferable, diffusible, independent and indestructible *force* in every thing, sufficient to secure the harmony of motion. He meets the theory of gravitation with many objections, which he thinks cannot be urged against his theory of force. In this connection he quotes from NEWTON :

'Would it were permitted us to deduce the other phenomena of nature from mechanical principles, and by the same kind of reasoning ; for many things lead me to suspect that all these phenomena depend on certain forces by which the particles of bodies are either urged toward each other, through causes not yet known, and cohere according to regular figures, or are repelled and recede from each other ; which forces being unknown, philosophers have hitherto made their attempts upon nature in vain.' Our author adds : 'We are disposed to believe that the ultimate particles of bodies have an orbital or rotary motion, intense in proportion to the circumscribed space in which they move. In every mass, also, and at times extending beyond the mass, (as especially the object of perception in the magnet,) this motion exists, the phenomena of which are those of polarization, and the result of which is cohesion together with the phenomena of friction, and perhaps of chemical affinity. The force revolving in the mass is cohesion, out of the mass friction or pressure, and the change of the structure of the mass is chemical action.'

He goes on to develop these ideas, and to prove the correctness of his theory, and closes this chapter with the following language :

'It may be objected to this view that the generalization is too far extended. But we can hardly err on this side. The present state of philosophy seems to demand generalization—the grouping together of the heretofore isolated action of nature. Nature has been too much parcelled out—too much separated into artificial departments. There have been too many tribunals set up, each with its own code of laws. Such divisions are not characteristic of the simplicity of truth, but have been made from the necessity of the case. There is an error in the theory which relates to general principles. Gravitation cannot be brought down to the particulars ; it will not apply to the minute. It has to be added to, or taken from ; it has to be modified for every class of phenomena. Thus have we gravitation, attraction, elective attraction, capillary attraction, attraction of cohesion, attraction dynamic, attraction statical, attraction between elements of one kind, attraction between masses of different kinds, and so on, almost without end ; and in place of science giving method to the mind, clearness and distinctness to thought, the intellect is embarrassed in its attempts to assign to nature the modicum of order which the theory itself may have in minds of the greatest strength.'

Our author finds great, indeed insurmountable difficulty, in trying to reconcile different phenomena with the action of particular laws. Thus in reference to the gravitation of the atmosphere, and its density and weight, he finds it necessary to reject the theory of GALILEO, TORRICELLI and PASCAL, because it does not fully explain the atmospheric phenomena. If the force of attraction, he thinks, acted on the whole atmosphere as one volume, it would be of as uniform density as a mass of granite ; and that if it operated on each particle according to its distance from the centre of attraction, the difference in the weight of different strata would be far less than that apparently indicated by the barometer. Again, he writes : 'It is supposed that heat always rarefies the air, and that cold condenses it, yet it is contended that the lower strata of the atmosphere are not only more dense than the upper, but that they contain more heat.' This, he thinks, is directly opposed to the law as stated. And if it is true, he argues that there should be an upward current of wind to correct the action of gravitation.

If the intelligent author of this work would stop to consider the many necessary special provisions in the universe, beautiful in themselves, and indispensable in the economy of nature, we think he would attach less importance to all arguments of this character. Experiments have shown us that the exception to which he refers does exist ; and more, that it is indispensably necessary to the life and growth of animate nature. Water is also expanded by heat, and condensed by cold, but there is an important exception to this general law. Water is condensed to a certain point only, after which it is expanded by cold, and it is owing to this provision that our lakes and rivers are kept liquid during the winter. We might refer to many other

instances of this character, but it would be useless. There are limits to the action of every natural law, as well as exceptions to their operation. All nature appears to be full of these provisions, and it is these which make it so difficult to establish general laws.

But we must dismiss this interesting and scholar-like work. We do so, however, with reluctance. We would say more of an original and laborious argument like this than our space permits. We do not agree with the author. We prefer the *NEWTONIAN* theory to his, because it is venerable with age, has been proved by the experiments and calculations of centuries; because it accounts for most, if not all of the natural phenomena, and because it has received the approval of the greatest minds the world ever contained; men who stand as beacon-lights in the history of the human mind and of its achievements, and to whom the world is more largely indebted than to its statesmen and warriors: but we do not think that all is yet known, and that no farther discoveries are to be made. The field has been but partially explored.

We sincerely hope that Mr. COZINS may be encouraged to continue his labors, and to publish a more elaborate work; for which he has the materials already collected. He is a ripe scholar, and is well acquainted with the subject; and as he 'works beyond the surface of things,' he will prepare the way for others, if he fails himself; and while he induces farther thought on subjects and theories which are now received as settled, he will either contribute to confirm us in our present opinions, or force us to strike out new ones for ourselves.

---

*THE LADIES OF THE COVENANT.* In one volume: pp. 346. Published by J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall Buildings, corner of Beekman and Nassau-streets.

THIS is a reprint of an English book, 'got up' in admirable style. It consists of a series of biographies of some of those noble women who suffered in the cause of religious and civil liberty during the great struggle of the Scottish Covenanters; a field which has been trodden by no other writer, and which has all the freshness of novelty. Most of these sketches are historical, and give a vivid picture of the zeal and sufferings of those female martyrs, who, although they repel somewhat our sympathies by something too masculine and stern in their characters, yet fill us with admiration for their patient endurance of trials and unflinching adherence to the cause they espoused. It was not merely from the natural impulse of woman's heart to stand by a husband when proscribed and hunted down for opinion's sake that they braved torture and even death, but they acted from a deep sense of religious obligation, a conscientious belief that the form of church government the STUARTS were attempting to force upon them was contrary to the Word of God, and that for which they were contending vital to the interests of Christianity. Never did a severer trial pass over the Church of Scotland than during this persecution. Previously she had fought, with various success, many a battle against kings and statesmen. Often defeated, she soon rallied her forces, and recovered the ground lost. But during this long persecution it was all disaster. She was not destroyed, but she was cast down and trodden under foot. All she could do was to exercise patience and fortitude under the fury of her enemies. These women form a part of the 'great cloud of witnesses' with which we are encompassed. Though belonging to past generations whose bodies are now sleeping beneath the heather, and whose spirits have gone to the eternal world, 'they yet speak'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

MORE 'LAST WORDS' FROM 'CARL BENSON.'—Our friend BENSON, before 'going down to the sea' (we hope not *into* it) in one of our noble steam-ships, has had barely time to correct a few errors, partly his own and partly the proof-reader's, which crept into his last hurried letter to the EDITOR.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER

DEAR KNICK: There is just time to bid you good-bye again, as we are standing, so to speak, with one foot on land and the other on board. Two or three little typographical slips in my last I want to correct. *Cento(r)ism* is obvious; *occidus* and *amplexa* any one's knowledge of metre would enable him to rectify into *occiduo* and *amplexu*; *teneatis* (in the 'ANNA') might perhaps be recognized, though stripped of its initial; but *nemini* for *memini* (in the third line of the same) may have puzzled some. In the quotation from OVID, *parte* should have been *latere*: that I believe was my fault. Also there was a sentence left out to this effect: that the non-use of *canto* as applied to *singing* birds was rendered more extraordinary by its use in reference to *croaking* birds; *corvus canit*, *parræ recinentis* omen, etc. Talking of misprints and your hypercritical friend who found fault with you for writing *sobriquet*, do you know that that is one of the most commonly mis-spelt French words? People are misled by the more familiar and somewhat similarly-sounding word *bouquet*, improperly written by some *boquet*. I had written *soubriquet* myself the other day, and it would have gone forth so to the world but for CRAIGHEAD's foreman, (who is a very sharp man at his business, by the way, and has all his wits about him.) That evening I tried experiments among my friends, and found that most of them (including one who was actually born in Paris) spelt the word with the superfluous *u*.

*Apropos* of the American-Parisian above mentioned. He said rather a good thing the other day, *me judice*. Two stout 'Union men,' who would go out of the way any day to catch a 'fugitive' for a 'Southern brother,' were driving in a gig, and nearly all but pitched into one of those carriage-traps that our corporation and contractors are in the habit of sprinkling about the avenues. They were detailing their 'inking of adventure' very circumstantially. 'So,' quoth HENRI, 'you came near changing your politics.' 'How so?' asked one of the almost sufferers. 'Because you had like to become *severed* men.' I call that not bad for an impromptu. Do you know if this is old? An acquaintance says it is, but I never heard it. 'What is the cheapest way to get a musical instrument? Buy a shilling's worth of physic at the druggist's, and they'll give you a *vial in*.' At any rate, I am sure *this* one is not old; it's bad enough to be bran-new. 'Why ought a ballet-girl to be good at philosophy? Because she has been accustomed to *play-toe*.' Beat that if you can: and so good-bye!

CARL BENSON.



# Under the Owl.

'VULTUS EST INDEX ANIMI'

SCENE: THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.—TIME: PAST TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

EDITOR.—ELIZABETH BARRETT is a great woman.

MOUSER.—Who!

EDITOR.—ELIZABETH BARRETT. She has written no less than eighty-seven sonnets!

MOUSER (*stretches first one wing and then the other, with an expression of intense weariness*): Who!

EDITOR.—Yet DULOT, a French poet, even went beyond that. He lost his papers, and with them, as he complains, three hundred sonnets! 'What!' exclaim his friends, 'three hundred?' 'Yes, *blank sonnets*; *boute-rimés*: all they wanted was the filling up!' By the way, I have somewhere a letter on this very subject, from an old friend, a poor clergyman and poet, as yet unpublished. It is in the following words:

MOUSER.—To-whit:

EDITOR (*reads*): 'Sonnets I take to be the last remnants of that species of invention which formerly sprouted out in numberless petty devices, such as anagrams, charades, chronograms, lypograms, acrostics, and the like. They belong to the age of powder and periwigs, clipped hedges, and yews trimmed into monsters; when men, in order to be elegant, were obliged, as BEN JONSON writes,

'To pump for those hard trifles Anagrams  
Or Eteosticks, or your finer flames  
Of Eggs, and Halberds, Cradles, and a Hearse,  
A pair of scissors, and a comb in verse.'

'BYRON says, in a letter to MOORE, 'I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an *exercice*; and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions.' To which I subscribe. I do not mean to say that good sonnets have not been written. I have seen such; it is the *school* that is bad. They are like Flemish pictures, or as the painter said of the sardines, '*Little fishes done in oil*.' But as I have been requested to write a sonnet, I will not refuse you, yet I am sure I would not do so

again even for a friend; that is, a friend for whom I had an especial regard: sonneteering is too nice a matter; the better done, the worse; and I think, with *DERAKLI*, 'Extreme exactness is the sublime of fools.' Nevertheless here is the *thing*. If you wish to put it among your 'KNICK'-knacks, you have my consent thereto, thinking that it may do some good:

'A SONNET?' well, if it's within my ken,  
I'll write one with a moral. When a boy,  
One Christmas morn I went to buy a toy,  
Or rather we; I and my brother BEN;  
But so it chanced that day I had but ten  
Cents in my fist, but as we walked, 'Be gay-  
Blamed' if we did n't meet one PAT MCCOY,  
An Irishman, one of my father's men,  
Who four more gave, which made fourteen together.  
Just then I spied, in most unlucky minute,  
A pretty pocket-wallet; like a feather  
My money buys it. BEN began to grin it:  
'You're smart,' says he; 'you've got a heap of leather,  
But where's them cents you wanted to put in it?'

EDITOR. — Past one o'clock, MOUSER.

MOUSER. — T'woo!

Gossip WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Here is an extract from a letter written by a lady-friend of ours, resident in San Francisco, to another lady-friend 'of ours' in New-York, which seems to us to present a graphic picture of life in the former 'diggings.' The letter was written soon after the last destructive fire, which consumed, for the second time, the best part of the great California capital:

'BEFORE this letter reaches you, you will have heard that we have again been nearly burned up. Just one week ago to-day I was nearly all ready for church, hat on and tied, when the alarm of 'Fire' was given; and an alarm here has a very different effect from one in New-York. Every body is at once panic-struck, and run immediately to the hills for protection. In five minutes our house presented a singular scene. Every body was 'picking up his own.' My husband said, 'Take care of your clothes, and let every thing else go!' He said this because ladies' garments are the most difficult things to obtain here. I concluded to make a frolic of the matter, thinking all the while that it was ridiculous to be in such a hurry; but only for a short time was I laboring under this impression. I never in my life saw such flames as roared, and surged, and 'licked with crimson tongues the open sky.' The atmosphere of our house soon became so hot that I was glad enough to vacate it. Just fancy Mr. H — and myself running up a high hill, I with a copy of *TASSO* and *DANTE* in one hand, and my jewel-box in the other. Before I left I took a hasty glance into the kitchen; saw our dinner lying on the table; hesitated a moment as to whether it would not be more sensible to leave the books and take the beef, but finally concluded the beef could stand the fire best, and so left it, not expecting to see either our dinner or our house again. I begged very hard to be permitted to remove some of our furniture, but my husband said, 'No.' I did, however, secure my beautiful curtains. Twenty-five dollars a load (the 'fire price' at San Francisco) makes people rather reluctant to try to save their goods from conflagration. From the house to which we had fled upon the hill, we could look down upon the whole scene. By three o'clock the fire had been so far subdued that it was considered safe to return. We found our faithful old cook in the kitchen, shelling peas, with the fire raging all around her. She had n't moved a peg. The building was as hot as if it had actually been on fire; but the old woman said she 'kind o' mistrusted 't was n't a-goin' to burn up *this time!*'

'Now I keep all my clothes packed up, ready to move at any moment. Had this fire originated a block from us, I should have had no time to save any thing. After this I shall be prepared, unless it comes next door; then I shall consider it fortunate if I get away myself. At the first toll of the bell there are thousands of people rushing into the streets, looking on, and letting the fire take its course. They can do nothing, except to do what I saw done, take up rich carpets and hang them over the fronts of houses. They are in truth perfectly powerless here: no water, no engines, and every thing *so* dry; and yet the broad Pacific is all around us. I think if a few more enterprising Yankees were here it would be put to some use.

'I can't for the life of me realize that I am in the United States. It is very far from 'civilization,' yet, in more meanings than one. It is amusing to sit at our window and see the different nations pass; so many 'Chineses,' as MILTON calls them, and so many curious-looking people; the men mostly covered with hair. Our house is in a central situation, so that we see all that is going on—sometimes too much. . . . I often sigh for some female friend; one whom I could sit and sew or read with. It would make the hours pass very pleasantly.

'I think it is a sad place, this same San Francisco. In the first place, there are so many bad women here that ladies can scarce go into the street. This prevents almost all social visiting at night. You know what a coward I always was in the streets of New-York, so you can well imagine that I seldom go out here, and I should die to be left alone at home. At first my husband would not let me sit at the windows; 'and never, upon any occasion, to open the door in the day-time!' . . . I wish you could look out of our windows just now and see the wind blow! At eleven it begins, and blows a perfect hurricane until night. I have not seen a rainy day since I left New-York—not one; and every day we sit down with a large fire in the parlor. And still they tell me, 'You must like our climate!' Perhaps so; but I like the climate of New-York better.

'Wouldn't you like to know a little something about the expenses of house-keeping here-about? Premising that we pay two hundred dollars a month for a 'comfortable' house, and our cook a hundred and fifty, just take a few things for our dinner to-day, and, as J— used to say, 'then you come at it' a little. Cook told me yesterday she could make us a good macaroni pudding; so I sent out for a dozen macaronis, 'only' a shilling apiece; six eggs, ten shillings; one quart of milk seventy-five cents; to say nothing of jelly. (The 'good things' take 'the money!') I've just sent out for a quart of vinegar, four shillings; a bar of common soap, five shillings; while even the water that we use costs us a dollar a day, which does not include our water for washing. A little waiter-girl receives twenty-five dollars a month, and washing 'done out' is at five dollars the dozen! . . . Tell —, when he sits in his comfortable pew at Grace-church on Sundays, to think of *our* privilege in that respect, here in San Francisco. Such a church as we attend I never saw before; a mere shed, with rough benches. But there is not the slightest use in building a handsome church here, for it is sure to burn down. And 'such is life' in California's chief capital.'

PUNCTUAL to the day and hour, we have '*The North-American Review*' for October. It is a very good number, although some of the papers are rather dry. As among the best of them, we regard the two upon the 'Life and Poetry of WORDSWORTH,' and 'PARKMAN'S History of PONTIAC'S War.' We heartily endorse the just praise bestowed upon Professor REED, of Philadelphia, in the first of the above-named papers. Mr. REED's edition of 'WORDSWORTH'S Poetical Works' is truly a noble one, and its two illustrations most creditable to those excellent artists, Messrs. TROUTMAN and HAYES, Philadelphia. 'We cannot conclude our article,' says the reviewer, 'without a notice of the great service Professor REED has rendered to the American public, as the editor of the works of WORDSWORTH and of his Memoirs. His notes on the poet's writings evince an intelligent and genial appreciation of the author, and tend to cultivate the like quality in others; and his additions to the memoirs furnish no inconsiderable portion of the most interesting matter they contain. Mr. REED has lately published a new, and now complete, edition of the poet's works, in a handsome volume, with convenient indices; a book which no American library should be without.' In treating of Mr. PARKMAN'S book, already noticed somewhat at large in the KNICKERBOCKER, the reviewer commends the great spirit and fidelity with which the author has executed his task, and the large amount and variety of interesting and relevant material which he has amassed and deftly arranged. He also warmly commends a previous work of the same author, the '*Oregon Trail*,' which was written for the KNICKERBOCKER. Several sketches from the same pen, which preceded it in these pages, were remarkable for the COOPER-like faithfulness of their descriptions of forest-life and scenery. The present work places Mr. PARKMAN in the front rank of American historians. . . . THERE



is some fervency in the following, and the theme is one that demands it. The man who can keep a dinner-table waiting, must at an early period of his life have committed some murder or other which he 'thought very little of at the time,' but which gradually led him down through profane swearing, disturbing a Methodist meeting, procrastination, etc., to the awful vice of coming '*Too Late to Dinner*:'

Lives there a man with soul so small,  
Who, summoned to the banquet-hall,  
Accepts, then does not come?  
Or coming, is so very late  
The guests are all compelled to wait,  
Wrapped in the darkest gloom?  
If such there be, go! mark him well,  
And never be your dinner-bell  
To him a well-known sound:  
Never invite him to your board,  
For if you do, mark well my word,  
He'll always late be found.

Aid me, ye gods! to curse the man,  
If such there be, although I can  
Scarcely believe 't is true:  
Oh! may his soup be ever cold,  
His fish a little bit too old,  
His meat burned through and through!  
And when he dies, for die he must,  
And mingles with his kindred dust,  
Alas! poor hapless sinner!  
Stop, stranger, as you tread the path,  
And read this simple epitaph:  
'Always too late to dinner!'

J. HOWARD WAINWRIGHT.

THERE is not a little amusing gossip in the missive of our correspondent at C —, Indiana; 'as par examp':

'I HAVE some 'good times' in perusing your 'Gossip' with readers; and especially did I enjoy myself hugely in reading some extracts from the memoirs of WILLIAM DELANEY PATTON, with whom I formed an acquaintance some years since, during a residence in Belmont county, Ohio, immediately adjoining the ballwick in which the aforesaid WILLIAM DELANEY exercised the functions of High Sheriff. He is a veritable personage, I assure you. His 'Memoirs' are somewhat grandiloquent, certainly; but I think he could be equalled, if not excelled, in this Hoosier 'ked'ntry.'

'I have looked in vain for a copy of an 'Address to the Patriotic Voters of the Fourth Congressional District,' written by one JOHN G. CHAPMAN, an unfledged lawyer, during an exciting Congressional canvass that shook the hills and jarred the rivers of Indiana, about the year of God '35. It begins thus: 'Man, vain man, cruel, credulous, prejudiced, pusillanimous, and egotism!' and the author concludes by exhorting the free and enlightened voters to 'approach the polls, and vote for RARIDEN with reverence, and dignity, and contempt!' The address abounds in the most fulsome laudations of his favorite candidate, and CHAPMAN followed it up by divers voluntary appeals to the voters aforesaid; till RARIDEN, who could not brest the storm of ridicule called forth thereby, sent him a message that he would cow-skin him, if he ever heard of his writing another line in his behalf! I am sorry I cannot find the address; but *ex uno disce omnes*. I have said that CHAPMAN was unfledged when he wrote for the patriotic voters, or rather to them; and compared with some of the efforts of maturer years, it is as a Satyr to HYPERION. A friend has promised me one of his 'e-forts' when prosecuting a poor devil who was indicted in the Elkhart Circuit Court, and who had, as he averred in the indictment, 'with force and arms, at the said county of Elkhart, feloniously stolen, taken and carried away one quart of a certain spirituous liquor, commonly called whiskey.' The same friend promises me to reduce to writing and send to me a speech of 'our hero,' when called to order in our State Senate. You shall have it.

'Let me give you (for I infer from the 'Gossip' that you enjoy a laugh after dinner) a speech that I actually heard. In the autumn of 1843 I made my 'star-entrée' into R — county, in this State, with a license in my pocket, obtained about six weeks before, that authorized me 'to practise law in the Circuit and Inferior Courts of Record in the State of Indiana;' and between you and me, dear KNICK., that same license and nine one-dollar bills of scrip on the White Water Valley Canal Company were about *all* I had in my pocket. I found it a land of thorns and thistles, inhabited by a set of God-forsaken Arabs, who were disposed to sneer at a young gentleman who wore 'store-clothes' and kept his boots blacked, albeit he blacked them himself. I left after having staid one year, during which I rather fear I 'appeared' on the stump for CLAY and FRELINGHUYSEN more frequently than I appeared at the bar of the Randolph Circuit Court in behalf of any unfortunate clients who chose to deliver themselves up to my tender mercies. But I wander. The attorneys were illiterate men, who read the speeches of PHILLIPS, CERRAN and EMMET, and made them their models; per consequence, they indulged in a style of speaking which might be termed '*subloam*;' a style of oratory not described by BLAIR or LORD KAIMER, but which was very common in the Eleventh Judicial Circuit, and signifies one degree beyond the sublime.

'During my sojourn, I one day stepped into the office of 'Squire COLGROVE to listen to the proceedings in a trial then and there pending, in a suit which a certain citizen, '*liber et legalis homo*,' had brought against another, to recover damages for the value of a certain dog which the latter had, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, 'with force and arms, unlawfully shot, killed, wounded, injured and destroyed, to the damage of said plaintiff in the sum of forty-five dollars;' at least so said the declaration. COLGROVE, the Justice, had a very red head; the attorney for the defence was BEATTIE McCLELLAND, an Irishman, whose countenance furnished indubitable evidence that its owner had had the small-pox: the attorney for the plaintiff was one ZACHARY PUCKETT, formerly Probate Judge. PUCKETT had offered to introduce some evidence, which the Justice decided was inadmissible, whereupon he made a long speech to convince the Justice that his opinion was erroneous. COLGROVE told him that '*The Court*,' as he loved to call his one-horse tribunal, had settled that point, and wished to hear no more argument. Thereupon PUCKETT arose from his seat, walked slowly up to the Justice, and fixing upon him an eye of fire, broke forth in this wise:

'*May it please 'The Court*:' The principle which I have asserted is as old as the everlasting granite hills of *Ju-dar*; it are a principle high as heaven, and low down as hell. It is innate to the feelin's of every man, across the great Sahara of whose bosom the sun of civilization have shot its vivifying rays! The finger of PROVIDENCE have written it onto the human heart in indelible colors; and the very winds that soar at evening through the sycamore boughs bears this great truth upon their wings. This principle is solemnly set out in the Declaration of American Independence, and as solemnly re-iterated in the Constitution of the United States, and secured by Bills of Rights in the twenty-seven glorious States of this Union, which our heroic fathers wrested from the thralldom of the British lion, like a brand plucked from the burning of a fire that is not quenched! But what, Sir, becomes of this glorious principle, if I who stand here to assert it am to be insulted by a d—d red-headed 'Squire, and a pock-marked Irish son of a ——!'

'But I won't finish the sentence. Suffice it to say, that about that time Judge PUCKETT was seen lying upon the floor, and the Justice standing over him, with 'hair stiff-bristling and excited eye!'

PEOPLE who have been accustomed to live in the quiet, unostentatious country are not a little astonished, we have observed, on coming to the city, to hear the terms 'crack-churches' and '*fashionable* preachers,' which are so frequently made use of in the social conversation of the metropolis; and no marvel, when we think of the sad discrepancy which the very words themselves imply. Our old correspondent 'HENRY,' now principal editor of '*The Picayune*,' a lively weekly of this city, has so well described the difference between a 'crack-church' and one that is n't, that we venture to lay his sketch before our readers:

'Those who can't pay eight hundred or a thousand dollars in a fashionable or 'crack-church' are obliged to stay at home, unless they are humble enough to go to some of Gon's temples where Christianity is not only preached but practised. We found our way into a 'crack-church' last Sunday, in the upper part of the city. Casting our left eye, as we entered, on a magnificent prayer-book, we observed in gilt letters the name of a millionaire with whose early history we were fully conversant. He started life as a clam-boy, and the old clam-boat to which he belonged used to be stationed near Washington-market until all its cargo of clams were sold out. He first acquired a few dollars capital. This he invested in the fish trade; speculated in eels, porgies, and other fish; made a large sum of money, and finally succeeded in 'cornering on shad;' bought up all the stock of the season, both in and out of the water, and sold them afterward at his own prices, and made fifty thousand dollars. He cut his market associations, bought lots up town, now lives in the Fifth Avenue, and is a 'big dog.' As wealth increased, he found himself at the head of the 'cod-fish aristocracy,' to which of course he had access, from his former business. PHALON, the barber, was sent for; his daughters had their hair combed out and dressed for the first time; teachers of music, drawing, Italian, French, etc., were hired; and old Mr. PORCIE joined the church, and took a costly pew. We happened to get into it; but we no sooner discovered where we were, than we made up our minds to vacate. We were too late. Old Mr. PORCIE came sailing up the aisle with his wife and daughters, dressed as though they had known 'what was what' all their lives. To our astonishment, instead of shutting the pew-door in our face, he asked us to 'keep our seat.' And did n't we have a nice time of it! The mother looked at us — so did the daughters; and they snuffed, and smelt their salts, wriggled about as though one of their father's shad was in the slip. We felt annoyed, provoked; forgot our prayers; didn't hear a blessed word of the sermon, and came away disgusted with hypocritical upstarts, and with a determination next Sunday to go to a free church. Our ideas of pure, undefiled religion are drawn from the recorded life of our LORD and SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST. He was a living example of humility, charity, love; in fact, of *all* that was good and lovely. Some of his chosen disciples were very close imitators of their LORD and MASTER; and though they were by profession fish-catchers (we are not aware that they were clam-catchers or fish-speculators) like Mr. PORCIE they were not above other men because of their success or money. We wonder whether there will be any upper places, best seats, private pews in the great temple above, where the souls of

rich people may be at their ease, and where poor folks can't intrude? Christian churches! Christian rich men! We will say nothing more, and then we shall have less idle words to answer for at the day of judgment. Our costly churches are filled with *Dives* sorts of people, and are no places for the poor LAZARUS.'

'HENRY' had premised that he was well dressed, and his manner appropriate to the place and the occasion, and hence his annoyance and anger. On the following Sabbath he visited a church of a different character, the services at which we shall permit him to describe in our next number. . . . We were called for the other day, by a public spirited and benevolent citizen, to accompany himself and our friend DEMPSTER, the well-known Scottish vocalist, upon a visit to the Asylum for the Blind. It was an occasion of great interest to us; and our town-readers are little aware of what they miss, in not paying an occasional visit to this noble institution. Its officers are courteous and obliging, and seem to emulate each other in unobtrusive attentions to visitors. Mr. DEMPSTER sang several of his sweet and tender songs, and it was deeply interesting to watch the emotions which were excited, as displayed in the varied expressions of the upturned faces of those who 'sat in darkness' before him. 'Tears, silent tears' gathered in the sightless orbs of many of the children; and when Mr. DEMPSTER had finished, Miss CYNTHIA BULLOCK, a young, gifted girl, of great simplicity and purity of character, came up on the *dais* or platform, and in a singularly sweet and well-modulated voice addressed him in these lines of her own composition:

'SOFTLY trembling, sweetly playing  
O'er the heart's enraptured string,  
Are the tuneful notes of gladness  
We with joy thy coming sing.

'Yes, with heart-felt joy we greet thee,  
For thy tones are lingering yet  
In the flowery haunts of mem'ry:  
Can the ravished ear forget?

'What is music? To the sightless  
'T is a world of beauty bright;  
Thought enriched by sound may gather  
More than rainbow-hues of sight.

'Music hath a voice of gladness  
When the heart is crushed with care:

Hath a plaintive note of sadness,  
Wooing erring ones to prayer.

'Sing the merry songs of Scotland,  
Sing thy plaintive strains once more;  
Let the gushing tears of pity  
Fall as they have fall'n before.

'May the buds of hope celestial  
Blossom in thy soul for aye;  
Son of music, may life's evening  
Like a sun-beam pass away.

'Sing when Love is weeping o'er thee,  
And the white-robed throng rejoice;  
Open wide the gates of glory,  
Sing to God, who gave thee voice!'

We should have premised that Mr. DEMPSTER had previously sung before the blind pupils, and that they now welcomed his second visit with unusual demonstrations of delight. The case of one of these unfortunate children, a pleasant and interesting little girl of fourteen, was so peculiar, that we cannot forbear mentioning it here. When about three years old, a sliver from a board, which her father was cutting for some domestic purpose, flew into her eye, and put it out. Some two years after, an angry hen, one of whose chickens she was endeavoring to catch, flew at the little girl, and before she could prevent it, literally picked her remaining eye from its socket. Think of this! We thought of it, this cool October night, with the first small fire of the season glowing in the sanctum-grate, and dark lustrous eyes — large, bright, and healthful — looking up at us from the just-restored fur-rug whereon the little juveniles aforetime flourished, and are now flourishing yet again, with abundant glee.

'GLORY TO THEE, O GOD! this night,  
For all the blessings of the light!'

should be the grateful tribute of every father and mother looking into the dear eyes of their children. 'Who made them to differ' from the poor innocents with whom we so deeply sympathize? . . . Some of our 'cheap and nasty literature' is offered to the public under rather doubtful endorsement. Our friend of the '*Albion*'

weekly journal seems to question this 'extravagant praise of trashy volumes.' And no wonder. Think of an indifferent half-bound pamphlet-book, badly printed and worse written, going forth with such recommendations as these:

'A first-rate book, and no mistake! Its pages is full of instructive amusement and entertainment.'—*London Times*.

'We don't know as we ever seen a book more amusing.'—*London Quarterly Review*.

'A most pleasing work, of unqualified perception and an indefinable interest, that excites while it instructs all classes of individuals in community.'—*London Examiner*.

'PERHAPS one of the best books of its kind that have appeared since 'The Mysteries of Paris' Mr. DICKENS, JOHN BUNYAN, and MACAULAY's style is embodied and personified in its glowing and good pages.'—*London Spectator*.

The public will begin to call for *data* by and by, if these gross impositions are continued. . . . This passage came to mind just now, as we were bidding an old friend 'good-night' at the door, and looking up at the stars that gemmed the deep-blue October sky: 'The stars, with their all-eloquent silence, seem to reduce all our schemes into nothing; to make our short-lived perplexities ludicrous, ourselves and our ways like a 'tale told by an idiot.' What a cold reply they seem to give to all human works and questionings!' . . . A young correspondent sends us some lines beginning, 'Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass!' We repeat with him his third line, in respect of his 'poetry': 'Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass—let it go!' Seriously, 'H——'

You're not a poet,  
And you'd better know it:

and this advice we give in all friendliness. Moreover, you'll live to thank us for it, we are quite sure. Your name and address are safe with us, of course. . . . It was Dr. JOHNSON, we think, who said, that the most unpleasant ten minutes of the day was when a man was waiting for his bill after dinner at an inn. Mr. SHELLEY, the popular *restaurateur* in Broadway, has obviated this unpleasantness entirely. When your order is completed, for whatever luxury his abundant larder may contain, and it is served smoking hot before you, a servant lays quietly down a small colored card, on the underside of which is the simple amount of your bill. This card is handed at the office-bar with the money, without trouble as to making change, or from the stupidity, not to say dishonesty, of waiters, etc. . . . How much wit, how much genuine *bonhomie*, there is in our American newspapers! We verily believe that there is more 'fun' in one of them, as a class, than in any twenty of any other country. We have been more and more impressed with this since we have begun to receive exchanges. Now in a single number of a far-western paper, which we have just opened, from the 'Keokuk' region, we find these remarks: 'We have three times put on a clean shirt to call upon the Governor, but could n't see him. Now the Governor is respectfully informed that we cannot afford to make another such a run upon our linen; and if we are to have the honor of making his acquaintance, he will have no reason to complain if we are not altogether in trim!' This, from the same paper, is almost as 'off-hand' and characteristic: 'The remark that 'There is more pleasure in giving than receiving' is supposed to apply chiefly to medicines, kicks, and advice.' . . . THE exhibition of 'The New-York Gallery of the Fine Arts' is again open. The interest of the collection has been much enhanced by the addition to it of several fine works of art. 'The Knight of Seyn,' by LEUTZ, is one of these, and is a picture which embraces all the excellences of his pencil. Another is a portrait of Lady BELLHAVEN, by RAEBURN, and is worthy of study by all those who 'limn the features of the gentler sex.' The Gallery owns the master-pieces of

COLE, MOUNT, INMAN, EDMONDS and FLAGG, beside other pictures of great merit; to which may be added BROWN's statue of RUTH, which has never received a tithe of the admiration it deserves. Apart from the intrinsic merit of the works of art belonging to the Gallery, and as a farther motive to excite the interest of amateurs in its favor, the Gallery is the only monument to the memory of a noble man, LUMAN REED. The present condition of art in this city is largely owing to his active and judicious patronage; and by his individual example alone he gave an impetus to the cause, the force of which is still apparent. Nor should we omit to add, that to his son-in-law, Mr. JONATHAN STURGES, is the public much indebted for a kindred appreciation, and liberality of spirit. . . . THE lines in our last number commencing 'Give me old music,' etc., we find are by H. F. CHORLEY, Esq., of Liverpool, now departed this life. Mr. CHORLEY was the editor, at one period, of an English annual of repute, and was for some time a correspondent of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, who was a contributor to the work under his charge. . . . Isn't this a very beautiful translation of a felicitous thought from the French! It is from the pen of an esteemed eastern correspondent, and was addressed 'To Marie.'

WINDS of heaven kiss the showers;  
Gentle zephyrs kiss the flowers;  
Little streams the rivers kiss;  
Love and every thing does this:  
Then let us be kissing, too,  
You kissing me, I kissing you;  
Till both our mingling souls are blest,  
And both our beating hearts at rest.

In a new and rare work, for which we are indebted to a most kind and excellent lady-friend, entitled '*Historic Fancies*,' we find the following graphic 'picture in little':

'In a sumptuous chamber of Versailles two ladies are sitting. The younger of the two is very beautiful, and in the prime of her charms. The elder has not yet outlived *Acers*. There is something very winning in the aspect of the first, so pale and pensive is her face, so beseeching and timid her eye. In the second there is also much that is inviting. A beautifully-rounded bust, arms exquisitely turned, the most graceful of white hands, and the smallest of feet. Her looks too, carry with them more of command than her gentle companion's. In the studied light of the apartment she does not look too old for a JUNO. A flatterer might have told her that, like the goddess, age to her was but an immortality of beauty. What do these ladies talk of? The time is of Louis the Fourteenth; the scene, Versailles. One is very young, with beauty to set the world at her feet; the other not so old but that her person is still full of fascination. Of what do they speak? Is it of balls or lotteries, of masques or scandal? Of this rival's invariable luck at basnet, or that rival's 'unfortunate affair'? Is it of hoops or patches, of rouge or diamonds? Of Marie or of Trianon? They are speaking of *misfortune*. Nay, they have a title to their theme. Of misfortune and privation, of poverty and dependence. They are therefore querulous and complaining, full of envious wishes and ineffectual regrets? Listen. Is it BOSSUET or BOURDALOUE who speaks? The elder lady bids her fair hearer *rejoice* in her distress. Her eyes light up with the memory of a thousand triumphs, as she tells of her own sufferings, and denials, and mortifications, and abasements, and self-mastery. Tales of penance and vigil, of night-watches and fasting, of sore trials and the world's harshness, are interchanged. And these not with tears or stifled sobs, but as if each victory over self, each conquest over will was more glorious than the victory of Fleurus, or the conquest of Alsace. What unto them are the deeds of LUXEMBOURG or VILLARS, of BERWICK or VAUBAN? These belong to the world's vulgar army of heroes; but they belong to a far nobler army; to the host of those who have wrought and suffered for the holy Church. And their hope is, that when the SPOUSE of CHRIST shall have summoned her glad array to meet the BRIDEGROOM, among the humblest of her hand-maidens may be numbered the names of FRANÇOISE DE MAINTENON and MARIE of Modena and England.'

Several passages, in spirit-stirring verse, from this admirable work, await early insertion in these pages. We cannot even now refrain from presenting the subjoined

beautiful canzon from the Spanish, translated by Lord Viscount STRANGFORD. It is the very pathos of despair :

'O WEEP not thus! — we both shall know  
Ere long a happier doom;  
There is a place of rest below,  
Where thou and I shall surely go,  
And sweetly sleep, released from woe,  
Within the tomb.

'My cradle was the couch of Care,  
And Sorrow rocked me in it;  
Fate seemed her saddest robe to wear  
On the first day that saw me there,  
And darkly shadowed with despair  
My earliest minute.

'E'en then the griefs I now possess  
As natal boons were given;  
And the fair form of Happiness,  
Which hovered round, intent to bless,  
Scared by the phantoms of distress,  
Flew back to heaven!

'For I was made in Joy's despite,  
And meant for Misery's slave;  
And all my hours of brief delight  
Fled like the speedy winds of night,  
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight  
Across my grave.'

A FRIEND of ours from the South (whose 'favors we respectfully solicit,') mentioned the other day a funeral sermon which he heard in North Carolina not long since, that set even our associate OWL a-winking. Parson S —, a rather eccentric character, was called upon to 'preach the funeral' of a hard case named RANN, which he did in the following unique style: 'My beloved brethren and sisters: of our dear departed brother RANN would a-wanted somebody to come here and tell lies about him, and make him out a better man than he was, he would n't a-chose *me* to 'preach his funeral.' No, my brethren, he wanted to be held up as a burnin' and a shinin' light to warn you from the error of your ways. He kept horses, and he run'd 'em; he kept chickens, and he fou't 'em; he kept women, and there sits his widow who can prove it. (The widow sat directly in front of the pulpit, and here gave an affirmatory nod.) Our dear departed brother had many warnin's, brethren. The first warnin' was when he broke his leg, but he still went on in the error of his ways. The second warnin' was when his son PETE hung himself in jail; and the last and greatest warnin' of all was when he died himself!' The preacher enlarged on these topics until he had sunk RANN so low that his hearers began to doubt whether he would ever succeed in getting him up again, and, as is usual in 'funerals,' landing him safely in ABRAHAM'S bosom. This was the object of the second part of the sermon, which started off thus: 'My brethren, there'll be great meracles, *great* meracles in HEAVEN. And the first meracle will be, that many you expect to find there you won't *see* there. The people that go round with long faces, makin' long prayers, won't be there: and the second meracle will be, that many you do n't expect to find there, as perhaps some won't expect to find our dear departed brother RANN, you'll see there: and the last and greatest meracle will be, to find *yourselves* there!' 'There is not one single word of exaggeration,' said the narrator, 'in this. It is a literal transcript.' . . . A NOTICE of the excellent and well-arranged '*New-York Directory*' of Mr. DOGGETT was crowded out of our last number. No similar work is any thing like so complete in all the essentials of such a volume. The same publisher has issued the new '*Poor Richard Almanack for 1852*;' of which it is enough to say, that it retains all the praiseworthy features that characterized its predecessor, which have already been set forth at large in these pages.

'FRIEND after friend departs:  
Who has not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end!'

We cannot permit the death of such a man as the late JOHN NEILSON, Jr., of this city, to pass unrecorded in these pages. The first notice of his decease, the first knowledge even that he had been ill, came in the mourning-note of the sexton of St.

MARK'S Church, inviting us to his funeral ! Dr. NEILSON was not only a frequent and always a welcome contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER in past years, but he was, from our first acquaintance, the warm and esteemed personal friend of its EDITOR ; and having returned to town-quarters, we were meditating one of the many pleasant meetings which we had been accustomed occasionally to hold in the sanctum, when the intelligence reached us that our friend was gone ; that we should ' see his face no more.' Dr. NEILSON, without the slightest ostentation of acquirement, was an accomplished man. He painted, *en amateur*, in oil at one time, with marked success ; and some of his little pen-and-ink drawings are very perfect in their kind. He was an excellent judge of the humorous in literature, and loved an innocent, hearty laugh ; albeit he was a man of warm, true feeling, and a touch of pathos would bring the water into his calm, mild-blue eyes. His translations from the French, under the *nom de plume* of 'JOHN HUNTER,' will be well remembered by all old readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. They were rendered with exceeding faithfulness ; and for vivid description and startling incident, rarely surpassed. As a man, Dr. NEILSON was beloved by all who knew him. He was among the gentlest, the truest-hearted, the most unassuming Christian gentlemen we ever knew. His was a loving and a *loveable* nature. He was a kind husband, a tender father, a steadfast friend. In the prime of his usefulness, in the enjoyment of the regard of numerous and warm friends, of wealth and honorable alliances, he has been taken hence by the inscrutable behest of the God whom, while living, he revered and worshipped in the sincerity of an upright heart. Friend of past days ! may the tears of filial and social Affection long keep green the turf above thine honored grave ! . . . A CHARACTERISTICALLY beautiful fragment is this, from the facile pen of an old friend and contributor :

FAINTER and few are the songs of the birds,  
And faded now are the leaves ;  
The grassy waves of the fields are gone,  
And the reapers have bound the sheaves.

The wind, with its cold and prophet-lips,  
Whispers that Winter is near ;  
But what care we, in whose hearts is stored  
Love's deathless summer-cheer ?

Washington, October, 1851.

R. S. CHILSON.

A MEETING of literary gentlemen was recently held at the 'Governor's Room' at the City Hall, in pursuance with previous invitations, for the purpose of rendering fit honors to the memory of the late JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. The meeting was numerously attended, and included many of the most distinguished writers of our city and State. Rev. Dr. GRISWOLD, in calling the meeting to order, said it had been convened for the purpose of rendering deserved honor to the memory of the most illustrious literary American who had died in the present century. Since the design of such a meeting had first been formed, a consultation among Mr. COOPER's friends had been held, and it had been determined that the present should only be a preparatory meeting, for the making of such arrangements as should be thought necessary for a more suitable demonstration of respect for the great man, whose name, more completely than that of any of his contemporaries and countrymen, had filled the world.' The meeting was organized by the election of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING as President, and the appointment of Messrs. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK and Dr. GRISWOLD as Secretaries. A committee of five was selected by the chair, 'to report what measures should be adopted by the literary gentlemen of the city, and of the country, so far as they may see fit to join them, for the purpose of rendering proper honors to the memory of the late J. FENIMORE COOPER.' The chair appointed, as this

committee, Judge DUEK, RICHARD B. KIMBALL, DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS, FITZ GREENE HALLECK, and GEORGE BANCROFT, to whom WASHINGTON IRVING and DR. GRISWOLD were subsequently added. This committee appointed the following-named gentlemen as a general committee, to carry out the designs of the meeting:

WASHINGTON IRVING,  
JAMES K. PAULDING,  
GULIAN C. VERPLANCK,  
CHARLES KING,  
JOHN W. FRANCIS,  
RUFUS W. GRISWOLD,  
RICHARD B. KIMBALL,  
FRANCIS L. HAWKS,  
L. GATLORD CLARK,

GEORGE BANCROFT,  
WM. C. BRYANT,  
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,  
JOHN DUEK,  
CHARLES ANTHON,  
GEORGE P. MORRIS,  
SAMUEL OSGOOD,  
J. M. WAINWRIGHT,  
WM. W. CAMPBELL.

A 'committee of correspondence,' consisting of RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, STARBUCK MAYO, DONALD G. MITCHELL, PARKE GODWIN, and CHARLES F. BRIGGS, was next appointed. Letters had been received from some twenty of the most eminent literary men of the United States, all expressing the warmest sympathy in the object of the meeting. One of these, from HON. EDWARD EVERETT, is well worthy of preservation. It was as follows:

Cambridge, 22d September, 1851.

'DEAR SIR: I received this afternoon your favor inviting me to attend and participate in the meeting to be held in your City Hall, for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the late MR. FENIMORE COOPER.

'I sincerely regret that I cannot be with you. The state of the weather puts it out of my power to make the journey. The object of the meeting has my entire sympathy. The works of Mr. COOPER have adorned and elevated our literature. There is nothing more purely American, in the highest sense of the word, than several of them. In his department he is *facile princeps*. He wrote too much to write every thing equally well; but his abundance flowed out of a full, original mind, and his rapidity and variety bespoke a resolute and manly consciousness of power. If among his works there were some which, had he been longer spared to us, he would himself, on reconsideration, have desired to recall, there are many more which the latest posterity 'will not willingly let die.

'With much about him that was intensely national, we have but one other writer (MR. WASHINGTON IRVING) as widely known abroad. Many of COOPER's novels were not only read at every fire-side in England, but were translated into every language of the European continent.

'He owed a part of his inspiration to the magnificent nature which surrounded him; to the lakes, and forests, and Indian traditions, and border life of your great State. It would have been as difficult to create LEATHER-STOCKING any where out of New-York, or some State closely resembling it, as to create DON QUIXOTE out of Spain. To have trained and possessed FENIMORE COOPER will be — is already — with justice, one of your greatest boasts. But we cannot let you monopolize the care of his memory. We have all rejoiced in his genius; we have all felt the fascination of his pen; we all deplore his loss. You must allow us all to join you in doing honor to the name of our great American novelist.

'I remain, dear Sir, with great respect,

'Very truly yours,

'REV. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.'

'EDWARD EVERETT.'

While this sheet is in preparation for the press, the committee having this matter in charge have not perfected their plans, nor at the time we write have they decided upon what form of testimonial to MR. COOPER's genius will be proposed. We trust we violate no private confidence in presenting the enclosed note from MR. WASHINGTON IRVING to the Editors, touching only upon this now entirely public topic. The letter does no less honor to the heart of the writer than to the genius of the illustrious dead. We had written to MR. IRVING, it should be premised, asking him to furnish us with an appropriate sketch of MR. COOPER's life and writings:

'Sunnyside, October 6, 1851.

'MY DEAR CLARK: I am sorry to say that it is not in my power to act upon your suggestion, being incompetent at present to do justice to such a theme. In the course of a long ride last week through Sleepy-Hollow and parts adjacent, my horse came down with me, and gave me a fall that sent me home in some such bruised and battered plight as the hero of LA MANCHA, after one of his forays. The same evening I had an attack of intermittent fever, which has hung about me ever since. Between the fall and the fever, I am at present good for nothing.

'I am anxious to know what the COOPER committee, of which you are one, is doing, and when the general meeting is to take place. It ought not to be deferred much longer. Whatever tribute



to his memory may be determined upon, I trust it will be met by the public in the same spirit which animated them in the days of his ripe renown. It has been suggested by some, that of late years he has done much to awaken the hostility of the press; but I trust there is too much magnanimity in the gentlemen of the press to carry their resentments against such a man beyond the grave. With the nation his name will remain a treasured property. His works form an invaluable part of our literature; and from the nature of their subjects, are in some measure identified with our political and social history. His *LEATHER-STOCKING Tales*, and his *Tales of the Sea*, those eminent inventions of his genius, have opened regions of romance which he has made his own. Whoever ventures into them hereafter will be accused of treading in his foot-prints.

While an author is living, he is apt to be judged by his last works; and some of those written by COOPER in recent years have been somewhat cavilled at. When an author is dead, he is judged by his best works; and those of COOPER excited enthusiasm at home and applause throughout the world. When his countrymen would do honor to his memory, let them think of those works.

Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.'

Perhaps before these pages will reach the eyes of our readers, the plans of the committee, having the subject under consideration, will have been made public. Some little delay has been unavoidable. . . . We can tell '*The Little Flirt*,' whom 'CLARENCE ELWIN' has been writing verse upon, that she is pursuing a very dangerous, not to say very unamiable course, and she will find it so by and by, when it is 'everlastingly too late!' It is sinful to flirt, and a coquette is a very wicked person, male or female, and more especially the former. Don't trifle with any one's feelings, '*LITTLE FLIRT*!' It shows that you have none of your own that are worth possessing:

I know a little maiden, some fifteen years of age,  
Whose pretty winning ways my warmest thoughts engage;  
She is a jewel brighter far than any ruby set  
Within the circlet that surrounds a kingly coronet;  
Her voice is merriest music, her eyes are deepest blue,  
And sparkle like two rose-buds wooing the morning dew;  
She's fair and gay and witty, though perhaps a trifle pert,  
And some folks say that, and to tell, she's an awful little flirt.

But I can hardly think it, for she's very kind to me,  
And meets me with as sweet a smile as human smile can be;  
She lets me take her little hand and hold it longer far  
Than merits the approval of her wise discreet mamma;  
And all her pretty promises she keeps so passing well,  
That if she is not true-hearted, who is, I cannot tell;  
Yet still the people smile, and say, I must keep on the alert  
To not, at last, be cheated by this awful little flirt.

They say my little maiden, though fair and good she seems,  
Is really more fickle than the lovers seen in dreams;  
They say I'm not the only one for whom she wears a smile,  
And that her little heart is full of every art and wile;  
They say she gives to one bouquets, to others pretty things,  
And wears upon her little fingers too many lovers' rings;  
And if I still persist, they hope I'll get my just deserts,  
And like the rest, be cheated by this queen of little flirts.

It may be so, perchance, but yet I'll think her what she seems,  
The fairest ever pictured in my fancy's wildest dreams:  
I'll seek her side whenever I can, and linger with her long,  
And list her kind endearing words, more sweet to me than song;  
I'll strive to make her happy and to gladden her young years,  
And, if permitted, share her smiles and kiss away her tears;  
And then, if her coquetries my trustful feelings hurt,  
I'll call her, what they say she is, an awful little flirt!

'Honor to whom honor!' We don't know how other people may regard the fact, but we consider Mr. JOHN N. GENTIN a very remarkable man 'in his way,' and his way a very remarkable one. We do not allude to his most liberal JENNY LIND ticket-purchase; in *that* he might have had an object, and doubtless it was abun-

dantly gained; but when a citizen like Mr. GENIN comes forward, the very pioneer of a subscription for a noble purpose, and in language which does honor to his heart and pen, offers a thousand dollars to effect his object, he does that which should claim the warm encomium of every one capable of appreciating a generous action. The following letter was addressed by Mr. GENIN to the Mayor of our city:

214 Broadway, New-York, October 7, 1851.

'MY DEAR SIR: It has occurred to me, in connection with the various propositions for rendering honor to the illustrious LOUIS KOSSUTH, on his arrival in the United States, that something more substantial and beneficial than a mere pageant should mark our appreciation of the character and services of that distinguished patriot and hero.

'In common with my fellow-citizens, I regard the ex-President of Hungary as one of the greatest and best men of modern times; and I am sure that the wealth and munificence of our city only need a hint—perhaps I should rather say, are now looking for an opportunity—to give a solid proof of their sympathy for the WASHINGTON of Hungary. LOUIS KOSSUTH, at the time he took the lead in the Hungarian revolution, was, if I am rightly informed, the possessor of considerable estates, and in the enjoyment of a competent revenue. He regarded those advantages as dross; he spurned them for his country's sake. All the means that he could raise he eagerly threw into the Treasury of Freedom.

'When the combined forces of two despotisms overwhelmed, with their enormous masses of men, the armies that but for Russian interference would soon have dictated terms in Vienna, the property of KOSSUTH was sacrificed. He is now, I presume, poor in all but glory. We cannot compensate the brave and generous chief for the loss of his country, but we can at least honor ourselves and him by rendering the asylum he has chosen a home indeed. I propose, therefore—as it is necessary for the consummation of all projects that some body should begin them—to set on foot a subscription for the purpose referred to. My plan is simple. It is that one hundred citizens, whose means enable them to indulge in such a luxury, (for to render honor to LOUIS KOSSUTH is, in my estimation, a luxury,) shall contribute one thousand dollars each to a fund, to be called the KOSSUTH FUND, and that the sum total of one hundred thousand dollars shall be eligibly invested for the benefit of the noble exile and his family, and presented to him as a welcome gift as soon as possible after he shall have landed in this country. As an ardent admirer of the man, and an earnest friend of the cause in which he was engaged, I beg leave respectfully to tender the sum of one thousand dollars as a commencement.

'Will you, Sir, consent to receive the deposits, and act as Treasurer of the KOSSUTH FUND? I am well satisfied that the money can be speedily raised, and will use my utmost exertions to accomplish the end in view with the least possible delay.

'Trusting that the suggestions will meet with your concurrence and countenance, I am, dear Sir, respectfully, your fellow-citizen,

'TO AMEROSÉ C. KINGSLAND, Esq., Mayor.'

'JOHN N. GENIN.

The Mayor accepts the generous proposition in a cordial letter, in which he says that the offer does honor to the proposer's heart, and that he will gladly aid in furthering the noble undertaking. We have little doubt, now that it is thus auspiciously started, that the proposed fund will be secured. . . . An old friend and correspondent sends us the annexed gossip touching the '*Jersey Dutch*,' which we think will be interesting not alone to our early KNICKERBOCKERS, but to our readers generally:

'FRIEND CLARK: You will recollect that I was always an OWL, ornithologically speaking, and enjoyed sitting up at night as long as any one could be found to talk with me. Here in the country every thing save the crickets, Katy-dids, Katy-didn'ts, and a few other silence-breaking entomologia, go to bed at or before nine o'clock, leaving me sitting alone, waiting for a reasonable hour to retire, so as not to awaken before the world shall be properly aired in the morning. Such is now my position; and of all things else, my thoughts have rambled back to the days when we used to visit Hackensack, Aquakanonck, and their immediate neighborhoods, together. Do you recollect that young girl whom you asked if she was an American? Does not this remind you of her? 'Vell, den, I do n't tink I know shust right: my mudder was a High-Dutcher, and my fader was of Dietach diasthrachun;' and the old Dutch negro of whom you asked what church that was. 'Vell, boss, I do n't know peactly, put I tink it be de Dietach-performed!' Those who visit that locality now can form but a slight estimate of the old Jersey Dutch character. When a boy, I used to go sometimes of a Saturday night to BERRY'S HILL, on the road to Paterson, and see the rustic dances. All the girls in the neighborhood came in wagons late in the afternoon, each accompanied by an old Dutch negro, to 'take care of de horses and young missus.' The boys arrived rather later, and found the girls seated close together on one side of the room; and such a blaze of gaudy colors! Could chromatography have been known in those days? Red bodices with sky-blue skirts, and green ribbons around the waist; artificial roses in their hair as large as the one which used to surmount the haggis at Mistress NICHOLSON'S on a BURNS' festival, and cheeks as red almost as the bodice; blood-red cornelian beads around the

neck, and occasionally pea-green gloves! Such were the mothers of the present VAN RIPPEN, VAN DORNS, VANDAMS, BERGENS, and other families of high repute; and with the exception of a certain high-mindedness which caused them to overlook Professor MORSE's theory of 'chords of color,' the present generation have no cause to be ashamed of them. The boys wore their hats with a new pipe in the hat-band, and nails in their shoes, which had a pyrotechnic effect when brought in collision with the sand on the floor. I really believe that some of these nails must have been made of steel, for they made the fire fly tremendously about the time they took off their coats to dance in earnest.

'After the boys had had gin-slings all around, and offered the last half-gill of each glass, with an extra dust of nutmeg, to some favorite girl, the dancing began. The first boy that threw a sixpence in the fiddler's hat was entitled to the first partner. He usually selected her by a wink; but such a wink! All the upper part of his body winked, hat included; and after putting the end of her finger into her mouth, and throwing her head a little on one side, to show a proper degree of coyness, up rose the fair partner; and her father's best negro, usually crouched in the corner of the fire-place, would sometimes call out: 'Dat's my young missus: can't she dance, d'ough?' And so she would; for with a sort of shuffling step both she and her partner seemed intent on tiring each other out. When the parties became really fagged, off went the boy's coat, and then the nails in his shoes were brought to bear on a fresh handful of white sand thrown on the floor for his especial benefit. A yell from the negroes, a smile from the females, and a laugh from the landlord, was the usual acknowledgment of pyrotechnic excellence. When the boy was tired he sat down, but his fair partner kept the floor, and continued the shuffle with a fresh partner in front, and facing her. Some of these young girls would tire out two or three boys: one I recollect in particular, who was always pointed out to strangers as having 'danced down' five partners before she gave out. But two pairs ever held the floor at one time, and all the rest were silent spectators. I cannot tell you all the oddities of these meetings, but they were numerous and note-worthy. City boys, being 'smarter' dressed, were sometimes preferred by the Dutch girls; and in such cases they had to 'treat' the Dutch boys very liberally to gin-slings, or they would get handled rather roughly. I remember being minus a hat and about half of a coat on one of these occasions. Dough-nuts, krullers, and cider mulled with ginger, were the luxuries employed, and the quantity of these delicacies that were disposed of would not be believed in these degenerate days. Like the old man who boasted of having visited England before the time of rail-roads, and of having enjoyed the old-style post-coaches, I am not sorry that I saw the Dutch girls of New-Jersey before they had lost the peculiarities which their descendants now study to avoid. Old EDO VANDELAND still keeps the house at the foot of BRANT's Hill, but the road has gone into disuse, and he seldom sees a customer. I stopped there a few years since, and found him as Dutch as ever, at eighty-five years of age. His very first salutation told the story. 'Vell, den, M ———,' said he, 'how does you do now-a-tays mit yourself?' The good old brogue was 'a pleasant sound to hear.'

THE amateur who introduced negro-melodies into our house has much to answer for. They are echoing all day *somewhere*. Even as we write, there is quite a sweet little voice (to our ear) singing:

'I'm going to Alabanjo,  
With my 'bama on my knee!'

She has n't got the words, but she has got the tune to a note. *Vive la bagatelle!* If we hadn't written *this*, we might have filled the space with something of just as little importance: so 'where's the odds!' . . . We ran up by the Hudson River rail-road cars from DOSS's the other morning, as far as Sing-Sing, to give certain 'little people' an opportunity of seeing the state-prison; and verily, we were well repaid for the visit. We found Mr. ROBINSON, the keeper, in the receiving-room of the 'institution,' who himself very kindly accompanied us through every part of the prison, giving us, without reserve, all information which it was proper to ask at his hands. We satisfied ourselves of *one* thing, even in the merely cursory examination which we were enabled, in a necessarily hurried visit, to make; and that is, that Mr. ROBINSON, in the government of his 'subjects,' rules them, not like a despotic king, but with that humane consideration, united with a military firmness that is never doubted *but once*, which insures at the same time respect and obedience. We never

saw the establishment in better condition. The halls and cells were newly white-washed and very clean, and from one end of the prison to the other nothing was out of order. There 'was a place for every thing, and every thing was in its place.' We were struck, by this state of things, with the thought, how desolate, after all, is a prison in its *best* estate! Observe the stone floors of those narrow cells; how deeply they are worn by the pacing to and fro of the remorseful, self-accusing, angry occupants, during the long and gloomy hours in which they are shut up in silence and alone! Look in at the work-shops, and behold the dim rows of striped criminals plying their ceaseless labor, with no word spoken by or to them; observe them as they come pouring out of the work-shops into the court-yard to go to their meals: a band of miserable brothers, whose locked and grating steps fall so harshly upon the ear; look at the rude food upon their trenchers; half of a coarse red onion, a piece of brown bread, and a 'chunk' of heavy meat; see all these things, and *then* you will see what imprisonment is. So we said to the 'little folk,' coming home; and therewithal the water stood in Young KNICK's eyes, and his little sister's dropped tears 'fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum.' Curiosity had kept them from much thought while they were *seeing* all this, but *reflection* melted their young hearts. . . . THERE's something very like temerity in trying to write a rail-road lyric, after reading SAXE's most felicitous experiment in that kind, written for the KNICKERBOCKER; but the 'RIVER BARD' is a bold man. He sends us this rhymed notelet:

'DEAR KNICK: Enclosed you'll find some 'rhyme'  
I've tried to frame to 'rail-road time';  
With what success I need not ask:  
(Tis yours, not mine, the irksome task  
To con the scribbler's nonsense o'er,  
For sure I am you'll not refrain  
To cast it off like chaff from grain,  
If you esteem it 'middling poor';  
But bear in mind 'tis mighty hard  
To be rejected!

RIVER BARD.'

And therewith came '*The Locomotive Declaration.*' SAXE's rhymes had the very click-clack of the car gearing in the melody; that 'under-tow' of noise that is all the while rushing back from the roaring locomotive, as it 'devours the road' before it. Do you recollect these lines!—and *will* you recollect that we don't quote them for the compliment to 'Old KNICK,' which they contain, but to illustrate the *sound* we speak of, in the rhythm of the termination of the third line! An old fellow is reading something:

'Now his smiles are thicker;  
Wonder what they mean?  
Faith! he's got the KNICKER-  
BOCKER Magazine!'

But 'hold on:' all this while we are keeping the reader from '*The Locomotive Declaration:*'

'By those cheeks of lovely hue;  
By those eyes of deepest blue,  
Which thy very soul looks through,  
As if, forsooth, those clear blue eyes  
Were portals into paradise;  
By that alabaster brow;  
By that hand as white as snow;  
By that proud, angelic form;  
By that rounded, classic arm;  
By those locks of raven hair;  
By those vermeil lips, I swear;  
By the ocean, by the air;  
By the lightning and the thunder;  
By all things on earth or under;  
By the 'lectric telegraph;  
By my future 'better half';

By our veespers, by our dreams;  
 By our mailns and Te Deums;  
 By young CURIN, by my Muse;  
 By— whatever else you choose;  
 Yes, I swear by all creation,  
 And this endless 'Yankee nation,'  
 That

I  
 love  
 you  
 like  
 tar-  
 na-  
 tion!

(Whistles and steps.)

UNDER the caption, '*Free Academy in Broadway*,' our friend and umqwhile correspondent, Mr. BROOKS, of the '*Express*' daily journal, gives the following description of a metropolitan 'curiosity-shop' that is becoming a noteworthy attraction, alike to citizens and strangers:

'GENIX has hitherto been known only as 'the man that bought the first JENNY LIND ticket in this country,' 'the man that sat in that two hundred dollar seat;' henceforth, however, he may well run in opposition to the BARNUM, as a getter-up of the rare and the wonderful. Just step into his store and see for yourselves, ye credulous innocents, who do not know what is going on behind the crowd inside. The public-spirited proprietor has been engaged during the past summer in designing and bringing to perfection the finest collection of fac-similes of ancient head-dresses ever got up in this country. They are copied from the rarest and most authentic works on costume procurable in the public or private libraries of the United States, and in richness and beauty far surpass anything we have ever seen upon the stage. This superb and costly collection comprehends nearly all the ranks and grades of military, ecclesiastical and civil life, and extends over a period of more than a thousand years. Almost all the nations of Europe are represented, and the gorgeous crowns, helmets, mitres, coronets and jewelled caps of the mediæval era, contrast beautifully with the less ornate head-dress of classic antiquity. The crests of the noble ladies of the reigns of the TUDORS and the PLANTAGENETS are really magnificent. The dress coifs of ANNE BOLEYN, BLANCHE of Castile, and MARGARET of Anjou, are truly regal in their style, and either of them placed upon the head of a handsome woman would in these days far eclipse all modern millinery.

'Then, again, are the casques and helmets of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, KING JOHN, HENRY V., the Duke of Guise, the BAUCON of Bannockburn, the Black DOUGLAS, JULIUS CÆSAR, HANNIBAL, POMPEY, JUNIUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, MARK ANTHONY, and indeed about almost every other great name that illumines or darkens or reddens the page of history. The collection is a rare one, as everybody that sees it acknowledges; and the only wonder is, that GENIX, with all his genius, industry, originality and liberality, should have been able to present to the New-York public so magnificent and really valuable an exhibition. Henceforth GENIX's establishment must be looked upon justly as one of the 'peculiar institutions' of New-York; a sort of 'Free Academy,' where everybody can go and study History, without money and without price.'

'Hi-ho! the wind and rain!—hi-ho! the wind and rain!' exclaims one of SHAKESPEARE's weird creatures; and he would say it to-night, if he could hear the October storm that is making its 'pother' without. But we love the very sound thereof! There is something, what it is we know not, but there is *something* in the wailing of a first autumn rain-storm, that takes our feelings and fancies captive. Wonder if we are all alone in this! . . . Nor many months since, at an Episcopal Sunday-school not a hundred miles from Boston, the rector of the church was examining the children, after service, on the lesson of the day, the crucifixion of the SAVIOUR. After some remarks addressed to the school on this event in Scripture, he asked: 'My children, can you tell me who these people were that crucified our blessed REDEEMER?' A dead silence prevailed. The question, from its extreme simplicity, puzzled them. 'What!' said the minister, 'do you not know who they were!' At last a faint little voice responded in the corner of the room with 'I know, Sir.' 'Well, who were they, my little child!' 'The *Loco-Focos*, Sir!' The effect upon the parents of the children, many of whom were present, can be 'better imagined than described.' And what a comment it is upon partisan inculcations! . . . We can most confidently commend to all those interested, *Cosmopolis School of Design*, at Number 143 Fifth-Avenue, as one of the very first

schools of the kind in the metropolis. Day and evening classes of ladies and gentlemen are taught in all the varieties of painting and drawing, from nature, life, and folding-models, in the most thorough manner. As a practical teacher, Mr. CUMMING has not his superior. . . . 'Back Streams at Windsor, showing the Top of Wick-liffe's Tower.' We wish that the kind female friend, not long since a fair unwedded lady in Gotham, but a 'happy wife and happier mother now' in her native 'merrie England,' could know the frequent enjoyment we have had in the sanctum, in looking casually up from our 'Gossip'-slips of paper as we wrote, at the beautiful picture from her facile pencil, bearing the title which we have quoted above. Sylvan and beautiful as is the scene thus indicated, it is even more *suggestive* than it is either the one or the other. We have often thought, looking at this picture, of the view from the 'Castle;' the deep-wooded forest, with its greater and lesser 'walks' below; the winding stream in the blue and misty distance; and afar over the memorable paradises that lie between, OLD LONDON, whose smoky canopy covers but does not conceal the wilderness of stone, brick and mortar, pierced by countless steeples, and that Mont-Blanc of cathedrals which rises over all—PAUL'S! When, *when* shall we see it, as we have so often *dreamed* of seeing it! . . . 'THE good old clergyman,' writes a town-correspondent, 'who performed the baptismal-rites for me some forty years ago, being called to officiate at the funeral of a departed member of his congregation, after proceeding in a somewhat prolonged address, and coming to a dead pause of some length, broke out thus, in his slow, measured, and tremulous voice: 'My friends, ADAM died, and was carried by angels into ABRAHAM'S bosom!' 'Chronological-tables' were probably not among the studies of that day! . . . THERE is a good deal of comfort in *Common Things*. Isn't there, though? Just rung the sanctum-bell for KIRTY to come up and bring us a slice of bread-and-butter. It is after twelve o'clock of a rainy October night; for we are closing the November number, and our self-imposed 'stent' is to get all through before we go to bed. When we take a 'stent,' we *do* it. We used to, when hoeing potatoes, 'cutting stalks,' pulling flax, and husking corn in 'the ked'ntry,' and we can do it yet. Well, KIRTY did n't come; she had retired to 'the arms of MURPHY.' So we took the candle and went down to the kitchen to help ourselves. It was *very* clean and neat. A solitary cricket retreated under the range as we entered with our bright Carcel lamp. The white floor was 'swept and garnished;' and the week's 'washing and ironing' hung on the white-pine clothes-horse. How sweet those linen garments smelled! And 'young KNICK's' 'sack,' and little JOSE's pink frock, and the 'wee' one's small stockings, although the wearers themselves were rapt in rosy slumbers up stairs, were not uninhabited, to our eyes, at that moment, though they *were* hanging in the kitchen. We *enjoyed* those twin-slices of bread-and-butter, with two tender, cross-cut, crumbling pieces of corned-beef sandwiched between, and a pickled walnut. After all, many of our passing enjoyments are made up of trifles like this. Isn't it so! . . . 'Indications of the Creator,' a work written by GEORGE TAYLOR, Esq., and recently published by SCRIBNER, will attract and reward the attention of the public, not less by its arguments, than by its calm, dignified manner. All who have perused in the KNICKERBOCKER the able papers by the author, and which form a portion of the volume, will need no additional incentive to a perusal of the book. . . . THE writer of 'The Little Great Man,' who was gently 'rubbed down' in our last, 'confesses the cape' with a grace that shows him to be a man of sense. 'Why, do you know,' he writes, 'that I had as high an opinion of myself as you had of *your* self, when you sat astride your diminutive donkey, viewing or trying to view the 'dim waste of waters' before you, and imagining yourself NAPOLEON!

As 'young KNICK' brought you to your senses, so have you brought me to mine. You have said, as *he* said, '*How he looks!*' You shall never see any more of my poetry in print—never! This very night I will destroy a poem which I have nearly ready for the press; so that now it can never be known what a 'rich treat' the reading public have lost, through your criticism of my first rhymes!' . . . '*The Albion Hotel*,' at the lower corner of Ninth-street and Broadway, kept by Messrs. BENNOCH AND CRAGIN, will supply an important desideratum to that up-town neighborhood. It is a gentleman's hotel, kept by gentlemen; a quiet, well-arranged establishment, which is fast winning its way to a permanent popularity. . . . THERE is something striking in these brief sentences of a modern author: 'What a strange, desperate notion it is of men, when they have erred, that things are at the worst; that nothing can be done to rescue them: whereas JUDAS ISCARIOT might have done something better than hang himself.' . . . 'DID N'T we tell you so!' Did n't we say, when the hot, melting days of August were upon us, that they were fulfilling a good mission! Were n't they ripening our luscious ISABELLA grapes, for one thing! We've just been picking huge clusters of them by moon-light, that flecked the piazza through the dying leaves. Were n't they filling and expanding the dahlias, verbenas, heliotropes, and the like, that now make the morning *bouquet* on our sanctum-table! They were n't 'doing any thing else' hereabout, worth mentioning—and belike *this* isn't. . . . COMING up the other evening in one of SOLOMON KIR's Hudson street stages—thanks to that public-spirited omnibus-pioneer and promoter of comfortable city-journeymen—we saw a young lady enter who was evidently blind. At length we recognized her as Miss BULLOCK, whose feeling lines to Mr. DEMPSTER appear elsewhere in the present number. In the course of our omnibus-talk, she said: 'I have never seen any thing since I was born; but sometimes the *desire* of sight is so strong that it seems as though I could not support it. But it is God who has made me blind; and now I know that the first light I shall ever see will be the light of Heaven, and I hope the first face I shall ever behold will be the face of Jesus!' Happy spirit!—even now, through the eyes of a holy faith, her 'darkness is as the day!' . . . Our friend Mr. LUCIUS HART, at Number 5, Burlington-slip, is the prince of advertisers. No marvel that his beautiful and tasteful articles of Britannia-silver ware are in lively demand, for he has learnt how to secure public *attention*. We were struck with this passage from BRAINARD over one of his recent brief advertisements, when there was some temporary excitement touching New-Jersey bank-bills:

'I no venerate  
The man who rolls the smooth and silky sheet  
Across the well-cut copper; I respect  
The worthier name of those who *sign* bank-bills:  
And, though no literary man, I love  
To read their short and pithy sentences.'

Who doesn't! We wish we had more of that kind of literary 'reading!' . . . It is worth going two hundred miles to see *Burden's Great Iron Factory*, near Troy. It embodies the very sublimity of mechanics, in an over-shot water-wheel, sixty feet in diameter! This is certainly the most magnificent adjunct of vast and powerful machinery we ever saw. Why, to stand under it and see it rolling with slow and solemn movement down toward you, is almost like looking up at the Great Fall at Niagara from the deck of the 'Maid of the Mist.' To see it, moreover, in the night, quietly-doing the extensive work of twenty shops; pouring out great 'blobs' of molten iron, and rolling it successively into thin bars and rods, that chase you like fiery snakes; or cutting it into rail-road spikes by the thousands, or whacking it into horse-shoes by hundreds; and all the place a-glow with the bright light, making the swarthy workmen look like the inhabitants of Pandemonium; all this, reader, is a

sublime sight; and if you should be so fortunate as to encounter the enterprising and hospitable proprietor, or his sons, and should visit his spacious mansion and grounds, commanding noble views up and down the Hudson, you will have additional cause to congratulate yourself upon a rare treat. . . . As touching the recent '*Triumph of the Yacht America*,' let us say to our 'down-east' friend 'P——N,' that we think his '*Pæan*' simply unnecessary. The 'beat' was handsomely, magnanimously, and universally acknowledged in England, and there should be the end of it. It seems to us, so cordial and general was the admission of the result, that the very fact should preclude all 'vain boasting.' We do not, of course, (as the English people and their journals did not,) deny that it was a great triumph; and here 'at home' we feel that it must have a most important effect in more respects than one. Nor is the success on this occasion our only just boast in that kind. Look at the clipper-ship '*Flying-Cloud*,' (a beautiful name,) recently reported at San Francisco around the Horn, in *six days* less time than the fastest ship ever accomplished the same distance before! Our triumph on the Atlantic sea has not been less complete. Go into any one of COLLINS' magnificent steamers, unsurpassed for great strength and vast and secure machinery, and survey the rich, elegant, and tasteful finish of every part. Her cabins and state-rooms present an array of architectural decoration which is not approached by any vessel or vessels in the world; beauty and elegance so rare that it has made the name of the eminent New-York architect and interior decorator, Mr. GEORGE PLATT, famous in both countries; and indeed he is not only the *pioneer*, but he was and still is without a rival or a peer in this widely-extended and widely-extending branch of what we may term *Domestic Fine Arts*. Every American who enters one of COLLINS' steamers will leave it with a higher pride in the progress, the rapid advancement of his country. Nor can these vessels fail to convey the most important testimony in evidence of our growing greatness in the foreign sea-ports to which they ply. . . . THE following characteristic original letter from CHARLES LAMB, addressed to THOMAS PRINGLE, we derive from an esteemed friend in a southern city:

'DEAR SIR: I have received your proof, and shall be happy to look over the rest, though really I see no occasion. I can suggest no improvements but two insignificant ones. Page 9: I cannot relish the phrase 'pet fawn.' The word 'pet' is singularly distasteful to me. Beside being feminine, (girlish rather,) it is used as a nursing, bred up by hand, taken to; but here the black boy seems to be rather the pet, and the animal the patroness. 'Fond fawn,' perhaps. I do not know the general title of your book, but as it seems calculated for Sierra Leone, or the Plantations, I would suggest 'Nigrum Verses,' and wish it a whiter fate than my 'Album Verses.' The 'Lion Hunt' is spirited, but the 'Evening Rambles' is my favorite. If it is to be a colonial volume, I do not object; but if it is for home circulation, really the gau, and the vley, and the gem-bok, and the oribi, may be choke-pears. But for tropical perusal they are in place. True, they are referred to notes for explanation, but poetry requires instant sympathy. Page 19: last two lines are lengthened abruptly: somehow thus:

'And call the dreamer from his trance,  
To milk, or game, or moon-light dance.'

You don't expect an Alexandrine change in eight-syllable verse. Page 14: last line. *Nests*: is this Hottentot for stone? I shall have pleasure in seeing you at Highgate a few days hence.

'L'phasto, ●

C. L.'

WE have this one thing to say to all travellers on the noble New-York and Erie Rail-Road: At the flourishing village of Corning, midway between Dunkirk and the metropolis, there is kept by Mr. S. B. DENNIS, formerly of the 'Tioga House,' Owego, one of the very best hotels along the whole line of the road. The house is beautifully furnished, and the table is such as DENNIS knows well how to supply. Venison, partridge, quail, trout, all luxuries indeed, of all seasons, thereabout abound. Success to '*The Dickinson House*' at Corning, and 'long may it wave!' . . . Nor



long since, '*Sharpe's London Magazine*' copied, without credit, from the KNICKERBOCKER, for which it was written, REV. F. W. SHELTON's paper upon 'BOSWELL the Biographer;' and recently its editor has transferred to its pages, without a word of acknowledgment, another article from this Magazine, entitled '*A Visit to Howe's Cave*,' under the added title, '*New Wonder of New-York*.' This is what we call, in contradistinction to PUNCH's charge, '*English Literary Honesty*.' The most amusing part of the affair, however, is the fact that the article in question should only now be discovered, by sundry religious and other journals hereabout, to possess unwonted interest. 'Howe's Cave,' like Madeira-wine, has greatly improved by a sea-voyage, although it comes back to us precisely the same thing! 'Cur'ous, isn't it?'

—  
 'Stoop down, my thought, that used to rise,  
 Converse awhile with DEATH!  
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
 And pants away his breath.'

When SUMMERFIELD was on his death-bed, he exclaimed, 'Oh, if I might be raised again, how I could preach! I could preach as I never did before: I have had a look into eternity!' . . . Our young friends and contemporaries, the '*Evening Post*' and '*Commercial Advertiser*' daily journals, have donned new and beautiful dresses, and it is now an added pleasure to read them. We remember them as children; and patting them kindly upon the head, still wish them every success. . . . Our friend 'CARL BENSON' was as ignorant as ourselves of what constituted a Scotch 'pint o' wine.' In Scottish measure, two 'mutchkins' make one 'choppin'; two 'choppins' one pint. A 'choppin' is about a quart; so that BURNS could n't have been very dry on the evening when he had his 'pint o' wine.' Moreover, it was the 'strong heart's bluid' of JOHN BARLEYCORN, and not grape-juice, that BURNS meant by the term 'wine.' . . . We step in frequently, with the little folk, to the 'American Museum,' so well managed by Mr. GREENWOOD, and never fail to derive gratification from the visit. It was never more rich in varied attraction than at the present moment. . . . By giving in the present number a long and long-deferred notice of DANA's writings, we have been compelled to exclude two or three notices of popular current works, pamphlet-addresses, etc. The December issue, however, will be speedily published, in order to prepare for the stereotyping and early circulation of the first number of our *Thirty-Ninth Volume*, which is to appear upon entirely new types. 'Our friends, the publishers, therefore, 'here and elsewhere,' will please to pardon all present omissions. Justice shall soon be done 'in the premises' . . . Among the new books of the season, and one we doubt not which our readers will be pleased to possess, is '*Dream-Land by Day-Light, a Panorama of Romance*,' by Miss CAROLINE CHESEBRO', that is to make its appearance the present month, from the press of J. S. REDFIELD of this city. Those who have read '*Hearts of Oak*,' and other of the articles which have from time to time appeared in these pages, will need no recommendation to procure the volume. . . . 'THE Sailor-Boy's Death-Bed,' 'Our New Spire at Innisfield,' 'Adventure on Coneyn Island,' and 'Sketches in South Africa,' with several articles of poetry from favorite contributors, including 'A Thunder-Storm on the Tappan-Zee,' and 'Tyrants in Tartarus,' are already in type for our December number. . . . '*The Belles of Tontine*' is deferred until our next; as is also a very searching notice of '*Alban*,' by 'M. W.,' wherein the 'nasty-minded' sketches and salacious inculcations of that work are fully exposed. . . . READ '*Some Account of Smith*' in preceding pages, if you are 'fond of fun.' It is very 'sly.' . . . 'STENT's done: now for bed!

THE

# Knickerbocker,

OR



## NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1851.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 NASSAU STREET.

LONDON:

JOHN CHAPMAN, 142 STRAND.

BOSTON:

FETTERIDGE & CO.: CROSBY & NICHOLS: REDDING & CO.  
PHILADELPHIA: W. B. ZIESSER.

1851.

JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER.

# PROSPECTUS OF THE THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME

## GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

### THE **Knickerbocker Magazine,**

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK,

will commence its THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME with the number for January, 1852.

The subscription price for the KNICKERBOCKER will be reduced from FIVE DOLLARS to THREE DOLLARS, on and after the first day of January next.

With this reduction there will be no change in its form, size, character or quality, except a change always continued *for the better*; for it will improve on the past, maintaining the position so long awarded to it.

### TERMS :

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

THERE WILL BE NO DEVIATION FROM THIS CONDITION.

To Clubs of Ten, \$2.50 each.

Booksellers and Postmasters are requested to act as agents. Those who will undertake to procure subscribers will receive favorable terms. Specimen numbers will be sent gratis on application post-paid.

All remittances and all business communications must be addressed to SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 Nassau street, New-York.

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER takes much pleasure in informing his readers and the public, that the

SEQUEL TO ST. LEGER

AND

MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH-BOOK,

will be continued regularly through the coming year. In addition to these, and a host of highly esteemed contributors,

'I K MARVEL,'

THE POPULAR AUTHOR OF THE

'REVERIES OF A BACHELOR,'

has engaged to furnish a new and original work, which will be given in every number of the KNICKERBOCKER during the year 1852. It will be entitled

THE FUDGE PAPERS,

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERSE MEMBERS  
OF THE FUDGE FAMILY; MENDED INTO WRITING

BY 'TONY FUDGE.

The contributors' department of this Magazine will be more interesting and valuable than it has ever been.

ART. I. SKETCHES IN SOUTH-AFRICA. NUMBER FOUR,	By REV. DR. LYONS, . . . . .
II. MILTON'S LAMENT FOR BISHOP ANDREWS.	UNDERWOOD, . . . . .
III. THE NEW SPIRE AT INNISFIELD. By F. H.	BY . . . . .
IV. TYRANTS IN TARTARUS. By C. D. STUART,	BY . . . . .
V. STEDFASTNESS. By HORACE RUBLEE, . . . .	BELLE BRONSON, . . . . .
VI. ROUGH SKETCHES OF FEMALE FIGURES.	B. G. LAZIER, . . . . .
VII. CAPE COTTAGE AT SUNSET. By WILLIAM	B. U. S. N., . . . . .
VIII. THE HOUSEHOLD CLOCK. By R. T. MACOUN,	BY . . . . .
IX. ADVENTOOR ON CONEYIN ILAND, . . . . .	BY . . . . .
X. STANZAS: 'ALONE.' By 'SIGMA,' . . . . .	BY . . . . .
XI. DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT THE BOWERY	THEATRE, . . . . .

## NOTICE.

EDITORS will do us a particular favor by noticing the reduced price, and also, that "IK MARVEL," author of the most popular writer of the day, will contribute a series of articles to be given in every number of 1852, which will add greatly to the interest and value of the work.

HOMER'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PICTURE-SQUE: 'THE WOMEN OF EARLY NIGHT-THOUGHTS.' 'LEAFLETS OF MEMORY.' Mrs. KIRKLAND: LOUIS' 'SCHOOL-DAYS,' ETC. TERS.' 3. A SPECIMEN OF SPICY CORRESPONDENCE BY WOMEN. 5. NAPOLEON AND MRS. JUDSON AT THE RAIL-ROAD CRITIC. 7. AN AWFUL BERRA AT CHILDREN. 8. A FEW THOUGHTS ON TRUE CHARACTERS. 9. 'PUNCHED' FROM THE GERMAN. 10. DRINKERS. 11. A COOL REASONER AND 'LIBERTY-SIGOURNEY. 12. A COLD IN THE 'HEAD,' WITH 'INFLEENZA,' OR A 'COLD IN THE 'HEAD,' WITH MEETINGS OF AN INVALID. 14. 'THE BELLES OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, REDIVIVUS: SIR ROGER'S OPERA. 17. 'DR. PILL, THE MEDICAL QUACK,' NEW-YORK, BY ONE OF THE 'LOWER STRATA.' THE AUCTIONEER 20. LINES BY A CRIPPLED PERSON ON THE USE WITHOUT THE ABUSE OF WINE. 23. 'LAY OF THE LAZY.' 24. 'NEW-YORK MEDICAL DUTCH POETRY. 25. A CHRISTIAN VS. A 'CRACK' A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.' 26. EPITAPHS AND OTHER. 27. A THOUGHT FROM 'FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.' 28. PROFESSOR PAGE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC ENGINE. 29. SCOTCH REBELLION' OF 1688. 33. 'THY WILL BE DONE.' P. MORRIS. 34. WARREN'S 'BOOK OF ELOQUENCE.' 35. THE LORD'S PRAYER: A CORRECTION. 37. COMPLEXIONISM.' 38. STEPHEN BURROUGHS. 39. MAKING 'BOYS' ELEGANT OF CHILDREN. 41. THE 'ILLUSTRATED KIDNAPING AND THE DELAWARE.' 44. ADVENT OF OUR THIRTY-NINTH OUR 'FRIENDS WHO ARE FRIENDS.' 45. A CAUTION TO PUBLISHERS, CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.

# PROSPECTUS OF THE THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME.

## GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

### THE **Knickerbocker Magazine,**

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK,

will commence its THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME with the number for January, 1852.

The subscription price for the KNICKERBOCKER will be reduced from FIVE DOLLARS to THREE DOLLARS, on and after the first day of January next.

With this reduction there will be no change in its form, size, character or quality, except a change always continued *for the better*; for it will improve on the past, maintaining the position so long awarded to it.

### TERMS :

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

THERE WILL BE NO DEVIATION FROM THIS CONDITION.

To Clubs of Ten, \$2.50 each.

Booksellers and Postmasters are requested to act as agents. Those who will undertake to procure subscribers will receive favorable terms. Specimen numbers will be sent gratis on application post-paid.

All remittances and all business communications must be addressed to SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 Nassau street, New-York.

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER takes much pleasure in informing his readers and the public, that the

**SEQUEL TO ST. LEGER**

AND

**MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH-BOOK,**

will be continued regularly through the coming year. In addition to these, and a host of highly esteemed contributors,

**'I K M A R V E L,'**

THE POPULAR AUTHOR OF THE

**'REVERIES OF A BACHELOR,'**

has engaged to furnish a new and original work, which will be given in every number of the KNICKERBOCKER during the year 1852. It will be entitled

**THE FUDGE PAPERS,**

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERSE MEMBERS  
OF THE FUDGE FAMILY: MEMOIRS IN WRITING

BY 'TONY FUDGE.

The contributors' department of this Magazine will be more interesting and valuable than it has ever been.

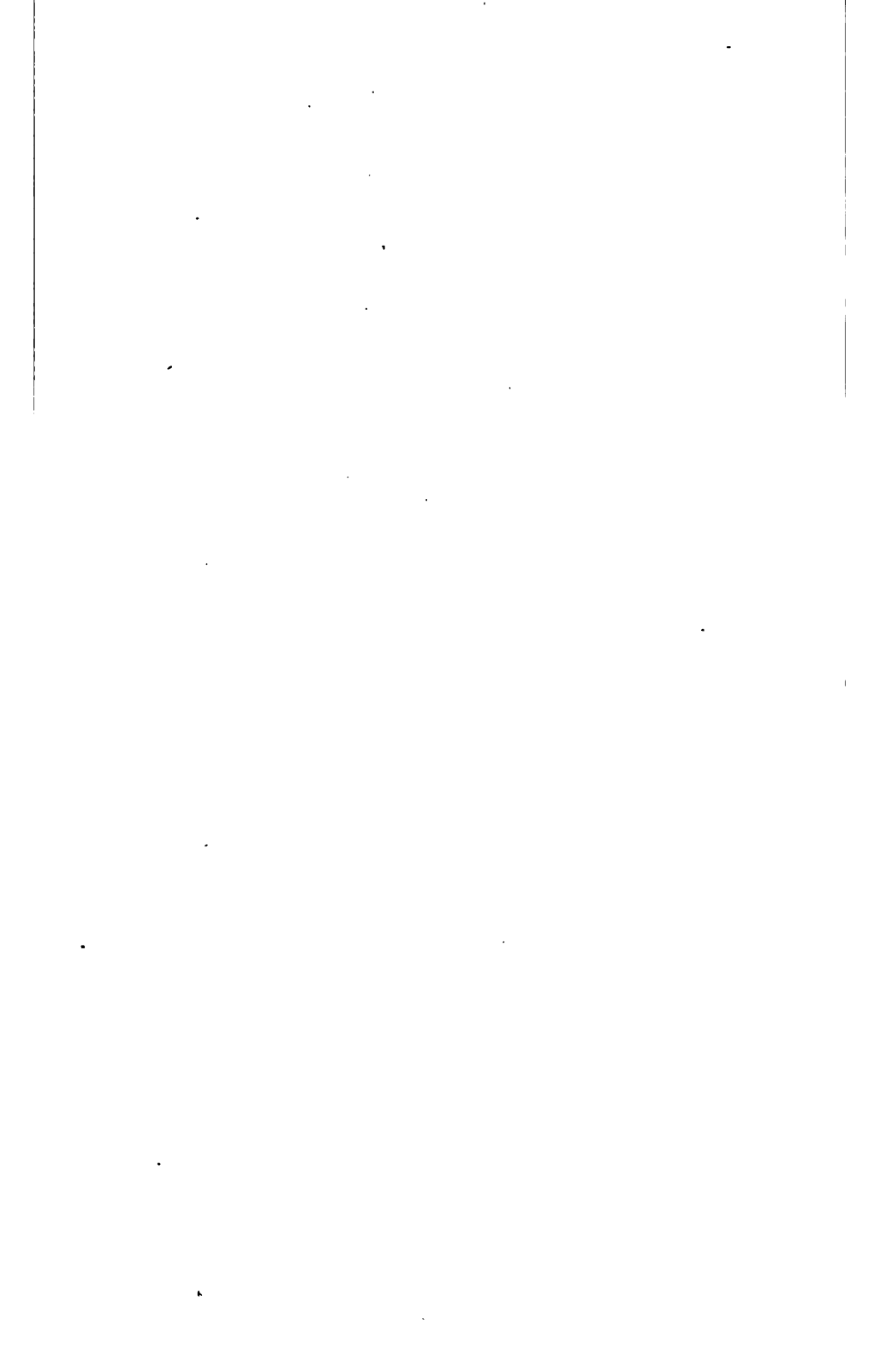
# ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. SKETCHES IN SOUTH-AFRICA. NUMBER FOUR, . . . . .	571
II. MILTON'S LAMENT FOR BISHOP ANDREWS. By REV. DR. LYONS, . . .	577
III. THE NEW SPIRE AT INNISFIELD. By F. H. UNDERWOOD, . . . .	579
IV. TYRANTS IN TARTARUS. By C. D. STUART, . . . . .	583
V. STEDFASTNESS. By HORACE RUBLEE, . . . . .	589
VI. ROUGH SKETCHES OF FEMALE FIGURES: BELLE BRONSON, . . . .	590
VII. CAPE COTTAGE AT SUNSET. By WILLIAM B. GLAZIER, . . . . .	593
VIII. THE HOUSEHOLD CLOCK. By R. T. MACOUN, U. S. N., . . . . .	594
IX. ADVENTOOR ON CONEY ISLAND, . . . . .	595
X. STANZAS: 'ALONE.' By 'SIGMA,' . . . . .	599
XI. DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT THE BOWERY THEATRE, . . . . .	601
RECEIPTS, . . . . .	606

## NOTICE.

EDITORS will do us a *particular favor* by noticing the reduction of price, and also, that "IK MARVEL," author of the "*Reveries of a Bachelor*," the most popular writer of the day, will contribute a series of articles to be given in every number of 1852, which will add greatly to the interest and value of the work.

NUMBER XXXV. . . . .  
 OF THE PICTURE-SQUE: 'THE WOMEN OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY: . . . . .  
 NIGHT-THOUGHTS: 'LEAFLETS OF MEMORY: 'THE EVENING-BOOK,' BY  
 MRS. KIRKLAND: LOUIS' 'SCHOOL-DAYS,' ETC. 2. A POETICAL MAN OF 'LET-  
 TERS.' 3. A SPECIMEN OF SPICY CORRESPONDENCE. 4. 'WRONGS OF MEN'  
 BY WOMEN. 5. NAPOLEON AND MRS. JUDSON AT ST. HELENA. 6. A QUER-  
 CULOUS RAIL-ROAD CRITIC. 7. AN AWFUL HERBAGEMENT: DEATH OF LITTLE  
 CHILDREN. 8. A FEW THOUGHTS ON TRUE CHARITY. 9. 'SONG FOR FUNKY  
 DRINKERS.' 'PUNCHED' FROM THE GERMAN. 10. 'OLIVE-LEAVES,' BY MRS.  
 SIGOURNEY. 11. A COOL REASONER AND 'LIBERAL' MORALIST. 12. THE  
 'IDYLLIDZA,' OR A 'COLD IN THE 'HEAD,' WITH A 'SO'G.' 13. 'MUTTERINGS  
 AND MURMURS OF AN INVALID.' 14. 'THE BELLES OF TONTINE,' NEW-HAVEN.  
 15. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, REDIVIVUS: SIR ROGER AT CHURCH. 16. THE  
 OPERA. 17. 'DR. PILL, THE MEDICAL QUACK.' 18. 'THE UPPER SOCIETY OF  
 NEW-YORK,' BY ONE OF THE 'LOWER STRATA.' 19. PARSON THOMAS BELL,  
 THE AUCTIONEER. 20. LINES BY A CRIPPLED CHILD. 21. SOME REFLEC-  
 TIONS ON THE USE WITHOUT THE ABUSE OF WINE. 22. A 'GRAVE' OMNIBUS.  
 23. 'LAY OF THE LAZY.' 24. 'NEW-YORK MEDICAL TIMES.' 25. WESTERN  
 DUTCH POETRY. 26. A CHRISTIAN vs. A 'CRACK' CHURCH. 27. 'DRAYTON,  
 A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.' 28. EPITAPHS AND OTHER ELEGIAC RARITIES.  
 29. A THOUGHT FROM 'FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.' 30. FORTITUDE RESCUED.  
 31. PROFESSOR PAGE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC ENGINE. 32. 'THE ENGLISH AND  
 SCOTCH REBELLION' OF 1688. 33. 'THY WILL BE DONE,' BY GEN. GEORGE  
 P. MORRIS. 34. WARREN'S 'BOOK OF ELOQUENCE.' 35. AN 'ORID' MEN.  
 36. THE LORD'S PRAYER: A CORRECTION. 37. COMPLIMENTARY 'ART-CRITIC-  
 ISM.' 38. STEPHEN BURROUGHS. 39. MAKING 'BOTH ENDS MEET.' 40. AN-  
 ECDOTES OF CHILDREN. 41. THE 'ILLUSTRATED KEEPSAKE.' 42. A RESO-  
 LUTE 'BRICK.' 43. LEUTZE'S GREAT PAINTING OF 'WASHINGTON CROSSING  
 THE DELAWARE.' 44. ADVENT OF OUR THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME: A WORD TO  
 OUR 'FRIENDS WHO ARE FRIENDS.' 45. A CAUTIOUS 'SCOTT.' 46. NOTICES  
 TO PUBLISHERS, CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.



# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

---

VOL. XXXVIII. DECEMBER, 1851.

No. 6.

---

## SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

---

### NUMBER FOUR.

---

On the fifth of November we arrived off the mouth of the celebrated Congo river, but the wind being light, and the current setting out of the river with great force and velocity, we came to anchor, and waited for a favorable opportunity to go in. The English steam-brig 'Hecate' and one or two other cruisers lay in the offing, blockading the mouth of the river, and, with our own vessel, were the only sails in sight. The Hecate had been so fortunate as to take a large slaver but a few days previously, just as she got out of the Congo, with six hundred slaves on board. The river at its mouth is some twenty miles in width, and runs with the force of a mill-slucice into the ocean; and the current continuing in strength and speed far out to sea, the slaver has greater facilities in obtaining a good offing from the land at this point than from any other slave-mart on the coast. One dark night, and an ebb tide, will take him forty miles down the river and sixty miles from the coast, let him sail ever so badly, and the probability of falling foul of a cruiser at this distance is very small. If he should by chance be discovered in the morning, he must of course depend on his 'heels,' and the chances are at the present day that they are pretty 'long' and 'clean,' and equal to those of the generality of the cruisers. An instance occurred this very year of one of H. B. M.'s brigs chasing a Brazilian slaver from the mouth of the Congo across the broad Atlantic to Cape Frio.

It must have been a most painfully-exciting chase. The two vessels were in sight of each other the whole time, a little more than three weeks; and every ruse and stratagem was practised by the slaver to escape the avenging pursuer in her wake. She would alter her course at night, but the Englishman was on hand for this 'dodge,' and by nice calculation and the help of strong night-glasses was sure to be ready for the



race in the morning. Sometimes he would be almost near enough to fire into her, when, by some slight change in the wind or variation in the weather, the slaver would again have the advantage, and creep away from the sleuth-hound at her heels. At last, as they neared the coast of South-America, the strong breezes began to give the cruiser the advantage; and having exhausted all his nautical skill in endeavoring to escape, the slave-captain was reduced to his last extremity, and began to throw his slaves overboard. John Bull was now sorely puzzled, with the slaver almost within his grasp, and the poor victims of his horrible cruelty struggling in the water. Should he continue the chase, and leave the poor devils to their fate, with their shrieks of despair ringing in his ears? A bright idea strikes him: he is within two hundred miles of the coast, and the race must soon be decided. He gives his orders: in a trice the main-yard is backed, up go the yard and stay tackles, and in twenty minutes he has thrown out all his boats, with an experienced officer to command them, with orders to follow with all speed in his wake, and pick up the unfortunate beings as they are thrown over from the slaver. Again he dashes off in pursuit, the slaver having gained already several miles. Every expedient is now put in use to increase the speed of the cruiser: the hammocks are slung on the berth-deck, and shot and other heavy articles put into them; the stays and rigging are slacked up, the sails kept wet, and the other auxiliaries, such as studding-sails, stay-sails, ring-tails, water-sails and save-alls, are brought into requisition and made the most of. Such untiring perseverance deserved to be rewarded, and the slaver was taken just as he almost fancied himself in security, close in to the land under Cape Frio.

On the seventh, early in the morning, all hands were called 'Up anchor,' and with a strong south-west breeze, we got under weigh, and passing Shark's Point on the southern shore, stood into the mouth of the river with all sail set. The current was very strong, but our wind was strong enough to enable us to battle it; and after getting well into the river, by hugging the southern shore as closely as possible, we found an eddy current which assisted us greatly, and in five hours we ran up to the anchorage, twenty miles from the mouth, and again dropped the 'mud-hook.' Some idea may be formed of the strength and velocity of the current in the river, from the fact of its never having been possible to obtain soundings; leads, lines, and the most improved apparatus for sounding having been broken and lost, time and again, by the mere force of the stream, in endeavoring to reach the bottom.

The Congo is one of the largest rivers in Africa, and for many years it was supposed to be connected with, if not a part of, 'the mighty and mysterious Niger.' Many attempts have been made to identify the two rivers with each other; and in the year 1816 the scientific corps who composed the ill-fated expedition of Captain Tuckey ascended the Congo, expecting to find themselves, after going a certain distance, in communication with another party that had ascended the Niger with the same object in view. The result of Tuckey's expedition is well known: he lost his own life, and the lives of nearly all who accompanied him, and failed in the great object of connecting the two rivers. Subsequent discoveries in the Niger have shown that no communication exists between it and the

Congo, and that their sources are widely apart; and although but little is known of the Zaire, or Congo, from the discoveries of Captain Tuckey's expedition, it is generally believed, from the accounts of the natives, that at the distance of eight hundred or a thousand miles from the sea it is a mere rivulet, which increases as it runs, from the contributions of other streams, until it attains the vast body of rolling water which throws itself with such irresistible force into the sea at its mouth.

The river running with such velocity often prevents vessels going up; but as they come here, with the exception of the slave-traders, principally to water ship, this evil is attended with its natural cure, for it is no uncommon thing for ships to fill up with water perfectly fresh and pure just outside the mouth; and in some instances it has been done twenty and thirty miles at sea, out of sight of any land. The strong current often undermines and detaches large portions of the banks, which, being composed of thick masses of tangled mangrove-roots and under-growth closely matted together, come floating down the stream with all their vegetation upon them, presenting the appearance of thickly-wooded little islands. These are often seen at sea, and after heavy rains, when the river is much swollen, they are brought down in such numbers and of so large a size that vessels are very frequently stopped by them. We often saw them a hundred and a hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the river, far out at sea, and generally swarming with water-fowl and birds of every description. I remember one very dark night, when we were running down the coast to the northward of the Congo, we fell in with one of these islands, our proximity to which was denoted by a most singular kind of loud buzzing noise for which we could not account. A boat was manned and sent in the direction of the sound, and in a short time she returned, having visited a floating island of apparently very large size, and which the officer said was covered with birds, old and young, who had probably been disturbed by the approach of our vessel, or perhaps by the motion of the sea, which was rising, and must have made their floating home very uncomfortable.

Our anchorage in the river was abreast of a little point of land, on which stood a house formerly occupied by two Portuguese traders, both now dead with the fever of the country, and whose graves, roughly and carelessly dug by the hand of some friendly African, were denoted by two little piles of stones near the house. The situation of this house, I should suppose, had been chosen on account of a little patch of beach on the point which rendered it an easy landing-place for boats: and I may remark that this is the only place on either bank of the river, for the distance up to this point, where a boat can land, the banks being covered, as in the Dande, down to the water's edge with mangrove trees and dense under-growth. On the beach lay large piles of wood, cut and stored there for the use of the English cruisers employed in blockading the river; notwithstanding whose vigilance, however, many slavers escape with full cargoes of human cattle, and land them safely at Cape Frio.

The Congo river is, and has been for a long time, the largest slave-mart on the whole western coast of Africa. Vessel after vessel has been taken by the English, with as many slaves on board as they could stow; still others are fitted out, and often perform their voyages with great suc-

cess to their owners. Every facility is here found for the slave-trader to carry on his inhuman traffic. The native kings and head-men of the different tribes along the entire river are engaged in, and derive their entire support from, the trade in human flesh. They are constantly at war with each other and the tribes in the back country, and every captive taken is sold as a slave to the Portuguese or Brazilian slave-trader. The supply always equals, if it does not exceed the demand; and the price of the slave being comparatively small, the slave-agent has but little risk, save to escape the armed cruisers at the mouth of the river, the facilities for doing which I have already shown. Should he even lose two vessels out of three, and escape with the third and land a full cargo in the Brazils, he clears the loss of the two vessels taken, and in all probability makes a fortune beside. These inducements are so strong, not only when speaking of the slave-trade in the Congo river, but at hundreds of other places on the coast, that I am firmly of the opinion that the united navies of England, France and the United States, if kept constantly on the coast to suppress the slave-trade, would hardly suffice to prevent a stray cargo occasionally being carried off. Such a vigorous blockade would even have the effect of inducing others to take the risk who now think the trade is over-done, or at least sufficiently well done for them to remain inactive; and some, again, would be forced into it from mere necessity, owing to the scarcity and high price of slaves which at first would inevitably ensue. That there are means and ways of putting an end to this odious traffic none will deny. We have declared it piracy if our subjects or vessels are found engaged in it, and treat them accordingly; but we do not from policy interfere with the vessels of other nations, even though they take their cargoes of human flesh on board, and sail in the face and eyes of our naval forces in Africa, as I myself have seen in more than one instance.

Nor would I advocate any such interference on our part, nor suggest any alteration or modification of the maritime principle, to uphold which we have already declared war against England herself, *that the flag protects the vessel*. England, denying this principle, save where the United States and one or two other nations, who are well able *now* to obtain retribution for an infringement of it, are concerned, without the least hesitation seizes and destroys Spanish, Brazilian and Portuguese vessels engaged in the slave-trade, or who are suspected of being engaged in it, on the ground that they are pirates. Does she treat them as such? We shall see. One of her Majesty's cruisers takes a slaver, with the slaves on board. A prize officer is put on board, and the vessel is sent with the slaves to one of her colonies, and there apportioned out to the residents as laborers for a term of years. The vessel is sawn in halves and sold. Where are the pirate's crew? Hung at the yard-arm or imprisoned for life? Oh! no; they are put on shore at the nearest point, and of course make their way to the nearest slave-barracoon, and hold themselves in readiness to go on board the first slaver that presents herself; and they are rarely any length of time in want of employment. These are the men who man American-built vessels that are sold on the coast for slavers in large numbers, and with perfect impunity.

I believe that there is an Admiralty order that any such slavers as

show fight to the cruisers are to be treated with the utmost rigor of the law; but this is never enforced, from the fact that the English get no prize-money for the capture of *pirates*. In the month of January, 1848, I boarded a felucca off the Gallinas, a well-known slave-mart, to the northward of Liberia, that had beaten off two attacks of the boats of H. M. brigs *Philomel* and *Rapid*, and had been captured, after a severe contest and much bloodshed, by the arrival of a reinforcement of other boats from a cruiser whose name I have forgotten, and who had captured her in connection with the first-named boats by mere force of numbers alone. When I went on board, the decks were still drenched with blood, which was standing in pools in the scuppers; for the slavers had fought with the desperation of madmen, and beside losing one half of their own men, had killed and wounded a number of Englishmen of the attacking party. The day was beautiful, but the most intense calm prevailed; and completely worn out with our five hours' pull in the burning sun, such as one experiences only in Africa, we went on board the *Philomel*, which had arrived on the spot after the capture, and there saw those of the pirates who had survived. They were all heavily ironed and placed in gangs on the main hatch, and a more cut-throat looking set of scoundrels I never had the satisfaction of seeing. We, of course, supposed that they would be taken at once to Sierra Leone, tried, condemned and executed; but what was our surprise to hear, in answer to the inquiry as to what disposition would be made of them, that they would be put on shore as soon as convenient, and the felucca alone be taken to Sierra Leone: 'for,' said our informant, 'should we try these fellows as pirates, we get no prize-money; and although the division of prize-money from so small a vessel as this felucca will amount to but little, still, should she be condemned as a pirate, it would at once establish a precedent which we should in future be obliged to follow, and which would greatly reduce our prize-money, for all the vessels we take now make more or less resistance.'

So long, then, as English naval officers look upon the African squadron for the suppression of the slave-trade in a money-making point of view, no possible good can result from its presence there. I have been informed that the last commanding officer of that squadron received, on his return to England, eighteen thousand pounds sterling as his share of the prize-money resulting from captures made by vessels under his command during a little more than two years; and very few of the officers who remain there an entire cruise have reason to regret it, notwithstanding what they say of the deadly climate and dreadful privations they have undergone, when they return. There is no denying the fact, in spite of the last report on the subject in the British House of Commons, the garbled and incredible statements of colonization societies, missionaries, and a certain reverend government agent who not long since made a flying visit to Liberia and a very lengthy and improbable report on his return, that the slave-trade on the coast of Africa is as flourishing at the present time as it was ten years ago. The present system of 'suppression' is a sure and certain premium on the price of a slave in the Brazils and Cuba. A little wholesome hanging at the yard-arm would have effected suppression years ago, and it is not too late to try it now. No one who has seen a slaver with a full cargo on board, or

who has heard such a thing truthfully described, would lift his finger or utter a syllable to prevent the infliction of such a summary punishment on all connected with her, should they take nothing stronger even than a law against cruelty to animals as an authority. It is therefore to be hoped that the day is not far distant, when the love of prize-money will give way to the establishment of such a system of treatment, that no man valuing his neck will dare to carry a slave from the coast of Africa.

I am no abolitionist, although a northern man. I look upon the institution of slavery in the United States as a great curse entailed upon us by our forefathers, but for which the present slave-holders are in no wise responsible, and which they would have done their best to rid themselves of long ago, had they not been goaded into a state of frenzy by the intemperate and outrageous attacks of northern fanatics; men who have never effected one solitary good measure or law for the benefit of slaves or freemen.

But none will cry out, be he slave-holder, abolitionist or free-soiler, against the punishment which I have suggested as the only means of suppressing the slave-trade in Africa; and as Brazil, by treaty with England, has declared it piracy for her own vessels to be engaged in it, nothing is now wanting to prevent the system being carried at once into operation.

As we anchored late in the afternoon, no natives were to be seen on the beach nor on the river, and, as is the custom, we fired a couple of signal guns to let the blacks know up the river that a vessel had arrived wishing to trade; and early next morning we were surrounded by shoals of canoes of all sizes, each one carrying several Congoes with large stocks of poultry, fruits and vegetables, all anxious to trade with 'Merican men.' Bottles, buttons and pieces of gay-colored calicoes were in great demand, these poor natives not having learned the value of the 'almighty dollar.' Monkeys and great numbers of gray parrots were brought alongside, and the crew speedily proceeded to exchange old jackets, shirts, etc., for these birds, which are, I think, of a finer breed here than at any other place on the coast, excepting Cabenda. I made one purchase myself, which, in the end, turned out rather unprofitably, of some young animals, which our chief boatswain's mate, old Browning of 'Somers' memory, insisted were hyenas. Whatever they were, they made such a horrible noise the first night at sea that the captain, with a humane consideration for the nerves of all on board, ordered them to be thrown overboard; and the next morning, when I went to visit my pets, I found them — not there! I shed no tears — the heart becomes hardened on the coast of Africa; but I inwardly determined to make no more expensive researches into natural history. Soon there was a great commotion among the natives alongside, and loud cries of 'King coming! King coming!' drew our attention to a larger canoe which shot out from a bend in the river, and soon His Majesty, attended by the heir-apparent, made his appearance on the deck of the vessel, the cynosure of all eyes.

He was a very old man, but quite erect in his bearing, with a beard well whitened with the cares of sovereignty, and a step as firm as a North-American Indian. He was dressed in an old uniform coat which some English officer had given him, a red skull-cap, and a fancy-colored piece

of calico round his loins. He wore no shoes, nor have I ever seen a native on the coast who would wear them, excepting King Socco Trane at Cabenda, who, by the way, is a bit of a dandy. This Congo King's teeth and those of his son were filed like a saw, giving a most frightful expression to the face when the lips were parted. This, he said, made them 'fetish,' which in African parlance means sacred or holy man. We found him able to speak a little English, and, like all other African kings, a most consummate beggar, as he went immediately to the captain on his arrival and annoyed him most unceasingly with importunities for a 'dash,' or present. He spoke of the Congo people as being the greatest people in all Africa; and probably, to his imagination, they were the greatest people in the world. He was very anxious that some of the officers should visit his town, some six or seven miles distant; and as this was an idea that some of us had already thought of, it found general favor, and we soon fitted out the first cutter and made arrangements for the trip. An account, of this, however, I must defer to my next letter.

MONTGOMERY D. PARKER.

# L A M E N T   F O R   B I S H O P   A N D R E W S .

FROM THE LATIN OF MILTON.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBURN IYONS, LL.D.

LANCELOT ANDREWS, Bishop of Winchester, eminent alike in ability, learning and virtue, died in 1626, MILTON's eighteenth year. The plague, mentioned in this poem, is that of 1625, which had carried off almost thirty-six thousand inhabitants of London.

I SAT alone in silence and in sorrow,  
For melancholy days had long been mine,  
When, like some winter-cloud that pours its hail  
On blighted pastures, rose the sad remembrance  
Of ills which wasting pestilence has brought  
On this fair realm of England. Death has climbed  
The lofty towers of nobles, bearing high  
His black funereal torch; strong Death has entered  
Walls starred with gold and jasper, and mowed down  
Whole troops of satraps. I bethought me too  
Of those in other lands whom all deplore,  
Of BRUNSWICK'S Duke, and MANSFELDT'S valiant Count,  
True brothers in great deeds, doomed each to burn  
On his untimely pyre. I mused on heroes,  
Brave men, whom warlike Belgium lost and wept;  
But, grieving most for thee, thou sacred chief,  
Once deemed of Winchester the light and pride,  
With many a tear I breathed this vain lament:

'O DEATH, thou next in place to ruthless PLUTO,  
Is it not then enough that the wide forest  
Must feel thy wrath; that power to thee is given  
Over the grassy meads; that, touched by thee,  
The lily droops, the golden crocus withers,  
The glad young roses fall? Wilt thou forbid

The giant oak, beside its own loved river,  
 To see the pleasant waters gliding by !  
 The birds, that range the waste and liquid ether,  
 Fate's airy prophets, fear thy bitter shafts ;  
 To thee the beasts, that prowl in pathless woods,  
 And those mute herds that wily *PAORUS* keeps  
 In sunless ocean caves, all trembling haste,  
 A countless multitude, and own thy might.  
 Why then, most envious one, thy sway thus ample,  
 Wilt thou yet stain those hands with human gore ?  
 Why rudely pierce the good man's noble breast,  
 And chase afar a spirit half divine !'

While thus I wept and wailed oppressed with woe,  
 The dewy star of eve looked smiling forth  
 From western skies, and the refulgent sun,  
 His journey from the glowing east completed,  
 Had sunk beneath that wide and stormy sea,  
 Which breaks on high *Tartessus*. Worn and sad,  
 I sought escape from pain in balmy sleep ;  
 But, when still night had sealed my swimming eyes,  
 I roamed at large a broad and fruitful land,  
 A land whose rare and radiant loveliness  
 No words of mine can ever fitly paint.  
 That glorious realm was flushed with purple light ;  
 As far-off mountains redden with the dawn,  
 And as when rainbows open all their treasures,  
 So blazed the ground with rich and varied hues.  
 Not with so lavish wealth did *FLORA* dress  
 The gardens of *ALCINOUS*, sweet *FLORA*,  
 She whom the West Wind loved. Meandering there,  
 Rivers of crystal cleave the blooming plains,  
 Rivers whose sands out-flame the virgin gold  
 Which the dark *Tagus* hides beneath its flood.  
 There the light western breeze for ever wanders  
 Through blissful vales, the soft and joyous breeze,  
 Born in fresh fields of roses. Such, they feign,  
 In the rich East, fast by the sacred *Ganges*,  
 Gleams the proud dwelling of the Morning Star.  
 While, with deep wonder, straying in the shade,  
 I mark the clusters on the laden vines,  
 And all that heavenly clime, behold, our lost one,  
 He whom we mourn, goes by me. From his brow  
 A strange effulgence beams ; his long white robe  
 Flows, like a meteor, down to reach the gold  
 That sandals his bright feet ; about his head  
 A snowy fillet shines, and, as he walks,  
 The turf grows fairer and the flowers rejoice.  
 Celestial hosts, with starry wings, applaud,  
 And the deep ether rings with the loud trumpet  
 Which tells of triumph gained. Each chief of Heaven  
 Greets his new brother with embrace and song,  
 While *ONE*, of loftier brow and grander aspect,  
 Speaks to the righteous stranger these sweet words :  
 ' Come thou, my son, and share the lasting joys  
 Of this, thy *FATHER*'s kingdom : be thou freed  
 Henceforth eternally from toil and pain.'  
 He ceased : the bright troop beat their psalteries,  
 And at the sound my welcome vision fled.  
 I woke, and mourned for sleep too soon departed.  
 May dreams like this, O God, each night be mine !

## THE NEW SPIRE AT INNISFIELD.

BY F. H. UNDERWOOD.

THE village of Innisfield lies in one of the loveliest valleys in New-England. Three densely-wooded hills, whose bases are only divided by the waters of Swift river, rise on either hand, shutting out the view of the adjacent country, save that to the northward, where the river winds its way into the valley, a crowd of blue hill-tops is seen, like the motionless billows of a distant sea; while above and beyond their vague outlines rises the grand Monadnock, like a faint blue cloud peering above the horizon. The stream, once rapid and violent, as its name indicates, now, as though sympathizing with the demure tranquillity around, reposes placidly between its banks; the soft-tinted green boughs of a growth of young white pines are mirrored in the silvery blue water upon one side, while a narrow strip of meadow slopes southward to the opposite bank, fringed with clumps of alders. A dam at the lower end of the valley accumulates the water into an irregular pond; and hard by,

‘BENEATH a bonny buttonwood,  
The mill’s red door swings open wide :’

while below, the stream rushes furiously from the dashing wheel down its rocky channel, and after sweeping in swift curves beneath the water-maples, elms and white poplars, doubles the point of the south-western hill, and is lost from sight.

The meeting-house stands upon a green, which slopes to the pond in front, and is bordered in the rear by straggling trees that skirt the base of the northern hill. The spire seemed to my boyish eye a miracle of architecture—tall, symmetrical, graceful. Its outlines are seen in fine relief from the dark masses of foliage behind it. A gilded figure of a man impaled upon this taper spire serves for a vane. Its fickle revolutions upon gusty days, when the winds came frisking down the valley, used to engage my boyish wonder; for the figure, so perfectly self-poised, so ready to face the fiercest tempest, yet seemed to give a deploring wail as it swung round to face each new disturber of the valley’s repose. A cruel emblem to hang over a Christian church was that man of the weather, shrieking as each rude breeze turned him upon the torturing pivot. To one passing the church-yard, under the sombre shadow of the hill, now thickly sown with the germs of immortal existences, those slow, lengthened sounds had a freezing terror. But when morning gleamed upon the sleepless watcher, and the birds that built their nests in the belfry carolled in the clear warm rays of the sun, or sat twittering upon the vane, like happy children at see-saw, its undulations seemed to partake of the vivacity of nature, and its querulous tone was modulated so as to blend with the cheerful music of the new day.

It was in the year 1790 that the simple incidents occurred which are here recorded. The country was in a transition state; though a foreign rule was broken, yet colonial habits remained. The young giant, so long



fettered, had not attained the power, the easy confidence, which is the result of energy, discipline and success. The towns upon the sea-coast were beginning to exhibit the progress that sprang from the country's independence; but in the interior, the business, the social habits and the appearance of both villages and rural neighborhoods were but little changed. Innisfield was stereotyped. No profane men of progress came there to disturb its dreamy repose. The farms lay cosily among the hills between their ancient boundaries; they were tilled by a succession of sturdy yeomen who served their fathers dutifully, and in turn were served by their own children. Most of the lands were held by the lineal descendants of the original grantees, as was attested by their deeds bearing the arrow-head marks of the once powerful chiefs. Mechanics were not numerous, for the simplicity of the times required but few articles beyond the skill of every farmer to fabricate. Tradesmen found their chief profits in bartering produce, and in the sale of rum and tobacco. Broad-cloth was worn only by the parson and the squire, and calicoes were an almost unheard-of luxury among the rustic maidens.

The town, church and parish of Innisfield were nearly or quite identical. The minister was settled for life by invitation of the church, and by vote of the town. In those days men had not learned to consider it an evidence of superior wisdom to differ from the faith of their fathers. The minister's salary, generally small enough to preserve the sacred office from the intrusion of gain-seeking men, was raised by a tax; and all citizens, Christian and Jew, Calvinist and Socinian, Quaker and Baptist, had the pleasure of contributing of their substance to the maintenance of the established religion. But the heterodox sectaries just named were by no means numerous; the severity of the old colonial laws had driven all heretics forth to milder climes, so that few or none were left to disseminate their doctrines: beside, the nurseries were well looked after; all rebellious shoots were lopped off by ecclesiastical shears, and the trees grew up in happy uniformity as to external shape, whatever might be their inward qualities.

But the comments of a writer, though profound and discriminating in his own opinion, are apt to be read with a yawn or some expression of impatience; and warned by that apprehension, I leave the farther particulars to be gathered from the story.

---

THE Reverend Joshua Crosthwaite had been for forty years a minister of the Word. Though he had passed the allotted threescore-and-ten, his step was stately, and his silver-mounted cane of sandal-wood was carried from habit rather than from any necessity of aiding his yet sturdy limbs. His spotless cravat supported a series of soft, fat wrinkles that lay folded under his chin. His hose were clasped by broad silver buckles, and his shoes were fastened in the same manner. His voice had often comforted the disciple and alarmed the sinner as he ministered within the walls of the sanctuary; and the same clear tones were well remembered by some of his people as they were heard, when, before the army of Washington, he prayed for the blessing of HEAVEN upon the cause of liberty. The soul of a soldier throbbed under the gown of the divine. The resolution, the unflinching courage which had animated him in a score of battles, were

not extinct when Peace smiled upon the land, and the quiet society of Innisfield opened its arms to receive him as a pastor. Prompt to do good, to fence in the flock from the wiles of Satan and from mischief-making heretics, to cherish the young and console the aged, the stern and stately minister strode through life. Death came, but found him at his MASTER'S work. While performing the funeral ceremonies of one of his comrades in the war, afterward a fellow-soldier of the cross, the veteran of two campaigns was struck speechless. The vital breath came and went, and life oscillated feebly for two days, when it was at an end; and the soldier-priest took his place in the shadowy army that silently moves onward to be reviewed by its great COMMANDER!

It was a sad day for Innisfield, for, with all the reverence which his manner and his sacred office inspired, the people felt an affection for him as for a father. But the parsonage was not long without a tenant. Society, as well as nature, knows no vacuity; each man seems to fall as by divine allotment into the precise place he is fitted to fill. Some notable exceptions to this rule ought to strengthen it, according to the philosophers. A stranger came as a candidate for the holy office: according to ancient custom he was expected to preach for several months on probation, and the people quietly settled down to hear and to observe before pronouncing judgment.

The Reverend Absalom Fairworthy was a young man of about six-and-twenty, of a pleasing exterior, and a smooth, bland voice. His sermons seemed designed to shun the distinctive doctrines of Calvinism, the 'strong meat' of the Word; but his philosophizing upon the system of Christianity, his well-sounding pietisms, aided by earnest appeals to the feelings of his hearers, and enforced by a really impressive delivery, made him a popular and acceptable preacher. Among the women of the congregation he was a decided favorite. His pious sentimentalisms, his tender regard for the souls of his flock, the kindness that prompted a thousand nameless trifles of attention, the grace that shone in his daily walk, in both senses, and a certain natural magnetism so effectual upon the sympathetic subjects of its influence, all united to make the young divine, in the opinion of the women of Innisfield, an exemplar of the gifts and virtues which should adorn his profession.

But a few aged men were far from being satisfied with the candidate. Without knowing why, they confessed to themselves that his preaching, unlike the mystic book in the Apocalypse, though sweet at the first, was afterward bitter and unsatisfying. His manner they contrasted with their ideal of a devout minister, the loved and venerated Crosthwaite: *he* had scorned to resort to courtier airs in order to win popularity. A scarlet waistcoat, of which a glimpse was seen under his cloak on one occasion when he returned from a visit out of town, gave rise to various conjectures. But their suspicions were most awakened by the strange conduct of old Elsie Barton, a withered crone who lived in a solitary cabin in the verge of the forest that borders the village westward. Some lingering faith in witches and other diabolic agencies yet hovered over the country, and the unaccountable experiences of former generations were not without their influence upon the minds of the aged and the superstitious. This old woman, without child, relative, or even friend, unless her favorite

cats might merit the name, lived no one hardly knew how. Occasionally her short, stooping figure was seen plodding into the village with the aid of a staff. The children would gather at her approach, and gaze with mingled curiosity and awe upon her face, much the color and texture of a dried apple, above which, and beneath her grizzled hair, her eyes twinkled with a sinister brightness. Elsie, who had always stood in awe of the veteran now no more, and had shunned his presence alike in holy and in secular time, soon became a constant attendant upon the ministrations of the new preacher. She chuckled at the sound of his name, and extolled his talents and saintly character. Those fathers in the church, who had known her for a wicked woman, and suspected her of being a witch, thought it an ill omen that she should defile the good name of their prospective pastor with her leering commendations. Was he a subtle heretic? Was he in league with the powers of darkness while wearing the form of an angel of light?

All their doubts and surmises were freely communicated in several private conferences; but how to ascertain the truth of their conjectures puzzled their wise heads. At last the venerable Deacon Wainsford suggested that they should present the minister with a text on Sabbath morning, just as he was going to church, with a request that he would preach from it. This, he thought, would prove whether the minister's sermons were supplied him by the Prince of Error, for he would be obliged to rely upon the DIVINE aid to preach acceptably, or he would show by an ignominious failure his lack of the unction from above. The plan was warmly approved, and the BIBLE was searched for an unusual text, as he might be prepared for the more common passages. The choice fell upon a clause in Joshua, (Josh. ix. 5 :) 'Old shoes and clouted on their feet.' Next Sabbath morning the good deacon accosted the minister while crossing the green to church:

'Reverend Sir, I have somewhat to ask of you. Your discourses thus far have seemed to be deeply studied; and in troth, Sir, no one doubts your learning in the Scriptures; but we would fain hear you once unprepared, in the exercise of your natural gifts assisted only by the grace of God. With this view I have come to ask you to preach from this text.' And he handed the mouldy paragraph to the astonished clergyman.

The Rev. Mr. Fairworthy never spoke without deliberation, so that his secret chagrin was quelled before he replied in his tones of music:

'All Scripture, my brother, is given by inspiration, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and instruction in righteousness. The spiritual sense of this text, though not now very clear, will doubtless be made plain to me after the morning prayer. I will even lay aside my sermon, good brother, and preach from this text, since you desire me.'

The introductory service over, the sermon began. In his exposition of the text, the Gibeonites were sinners coming to the church; their evil habits clung to them, aptly represented by their 'old shoes and clouted on their feet.' These sinful habits were elaborately dwelt upon, and the congregation were exhorted to put off their 'old shoes,' that their feet might be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. The sermon was triumphant; the number of the minister's admirers increased, and the deacon and elders were nonplussed. But suspicion once rooted is not

easily removed. The extraordinary eloquence of the preacher without preparation was as questionable as his supposed elaborate efforts, especially as the witch Elsie was observed peering over the gallery, casting her eyes knowingly upon the deacon and the preacher by turns, and at his enthusiastic conclusion shaking her head with an exulting air. However, as they had nothing tangible whereon to found their conjectures, the dissatisfied elders concluded to wait the issue of affairs, confident that God would watch over his flock, and in some way reveal the true character of the candidate.

The meeting-house at that period had not the graceful spire that now rises from the dense foliage of the clustering maples, and on which the man-like vane turns for evermore. The edifice was unsightly, having much the appearance of a barn fitted *ex tempore* for a place of worship. Soon certain friends of the new minister began to urge the erection of a steeple and the purchase of a bell. The proposal was generally approved, and at the annual town-meeting, which occurred not long after, the necessary funds were appropriated. Carpenters came, and the green was covered by the timbers of which the tall spire was to be framed.

The comely young minister lacked but one thing in the opinion of his zealous female admirers. Many a maiden felt the influence of his tender, pious manner, and trembled with a secret and delicious hope that the choice of the dear godly man would fall upon her. But his regards were distributed with a judicious impartiality, and the gossips found nothing on which to base even a surmise. But one afternoon the pastor made a parochial visit at the house of Deacon Wainsford, remained to tea, and spent a good part of the evening, to the great edification of the matron and her fair daughter, but to the secret uneasiness of the father; for he trembled lest the equivocal honor of the minister's choice should fall upon his darling child. The kindly glances of the smooth hypocrite, for such the deacon could not but esteem his pastor, fell upon his trusting and ingenuous daughter, and her heart throbbed with new and exhilarating pulsations; his magnetic tones stole into her ear with a winning power, and her fancy conjured up a myriad of pleasing visions, so that as she looked down the perspective of the love-lighted future, her brain was dizzy with delight. With untold pangs the good deacon beheld these palpable results; the old Adam wrestled hard within him, and had he yielded, he would have arisen with his hickory staff and driven the intruding serpent from his Eden. But he *might* be mistaken; and if he were not, he would have hard work to justify to his brethren his seemingly causeless anger: for the sacred office was then, and still is, regarded with an habitual reverence and awe among the people of Innisfield.

A loud knock without, interrupted the current of the deacon's forebodings. He opened the door, shading the flickering candle with his hand. A boy apparently about fifteen, with his hat set jauntily on one side, his top-boots bespattered with mud, was holding a jaded horse with one hand, while he frisked an ivory-handled whip with the other.

'Is Mr. Fairworthy here?' said the self-assured varlet.

'Verily, he is,' said the deacon, with a wondering glance at the unusual dress and impudent manner of the messenger.

'I would like to see him, Sir,' said the other rapidly.

The good deacon delivered the message, more puzzled than ever. The minister rose without delay and mildly bade the family good night. After a moment's conference with the messenger, he walked homeward, muffled as usual in his long flowing cloak. The boy put up his horse at the inn adjoining Deacon Wainsford's, and sitting down in the bar-room, seemed to wait as it were impatiently, whistling and tapping his boots with his whip. The clock struck eleven; the frequenters of the inn had all crept home, when the boy, after turning down a gill of Jamaica with a swaggering air, mounted his horse, rode slowly a few paces down street, and halted just below the deacon's house under the shadow of an arching elm.

A strange and indefinable excitement in the mean time had possessed Deacon Wainsford: he could not sleep quietly: if he closed his eyes, some frightful dream hovered over him, in which the minister's face in varying shapes of horror glared upon his daughter. He exerted himself to throw off his drowsiness, that he might not be haunted by those shadowy terrors. A tramp of hoofs caught his ear. He rose and raised his window noiselessly; it was screened from sight by a luxuriant hop-vine, but through an opening among the leaves he looked out upon the street; he could see with tolerable distinctness, for the moon was yet high, though struggling with occasional clouds. A tall figure in a cloak approached the tree, where the horse stood, pawing with impatience. How well the deacon knew that step of practised grace, and that bearing which the dusky night could not wholly conceal! The two conversed earnestly, but their voices were indistinct, and the eagerness of the old man could not give to his dull hearing the acute sensitiveness of youth. But soon their voices grew louder; the leaves stopped their ill-timed murmuring to the night-wind; and he heard a few words, spoken with a determined accent.

'But they say you must come,' said the horseman.

'They must wait awhile; I can't break off now.'

'But I tell you they won't put up with your dilly-dallying much longer. They think you are trying to dodge, and become prig for good, and you know *that* won't do,' said the boy significantly.

The minister stood as if irresolute.

'What shall I tell them, Branning?' said the boy. 'I must get to Hartford by day-break, and there is n't time to stop here.'

'Why can't they let me alone? I might as well be a weather-cock at once, as to have to face about whenever they threaten to blow on me.'

'Well, look out for yourself!' said the boy, spurring off in a rapid canter.

'Furies!' almost shrieked the minister, 'what have I done?' And he tried by all means short of absolute outcry to attract the boy's attention. But if the varlet heard, he chose not to make it known; he kept on his way. The clattering of the hoofs grew fainter in the still night, and the minister stood as if demented, wringing his hands beneath the shadowy net-work of the huge old tree.

The good deacon could hardly believe his senses: he crept back to bed, and, as may be supposed, lay ruminating upon what he had seen and heard until morning. Time would soon determine the matter, he judged;

so he kept his counsel, only giving instructions to his astonished daughter to discourage any future attentions from the minister. He was fortunately saved from long uneasiness.

A few days later there was an afternoon service at the meeting-house, the workmen upon the frame of the spire having suspended their labors for the occasion. It was the lecture preparatory to the sacrament of the next Lord's day. The design of that simple yet touching ordinance was dwelt upon, and the state of mind with which the mystic emblems should be received was graphically described. The minister finished with touching pathos, and was about to sit down, when a bluff voice called out in the hearing of the startled congregation :

'COME DOWN FROM THAT PULPIT!'

Every eye was turned toward the intruder. A stout, burly-looking man, bearing the air of one in authority, was advancing up the broad-aisle as though expecting to be obeyed.

'And who are you,' said the minister, 'that thus profane this house on this solemn occasion?' His words were bold, but his face was ashy pale, and his voice husky with terror.

'It is *you* that profane the house!' said the stranger. 'As for my authority, you see the seal of Massachusetts. I arrest you in the name of the commonwealth!'

A loud murmur arose through the congregation. Deacon Wainsford fell on his knees in silent prayer, while his daughter leaned upon her mother, overpowered by a deadly faintness.

The officer with his pallid prisoner walked toward the vestibule, followed by the more curious part of the assembly. The crowd jostled somewhat in their eager haste, and the officer, finding his gouty toes in danger, shrank back involuntarily; out of the door sprang the ex-parson, knocking down several in his headlong flight. On he ran with the speed of a deer toward the western woods, with a crowd of angry men and yelling boys at his heels. But soon some returned out of breath, and reported that the fox had escaped. He had climbed a high wall in his way, they said; they pressed on and clambered over after him, but he was no where to be seen! Had the earth opened to receive him? Was he changed by Satanic aid into a viewless spirit, or did he slink away in the guise of some animal?

But a few, who were skeptical as to those apocryphal means of eluding pursuit, remained as sentinels. In a short time they caught glimpses of a man dodging from tree to tree; the alarm was given, and the chase was renewed with vigor. The fugitive was caught. He was panting for breath, and had slipped into a barn near which he passed, thinking his pursuers would sweep by; but it was not so ordered. A boy in the advance saw the door close, and the whole party speedily surrounded the barn. A few entered, and after a slight search the ex-minister was discovered to be upon the upper scaffold, to which there was no access save by a perpendicular beam through which short rounds were inserted to serve as a ladder. There he stood on the sheaves of rye next to the roof, brandishing a formidable pitchfork; he was puffing and trembling from fatigue, but the gleam of his eye and the compression of his thin lip told his parishioners that it would be dangerous to come within reach of

his weapon. It was resolved therefore to turn the attack into a siege, and starve the pugnacious runaway into submission. He saw that the case was hopeless, for the besiegers were numerous enough to relieve each other, and the result could not be doubtful.

But the first flush of fear was now past; the mask of sanctity had been rudely torn off; nothing was now at stake, and the volatile spirits of the mountebank parson returned. Selecting a familiar psalm, he lined and sung each distich, imitating with ludicrous accuracy the nasal twang with which the village chorister used to regale the congregation. Then taking a text, he began a sermon, using his pitchfork to give effect to the emphatic passages. For once he was a plain-spoken preacher; for the principal church members, both present and absent, were pointedly referred to in turn, and their several short-comings shown up in graphic style. The younger men listened with hardly-smothered glee at each biting sarcasm, unmindful of the rebukes of their elders, who would have crossed themselves if it were not popish, as they heard with dismay the ribald blasphemies which fell from the scaffold.

The officer took his prisoner into a distant county for trial. The villain was found guilty on various indictments, and was sentenced to imprisonment for ten years. His ingenuity contrived an escape soon after, but to no purpose as before. At dusk he rowed toward a vessel that stood off the shore, and either perished in the storm that drove it with scores of staunch ships upon the rocky coast, or was swamped by the rising waves before reaching his destination. At all events, he was never heard of afterward.

All the incidents connected with this memorable epoch in the history of Innisfield were narrated and magnified for the hundredth time, until garrulity itself was exhausted by their repetition. The village, startled from its usual propriety, at length relapsed into quiet. The church thanked God for deliverance, and speedily set about procuring a new pastor. The wisdom of the elders was established beyond cavil, though it was observed that somehow their number was wonderfully increased after the arrest; and the enthusiasm of the ex-minister's former friends furnished ever after a palpable argument against them, when they would set up their opinions against the sagacity which had penetrated such a fair-seeming disguise.

But among all the people who felt relieved by the exposure of the saintly hypocrite, none experienced such heart-felt joy as did the good Deacon Wainsford. He clasped his daughter again and again in his arms, and could not be grateful enough to the kind PROVIDENCE which had interposed so opportunely. The fair Mary had none of the sentimentalism of modern times, which would lament the punishment of a fascinating villain. The remembrance of his honeyed attentions, and of her reciprocal regard, (she never in her most secret soul confessed it to be love,) was a scar upon her heart. But the terrible pang which had inflicted it was past, and it caused not a regret or even a thought, save when rarely some rude touch of curiosity upon it would recall its existence and the associations slumbering beneath it.

The spire was at length completed. The hypocrite, who had profaned the sacred pulpit, had drawn the plan, but its proportions were none the

less fair for that. The bell was suspended in the belfry, and a joyous peal was rung which was echoed from all the hills that hem in the valley. A gilded ball was prepared to cap the spire, but as it was about to be carried up, a most important item was found to have been forgotten. No vane had been prepared, and a spire without a vane would be preposterous. What would the envious sneerers of Greenbank and Campton say, if such a solecism were perpetrated? No, the scaffold must stand until a vane could be made. Already the blacksmith was preparing to shape a figure for the gilder, when a stranger reached town, and blandly informed the gaping master-builder that, having heard of the erection of a new steeple in the village, he had made bold to bring a slight offering to the church; he had brought them a brilliantly-burnished vane. Albeit the builder was not a little astonished at the coincidence and at the unusual shape of the vane, he yet thanked the donor politely for the very acceptable present. But the curiosity of the good man got the better of his breeding, and half-bashfully scratching his head, he asked the name, whereabouts and business of the stranger, who seemed to feel so much interest in the church.

‘Jones is my name, David Jones,’ said the stranger with gravity. ‘I travel mostly, and as for my occupation, I am generally employed where there are dilapidated churches. Permit me to put up the vane, good Mr. Carpenter,’ he added. ‘It is of a peculiar construction, and I wish to see if it is properly poised.’

The stranger, though seeming to be at least forty-five, mounted the scaffolding with singular agility, and having reached the top of the spire, slipped the vane upon the rod and came down. The idlers of the village, seeing a man ascending the spire, gathered upon the green in considerable numbers by the time he reached the ground, all gazing upon the antique dress and weird visage of the stranger. A light breeze wandered idly by, and the vane creaked with a sharp tone, almost like a human cry.

‘A little oil would make it turn more easily,’ quoth the builder.

‘Ay, truly,’ said the stranger; ‘but a few turns upon the pivot will doubtless wear the joint smooth.’

Then, without heeding the astonishment of the crowd at his presence, the stranger, saying that he had business in the next town, mounted his sorry beast and rode on.

The workmen carried up the ball and screwed it upon the summit of the spire; but all their attempts to lubricate the vane upon its bearing were to no purpose: the joint was perfect, and the oil would not penetrate it. The scaffolding was taken down, and the vane, a symmetrical human figure, with the rod piercing the body where the heart should be, still kept up at intervals its dismal creaking.

And though these sounds are somewhat less frequent latterly, yet whenever a furious storm comes careering down from the hills, and the winds run riot among the clouds, causing them to frisk over the tree-tops, tossing their manes of feathery spray, then the old vane resumes its melancholy tone; and the listeners who live in sight of the spire, when they hear those sounds at the dead of night, are fain to wrap their heads in the bed-clothes, and shrink from the sight of the window. For ‘auld-wives’ in a whisper around the decaying embers tell with shivering affright of the ill-omened vane, the gift of the arch-fiend;



how that its legs on such fearful nights are seen to writhe as if in agony, and its head to wear the flowing locks of the wicked minister, while owls and bats and other shapes of dread flit about it, or sitting on its extremities career around, flapping their wings, exulting over the rage of the elements, and the doleful wails of the man that must swing till the day of doom!

---

TYRANTS IN TARTARUS.

---

BY O. D. STUART.

---

I HEARD a wild wind soughing  
 Across a wintry sea,  
 And foam and ice went roaring  
 In wild and thunder-gee;  
 And dark as night, and gloomy  
 As old *Avernus'* wave,  
 The clouds their stormy courses  
 Above the billows drave.

No star from heav'n was shining,  
 To light the awful gloom;  
 Like cold and ghostly shadows  
 Of furies from the tomb,  
 The shapes of foam went flying  
 In misty, spectral light,  
 And beat the icy mountains  
 Through all the fearful night.

And while I stood in terror,  
 Watching the wintry sea,  
 There came a mighty angel  
 And spake these words to me:  
 'This is the doom of tyrants:  
 The dark and fearful fate  
 Of all, whose lives were bloody,  
 Or full of wrong and hate.

'They are the white foam flying  
 Against yon icy forms,  
 Where all their deeds of horror,  
 Commingled, breed but storms:  
 Cold, dark! in gloom eternal,  
 Save their own spectral light,  
 They shall confront and battle  
 Their deeds, through endless night.

'The wild wind, fiercely soughing,  
 Is but their ceaseless moan;  
 The clouds, on stormy coursers,  
 Are but the shades up-thrown  
 Of all their deeds of horror,  
 Of lust, and hate, and wrong,  
 Which here shall bind for ever  
 Earth's bloody tyrant throng!'

## S T E A D F A S T N E S S .

Nur dem Ernst, den, keine Muhe bleichet,  
Rauscht der Wahrheit tief versteckter Born. — SCHILLER.

O THOU who in the ways  
Of this rough world art faint and weary grown,  
Thy drooping head up-raise,  
And let thy heart be strong; for better days  
Still trust that future time will unto thee make known.

In darkness, danger, pain,  
In poverty, misfortune, sorrow — all  
The woes which we sustain,  
Still be thou strong, from idle tears refrain,  
And yet upon thy brow in time success shall fall.

Banish that viewless fiend  
Whose horrid presence men have named DESPAIR:  
Let all thy efforts tend  
Through life unto some great, some noble end,  
And life itself will soon a nobler aspect wear.

As the soft breath of Spring  
Robes in bright hues the dark old Earth again;  
So would such purpose bring  
Thee back the buoyancy of youth, and fling  
Joy on thy aching heart, unfelt through years of pain.

Like the untrembling ray  
Of some clear planet, sheening through the night,  
Pursue thy steady way;  
And, though through gloom and darkness it may lay,  
Thou shalt at last emerge and tread a path of light.

But not by weak endeavor,  
By fickle course, faint-heartedness and fear,  
Canst thou expect to sever  
The massy links of Error's chain; for never  
Did they before aught else save stout strokes disappear.

To the steadfast alone  
The matchless glory of her unveiled form  
Does TRUTH make fully known:  
Who would her perfect loveliness be shown,  
His fixed design must bear unmoved in calm or storm.

Go then, and from the wells  
Of ancient lore, from bards and sages old,  
And from the chronicles  
Of deeds heroic, gather potent spells,  
Such as may nerve thy soul to action high and bold.

And thou at length shalt feel  
That starry loftiness of soul which dares  
The rack, the stake, the wheel,  
'LUKE's iron crown or DAMIEN's bed of steel,'  
Nor in the darkest hour or wavers or despairs!

HORACE RUBLEE

## ROUGH SKETCHES OF FEMALE FIGURES.

FROM THE FORT-FOLIO OF A TRAVELLING ARTIST.

BELLE BRONSON.

A FAMILY group were sitting round the fire one winter evening. The mother was engaged with her knitting-needles; the two daughters, both of whom had recently 'come out' in society, were discussing a party they had attended the previous evening. The eldest held a book in her hand, which rested on her lap; a finger was kept between the leaves, to mark the place where she had been reading when the conversation became too engrossing to permit her to attend farther at that time to its contents. The younger sat with her arms crossed, and her head turned a little aside, as if in a critical mood; a brother in his teens, 'tired of play,' was sitting on a bench with his head on her lap, and his brains in dream-land.

'What high spirits Belle was in last night!' said Clara.

'Belle is always in high spirits when in gentlemen's society,' remarked the elder sister, who was called Emily, after her mother.

'I was told this afternoon,' continued Clara, 'that she did not leave until two o'clock; that she waltzed, danced every quadrille, and carried on a great flirtation with the young Lieutenant.'

'But the young Lieutenant affects more than he admires her,' said Emily; 'and I should certainly think that I had made a most unfortunate impression, if he should say of me what he said of Belle.'

'And what did he say of Belle?' asked the mother, looking up from her work.

'That she was a delightful companion for a gentleman, because she seemed so happy to be with one.'

The mother resumed her occupation in silence.

'I think, mother, that Belle is no favorite of yours,' said Emily.

'No,' interposed Clara; 'dear, quiet, staid mamma cannot sympathize with a gay girl so full of animal spirits as Belle.'

The mother looked on her younger daughter with a kindly and expressive smile as she replied, 'It is not Belle's animal *spirits*, but her animal *nature* that I object to.'

Clara's head drooped as she thought of the distinction. Emily mechanically resumed her book, continuing to gaze on the same page, while her mind was on Belle. There was a truthfulness in the observation of the mother, that had presented to each of the daughters the character of Belle in a more distinct light.

And now, kind reader, let me tell you what I know of Belle Bronson. A hearty, bright-eyed, chubby little school-girl had she been. She was neither malicious nor romantic; she was devoted to no study, and exhibited no taste for reading, or any other intellectual pursuit. Her lessons were passably compassed; and where she failed, her shortcomings were indulgently received, as her genial disposition made her a general favorite. Belle was a good eater, drinker, walker, sleeper, and romper. The gar-

dener would pick flowers for her, and the gardener's son would row her in the boat on the little lake near the homestead, and she would tell him about her school-mates and her thoughts and feelings so familiarly, that the boy thought her an angel of condescension. Her French teacher, too, was charmed by her manners, and loved to instruct the little damsel who clapped her hands when he came, and seated herself so confidently by his side, and told him how much she admired his fine white teeth and his beautiful black whiskers.

When Belle grew to be a young lady, she lost none of her good-nature toward her own sex, and her admiration for the other was strengthened. One had such a fine figure, another was so droll, another had *such* eyes, and another she found so *very* entertaining, that her male acquaintances had each some point to elicit her encomiums. She had a great faculty of making herself agreeable, through her good looks, her social feelings, and an instinctive knowledge of the weaknesses of her gentlemen associates.

Such were the fascinations of Belle before she was out of her teens, and she has lost none of them by desuetude, now that she is a woman of twenty-five, in the full enjoyment of society. Yes, the *full* enjoyment of society, or at least of its lower phases, cannot be denied to buxom Belle. She lives in the present; and with a fine physical constitution and a warm temperament, she delights in all exercises, recreations, amusements, and socialities. She is voluble, without true conversational power; but she looks on the men so admiringly, her hearty musical laugh responds so readily to their dullest jokes, that with the additional attractions of a pretty face and unconstrained manners, she draws them in clusters round her.

Calling forth attentions as she always does, it can still be seen that there is a certain class entirely without the circle of her attractions; a class who treat her with courtesy, but do not seek her society; who are not affected by her praises; who appreciate her good disposition, but do not find in it an atonement for the want of other charms; who can see her mental shallowness; who can feel the want of that unselfishness which is indispensable to all positive goodness, and is the soul of all nobleness; and who, breathing a purer moral atmosphere than she, are conscious of her uncongeniality. But Belle's empire is by no means limited; and although she feels that there are some over whom she is powerless, she satisfies herself with the influence she *can* exert. She knows there is something about those who do not yield to her attractions that she cannot understand or sympathize with, and contents herself with the fact, without attempting to discover the reason.

Men love to walk, to talk, to ride, to dance, and to romp with her. She impresses them, I will not say psychologically, for the term is too elevated to convey the idea, but rather *with* than *through* her physical organization. If you walk with her or sit by her side, she seems closer to you than other women in like situations, and communicates an animal warmth. There is a peculiar something in the grasp of her hand, and she wields a power through the influence of a sensual magnetism. 'Fast men' and 'practical men' feel at home with her, and the most bashful grow unembarrassed in her presence. However much her society is

enjoyed, no one feels purified by it; and not a human being has ever left her side induced by her influence to perform a good act from a lofty motive.

I beg you, dear reader, not to question Belle's 'character.' No overt act of hers has deprived or will deprive her of the legal right to be called 'virtuous.' If she is not a lady by nature, she is one by education and association. Her fault is not sinfulness, but want of sinlessness. She is not chargeable with vice, but she lacks virtue, in its higher and positive aspect. The ennobling, pure, self-sacrificing, tender thoughts of the true woman are unknown to her, but she knows her position in society, and will not forfeit it. Passion will not make her fall: she has too much judgment. Love cannot make her fall: she has too little soul.

Belle has had many admirers, and a large proportion of them have been young men, unaccustomed to female society, who blindly fancied themselves to be devotedly and for ever attached to the object of their adoration, but who soon opened their eyes, and — married elsewhere.

There are three gentlemen who are foremost in the list of her standard attendants. The first is a clergyman, rejoicing in the universal name of Smith: a man who is rather a favorite with the females of his congregation; who is not without talent of a common-place description; who is steadily orthodox, so far as his creed is concerned, and decidedly opposed to any new ideas or 'new lights;' his mental digestion being too weak to receive the one, his mental vision too feeble to endure the other. Mr. Smith's congregation feel themselves therefore very safe under his charge, and trust implicitly to his care the task of driving from his fold all wolfish errors that may attempt an invasion. Mr. Smith has more steadiness but less frankness than Belle; and indeed his organization and tastes are such that his clerical position leads him to be a little hypocritical. He is no violator of conventionalities, and indulges his worldliness without breaking down a single barrier of propriety. It will be more correct to say that he gloats than that he dotes on Belle. He admires her buxom figure, her blooming cheek, her laughing eye, her voluptuous carriage. He does not think of her as the wife who will share his cares and pastoral duties, and be his angel-companion and comforter, but as the wife of his youth and health, whose good looks will ornament, and whose good temper will enliven his house, and whose sources of enjoyment are akin to his own. Mr. Smith has a manly figure, black hair, eyes and whiskers, and a dark complexion. He loves to dine with his wealthy parishioners.

Belle's next satellite is Thomas, or as he is commonly called, Tom Bolter. To him has a taste for flashy vests and coats with brass buttons. A cigar seems to be naturally connected with his mouth. His hair is luxuriant and inclined to curl, and his teeth are regular and beautifully white. His manners are easy and graceful, without being polished. He is one of the pleasantest specimens of a 'fast man.' He is determined to enjoy himself, and wishes to see other people enjoy themselves. He is a good-hearted creature, and does not pretend to be any better than he is. He considers 'Belle' a 'splendid girl,' and she regards him as a 'noble fellow.' Attentive as he is to her, he goes to see her as he would call to look at a fine horse or a new turn-out. My own opinion is, that after a few years he will begin to tire of his life of excitement, and marry

some dear little, timid, foolish girl, who will look upon him as a great man.

The last of the three is Mr. Felix Burton, a little, pursy, bald-headed stock-jobber, who is possessed with the idea that he is extremely fascinating to the other sex. He is an unmitigated flatterer; and as his compliments are generally received either with a smile of satisfaction, or a smile created by his folly, he is quite sure of being a universal favorite. His admiration of Belle is extravagant. What a woman to preside at his table; to do the honors of his parties and receive his guests! And how they would enjoy themselves together at the watering-places!

Reader, it is written in the book of fate that Belle Bronson is to be Mrs. Felix Burton. The claims of Parson Smith will fade before the flatteries, the constant attentions, and the wealth of Felix. Tom Bolter, although best liked, is least smitten of the three, and it would not cost him a heart-pang to learn that his 'splendid girl' is to be married to-morrow.

I could cast Belle's horoscope without difficulty, but why use the pencil farther? There are many worse women in the world than Belle. There are some better, thank God!

---

C A P E C O T T A G E A T S U N S E T .

---

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

---

WE stood upon the ragged rocks,  
When the long day was nearly done;  
The waves had ceased their sullen shocks,  
And lapped our feet with murmuring tone:  
And o'er the bay in streaming locks  
Blew the red tresses of the sun.

Along the west the golden bars  
Still to a deeper glory grew;  
Above our heads the faint, few stars  
Looked out from the unfathomed blue:  
And the far city's clamorous jars  
Seemed melted in that evening hue.

O sunset aky! O purple tide!  
O friends to friends that closer pressed!  
Those glories have in darkness died,  
And ye have left my longing breast:  
I could not keep you by my side,  
Nor fix that radiance in the west.

Upon those rocks the waves shall beat  
With the same low and murmuring strain;  
Across those waves, with glancing feet,  
The sunset rays shall seek the main:  
But when together shall we meet  
And seek that far-off shore again!

## T H E H O U S E H O L D C L O C K .

THE household clock with dial dim  
 Still marks the flight of time ;  
 Speaks with its silv'ry voice each hour,  
 And rings its merry chime.  
 More than a hundred years have passed  
 Since first its race began,  
 Yet still it moves with measured step,  
 A monitor to man.

How many forms that sleep in dust  
 Have view'd with thoughtless gaze  
 Those circling hours in their swift course,  
 That measured out their days !  
 The bright-eyed boy, the aged sire,  
 The maid, the matron gray,  
 Alike have look'd upon its face,  
 And then have pass'd away.

A thousand mem'ries thrill my soul,  
 As on my ravish'd ear  
 Rings the gay chime, in early years  
 I loved so much to hear.  
 A father, mother, sisters dear,  
 And joyous brothers too,  
 Smiled round me in those happy days,  
 When life and hope were new.

But they have pass'd away from earth ;  
 Their voices greet no more ;  
 No more their smile and fond embrace  
 Shall welome as of yore :  
 Yet there, unchanged by fleeting time,  
 Unmoved by grief or joy,  
 Still ticks the clock as soberly  
 As when I was a boy.

And still its circling hands shall move,  
 The passing hour shall sound,  
 When those who daily view it now  
 Are slumb'ring in the ground.  
 For other eyes, for other ears,  
 'T will note the flight of time ;  
 Midst scenes of gladness and of tears,  
 It merrily shall chime.

Swift as a mighty river's tide  
 Our days and years sweep by,  
 And time for us will soon be lost  
 In vast eternity.  
 Oh ! that we then might hear aright  
 The voices of the hours !  
 Improve to-day, while yet it lasts :  
 To-morrow is not ours.

## ADVENTURE ON CONEYN ILAND.

TRANSCRIP FROM ANCIEN CHRONICLE.

NUMBER TWO.

JUNE y° 10. 1701. — This daye than which I remember me none hotter nor sultrier in y° Moneth of June, for y° very Leaves seeme to Coil up under y° too Blasting Strokes of y° Sun, while y° Grass all dead under feet and y° Locusts sendynge forth theyre harsh Notes, I goe from my Lodgings to walk on y° Batterie for Refreshment sake, if so be that I might get a breth of ffresh aire. There I meet Will Withers who lives in Garden-street and two or three Blades with hym, just coming ffrom y° Fort, and all fond of Recreation. We propose on this soe hot Daie to take Boat and row Us to Coneyn Iland, which being far ffrom y° Noise of y° Cittie, Cool and Salubrious with y° Salt Sea Breezes, we might Disport in y° Surf on our Waie. Angus join Us, but first we stop at y° Whitehall Tavern and fill our Flask with some Coniac Brandies which Mr. Billigs y° Publican commend, then we Cross over y° Batterie, Goe down y° Stairs, and make Bargain with Banks for y° 'Sweet Susan' to carrie us to Coneyn Iland to while away y° Daie in Swimmynge, Fishynge, and feasting on Shell Fish under y° Trees of y° Iland, and other sporte such as turn up and y° Heat of y° Weather Permitt.

There a singular Adventoor be fall Us whych make no littly Laugh when We come Back, but excite in Us far other Disposityon at y° Time, for it like to prove very serious, if not y° Death of some of those engaged therein. It was on thys wise. Having arrived at Coneyn Iland, which at this Tyme Compleatly Uninhabited and Without Sign of Life, we dyd amuse Ourselves for a while in Peppering with our Matchlocks y° tetryng Snipes whych be found in great Abundance running along y° Sands with Rapiditie and very fat and a Daintie Mouthfull. In y° whych Sport we were much Favoured, havynge filled our pouches in Short Tyme. Coasting along y° Beach We then find good store of hard-shelled Clams as Luck would have itt, lately thrown by some Storm, may be enough to Feed an host, and Eaten even raw of a Delicious Flavour. These We expect to Bake in y° Sands, By and bye when we be ready for Dinner and our Appetyte so sharpened by y° Exercise and Rowing that we alreadie beginn to feel Ravenous as Soe many Wolves, but we hold off until we Qualife oure Stomacks still Farther in y° Salt Breakers whych here Beat on y° Shores with yeasty Confusyon. With whych Design we forthwith Beginn to search for some Naturall Indentation of y° Shores where there Be some shade suitable, and havynge found such Cove in y° whych grew a few Pines and Stunted Oaks, (Otherwise y° whole Iland retired enough for Naked Bathers and not a Human Being beside Ourselves on itt,) we didd forthwith Strip off our Clothes, hang the same on y° Adjacent Trees, dispose Our Baskets contayning Bread, Pickels, Ham and Cogniac Brandies, in a Sequestered Spot, and ran into y° Waves with joie, whooping like Unto so many wild Salvauges.



The Daie so intense, our Bodies soe heated, and the Sea Bathyng so exhilaratyng, we consume one whole houre in y<sup>e</sup> sport swimmyng along y<sup>e</sup> Coast and running may be a half mile from y<sup>e</sup> Spott where we first Goe in, till Prudence that Great Teacher admonish us to cum out, and our appetyte so sharp sett that we no Longer delaie to fill our Stomacks with y<sup>e</sup> Clams and daintie food prepared, but we begin to Pick up Sticks and hurly to y<sup>e</sup> grove as fast as our legs carrie us, with the Intent to kindle a lyttel Flame and trie our skill in y<sup>e</sup> Art of Cookyng. There Be no Vocabularies in y<sup>e</sup> known World to descrybe our Chap-fallen Countenances Whenn we cum to y<sup>e</sup> Grove and find oure Clothes all Gone; not a Rag left, y<sup>e</sup> Cogniac and Baskets of Provisyons taen ffrom us, and We on a Desert Iland, and y<sup>e</sup> Shades of Nighte begynn to draw on; whereupon whenn We Cum to Oure Senses We hold a Naked Consultation, and a more Wofull Dejected Group never beheld. I tell you that We willyngly Give at that Moment half whatt we Worth for Our Shirts alone.

Our Consultation though eager however Avail us not much, as there Be not One Man in y<sup>e</sup> Compagnie who know whatt to doe when y<sup>e</sup> Boat also Stolen and nothing ffor it but to swim back to y<sup>e</sup> Towne, a rather perilous Adventoor for men who had Swymyng enough for one Daie, to saie nothing of hungry Sharks watching to Devour us Up. In the midst of this soe Great Distress much dyd our poore naked Compagnie lament y<sup>e</sup> lack of y<sup>e</sup> Provisyons; the more humourous however not refrain to laugh Outright at y<sup>e</sup> Ridiculous Spectackel. Will Withers in y<sup>e</sup> mean time climb y<sup>e</sup> adjacent Hill, and no sooner Reach its Summitt than hee make Signs to us Whereatt we hurrie to him on the full Run, he crying Out, 'Look, Boys, there goe they, the Black-hearted Infernalls!' And sure enough we see two men in Red Shirts, no doubt y<sup>e</sup> lowest Denizens of y<sup>e</sup> Cittle, who lystening to oure converse at y<sup>e</sup> Staires, followe us to y<sup>e</sup> Iland and steal all our clothes, watches, money and food, leaving us naked on y<sup>e</sup> Barren Coast, y<sup>e</sup> scurviest Trick ever played off in y<sup>e</sup> Annals of Christendom, to whych ordinarie high-waie Robberrie a Virtue. Hereatt we dyd wring our handes with vexation and Whoop and Halloo and make Signs to them, at whych they dyd rest a Moment till they hold up a Shirt on the End of y<sup>e</sup> Oare for Derision, and then pull away againe with might and Main.

Much it comfort us however when we perceive that they have a poor shell and theyre course no lyttyl impeded from the stolen Craft whych they did towe, and the next Moment we discover a Dutch Man of War's Man whych we dyd signalise with a towell on the end of a long pole, for I dyd say that y<sup>e</sup> villains left not a Rag whereas y<sup>e</sup> towell had been left behind them in theyre hurly to be Off. Unspeakable was our joy whenn y<sup>e</sup> Dutchman see our signal and send hys long Boat well manned with sturdy rowers who soon reach the Iland, and when they see us all naked as if in a Salvauge Land they no little astonied, but when they hear our Storie they first splitt their Cheekes with Laughter and thenn without Delay pull awaie after y<sup>e</sup> Pirates, they havynge Our best Wishes and Prayers to be successful in y<sup>e</sup> Race. Great our Anxiety whenn from y<sup>e</sup> Hill Top in Coneyn Iland, whych we name in Memorie of that Daie Mount Nudity, when we see y<sup>e</sup> Dutchmen fast gaining on y<sup>e</sup> Piratical

Red-Shirts, We on our part promisyng if they overtake them to reward y<sup>e</sup> Menn well for their labours in our Behalf, and with y<sup>e</sup> Naturall Disposition of sinfull men we begin to meditate y<sup>e</sup> Sweetnesse of Revenge, for soe foul a Deed which verilie Be Murder in y<sup>e</sup> first Degree. For if the night overtake us without food or clothing no Doubt some of us Perish ; alreadie in the Afternoon Breezes oure teethe Chattering nott a lyttyl as if with Ague, and we presentlie sitt down in y<sup>e</sup> hot sand Bank now quite as comfortabel to our nude limbs as Formerly y<sup>e</sup> Waves had been.

In a half houre may be the Dutchmen come Back bringing y<sup>e</sup> Culpritts with them whom we dyd greet with a hip-hip-hurra, and sooth to say a more cut-throat looking pair of villains were never seen out of Newgate Jail. Their hirsute visages smeared with Juice of Tobacco, their filthy skins, and bad malignant faces, one of them Being Squint-Eyed, Represented them as fit ffor any Dirty Sneaking Trick whatsoever, and the Sneakingest of all Sneakyng was thatt whereof they now stood convicted, to leave six Christian men shirtless and stark naked on a Wild Sea Beach. The Gallowes surelie by no means sufficient for thys soe scurvie Offence. Oh ! they lookit like Pickpockets and Ruffians as they were, unable to lift up theyre eyes, and sayyng nott one worde while we Rum-maged y<sup>e</sup> Boat and puttyng on Our shirts began to feel once more Like Civilized Men. Great was Oure Joye whenn y<sup>e</sup> Provisyons untouched, although y<sup>e</sup> Scoundrills no doubt take small Swig at the Cogniac, yet they in such haste that Not muche Harm Done.

We now putt on Our Clothes and first we tye y<sup>e</sup> Red-shirts hand and foot, then putting Rope around theyre neck pass them over to y<sup>e</sup> Dutch Sailors who Drag them in y<sup>e</sup> Water until they nearlie drowned. We thenn bring them on dry land, and each man of us fetch them a good hearty kick upon y<sup>e</sup> seat of honour, whych doe our Hearts good. We thenn toss them aside for y<sup>e</sup> present like soe muche Rubbish while we reward y<sup>e</sup> Sailors with Cogniac and all y<sup>e</sup> monies in our Purses. We thenn bake y<sup>e</sup> Clams and eat most heartilie of y<sup>e</sup> good fare, wherein y<sup>e</sup> honest tars partake with us, they muche Delighted in havyng Done a good Deed and brought y<sup>e</sup> Pirates to y<sup>e</sup> Shore.

Now our Feast being well over, we beynn to think of Returning to oure Homes, but first We take y<sup>e</sup> Prisoners to y<sup>e</sup> Dutch Man of Warres Man to be Putt in Irons, and soe brought to y<sup>e</sup> Cittie to stand Tryall for the most scurvy Conduck I say again ever exercised since y<sup>e</sup> Primevall Flood, to wit, leavyng 6 of their Fellow men withouten shirts on a Desolate Ile of the Sea. But whatt a Flea in theyre Ear the Rascals must have Had to be Overhauled as they were, and then kickit at y<sup>e</sup> Breech till they Fairlie sayd Oh ! again, to have Theyre Ill gotten Bootie taen from them whenn they were just Flattering themselves that y<sup>e</sup> Navigatioun all Safe, and what a jollie rich tyme they would have of it all nighte in Drunkennesse and Debaucherie at y<sup>e</sup> Expense of those whom they had literally stripped. But how marvellous y<sup>e</sup> good Providence of God in soe Ordering that y<sup>e</sup> Towell around y<sup>e</sup> Cold Ham be overlookit by y<sup>e</sup> Pirates, and soe y<sup>e</sup> means of theyre Downfall Be left in Oure Handes, ffor of a suretie, without y<sup>e</sup> Towelle we have no means to make Signall and we Die Naked as we were Born.

The next Daie when y<sup>e</sup> good Dutchmen bring in y<sup>e</sup> Rogues y<sup>e</sup> whole

Town goe down to y<sup>e</sup> Batterie to see them, and a more chap-fallen pair of miserabel Scurvey Dogs the eye never lookit at, with theyre iron Bracelets on theyre armes, theyre Expressyon criminall and dogged by Reason of the Sneakingness of y<sup>e</sup> offence, Nothing bold or Dashing about itt, like other Robberie, but to Cum crawlin into a Cove to steal Shirts and leave y<sup>e</sup> owners naked.

Who steals my Purse steals trash,  
Tis somethynge, nothing ;  
Tis mine, tis Hys and has been slave to thousands ;  
But whoso takes the shirt from off my back :

But I sincerelie ask Pardonne for Travestieing such good measures. Thankfull am I to saie that y<sup>e</sup> Court condemned y<sup>e</sup> thieves to a terme of yeres in y<sup>e</sup> Penitentiary, while as long as they have a shirt on theyre well-whipped Backs they will have occasyon to remember Coneyn Iland.

The thieves Being now Provided ffor we have to take Itt in y<sup>e</sup> jeers and Jests of all y<sup>e</sup> younge Bludes about Towne, and even y<sup>e</sup> Young Women Laugh when we Meet them, and noe Doubt have plentifull Joke whenn they be together ; so that in fact Had we Not get y<sup>e</sup> Better of the Thieves and Bring them to Tounne hand-cuffed, thenn I say in case wee live through y<sup>e</sup> Adventoor we hardly know where to putt oure heads to be so Outdone by skulkyng Rogues. But itt Easy to Endure Jest when y<sup>e</sup> Advantago on youre side.

The other Nighte at y<sup>e</sup> Woodbine Tavern near Garden-street and y<sup>e</sup> Broad Way the same six of Us sup together, when we dyd seriously argue whatt we would have Done on Occasyon Aforesayd, if soe Be that y<sup>e</sup> Shirts and Breeches Be Not forth comyng. And after muche talk and Debate we mark out Divers Courses. First to turn Salvauge and take Possesyon of Coneyn Iland in y<sup>e</sup> Name of Human Nature, wearing suche Vestments as we Be Able to make where fig trees Be not Found, out of Sea Weeds and Barks of Pines, mainly Fysshing ffor Subsistence. Butt when most of y<sup>e</sup> Partie exclaim, we not stand that mode of Life long, wee who be Bred in Luxurie or at least in common comforts, then y<sup>e</sup> next course how to extricate Us from y<sup>e</sup> Embarasment of y<sup>e</sup> Sitooation. Then Will Withers say that in Case y<sup>e</sup> Dutchman not Heave in sight y<sup>e</sup> only Plan thys : to cast lots who should weare y<sup>e</sup> towel About his Loynes and send Hym Deputy toward y<sup>e</sup> Maine land to inform y<sup>e</sup> Inhabitants of Oure Sitooation. And in Case hee Be Ashamed to goe in Suche Plight then hys nature not manlie, for what ffor he Be Ashamed, since if there be any shame in y<sup>e</sup> case it belong to y<sup>e</sup> Scurvy, miserabel Scoundrills who stole y<sup>e</sup> Garments, for Surelie Necessitie Knowe no Lawe !

After thys itt did give us pleasure to see y<sup>e</sup> Rogues on y<sup>e</sup> Tread-Mill, stepping away for Deare Life, and we Ask them if they not Remember y<sup>e</sup> Adventure on Coneyn Iland, how they took Oure Shirts from Us leavyng us Naked, and whether they dyd not feel Ashamed of such Conduck, to which they hung theyre Heads making no Replie. But to return Good for Evyll, as they had a most Hang-Dog Cut-throat Expressyon, and feel truly miserabel, Not to glory over theyre misfortune too much, we did buy good store of Tobacco and before we leave them make them present of y<sup>e</sup> same, exhorting them to new Courses of Life when they come out, and whatever they steal hereafter to leave a man at least a shirt on hys Back to be decent in. Whereatt they grin, and be thankfull for

the Tobacco, of whych they stand much in Need. O how many Rogues in this World! ffor a Citizen thereof must have as many Eyes as y<sup>e</sup> Butterfly, looking to all points of y<sup>e</sup> Compass at Once, if hee come off scot-free and have not hys skinn shaved off as well as hys Shirt, and thynges seem to wax worse and worse. I for my part learn to mistrust measurably my best Friendes, seeing they Be so selfish, and look soe sharpe for Number One.

Sometime after thys, Will Withers meeting me in y<sup>e</sup> Whitehall-Street, 'What say you,' sayd he, 'to another row to y<sup>e</sup> Coasts of y<sup>e</sup> Coneyn Iland!' To which I, 'Ha! ha! ha! catch me at that same sporte again,' sayth I, 'ffor I have learned to prize too dearlie the Advantage of a Shirt on y<sup>e</sup> Back. I quite willyng to give my watch, my purse, my knapsack, my Provender to a Chance foot-pad. well armed with pistolls and Ball, to save my life for y<sup>e</sup> Countrie; but to be caught in that same sitooation again I would nott Do it ffor all whych y<sup>e</sup> Countrie can afford.' 'Nor I,' quoth he, and straightway walked On to His Businesse in Coenties-Slip.

But y<sup>e</sup> worst of thys Affaire remayne yet to Be told, seeing that itt like to breed Disaffectyon betwixt mysel and the girl I love best. For when itt come to her Eares she Disposed to make light of itt beyond my Abilitie to Beare; and 'How would I get on in y<sup>e</sup> World, suffering myself to be out-done by Rogues!' and 'Where was my Caution!' and other Upbraidynge and Joke of the like kind; whereatt I take Offence and words ensue. Thys however, as neither be disposed to quarrel, soon clear away, but to the latest day I live, I remember y<sup>e</sup> Adventure on Coneyn Iland.

---

S T A N Z A S : A L O N E .

---

BY SIGMA.

---

How strange it seems to me!  
We wandered forth one summer's eve,  
Not many months ago,  
Across the garden and the brook:  
Ah! well the spot I know,  
Though all is memory.

We walked in silence, for our hearts  
Were momentarily subdued  
By that sweet sadness dwelling in  
A woodland solitude.  
To her it was a place of grief:  
The rugged hill, the summer leaf,  
Recalled a sister, there unseen  
Since thrice those woods were sere and green.

Perhaps a spirit went before;  
For soon we stood among  
The resting-places of the dead,  
The aged and the young.

She knelt beside a sculptured stone,  
And trained a falling flower  
Fit image of that loveliness  
Which withered in an hour.

I raised her from the grassy sod,  
And strove her heart to cheer :  
'Come, let us join our hands again,  
And make our altar here.'  
The grave-yard spread its sombre green  
The early dead above,  
And we invoked a life unseen,  
As witness to our love.

Does she remember me !  
The forest leaves have withered twice,  
And only twice, since then ;  
But we are strangers, and our hands  
Will never meet again !  
Though she and I should far outlive  
The common years of men,  
Her face I would not see.

Yet wherefore not ! Her heart has left  
The promise of its youth,  
And all remembrance of the dead  
Convicts her of untruth.  
It was not she, to whom I made  
An offering of my heart,  
But a creation of my mind,  
Which had no counterpart.  
Then wherefore should I grieve, if she  
Should with another wed ;  
Or wherefore mourn if tidings came  
That she was early dead !

I cannot tell : but yet, despite  
Of all that she has wrought,  
Sometimes a vision of the past  
Is mingled with my thought.  
Sometimes, with eyes half-closed, I hear  
Her unforgotten accents near,  
And, dreaming on, her clasped hands  
Upon my shoulder lie ;  
And turning half, I think to meet  
Her well-remembered eye,  
But find, instead, an empty space  
Of earth and sky !

But she, ere long, will only be  
Remembered with the few,  
Who made my pilgrim-life awhile  
More easy to pursue.  
For though, deserted, I alone  
Must walk the rugged track,  
I will not shame my manhood with  
A fruitless looking back.  
Enough, that I have spent my youth ;  
Enough, that I have loved with truth :  
No human art can mend the past,  
Or blessings on the future cast !

## DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT THE BOWERY THEATRE.

BY FRANCIS COPPETT.

JEREMIAH CASSANDER JONES, or as we always called him down-east, 'Kasy,' a six-feet-two cousin from New-Hampshire, to whom I had been showing the 'lions' about town for the previous week, expressed a desire to see the far-famed Bowery Theatre before he left; and as the place was *terra-incognita* to myself, and I had heard of and wished to see the arrangements for preventing its being for the fourth time destroyed by fire, I acceded; and that we might have a good opportunity of examining the hydraulics, we put ourselves and a dollar into the hands of the box-keeper a half hour before the curtain rose, and told him our wishes. He promptly took us over the building, and explained the mode of 'throwing cold water' on any undue warmth that the house might exhibit.

Connected with the large mains through which the Croton water passes down the Bowery is a six-inch pipe in front of the theatre; this pipe runs under ground to the inner wall which separates the boxes from the lobby, and up through that, and hidden in it, to the gallery or fourth tier; from this pipes of two inches diameter are led in every direction where they will be of use in case of fire: thus, two of them are carried from the main or upright pipe under the floor of the first tier to the front and lower edge of the box, where they separate, and are carried round the entire circle, and being gilded and burnished, form in appearance a merely ornamental moulding. At the distance of every few feet are brass apertures about one and a half inches long, just sufficient to give direction to the water, and having a one-inch bore. The jets on the sides of the house pointed toward the second tier on the opposite side, while those in the centre of the circle pointed toward the orchestra and stage. The same arrangement was made in the second tier, and the pipes carried round just above the gas brackets, gilded and with similar openings to those below, the side jets pointing toward the third tier opposite, and those in front toward the stage and orchestra. The pipes round the third and fourth tiers were the same, only pointing in different directions; the centre opening pointing toward the proscenium and private boxes, and those on the side pointing partly toward the dome, and partly toward the door-openings opposite, at the back of the boxes. Each pipe as it reached the end of the tier toward the stage was turned round and carried to the lobby, where it ended with an opening to play the entire length of the passage. We understood that a similar arrangement had been effected for the stage, fed by other apparatus from the back street; but we had no time to examine that before the play commenced.

In the six-inch pipe in front of the theatre was a huge stop-cock, the iron head of which protruded just above the side-walk, and could be turned by a loose crank-handle, which was kept hung up just inside the pit door, so that in case of fire it could be had at a moment's warning. This stop-cock turned, and the house would be flooded. I have been thus particular, for the better understanding of the harrowing scenes about to be described.

Having satisfied our curiosity, we sat down in the 'dress-circle;' a distinction arising probably from the fact that those occupying it generally had coats and hats on, while in other parts of the house coats, hats and vests are often dispensed with.

The hour of performance being at hand, black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, began to pour into the pit; some in red shirts, some in striped, some with suspenders, some without; but all noisy and all in good humor. In the boxes came pretty Jewesses from Chatham-street, pretty milliners from the Bowery; 'Short Boys,' 'huge-fisters,' 'Bowery Boys,' eastern 'Young America,' in all its glory of misshapen beards, greasy hair and large cravats; and above all was the gallery thronged with our 'colored brethren,' of all shades, from whity-brown to jet-black.

The orchestra began playing; the audience was silent, save the gentle crackling of peanut-shells; the music ceased, and the curtain rose, showing a favorite actor on the stage: a short spasmodic burst of applause peculiar to the place, consisting of cries, 'cat-calls,' whistling, etc., followed; and the play proceeded. It was the *Lady of Lyons*: and this reminded me of an incident at the 'PARK' many years ago. Young Kean was playing 'Claude Melnotte,' in his usual masterly manner; had married Pauline, repented of the trick, taken her to his mother's cottage, and confessed what a bad boy he was; and as she stood sobbing with her hands covering her face, undertook to tell the history of his love:

KEAN: 'My father died, and I, the peasant born,  
Was my own lord: then did I seek to rise  
From out the prison of my mean estate,  
And with such jewels as the exploring mind  
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom  
From those twin—twin—twin—'

PROMPTER: . . . 'buy my ransom  
From those twin j—s, mind—'

KEAN: . . . 'buy my ransom  
From those twin, twins?'

PROMPTER: . . . 'twin jailors of the aspiring mind.'

KEAN: . . . 'those twin jailors of the aspiring mind,  
Low birth and iron fortune: thy bright image,  
Glossed in my soul, took all the hues of glory;  
—glory—glory!—glory!'

And the prompter cried 'glory,' and Kean cried 'glory,' but nothing came of it: the dream had departed: he struck his forehead, as if he would punish the bump of memory; then turned to the audience and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to apologize for this sudden lapse of memory, which to me is entirely unaccountable.' He then began the paragraph again, and went through it without a blunder. I felt, during those few moments, that purgatory would have been a relief: and I never saw a play for months afterward with any satisfaction; for at every hesitation in an actor, I expected to hear something about the 'twins' or 'glory' spluttered out.

'Kasy' was soon absorbed in the performance, and while his ears and those of the groundlings were being split, I will mention what was passing outside.

'JIM, do you want a check?' said a red-shirted vagabond to a long, round-shouldered, over-grown boy. 'Yes,' said the latter, catching at the

check, slipping it quietly into his pocket, and looking around to see who was watching him. The next moment he went to the pit entrance; but the door-keeper was too sharp for him, and turned him away with some indignity. Jim returned, brim-full of wrath, to his companions, venting curses against the whole establishment.

'Jim,' said one of them, in a deep whisper, 'duck 'em!'

'What?'

'DUCK 'EM!'

'How! — what do you mean? — sa - a - y?'

Drawing them closely round him, and glancing at the same time from side to side, to see that no one was near, he explained:

'You see that square bit of iron in the walk? Well, turn that and every one on 'em in the house will be ducked. It leads to pipes all over the place, to be set a-goin' in case of fire. My brother Bill works in the theatre, and he told me so.'

'How can we turn it?'

'The crank is inside, over the pit door. I'll take the check and make a muss with the door-keeper, while you climb up and get it down.'

'Kasy,' said I, 'you must remain alone if you wish to see the play out. With this heat, and tobacco, and gas-atmosphere, I am becoming too unwell to remain.' Kasy left his seat, and we sauntered out on the balcony in front of the theatre. Looking over the railings, we saw several boys rush from the pit entrance, and hurriedly cross the street, followed by others who joined them on the other side. After hesitating a moment, to see if they were pursued, they walked down to the corner, crossed the street again, and came up on our side slowly and compactly in a body.

'They have got the crank,' said Kasy, in a hoarse whisper, grasping my arm.

'What crank?'

'Why, the crank he showed us in the pit, to turn on the water in case of fire.'

I looked and saw the handle half hidden among them: then with a general impulse, and a mutual wish to see the result of the mischief that was evidently brewing, we rushed across the balcony and lobby, down stairs as fast, and into our places on the first tier, too much absorbed in our anticipations to notice the hundred black looks with which our noise was greeted by the surrounding throng. The rouged fellow on the stage, who was doing Claude, stood behind a chair, and from his organ ground out:

'In that dark hour, when thy disdain made my  
Whole soul a chaos, and passion turned to wrath  
Resembled hatred meet, in that very hour  
The avengers found me, a fitting tool for their revenge:  
Thou hast trampled on the worm — it turned and stung thee.'

'It turned and *ducked* thee,' said Kasy, 'I am afraid will be a better reading;' and we pressed our hats tightly on our heads, buttoned our coats to the chin, and screwed our courage to the sticking-point:

'WHAT was the sight of a poor powerless (check-taker) girl  
To this most foul revenge?'

And suddenly over the whole house there went a rushing sound like a cataract, or whirlwind, or letting off steam from a dozen engines! A



moment, and all that immense area was filled with sparkling drops, as if the goddesses painted on the dome had been showering down millions of sparkling diamonds, interspersed with rainbows, forming a scene of enchantment that would rival our wildest imagining of a sea-nymph's palace. Another moment, the gas was extinguished, and all was utter darkness! And from that dense and frightened mass of beings went up a wild and universal scream of terror and despair, that made the huge dome tremble, and for the time drowned the roar of the rushing water. Another moment, and every man, woman and child, from pit to dome, was drenched, as if he or she had been plunged in the current of the river. Yet the first idea of all was fire, and as that horrible scream partially subsided, 'Fire! fire! fire!' resounded from all sides. A general rush was made for the doors, over seats, benches, partitions, and the bodies of those who had fallen or were knocked down in the excitement; and bonnetless, skirtless, bleeding and drenched, they appeared in the lobbies; but a new terror awaited them, for as the gas still burned there, and the water was dashed along, the impression seized them that the fire was there also, and many rushed back and screamed in utter despair; some called to Heaven for mercy; 'Mother!' 'Jane!' 'John!' 'Father!' and so on, resounded from all sides, in wild cries; and still the blinding, rushing water poured down in foam and spray, like the whirlwind-storm of the tropics.

'Kasy' and I had run back to 'see the fun:' we now felt as if we were half guilty of the whole catastrophe, and trembled at the scene. At first it required all our strength to keep our feet against the 'crush;' but as that passed, and we recovered the use of our faculties, we ran among the people in the darkness and dashing water, and tried to explain; but it was like talking to maniacs. We then turned our attention to those who were trodden upon, but the furious water almost blinded us, and we had to grope about the boxes to find them.

In the lobbies the scene was still more deplorable. Some of the gas-jets were still burning, and streams of water were playing in all directions. Every human being was drenched; and muslins, silks and calicoes clung to the persons of the wearers as if they had been bathing in the surf of the ocean. Hatless, dressless, coatless, bonnetless, they were screaming, swearing, pushing, crushing toward the street.

Outside the excitement was equally intense. The impression that the Bowery was on fire had already spread around the neighborhood. Firemen were attaching their hose to the hydrants; and in a few moments, to add to the confusion, *they* also were playing into the darkness, where there was already water enough to extinguish a dozen actual fires; while the few persons who really knew or guessed the cause were looking in vain for the crank, or running about the neighborhood to awaken sleepy blacksmiths and plumbers!

In the gallery the scene was horrible. At the first rush the narrow winding stair-case was 'choked' up with human beings, piled in all shapes and angles up to the very ceiling; a suffocating, groaning, dying mass; while for those behind them there was no means of egress save jumping into the pit, which was certain destruction. A rope was at length found that some carpenters had used in repairing the dome. This was tied to the railing, and the end lowered in the darkness, amid the

blinding spray from two hundred water-jets. A man descended the rope; it did not reach the ground, and he fell with a cry of agony. Two women followed, and as they reached the end, their screams were so piercing and shrill, that 'Kasy' and myself were attracted to the spot. He darted like a cat up the slender iron column, to try and feel what was the matter, while I stood on the front of the boxes; and so we helped them down. 'Kasy' tied the end of the rope to the column, and the others got off at the different tiers as they descended, and so escaped by the main staircase.

The dreadful impression of fire was still kept up; for although the foot-lights were extinguished at once, the six perpendicular rows of gas-jets which light the scenes were not reached by the water; and these shining on the stage side of the spray, although they could not illuminate any thing through the dense mass of water, shone just sufficiently to give an inkling, to the last, that the stage was on fire. The members of the orchestra at the first alarm sprang, some into the pit, some on the stage, and disappeared.

In the stage-box we had noticed a white-cravated and white-bonneted group of six couples, whom we had taken for a bridal party. When the alarm was given, two of the ladies fainted, but recovered again as the water came dashing upon them. Then they opened the door; but the light led them to suppose that the lobby was on fire. Hurriedly closing the door, they sprang over the box upon the stage; the groomsmen and partners fortunately running to the rear, while the groom made a leap for the pit, but landed on the kettle-drum, through the top of which he crushed, and became wedged between its copper sides, unable to move. The bride, following his example, jumped also, crushing the bass-viol, which partly broke her fall. Groping about in despair, over instruments, desks and chairs, and finding a barrier on all sides, she became bewildered, and cowered down in a corner, where the orchestra-partition screened her partially from the furious water, and awaited her fate, almost unconscious with terror.

The water, which had now been pouring from all points for some considerable time, at the rate of three hundred gallons a minute, had acquired considerable depth; indeed, soon after the bride had cowered in her corner, in despairing apathy, it had reached her chin and mouth, and began to choke her, before she was startled from her position: but she had then lost all consciousness of her 'whereabout,' or what was the matter, except the horrid idea that she was drowning and alone!—where, why, or how, were sealed mysteries. Again she made some spasmodic efforts to free herself from what seemed a dreadful nightmare, and clung to the partition until the water again rose to her chin: then suddenly consciousness and memory returned, but with it no physical strength, except to cling to what she held by; and then she uttered scream after scream, so loud and shrill, and embodying so much of the pain of a death-agony, that 'Kasy' and I were attracted by it from our now comparatively quiet neighborhood.

We plunged into the pit, now full of water, and half swimming, half wading on the benches, when we could feel them, we soon reached the orchestra, where a slight glimmer penetrated from the side-scenes. 'Kasy' was first there; but being on the left, he found the man wedged in the

kettle-drum, and went to work to extricate him; but, poor fellow! he had fainted, and was quite unconscious. Five minutes more, and he would have been drowned. Having waded down the centre, where the screams still guided me, I came directly upon the bride, and recognized her at once as the occupant of the stage-box. Her beautiful black hair was floating upon the water; her head thrown back, and her black eyes almost starting from their sockets in terror. I had waded up to the orchestrapartition, which was covered with water, and was planting my foot as firmly as possible to reach and secure her, when she turned and saw me.

Poor thing! I was the first human being she had seen through all that condensed eternity since she had tried to escape. With a wild and unnatural energy, she sprang up toward me, and I caught her in my arms, while she clung to me as if it had been a death-grapple, and wept, oh! how passionately! Her sense of loneliness, of utter desertion, had lent her position half its terrors; and the sight of the nearest hodman, at that moment of despair, would have been a blessing. I believe, had I gently laid her down in the water then, she would have died without a struggle. But we were in real danger. In my excitement, I had forgotten the stage, the nearest place of safety, and also that the pit ran under the boxes. The bride was utterly incapable of physical exertion, except to cling to me, and I had to bear her entire weight, with the water dashing from above, and beyond my depth between the benches. But she wept on, and I felt her throbbing bosom at my side.

Plunging along from bench to bench, with one arm round her, one struggling in the water, I soon found my strength, which had in a great measure been spent in previous exertion, rapidly ebbing with every effort. Still I plunged on, and called 'Kasy! Kasy!' but no answer. I called to Heaven for help, but Heaven also was silent. I felt the unhappy being on my arm lean more heavily upon me. I felt her cheeks, and they were cold. Giving another plunge, more desperate than all, I lost my footing, and down we sank in the water.

I felt a shudder pass through my companion's body, placed the other now useless arm round her fair form, and pressed her to my heart. We were dying together. Suddenly 'Kasy's' long arm grasped my hair, and —

I opened my eyes in my shower-bath. The week before I had become a red-hot convert to hydropathy, and in my sleep had got up; and probably, for the previous hour, had been enjoying the luxury of an extra bath and a nightmare.

---

D E A T H : A N E X T R A C T .

DEATH finds us 'mid our play-things: snatches us,  
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,  
From all our toys and baubles. His rough call  
Unlooses all our favorite ties on earth:  
And well if they are such as may be answered  
In yonder world, where all is judged of truly.

## K I N G   J A M E S   T H E   S E C O N D .

FROM 'HISTORIC FANCIES.'

A storm at night upon the seas, it is a fearful sight;  
The roaring wind, the rolling surge, the lightning's ghastly light:  
Now ye be daring mariners who trim your slender bark,  
For never yet were waves so wild, or night so drear and dark.

We joy the night is drear and dark: no mariners are we;  
We joy for storm and tempest, and the terrors of the sea.  
Our God, He is a jealous God: His wrath it should be shown  
When kings are of their birth-right spoiled, His children of their own.

Yet countless was the concourse, and mighty was the throng,  
When last through London rode King JAMES her citizens among;  
And oft and loud and long they cheered, for their hearts were in each cheer,  
And soft it fell, his people's praise, upon their prince's ear.

Then outspake gallant CLAVEHOUSE, and his soul thrilled wild and high,  
And he showed the King his subjects, and he prayed him not to fly.  
Oh! never yet was captain as dauntless as DUNDEE:  
He has sworn to chase the Hollander back to the Zuyder Zee!

But the King has straightway answered him: 'No blood it shall be shed:  
Enough, I ween, of blood has been upon an old man's head.'  
So power and pomp and man's esteem, he left and lost them all,  
Rather than that, he better loved, one English life should fall!

Then we, the few who follow him, we will his lesson take,  
And try to count all loss a gain, when lost for mercy's sake:  
Yet who with Powis would not mourn, that he no more shall know  
His fair red castle on the hill, and the princely lands below!

King JAMES has gone to cheer him, upon the wave-washed stern,  
While to the last dim line of cliffs his own looks sadly turn:  
Yet, though his heart be heavy, it is stout and staunch as when  
He earned, in his bold boyhood, the praises of TURENNE.

A moment back, and here he stood: but not a word we said;  
But we thought of ancient LEAR, with the tempest overhead!  
Discrowned, betrayed, abandoned; but naught could break his will:  
Not MARY, his false REGAN; nor ANNE, his GONERIL!

'God help me! my own children, *mine* have forsaken *me*!'  
That touching word it has been heard, and God his help shall be:  
Not here; for earth, he asks not that: oh! who would ask that boon  
Who knows men's ways, their fleeting praise, and fame that fades as soon!

What is it, life? A little strife, where victories are vain;  
Where those who conquer do not win, nor those receive who gain.  
But he — oh! great shall be his glory, where kings in glory are;  
The son of CHA. the martyr, the grandson of NAVARRE!

## A T R I B U T E .

And he is gone! — the little boy  
 Of flaxen locks and light-blue eye;  
 His parents' fondest hope and joy:  
 They early saw him droop and die!  
 So sweet, so winsome were his ways,  
 A charm was round his presence flung;  
 All radiant were his few glad days —  
 The gentle boy that died so young!

His timid nature could not brook  
 The rougher sports of ruder boys;  
 He wildest haunts of mirth forsook,  
 And sought in quiet scenes his joys.  
 Oh! long will be the night of grief  
 To many a heart with anguish rung  
 For him, whose days were all too brief —  
 The gentle boy that died so young.

*Buffalo, October, 1851.*

J. CLEMENS.

## THE SAILOR-BOY'S DEATH-BED.

BY THE WANDERER.

'All the starboard watch, ahoy-oy! Eight bells! Do you hear the news down there?' 'Ay, ay!' But what means the low tone in which the call is spoken? Generally the whole ship echoes to the sound, merry to the watch on deck, but oh! how eloquently miserable to the watch below; for it rouses them from their warm berth, after only four hours' rest, perhaps much less, to the ungrateful task of dreary wakefulness and duty. I asked what meant the low tone, now scarce breaking the air-linked chain which binds the sleeper silent to his couch. What means it? Oh! there is more meaning than even the startling cry of 'All hands save ship!' in that smothered call. It tells that he, our ship's favorite, little Harry, is dying! It tells that one frail vessel, but a short time launched upon the waters of this troubled life, is about setting sail on that long, long voyage, that ends not within our ken, that reaches along through all time — the ocean of Eternity!

In this world we have a pilot, Conscience, whose directions we can follow or not, as we choose; but once afloat on that ocean, dark, very dark to us, we have discharged our pilot; he has left us on the dreaded bar, the bar death, that stretches out at the mouth of the harbor of life, whence we have sailed; and now we have no director, no guidance: the useless rudder is left without a helmsman. Yet if we have followed the course in the harbor which our pilot marked out for us, then have we left land with a sure hope of gaining our desired port, even heaven; but if we have neglected his directions, alas! 't is too late! We cannot shift

our wheel now; the storm is on us; our pilot has left us. We hear his cry ringing in our ears, 'You would not steer the course I told you!' We have none to guide us over the troubled ocean, and we are already wrecked amid the rugged breakers from which there is no escape, for they roar over the rocks of hell. But to return.

'How is Harry now?' I asked, as I came on deck, of one of the men who stood near his bed, which was spread out on the quarter-deck. Yet stay. Before I proceed with my narrative, let me retrace in a few words the history of the poor boy's former life, for it is a tale, if not oft told, still one often painted in the harsh, stern colors of reality; though many a picture traced by the master-hand of this great artist is never seen but by 'the One all-seeing Eye, to whom the secrets of all hearts are open.'

'Little Harry,' as he was called on board ship, was, when I first knew him, about fourteen years old. His deep-blue eye, like the blue of ocean, spoke of a depth which had never been fathomed; an eye into which you could look, and although seeing there confiding truth, trusting love, formless aspirations, still one felt that, deep as you might pierce, you penetrated scarce beyond the surface. Around a high forehead, chiselled as from azure-veined, snowy marble, flowed flaxen curls, that chased each other over the rose-kissed cheek, and harmonized with a mouth that showed at the same time the characteristics of boldness and irresolution. But now, alas! sunken and dim was the eye, the damp dew of death hung heavy on the forehead; contracted with throbs of pain was the mouth, and the luxuriant curls had been shorn close, to cool the fevered head, while the attenuated limbs and pallid cheek told that not much was left of the once-beautiful boy, whose life-glass was now spinning out its few remaining sands.

He had been found on board secreted in the steerage, the day after we left port; and although at first he spoke of parents, friends, and all dead, afterward, in the still night-watches, when we were alone together, (he was in my watch,) he confided to me his simple but touching story.

Brought up by a tender, well-loved mother, widowed and alone in the world, for his father died ere he was born, he for a time lived very happily. At her knee he had been taught to lisp the blessed name of God, when his childish lips could scarce form the holy word aright. From her gentle teachings he had learned to lift his voice in humble prayer and gratitude to heaven, kneeling side by side with her at morn and eve. Happy were they, though alone in the world; but yet not alone, for they were all the world to each other. Ten years of peaceful, dreamy quiet quickly slipped away, and still left both unconscious of the lapse of time. But all this happiness was to change. The spoiler was even then close beside them. He came. One evening—how well, poor boy, he remembered it—a fine, dark-looking, handsome man called. 'I can see him now,' Harry used to say. 'Mother and I were together in our little parlor. Mother was sitting on the sofa sewing, and I, at her side, was reading to her from the BIBLE. That was always our favorite book, for it ever told us of one FRIEND who knows neither chance nor change—'the FATHER of the fatherless, and GOD of the widow.' It was in the early part of the month of June; and although the sun had some time set behind the distant hills, and one or two stars were twinkling, yet in the

western sky were some faint tints of its tracing still remaining. We sat facing an open window that looked toward the west; and although the light was burning, I would ever and anon look up from my book to enjoy the beauty of the eventide; then on my mother's face, as she leaned over her work; for there, at least, I thought, I shall ever find comfort; my spirit-sun can have no setting. The door-bell rang, and he was ushered in. I know it was the draught at the opening of the door which blew the candle out, yet, although I am not superstitious, I cannot tell why, at the moment he entered, it seemed to me as if my happiness faded, flickered, and was extinguished with the candle; and notwithstanding the evening was warm, a chill passed through me that oftentimes returns when I bring to mind the recollection of that fearful hour.

The gentleman turned out to be an old friend of my father's, who had but just arrived from the Indies, where he had been absent for some years. He spoke of the regret with which he had heard of my father's death while abroad, and of his determination to seek out his widow on his return, and offer her any assistance in his power. He apparently strove to make himself as agreeable as possible, both to mother and myself, but more especially to me, and told me many a story of his wanderings. I remember one especially of a Hindoo widow burnt with her husband's body; also of combats and hair-breadth escapes from wild beasts and wilder savages; and although every tale was one of horror, still there was something fascinating about them at which I could not help but listen, while my blood seemed almost turned to ice with terror. He made quite a long call, even for the evening; and when he left, it seemed to me as if a cold hand had been lifted from off my heart.

The gentleman's visits became frequent and more frequent. At times my mother would go out alone with the stranger, whereas never before had she left the house without her hand being clasped in mine, as we walked together.

At last, from calling him Mr. Sidney, she called him Charles; and one evening toward the close of the fall, she told me that she was going to be married. Never before had I thought it possible, or indeed thought of it at all; and the blow fell upon me so unexpectedly, that at once I lost all consciousness, and remembered nothing for some time, till I found myself lying on the sofa, my mother bending over me, and dropping on my pallid cheek hot, scalding tears, then kissing them away frantically; while by her side, with his arm circling her waist, was another, and now that other was to me as a demon, yet still a lordly one, for that shudder returned, while the cold dark eye looked on me not angrily nor fiercely, but it seemed to hold me spell-bound, as does the snake its fluttering victim, which fears him, hates him, yet is conquered.

They were married, and although Mr. Sidney did not treat me harshly, still there was at all times that cold, heartless look, which told a wish for my absence, and almost a loathing of my presence, changing my every good thought to gall and bitterness. I do not think he ever really loved my mother, Harry would say to me, 'or she him; but there was a fascination about him which seemed to make her unhappy when he was near, and lonely when he was away.

About two years passed on in this manner, when by degrees he began

to treat her badly; often speaking harshly to her, and chiding her for every little thing that went amiss about the house.

'One night, while I was lying awake in bed, I heard him enter the front door. He seldom now returned till very late. I thought, after a little conversation, low on my mother's part, and high on his, and incoherent, as if he had been drinking deeply, (he was not a temperate man,) I thought I heard the sound of a blow—mind, I only say I thought I heard it—and the same moment my mother said in a little louder voice, 'Please, do n't strike me, Charles.' Oh, how my blood boiled within me! Without reflecting, or indeed for a moment knowing what I did, I leaped from the bed, and in a moment my fingers were clenched round his throat; the next, and I was lying bruised and bleeding in one corner. 'How, Madam! how is this?' cried he, in a torrent of passion. 'Have you brought this young dog up to kill me? Would you have your son murder your husband? To your room, woman—to your room!' She knelt to him; she besought, prayed him to spare me: but now the angry man was the cold demon again; and with that look which she knew, oh! how well! he repeated, in slow and distinct tones, as you might suppose a statue would speak: 'To your room, Madam! to your room!' And she, weeping, obeyed him.

'Now, Sir, for you,' said he, going to the door and locking it. I was just past fourteen years old at the time, and never before had I received a blow. My whole nature seemed changed at the instant; and instead of the weak child I had been, I now stood before him with a spirit equal to his own, feeling that whatever happened in consequence, I should still be rejoiced at what I had done. 'So, Sir! it is come to this, has it? 'Tis but what I have long expected. The lamb has changed to a very wolf!' And he lifted his closed fist as if to strike me again; but as if some thought had changed his purpose, he sat down in a chair and eyed me with that fixed stare he sometimes put on. With equal determination I looked him as steadily in the face. 'What! you defy me?' said he, as if reading my thoughts, which was easily done, as they were inscribed on every feature of my countenance. 'You defy me! We must look to this. We must chain the wolf, lest he do some further damage. We will speak on this subject to-morrow.' With this he left me, and retired to bed. I stood for some time almost stunned with the quick succession of occurrences; then, the excitement which had sustained me having passed away, I flung myself on the floor, and wept to sleep.

'The next morning I was found by the servant who came to sweep the room in a state of frenzied delirium; and for a month, night and day, my mother watched over my bed, scarce ever expecting to see me leave it, save for the narrower one of the grave. But what with her tender nursing and a naturally good constitution, after a time I recovered. One day when I had left my room for a short time, to take a little exercise in the garden, I found, on my return, Mr. Sidney seated on the sofa which I had left. It was the first time I had seen him since that memorable night. 'It is time, Henry,' said he, 'that we should understand each other. I saw from the first the dislike you had formed for me, but thought little of it. Now, however, since you have shown it so openly, there must be a change. Listen to me! You must leave this house:



you must go, and that soon. While you are here your mother will be unhappy, for she knows I hate you. Your mother must not know of your going till you are gone. I shall treat her more kindly when you are gone. I have finished. I want no reply.' With these words he left me. That evening, after I had kissed my mother for good-night, and apparently retired to sleep, I packed up some clothes in a bundle, wrote a few lines to her, saying that I had left her for ever—she too well knew the reason why—told her how much I loved her, and here I am.'

Poor boy! he had indeed bade her good-bye for ever. That kiss was the last one she ever imprinted on her dear child's lips. The foregoing story he told me at different times, in a disconnected manner; not all of it, for never did he breathe a word of unkindness against his mother, but always spoke of her as of an angel, too good, too holy for this world. Poor boy! he was for a short time in, but not of, this world. From what he told me, however, though perhaps as much from what I conjectured, the story was very much as I have related. It may be thought a rather exaggerated description of one so young; but if the reader will look around the world, he will see more than one instance of the same sort; namely, of a child brought up, entirely under a woman's influence, in some things much too old in mind and disposition for one of his years, in other things much too young; in other words, an independent, bold, fearless disposition, softened down by woman's influence—a block of marble fresh from the hands of the sculptor.

What passed from the time he joined our ship up to the time of which I am speaking may be related in a very few words. He was one of those boys who you could see at a glance was totally unfitted for hard work of any kind, and least of all for the drudgery and exposure incident to a sailor's life. He was willing and ready to do all that was demanded of him, yet at the same time it was apparent that the dangers of the sea, and especially that of going aloft, were too great for him to bear: he went wherever he was ordered, but the going killed him. I myself have had him on a royal yard with me, when he was so unnerved by unspoken terror that he could scarcely hold on, and I have been obliged to support him with one hand while working with the other. By degrees he sunk under the continuous nervous excitement occasioned by fear; never complaining, but gradually wasting away, till he was now on the verge of death. The captain and officers too late understood this, for they were kind-hearted men, and had they known it in time would have allowed him to remain on deck. As it was now, all possible efforts were made to alleviate his sufferings, and the dying boy was tended with almost maternal care by the rough sailors, who vied with each other in watching by his bed-side to pay every little attention possible; and his pillow was smoothed by hands, if not so soft, almost as loving and tender as the mother's who was perhaps then looking forward with joy to the return of her Harry.

'How do you feel now, Harry?' I asked, as I gained the side of his bed, which, as I before mentioned, had been spread on the quarter-deck, the air being too confined below. We were in the tropics, and the weather was very warm.

'About the same, dear W——,' he said in a low voice. 'I don't expect or wish to get better: I know I am going to die.'

He said this in the same tone of voice with which he would have mentioned any trivial occurrence. Poor boy! he had naught to live for, and he looked behind the dark curtain of the tomb, and saw that there was rest for the weary spirit. We were both silent for some time: then he said again, 'W——, will you read a little to me?'

I opened the book, according to his request, at that beautiful psalm which says, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil, for THOU art with me; THY rod and THY staff, they comfort me.'

'Yes, W——,' he said as I finished, 'those words are very sweet and true, for I know I am dying; but I am not afraid, and would gladly go if I could only see mother once more. And now I have a request to make of you, which I know you will not refuse. When you get home I want you to go and see mother, and tell her how and when I died, and that I loved her as well as ever. Promise me you will. And when I am dead, please cut a lock of hair off, if you can find enough on my poor head; put it in the BIBLE, at the place you have been reading to me. She gave me the BIBLE when I was a very little boy; tell her I always read it, as she asked me to; she will like to have a lock of Harry's hair. Will you do all this, W——?'

'Yes, Harry, I will. But you must not give up yet; try and get a little more sleep; you will feel better after it.'

'Do not try to deceive me, W——. I am ready to die, and know that I have no chance of living; for while I was asleep last night, (I slept a little,) I dreamt that I saw an angel, and it had a face like mother's, and she said to me, 'Go, Harry dear; I shall be with you before long!' But as you wish me, I will try if I can sleep.'

Dear little boy! he was always ready to comply with every one's wishes, and he immediately shut his eyes. In a few minutes I saw by the regular rise and fall of his chest that he was sleeping. Ere long, however, his slumbers seemed to assume a more troubled character: he was dreaming; he flung his arms about and muttered as if talking to some one. He remained in this state for about an hour, and then awoke; but I saw in an instant by the wild look of his eye, that his senses were leaving him. All at once he sprung up in the bed, and tried to get out; but I laid my hand on his shoulder and restrained him. 'Lie down, Harry, lie down,' said I; 'what is the matter?'

'How dare you strike my mother!' said he, looking at me. He did not know me, and must have thought I was his step-father. 'How dare you! He shall not hurt you, mother! Harry will not let him!' He was rehearsing that dreadful scene again. 'You'll treat mother more kindly when I am gone!—she knows you hate me!' Then again he was sitting beside his mother, as of old. 'Look there, mother! how beautiful the sky is! Heaven is there, and angels, mother! Father is in heaven, is he not, mother?'

He wandered thus from scene to scene of his childhood. Now he seemed to think he was walking alone with his mother among quiet fields, and he talked of the flowers, and the green grass, and the birds, and

the little brooks; now he chased the butterflies over the smiling meadow; but in every thought and vision of the past his mother was still present to his mind. Then he saw the face of his step-father and shrieked with terror.

At length his murmurs became more indistinct, and he sunk again into unquiet slumbers; from which ever and anon he would wake for an instant and gaze wildly around, then fall to sleep again.

By this time the rosy morn began to spread its many-colored banner over the heavens, and the stars of night paled, and the eastern horizon blushed before the coming brightness of the day-god. The rising sun told of its coming in golden characters on the white canvas of the lofty sky-sails, long ere its ray-crowned head appeared in the orient sea.

The watch began to move round the deck, preparing for their morning tasks, but there was none of the usual noise and bustle. The second mate went forward and communicated his orders in low tones to the men, who commenced to trim the sheets and sway on the slackened ropes without the song that usually accompanies and lightens all such labors. The captain came up with slippered feet and stood by Harry's bed-side, but asked no questions; for there, written on that pallid face, was the unasked answer, and that answer was, 'He is dying.'

A short time before four bells he awoke again, and I saw that the time of dissolution was at hand. He was however in his right mind, and said to me in a very low voice, so that I had to bend my head to hear him:

'Have I been sleeping long, W——? I think I have been dreaming.'

'Yes, Harry, you have slept some time,' I replied. I did not like to tell him his mind had been wandering.

'Please lift me up, W——, that I may see the sun rise. I love to see it rise and set; so does mother.'

I did as he desired, and arranged the pillows at his back in as comfortable a position as possible. He now saw the captain, and said to him:

'I'm glad you have come, Captain A——; I wished to thank you for all you have done for me: you have been very kind.'

There was a tear in the captain's eye which he tried in vain to conceal, and as he turned away his head it trickled down his cheek and fell with a low tap like a drop of rain on the deck. From that moment I liked him better than before, and that tear washed away many a harsh word and deed from my memory; for while the fountain of the heart is yet undried, it cannot be all withered and callous.

Harry then took my hand, and drawing me down close to him, whispered in my ear, 'Do not forget to see mother.' And with her name still on his lips, his pure spirit flew away toward the rising sun, that gilded with its first ray the face of the dead boy, whose pulseless hand slowly released its grasp on mine, and fell lifeless on the BIBLE that lay by his side. In a few moments I closed his glazing eyes, and looking up saw, what I had not perceived before, grouped round the bed the silent sailors, and on many a cheek, not often wet with weeping, was a sun-lighted tear.

We buried him that afternoon; but ere he was sewed up in his white hammock, I cut a lock of his hair, which I placed in his BIBLE; and on my return home, took it to his mother, and told her how Harry died.

## L I N E S

## O N R E V I S I T I N G B E R K S H I R E L A T E I N A U T U M N .

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

## I.

How slow the moons have waxed and waned,  
How dim their alien beams to me,  
Since, fast in urban durance chained,  
Dear Mountain-land, I've pined for thee!

## II.

When last, beneath these native skies,  
I gazed on hills and vales so dear,  
The charm of Eden's vernal dyes  
Seemed mirrored in the landscape here.

## III.

The clover's breath embalmed the breeze,  
That danced from sunny knoll to knoll,  
Repaying with the hum of bees  
Sweet shades where sang the oriole.

## IV.

But now, alas! how changed the scene!  
No warbling woods, no murmuring blooms;  
No groves with rustling arras green,  
The pride of summer's sylvan looms!

## V.

Yet dearer, in their silent woe,  
Are these brown wastes and wilds to me,  
Than all the gorgeous pomp and show  
Of that great mart beside the sea.

## VI.

For let me feel beneath my feet,  
O native soil! thy quickening thrill,  
And I too, like the famed athlete,  
Thence gain new strength to wrestle still:

## VII.

Still sorely toil, that wealth may fling  
Fresh ingots on his swollen heap;  
Still cope with cares, whose ruthless sting  
Disturbs the very death of sleep:

## VIII.

With little means and large desires  
Conflicting in the silent mind,  
That oft, in happier mood, aspires  
Its own fond tasks and times to find:

## IX.

To be what manly pride commands,  
Life's nobler mission to fulfil:  
No passive tool in sordid hands,  
To work its wielder's reckless will.

## Schediasms.

LAKE RYE: A SUMMER'S DAY-DREAM.

BY PAUL SIGSTOLE.

HARK! was not that sound the report of a gun? I listen: I hear nothing farther, only the reverberating, many-voiced echoes of that startling sound, chasing each other like things of sense, rattling on now like the clapping of myriad hands, now like peals of hoarse laughter, through the quiet woods, across the lake, and losing themselves among the 'wood-crowned heights' on the southern shore beyond. I look forward, from where I lie stretched at length upon the grass, underneath the cooling shadows of this clump of heavy-foliaged hickories; I look forward toward the west, and just emerging from the thickets upon the western shore of this pretty LAKE RYE, away down there by the 'THOMPSON LOT's' lower border—I mean that sunny slope yonder facing me, where that low rocky ledge juts into the water—I see my brother NED jump from the steep side-hill down upon 'BETTY'S ROCKS.' He has killed a king-fisher, and is picking him up. The bird flutters, and with a spasmodic effort to escape tumbles into the water. OLD BULL plunges in after him; has already gotten the prize in his teeth, and scrambles out of the water upon the rocks again. The bird is landed. My brother sits down and re-loads his gun. The petty bluffs of a miniature precipice rise behind him, and a narrow shelving of solid dark rock, worn and fretted into many a curious channel by the ceaseless beating of the wavelets of the lake, stretch out some rods on either side of him along the shore. The water looks dark under the rocks there, indicating its great depth. A broad sheet of purest crystal spreads out before him a little to the north, and far away for a mile toward the south, shaped (as appears from this point of view) not unlike a goodly river.

This scene unfolds itself to my eyes, while I lie here, full half a mile distant from those rocks, at the top of this side-hill lot, that descends to the lake on this easterly shore. The northern shore is a flat rich-bottomed meadow, being the upper end of the basin scooped out of the hills to hold the waters of the lake. Much of the other shore is bold; some very rocky; most of it wood-skirted, and heavily fringed with a deep dark-green embroidery of oaks and hemlocks. This northern shore, for a quarter of a mile back, looks as if it had once been the bottom of the lake, and as if the continual wearing down of those sandy hills beyond had gradually filled up the hollow, and driven the waters back on the bolder and more rocky shores.

A lovely scene is projected before me. I have walked over every inch of the ground a hundred times. From infancy to manhood, every thought of my life has come up to me at some time upon some portion of it or another. Every tree, every rock, I had almost said every cloud over head, and every ripple of the lake at my feet, seem to me familiar household

things. Like the interlacing roots of those willows (as another has hinted to me) on the margin of yonder green-fringed brook, supporting the earth, and preventing the ceaseless current from washing down the banks of the stream; so these recollections of events, places and persons, revived by this scene often revisited, sustain my individuality, and prevent the reckless stream of present affairs from overflowing and absorbing my whole moral nature.

Down on that smooth meadow on the northern shore I frolicked with my brothers and cousins in times past, as far back as my memory can go. Close by the water's edge stood the old button-wood tree, under which we stripped on many a summer's day, to bathe in the clear water that ripples there over the whitened beach. The old tree has gone, and a younger has succeeded it. And some of the boy-faces that were wont to mingle in those childish pastimes have gone too; dead! — dead ere their prime! Who can summon back the days of childhood without many a pang! Fix for a moment any scene, and then follow out the pathway of each actor in it down to the time of the reminiscence, and you see so much to produce pain and unhappiness in the issue and the contrast, that you cannot but think the Cynic philosopher was right, who thought the art of forgetting was more worthy to be learned than the art of memory. And yet the angels tell us this bitterness is a tonic to the soul!

Yonder, on the shore beyond the button-wood tree a little, you may yet see the ruins of a mimic pier, constructed by my uncle FIELD as a mooring for his sail-boat. How vividly comes back to me the launch of that sail-boat! It was an era to us boys. For several summers we had navigated every tiny bay and harbor of that petty sea in a fleet composed of a decrepit scow and a log-boat. The scow leaked so badly that a man was constantly required at the pumps; and the log-boat so rolled with its uneasy crew, that we caught many a ducking from our hazardous exploring expeditions. It was rare fun though, and we were the most courageous fellows in the world to dare it. Ah, we had all the requisites of the Horatian prescription, that now rises to my lips involuntarily:

'ILLI robur et ses triplex  
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem  
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum  
Decerantem Aquilonibus,  
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiebat Notus,  
Quo non arbiliter Hadria  
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.'

But this boat was a sail-boat! How we shouted and clapped our hands with glee as she was brought down the hill and launched! How she glided through the water foaming at her prows! No bailing out the boat now; no rowing, no paddling, no tipping over, no hugging the shore to keep in shoal water: we dared to brave the billows of the deep! She did not even need a bush in her bow in a strong wind; indeed, she sailed quite as well without it. But, alas! all bread and butter falls butter-side down: the boat would upset every now and then, when a flaw of wind struck her; and among these hills the wind is all flaws. At last a man in her was drowned. KEYSER LANE, poor fellow! went down and never came up. We believed it was done by him out of spite against us boys, who used to laugh at him because he was a cripple and limped in a

ridiculous way; but he never came up again, and so the pickerel ate him, and the boat was condemned as unseaworthy by all our mothers, and she rotted at her wharf, and all our '*robur et æs triplex circa pectus*' was of no avail; and with this catastrophe all boating fell into sad disrepute, and the lake grew more and more dangerous every day.

Yonder too you see, not far from the ruined pier, stretches out a water-fence, as it is called, being a wall dividing two fields running down upon the sand, and extended beyond the shore over the deeper water by long and heavy poles, projected out so far that cattle cannot ford around it. At sight of it now, the time of a rare exploit recurs to me as yesterday. I was strolling down by this shore one afternoon in September. I had my father's 'training' musket for a fowling-piece, and was in pursuit of robins and squirrels. That old musket!—how I used to coax it, oil the lock, cleanse the barrel, pick the flint! To how many a luckless robin and scoundrel clape and squirrel it has done bloody murder! Well, I had come to this water-fence, which was then thickly studded on either side with a hedge-row of hazel-nut bushes and grape-vines, and was peering in the bushes to see if any grapes were still left, when I heard a tremendous clanging and fluttering noise, 'like the rushing of a mighty wind,' immediately over my head. I looked up and saw a small flock, consisting of some half dozen, of wild geese. They are rare visitants of the lake, and I had heard only dim traditions of captures there. Now, thought I, for a triumphal feat of arms, to put all the sportsmen of the neighborhood to the blush. I crept softly along the fence, and saw the snowy troop alight in the water close to the shore, within some forty yards of the place where I stood concealed. My gun was very apt to 'hang fire,' and my nerves were quite in a flutter at the vastness of the enterprise before me. Now a distressing reflection occurred to me: my gun was loaded with mustard-seed shot! What should I do? There plashed and screamed the finest game I had ever seen or known of in my life; here was I within easy gun-shot. The birds would soon fly. A thought struck me. I drew from my pocket my pen-knife, opened a blade at either end, and dropped it into the muzzle of my gun, raised the old musket cautiously, rested it upon the fence, and getting the best 'sight' I could among the twigs and leaves, pulled trigger. Bang! went the gun with a terrible explosion. It was the first time it had been used for some months, and I had probably overcharged it with powder, for it kicked backward in a most graceful manner, and completely carried me off my feet, rolling upon the ground. The birds all flew as if their greatest enemy was at hand, leaving the water a little discolored with blood, and covered with feathers enough for a bolster. What execution my pen-knife did I never knew; but I counted with some complacency on the blood and feathers, as evidence of what I might have done with a good rifle. Away went the birds screaming through the air, helter-skelter at first, but soon forming their battalion, one ahead and two rows behind, in shape not unlike the letter V, as comportedly as if nothing had happened. Even now I look about me, to see if I am quite alone, and my ears tingle with shame.

Do you see yonder dark speck in the water, at the southern end of the lake, that looks so 'very like a whale?' HILL ROCK!—what a treasure wast thou! A sail to that distant island was like a voyage to Polynesia.

It brought up all the vivid visions of the voyages of Sinbad. You see it is but a single rock, some few yards in circumference, and the rocks descend from this peak under water, by a rather precipitous slope, into the deepest part of the lake. What rare sport to paddle out in our crazy craft to that 'barren island!' It was more than half a day's sail from our southern shore. There was the spot for fishing! Pickerel and clouders prowled stealthily about there, and longed for the hook. It was a grand event to go over there and fish. We were never trusted thus far alone. Sometimes our uncle DAN (who was a great sportsman, and knew every thing, and with whom we were sure to be safe) would go with us. Then, too, it was such 'exquisite fine fun,' as Harry Daring says, to see him, sheltered behind a bush in the end of the scow, shoot hell-divers; a small black duck, that frequent this sequestered shore. And then the fishing with buoys: hooks and lines attached to small branches of a tree, and left to float at random on the water. HILL ROCK! bless thy flinty heart!

Look now from this rock to the west, and you will see that the lake is nearly twice the size you thought when you looked from where I am on this eastern side-hill. You may now perceive that this is too broad an expanse of water, and pushes too far in to the land there at 'SAG HARBOR' on the west, to be deemed a mere cove. There too you may see the shore is gentle and easy for a little space, although the hills mount up quickly behind. What a sweet serenity is breathed over the whole landscape. Not a human habitation visible, except a little cottage there in the edge of the forest, where my grandfather's man, JIM HOPPS, lived for more than a quarter of a century. His successor has laid his Vandal hands upon the native shrubbery that skirted this part of the shore. Heaven pardon me for hating the villain! See, he has robbed 'HIGH POINT' of those dear old trees and bushes, where we lay in early days and rested from our toilsome pleasures, and lazily watched the mock-tides of this mimic sea.

Imagine we are sitting upon the top of that projecting promontory, 'HIGH POINT.' It rises perpendicularly from the water some sixty feet, and is at the point where the western shore breaks from its line, and runs into the west, forming the harbor. Standing upon the top of the 'THOMPSON LOT,' that rises so high at the back of 'BETTY'S ROCKS,' you might see the whole of the lake spread out at your feet; and its shape, like that of every other thing indescribable — 'if shape it may be called which shape has none' — its shape then (shade of Italy!) is like that of a man's boot. The leg runs up to the southern shore, and the top is 'bounded' by those pretty meadows. The eastern shore runs nearly straight — with a slight bow for the calf of the leg there among the hemlocks — down to 'CROMWELL'S COVE,' where it turns westerly, and the heel runs into the land. Curving up slightly, to fit the hollow of the foot, the shore now pushes westerly, and passing beyond 'HILL ROCK' down into 'SAG HARBOR,' where the toe is planted, turns again and bears up to 'HIGH POINT,' where the instep is fixed, when again it hinges near at right angles, shooting along almost in a straight line; and passing 'BETTY'S ROCKS' up to the meadows again on the north, it strikes the top whence we set out in the circumambulation. From 'HIGH POINT' we can look, as you discover, diagonally across to the south-eastern shore, where those willows wave over the sandy



beach of 'CROMWELL'S COVE;' and we can see easterly, opposite to us, the 'HEMLOCK SHORE;' and northerly, the 'WOODFIELD MEADOWS;' and southerly, over 'HILL ROCK' to the rocky shore beyond; and westerly, into 'SAG HARBOR' again on the right.

Heigho! what a ramble we have had; and here I lie at rest nigh noon of this hot August day, underneath the cooling shadows of this clump of heavy-foliaged hickories! I was quite a boy when there was great talk of conveying the water of this lake to New-York City. How it would be done we boys did wonder! In barrels, or carts, or by engines! One boy I recollect, who was studying 'Conversations on Chemistry,' suggested *syphons*. But we had no faith in 'Emily' and 'Caroline' or 'Mrs. B.,' on a subject of this magnitude. What a pity to take the water away! What would the pickerel, and cloudera, and perch, and turtles, and catfish, and silversides, and killies, and frogs, and eels, all do without the water! What would become of the pond-lilies, and what would become of our scow and log-boat! At length, one sultry afternoon in August, a party of four very stout and very rosy-looking gentlemen came up from the city in a barouche, and drove down through the 'WOODFIELD MEADOWS' to the shore of the lake. The summer had been very dry, and the water was very low; you might almost walk to the edge of the bank where the sandy beach ceases, and, the mud beginning, the bottom pitches precipitously down many a fathom deep. The pond-lilies were half out of water, and panting with heat, looked very dishevelled and dowdyish. Thousands of young tad-poles lay in the shoal water, just on the bottom, sunning themselves. Not a breath of air was stirring; it was the hottest day in the year. One of the gentlemen alighted from the barouche, and going down to the water's edge, suddenly started back, as the water seemed alive and receding from him; it was black with myriads of tad-poles, who, frightened from their propriety, rushed like mad into the deeper water. The gentleman stooped down, and scooped up a little water with his hand close by the edge of the lake, where it was of more than blood-heat, and where the tad-poles had been startled from their bath into a premature toilet. He held the water up to his face, and tasting and smelling of it, put it from him as if he had touched pitch and been defiled. He rapidly and vigorously applied a snowy cambric handkerchief to the parts affected and infected, and having hastily gotten into the barouche, the party went back to town. What report these learned chemists or astrologers, whichever they were, made, or whether they furnished the Corporation with a chemical analysis of the water, I know not. Enough for us, the water was there yet; it was not carried to New-York; and so the fish and the pond-lilies, and our scow and log-boat, got safely out of that scrape.

And here am I still this sultry summer's afternoon lying on this sweet hill-side, under the shadow of these wide-spreading hickories, and these memories of times and places pass and repass before my vision like the creatures of a dream. The phantoms I summon mingle and fade away, like the kaleidoscopic changes of the mirage. Pain and pleasure mingle, mingle. I gather up my hat and cane, that have rolled away on the grass, and make my way, musing and thoughtful, toward my parental home. Who would not have been a boy? Who would be a boy again!

*Woodfield, Westchester County, (N. Y.), A.D. 1851.*

## 'GRAVE' STANZAS.

I.

Oh! bury me at eve!  
Not when the golden morn is breaking,  
Not when the world to life is waking,  
Not when the happy birds are singing,  
And joyous thoughts are upward springing:  
Not then! — not then!

II.

Oh! bury me at eve!  
Not when the sultry noon is glowing,  
Not when the tide of life is flowing  
Through the thronged streets, and all the air  
Echoes the hum of toil and care:  
Oh no! — not then!

III.

Bury me, friends, at eve!  
When in the west the sun, declining,  
Is o'er the level landscape shining;  
That his last loving beams may die  
Upon the spot where I shall lie,  
Silent and low!

IV.

Then shall you think of me,  
How my frail body, to the grave descending,  
And with the common clay a season blending,  
Shall, like that sun, now sinking in the night,  
Rise yet again in glory far more bright,  
And fade no more!

V.

Oh! bury me at eve!  
When the roses fold their petals up,  
And the wild bee sleeps in the lily-cup,  
And every day-flower sinks to rest,  
Gracefully, as on a mother's breast  
A tired child may!

VI.

Only at quiet eve,  
When the sad, silent stars are marching  
Through the blue vault the earth o'er-arching,  
And the plashing of the restless sea  
Comes with a softened melody  
From the far shore.

VII.

Then bury me at eve!  
Not in the morning's golden light;  
Not when the day is high and bright;  
For the gladness of morn and the care of noon  
Would banish me from your memories soon,  
Where I would dwell!

## S T A N Z A S .

## I.

THE bee ne'er tires of murmuring his love  
 For the sweet flowers in which he hides all day :  
 The bird ne'er wearies of the notes in which  
 He sings his life away.

## II.

The gentle flowers, until they droop and die,  
 Turn lovingly their faces to the sun,  
 As ceaselessly as streamlets to the sea  
 With frolic laughter run.

## III.

So must I sing to thee, and turn to thee,  
 Fairest ! in whom alone my soul finds joy :  
 Thy love hath brightness that can never fade,  
 And sweets that cannot cloy.

R. S. CHILTON.

Washington, 1861.

## Sketch-Book of Mr. Mcister Karl.

## CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

IN WHICH THE MCISTER TOUCHES UPON REMINISCENCES OF THE OLDER TIME

'O DEAR is a tale of the olden time,  
 Sequari vestigia rerum.'

WATSON'S ANNALS: MOTTO.

TALKING of good fellows, reader, some people call Lola Montez one. She always was a trump, they say — the veritable Queen of Hearts. I said so once, more than four hundred years ago. It was at the great Council of Constance, where she then shone a bright particular star, known to the world as the FAIR IMPERIA. I was myself, at that time, confidential secretary to His Excellency Bishop Matteis, a worthy man and great scholar.

Now one day, while awaiting in that lady's ante-chamber the opportunity to speak a few words with a certain cardinal, whom I erroneously supposed at the time to be in confab with her, and being weary of delay, I began to sing, in *baritono profundo*, a song of my own composition, which had recently become immensely popular among the lords spiritual and temporal, the bishops, archbishops, cardinals, priests and laymen, in attendance on the council; and the words were:

'CONSTANCE lies on the Boden Boden See,  
 Just take a look and convinced you'll be;  
 Constance lies on the Boden Boden See,  
 Just take a look and convinced you'll be:  
 Convinced you'll be — 'vined you'll be,  
 That Constance lies on the Boden Boden See.

Constance lies on the Boden Boden See,  
 Just take a look and convinced you'll be,  
 Be, be, be, be, be, be, be-e,  
 That Constance lies on the Boden Boden See.  
 Constance lies on the Boden Boden See,  
 Just take a look and convinced you'll be :  
 Boden Boden See, Boden Boden See,  
 Boden Boden See, Boden Boden See,  
 Constance lies on the Boden Boden See,  
 Just take a look and convinced you'll be !'

I had proceeded thus far, when a musical voice from behind cried out, 'Bravo!' I turned and beheld the Fair Imperia.

'That is a sweet lay, Sir Secretary. Are the words your own?'

I bowed assent, with conscious pride. Of all affectation, reader, the most contemptible is that of pretending to underrate your own poetry when you *know* that it is good.

'I love poets,' continued Imperia. 'Will you come and take supper with me this evening?'

'A thousand pardons, fair lady,' I replied, 'but my lord bishop requires my attendance.'

'Oh, never mind your bishop; you can run home and poison him, you know, long before dinner! Ha! I have in my cabinet some exquisite Milanese *Assa Porci*, which will settle him directly. Or if you prefer it, one of my esquires shall go immediately and stab him.'

Overcome by this excess of kindness, I could only thank Imperia, and assure her that these intensities of politeness were quite needless; that for once I would venture to play the truant, and become her guest.

'Then why in the name of all the devils and the red fire of hell could n't you say so at once!' quoth the lady.

Reader, I did take supper with her — at the risk of getting my head broken. She flung both her cats out of the window; set her dog at a primate who came to make an evening call; fired the curtains and quenched it with three dozen of Burgundy; cursed the cook for not putting point-lace around the handle of the joint of venison; and concluded with an abortive attempt to assassinate her dressing-maid for sneezing during prayers.

A good deed always meets with its reward. More than four hundred years afterward, *id est*, one sunny afternoon in Munich, on or about the twenty-fifth of April, A.D. 1847, I found myself in company with half the town in general, and the Swiss corps of students in particular, seated in a beer-hall just without the walls. And you must know, my friend, that it is an old custom to sell in that particular place, from the twentieth of April until the first of May, a strong beer known as '*Salvator*,' to all applying. But from the latter date until the first of June another variety, termed '*Bok*,' is sold at another place, not far from the *Residenz*, or Palace.

Now the honest and virtuous citizens of Munich were making merry after their own hearts over the *Salvator* beer. Some were abusing the king, and others disputing whether the electric telegraph wire, which passed through the *Neu Strass*, were a lightning-rod or a patent clothes-line. Some were swearing by *Donner wetter* and *Parapluie*, and others screaming out '*Sepperl*' to the beer-maid. Finally, a jovial student of law, named *Sturzenegger*, (ultimately turned out of the university for his

political liberalism,) proposed that we should sing 'On yonder rock reclining.' But a slight difficulty interposed; for of the singers present very few knew it in the same tongue. Each therefore started on his own hook.

A sang in Italian.

B in German.

C in Romansch.

D in French.

E in Bavarian patois.

And I, your friend, in English.

So we were all as happy as clams at high tide. And with my meerschäum rolling volumes of smoke out of my mouth, with a mighty '*Mass't*' of Salvator before me, I mused over the wise things which Professor Beckers had said that morning in his lecture on Schelling; over the profundities which Schubert had that afternoon evolved in Natural History, and the excellent arguments which *Goerres* would to-morrow develop; and just as I was losing myself in Thiersch's *Æsthetics* and Neumann's *Modern History*, I heard a row outside —

. . . An accurate row; a well-defined row; a devil of a row. For the Fair Imperia that was, the lovely Lola that is, having learned (probably from her particular friend Mr. Meyer, *alias* His Majesty King Louis) that her ancient enemies, the people of Munich, were all off on a batter in the Salvator Kneiss, resolved to beard the lions in their den, and take a drink herself; and had actually descended from her carriage, whip in hand, for the purpose —

— When being recognized by some of the natives, they at once arose and greeted her with a *pereat*. With hoots, yells and screams, the multitude drove her back to the vehicle, pelted it, smashed the glasses, and cursed like Russians. Hearing a muttered '*Sacrament!*' beside me, I turned and beheld my particular friend H., *studiosus juris*, holding a mighty paving-stone, with which he was about to annihilate Lola, kill the coachman, and very probably injure the horses and carriage, which I incontinently twitched out of his hands. And so I paid for my supper.

FRANÇOYS VILLON, the madcap poet who flourished during the reigns of Charles the VII. and Louis the XI., was an intimate friend of mine. Once or twice in every century I always make a point of reading through his '*Testaments*.' And I would advise you, friend-reader, to do the same; if not several times, at different ages, at least once during the century in which you live. For never was there yet so good a poet, so little read:

'VILLON sut le premier, dans ces siècles grossiers,  
Debrouiller l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers.'

So said Boileau, with reason.

VILLON, I am sorry to say, was 'a hard boy.' Reckless, wild, and eccentric, his whole life was one continued scrape. A genuine student of Paris, his money and time went, as he expressed it:

'Tout aux tavernes, et aux filles.'

No class of men have changed so little during the course of centuries

as these same students. It is written in the folio of Johannes de Mercuria :

1st. 'PECCATUM MAGIS BONUM EST QUAM MALUM.' 'Sin is rather a good than an evil thing.'

2dly. 'CONSENTIENS TEMPTATIONE, CUI RESISTERE NON POTEST, NON PECCAT.' 'The man who yields to temptation when no longer able to resist, does not sin.'

For these *dicta* John was very properly condemned in 1347 by the University of Paris. Pity, isn't it, reader, that after so many centuries we should still find the students of that very University exemplifying by their lives the fullest faith in such improper, unexemplary, heretical and obsolete doctrines ! But so the world goes !

There is a little poem of Villon's, which always pleased me. The poor devil wrote it when laid neck and heels in prison, and introduced it, at my suggestion, into his '*Grand Testament*.' Here it is :

*Des Baines du Temps Passé.*

(1461.)

'SAY, is there left on earth a trace  
Of FLORA, once the fairest fair ?  
Or ARCHIFIADA, or THAIS,  
That bright, unrivalled, queenly pair ?  
Echo will sing the question back,  
O'er silent lake and streamlet lone.  
Where doth all earthly beauty flee ?  
Where have the snows of winter gone ?

'Where is the learned HELOISE,  
For whom the amorous scholar sighed ?  
Ah, happy had they never met !  
Love ill becomes scholastic pride.  
Or where the proud and stately Queen,  
By whose command DE BURIDAN  
Was thrown at midnight in the Seine ?  
— Where have the snows of winter gone ?

'Where is that Queen, our fleur de lys,  
Whose gentle voice could banish pain ?  
Fair BERTHA, BEATRICK, ALYS,  
And HARENBURG, who held La Mayne ?  
And good JOANNA of Lorraine,  
Burnt by the English at Rouen ?  
Where are they all — Saint MARY — speak ?  
— Where have the snows of winter gone ?'

'Gentles, these questions all are vain ;  
Ask not of things for ever flown :  
With this refrain, I answer plain,  
Where have the snows of winter gone ?'

BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS was also a particular friend of mine. If I had time I would translate his '*Cymbalum Mundi*,' which is a witty book, as you well know, although sadly abused by the learned. For Stephanus calls it '*detestable* ;' La Croix du Mayne and Bayle, '*impious* ;' and Estienne Pasquier, 'a book deserving to be burnt with its author.' The thick-headed Philistine, *Theophilus Spizelius*, assures his readers that it is very *infamous*, extremely *wicked* and *execrable* ; while a certain manuscript commentator (or small potato) appended to it, as critique, '*Dixit insipiens in corde suo, 'Non est Deus.*'' Of all these gentlemen, with the exception of one, none had ever read a line of it ; and he (the exception) declares it to be quite as vile a book as the work '*De Tribus*

*Impastoribus*, with which he had no doubt carefully compared it. And this of the very man who aided Calvin and Olivetan to translate the Bible into French!! Horrible, most horrible!! But Bonaventure was a spiritual brother of Rabelais, ergo, if his sins, *et cetera*. You know the catch:

'SKE Jig my jole — the pudding bowl,  
The table and the frame:  
My master he did cudgel me,  
For kissing of my dame.'

I shall always cherish with lively emotions of gratitude the recollection of my poor friend Bonaventure. For it was through him that I first became acquainted with that sweetest, gentlest, noblest, and fairest of ladies, *Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre*; who introduced me to Clement Marot; who introduced me to Etienne Dolet; who introduced me to Pelletier; who introduced me to Denisot; who introduced me to Boiastuau, whom I knew already. Ah! life was a golden dream for me then! On the stream of time swam roses and lilies. Beautiful melodies rang forth from the lute of love, and the treble of glad hopes in a happy future bore the accompaniment of pleasant memories of a delightful past. O my soul!

BRINGE us in good ale, brynge us in goode ale!  
For our blisse'd Lady's sake, bring us in goode ale!  
For yf that I  
Maye have trewly  
Goode ale a firkin full;  
I shal looke like one,  
By swete Saint Joun,  
Well shorn against ye wolle!  
Tho I goe bare,  
Take ye no care;  
I nothyng am a colde;  
I am so wrapped  
And thoroughly lapped,  
In joly goode ale and olde.  
CEREVISIA BIRUNT HOMINES;  
ANIMALIA CETERA FONTES!

E PLURIBUS UNUM: the eagle suffers little birds to sing. It has been deeply regretted by the French *lifres-lofres*, or literary loafers of the present day, that so little is known of the private life and adventures of *Des Perriers*. Now if they will make it worth the while, I will undertake to supply the deficiency. I will tell you how he first obtained a copy of Aristophanes, availing himself of the occasion to kiss the book-seller's daughter; how he quarrelled with Cardanus about the souls of the stars, and visited Cornelius Agrippa for the purpose of interpolating an anecdote into a little work on which the latter was then engaged; said work being entitled 'Of the *Bodaults* and *Guillemettes* of Paris;' which visit gave occasion to a certain chapter in Rabelais:

'PANURGE consults Her Tripps,  
Bellevest THOU, O King AGRIFFA!'

'*Dicam quod mirandum verum*,' as Drunken Barnaby hath it. All of these fine things, not less wonderful than true, will I do out of philanthropy and a love for letters; ID EST — for a consideration. For what, in

this money-getting generation, would the public think of me, if I were to do it for nothing?

'My readers they would me despise,  
Turn me over and damn my eyes.'

Literary Public, shouldst thou relish this preamble, *en avant*, there's more sour-kraut for thee, and *buon pro vi faccia*. But for this present reading, let the following choice old Flemish ballad suffice:

## VAN T SCHRYVERTJE.

I.  
'Ick hoorde een waterje ruiselen,  
My docht het was de Ryn;  
Ick heb er te nacht gheslapyen,  
By een bruin maechdelyn.'

II.  
'Hebt ghy te nacht gheslapyen  
By een bruin maechdelyn?  
Dats morghen sult ghy hanghen  
Al aen een galle ghelyn.'

III.  
'Waerom so son de ick hanghen?  
Ick ben voorwaer geen dief;  
Het hertje van myn jonc leven  
Haest schone joncvroujes lief.'

IV.  
Ende dat verhoorde een vroufje  
So rijken lantsheer syn wyf:  
Sy liet haer paer deken saddelen,  
't'Was om den achryver syn lyf.

V.  
Doe dat paert ghesadelt was,  
De spore was aengedaen,  
Doe moest dat loes schryvertje  
Ter galge opwaert gaen.

VI.  
Maer doen hy op de leder clam,  
Al op de derde trap,  
Hy keec so dickmaels omme  
Offer niemant voor hem bat.

VII.  
'Myn heren,' sei sy, 'myn heren,  
Wilt doch een wort verstaen,  
Of daer een goelick vroufje  
Quam voor uw beddeken staen?'

VIII.  
Dat daer een goelick vroufje  
Quam voor myn betje staen?  
Ick souwe so heimelick kussen,  
In myn blanc arm ontfæen.'

IX.  
'Sout ghise so heimelick cussen,  
In uw blanc arm ontfæen?  
So heeft dat loes schryvertje—  
Ooc anders niet midsaen.'

X.  
'Com af, com af, loes schryvertje,  
Behouden is uw lyf;  
Dat heft gedaen een vroufje,  
So rijken lantsheer syn wyf.'

XI.  
'Heeft dat gedaen een vroufje,  
So rijken lantsheer syn wyf?  
Behouden moet si haer eerje  
Ende ick myn jonche lyf.'

## OF THE SCHOLAR.

I.  
'I HEARD the water rippling by,  
I thought it was the Rhine;  
I sat last night till morning shone,  
By that true love of mine.'

II.  
'And didst thou sit till morning shone,  
A lovely lady by?  
Then shalt thou hang to-morrow noon  
Upon a gallows high.'

III.  
'Oh, why should I on gallows high  
Hang like a thief in air?  
No other sin is on my soul  
Save love for ladies fair.'

IV.  
That heard a dame of high degree,  
The wealthy Landgrave's wife:  
She bade them saddle her palfrey good,  
And all for the scholar his life.

V.  
And when they had saddled that palfrey  
Her spurs well bound below, [good,  
So must the gallant scholar in haste  
To the gallows upward go.

VI.  
And as he up the ladder went,  
And stood beneath the limb,  
So oft he looked around to see  
If no one prayed for him.

VII.  
'My lords,' said she, 'my noble lords,  
Oh, will ye list to me?  
What would you do if a fair lady  
Should choose you her love to be?'

VIII.  
'What would I do if a fair lady  
Should yield to me her charms?  
I would kiss her, I wena, thousand times,  
And fold her in my arms.'

IX.  
'And would you kiss her a thousand times  
When you her love had won?  
That scholar on the gallows tree  
The self-same thing hath done.'

X.  
'Come down, come down, thou reckless  
A lady hath saved thy life; [blade,  
A fair lady of high degree,  
The wealthy Landgrave's wife.'

XI.  
'Hath that a lady done for me,  
The wealthy Landgrave's wife?  
May she for aye her honor keep,  
And I in peace my life.'

THERE is a much more beautiful German version of this old ballad, entitled, 'DER FRUCHTLOSE ZIMMERGESSEL,' frequently sung by students. (Vide 'DIE KNABEN WUNDERHOER,' edition of 1816, vol. 2, p. 237; also L. ERK. DEUT. VOLKSL. I. 5, 4, and HOFF v. FALLERSTABEN. HORN BELGIC, II. 154.)



## THUNDER - STORM ON THE TAPPAAN ZEE.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

## I.

Down from the dark clouds came the tempest swooping,  
Rending with thunder-bolts its onward way ;  
Far round the headland came the white waves, trooping  
Like-frightened wild birds, fast along the bay.

## II.

Landward the hurrying skiffs were quickly rowing,  
Each laden bark up-furled her flowing sail ;  
The husbandman the ripened meadow mowing,  
Hastened to shelter from the threatening gale.

## III.

Under the tall trees stood the watchful cattle,  
Low in the strong wind bowed the full-eared grain ;  
Then, like an army rushing on to battle,  
Down o'er the parched earth poured the loud-paced rain.

## IV.

It passed ; and at his door the gladdened mortal  
Turned to the brightening heavens his thankful brow,  
When, lo ! on yonder shore, as 't were the portal  
To glory, rose the wondrous, seven-fold bow !

## V.

The promise-bow throughout the ages cherished,  
The spirit-bridge, whereon, the ancient Norse  
Believed, the hero who in battle perished  
Rode to Valhalla on his phantom-horse.

## VI.

The wampum-belt wherewith, the Indian sayeth,  
WahoonDAH bindeth strongly back the rain ;  
The sign of power our God to us betrayeth,  
To cheer our future when our hope seems vain.

## VII.

Oh ! what a temple then rose all around us !  
Faded the portal from our raptured eyes,  
While through the glowing radiance that enwound us,  
Floated Earth's incense up to Paradise !

## VIII.

And on the West's high altar sunset's pyre,  
That piled with gorgeous flame in grandeur lay,  
Burned heavenward, like a sacrificial fire,  
A pure thank-offering for the blessed day.

## IX.

Thanks for the wayside joys that rise to greet us,  
Thanks for the rain that cools the spirit's core ;  
Thanks for the truthful hearts that glow to meet us,  
And fill our lives with memories evermore.

## Q U E B E C .

EARLY one morning, in the month of August of the present year of grace, I left the cabin of the steam-boat on which the night before I had embarked at Montreal for Quebec, for a walk upon the upper deck. The gray dawn had yielded to the full light which precedes sunrise, and the rosy fingers of Aurora, rather large and long and red for a maiden's, reached from the horizon to the zenith. Far down the river, crowded close upon the water's edge, and rising over a steep hill of rock, which receded gradually from the river, stood the ancient city of Quebec. High over the roofs of the city, on the summit of the hill, stood the 'Citadel,' from which floated against a cloudless sky a banner gilded by the rising sun, and displaying on its folds the cross of St. George.

In a short time our boat had reached the town; had traced her way to the dock through the shipping lying at anchor in the river; and in a still shorter time I was on shore, and was tumbled, bag and baggage, into a two-wheeled man-trap called a 'calèche;' and with the assistance of a little shaggy horse, which the French driver, by whistling and whipping, was trying to aggravate into a trot, was making my way up the steep and crooked street which leads from the lower to the upper town.

After a John Bull breakfast of beef and beer, I walked out to see the place. *Heu mihi qualis erat!* How different from that Quebec of which my youthful mind had, years before, formed so many pictures, as I read its history!

Quebec is, and, ever since the removal of the seat of government to Montreal, has been, on the decline. The many tenantless old houses, with cracked walls and sunken roofs; the broken steps; the doors and shutters hanging by a single hinge; the quiet and solitude which reign over many of the streets; the old-fashioned, crazy vehicles which go bounding over the rough pavements; and the hordes of squalid and shirtless mendicants which meet you at every corner; all show that Quebec is fast tumbling to decay. Every thing indicates the want of that vigor and enterprise which give to the cities of the United States their prosperity and growth. The town and its inhabitants appear to have taken a more than Rip Van Winkle sleep, and to have waked up, if they can be said to be awake at all, a hundred years behind the age.

The best houses are built of stone, in a rough, old-fashioned, but substantial style, and are covered with steep tin roofs, and surmounted with huge stacks of chimneys. The streets are dirty and crooked, and many of them so narrow as barely to allow two wagons to pass each other. The streets connecting the lower with the upper town are so steep, that one wonders how the houses keep their places.

The French language is spoken by nearly one half of the citizens, the descendants of the ancient founders and masters of the city. All public notices are given in both French and English. For instance, on the front of a tall bridge I read this prohibition: 'PUBLIC NOTICE.—No trotting allowed on this bridge.' And immediately underneath this king's English the following French translation: 'AVIS PUBLIQUE.—Il est expressément défendu trotter sur ce pont.' The exclusive use of their respective languages by the two races is probably one chief reason why they have not 'like kin-

dred been mingled into one.' The lapse of time has failed to reconcile the conquered French to the conquering English; and the same ill feeling exists between them that for several centuries after the battle of Hastings prevailed between the Normans and the Saxons.

The Citadel makes Quebec the key of the Canadas. The city, as already said, is built upon the side of a steep hill of rock. On the summit of this hill stands the Citadel, a fortress of stone, enclosing about twenty acres. Within the walls of the Citadel are barracks and magazines and store-houses, all built of stone, in the most substantial manner. The store-houses are always supplied with seven years' provision for a large army. Within the walls, also, are numerous wells, sunk several hundred feet through the solid rock, and affording at all times a plentiful supply of pure water. The only entrance to the Citadel is from the upper town, which is surrounded by a heavy stone wall, which abuts against the walls of the Citadel. The street leading from the upper town to the Citadel terminates in a narrow, zig-zag passage, enclosed on each side by a stone wall twenty feet high. At every angle in the passage, peeping out of port-holes in the wall, is placed a row of thirty-two-pounders, so as to command every foot of the passage. On the walls of the Citadel, which are twenty feet high and ten feet thick, high above the roofs of the upper town, are disposed, at regular intervals, huge cannon, which are so mounted that they can be pointed in any direction and aimed with the precision of a rifle. These guns command every part of the river below, and could sink in ten minutes any hostile ship attempting to pass.

The prospect from the walls of the Citadel is extensive and enchanting. Three hundred feet below you the St. Lawrence, more than a mile in width, its steep shores covered with verdure and its bosom crowded with sails, sweeps majestically by. Far down the river, on the very verge of the horizon, is dimly seen the beautiful Island of Orleans, where Wolf's forces encamped previous to their attack upon the city. Immediately below you lies the city, its tin-covered roofs and steeples flashing in the sun. East of the city the river St. Charles flows down from the north, through a broad and fertile valley golden with autumn grain, and pours its impetuous flood into the quiet bosom of the St. Lawrence. Far to the east and north blue mountains bound the prospect.

Behind the city, and nearly on a level with the walls of the Citadel, lie the plains of Abraham, a large, open, slightly-undulating common, the scene of the battle between the British forces under Wolf, and the French under Montcalm. This spot, now so quiet and lonely, presented a stirring spectacle on the morning of the twelfth of September, 1760. On the western verge of the plain stood, drawn up in 'battle's magnificently stern array,' six thousand English soldiers, calmly awaiting the onset of the eager French, who were rapidly advancing from the city. With characteristic impetuosity, the French rushed upon the unmoving lines of the enemy. The smoke of battle closed over the scene. For two hours the ball and the bayonet did their deadly work. For two hours the fate of the day hung in the even balance. At length the French columns waver; they break; and the English, with a shout, rush upon the retreating foe, and drive them in confusion from the field. But the gallant Wolf bought victory with his life. His often-expressed wish, that he might one day press some well-fought and hard-won field, and die with the shout of vic-

tory in his car, was fulfilled to the letter. A small monument marks the spot where the hero fell, bearing the simple inscription, 'Here died Wolfe victorious.'

Between the foot of Diamond Rock (such is the name of the height on which the Citadel stands) and the St. Lawrence, is a narrow passage; a spot made sacred by the death of General Montgomery. On the night of the thirty-first of December, 1775, Montgomery, at the head of a body of American troops, was noiselessly moving along this passway, with the design of attacking by surprise the lower town. But his movements had been watched; the alarm was given, and a battery of cannon placed to intercept his progress. On came that intrepid band, their devoted leader at their head. An angle in the road brought them in range of the enemy's guns, and a single discharge swept down the head of the column, and stretched its gallant leader lifeless in the dust.

Newark, (O.)

---

N O V E M B E R .

THICKLY in the breeze, from the hardy city trees,  
Withered leaves are rustling down;  
Pale November's sun shineth melancholy, wan,  
On the pavements of the town.

Crowding to and fro, thick the busy dwellers go,  
Full of plottings, full of care;  
Scheming for the morrow, sowing seed for sorrow:  
Fools — ye are leaves in the air!

Slowly midst them all, walks a woman thin and tall,  
With a grieving, vacant air:  
No one to her speaks; as the falling leaves her cheeks,  
Sorrow hath made gray her hair.

Years ago, 't is said, her lips and cheeks were red,  
'Golden in the sun her hair;'  
Friends she told by scores, and before her father's doors  
Nightly, music charmed the air.

Now her friends are dead, lovers years ago have fled;  
Her wealth is a tale that's told:  
'Stead of wreath and veil, she longs for the shroud so pale,  
And the grave-cap's snowy fold.

In her spring-time gay, in her golden summer day,  
Not a queen was Lucy's peer:  
Now her summer's gone, and her days are so forlorn,  
In her life's November drear.

Though I in my prime claim a lengthy lease of Time,  
I can't but think as I gaze,  
That soon some wintry blast my leaves to the air may cast  
In my own November days.

As the leaves that go o'er the pavement to and fro  
Rustle sermons in my ear,  
I am fain to smile, watching mid their pomp the while  
These leaves of a three-score year.

Pittsburgh, November, 1851.

OSBORNE H. TRUMBTON.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

---

HISTORY OF ALABAMA, AND INCIDENTALLY OF GEORGIA AND MISSISSIPPI, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD. By ALBERT JAMES PICKETT, of Montgomery. In two volumes. Second Edition. Charleston: WALKER AND JAMES. 1851.

A CENTURY hence we shall appreciate the labors of the historian who attempts to collect authentic accounts of the first settlement of the States which form our Union. New-England has been fortunate in the number of works written to preserve the earliest transactions of the colonists. Indeed, all of the more northern States, including Virginia and the Carolinas, have numerous and well-written histories, running back to an early period. Of the south-west, however, we have had comparatively but meagre narrations, often unreliable from the manifest disregard of probability in conjecture, and of historic exactness in detail. And yet what portion of our country is so romantic as this! What history more stirring than that of the renowned De Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi, who, penetrating one region after another in search of gold, 'found nothing so remarkable as a burial-place!' The plan of our 'Literary Notices' does not afford scope for a *review* of a work like this. We can do little beyond calling the attention of the reader to it: and we say to him that he will find something else than dry historic detail, without comment or classification. On the contrary, the work of Mr. PICKETT is written with a freshness of style absolutely enchanting: we are persuaded he had his heart in the work, and it is executed throughout *con amore*. The history commences with the expedition of De Soto in 1539: it gives a most interesting account of the aborigines at that period, and then proceeds to the consideration of the modern Indians of Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi; which embrace the Creeks, Mobilians, Chatota, Thomex and Tensaws, the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and the Cherokees. We have at the same time an admirable description of the ancient mounds and fortifications. Thence the history is continued during the occupancy of the French and the Spaniards, and so down to the first State Legislature in 1819. Here the author takes leave of his labors, remarking, as we think, finely: 'Here we lay down our pen. The early history of Alabama, as far as it rests in *our* hands, is ended, and our task is accomplished. To some other person, fonder than we are of the dry details of state legislation and fierce party spirit, we leave the task of bringing the history down to a later period.' We regret that we cannot make room for extracts, especially from the narrative of the arrest of AARON BURN in Alabama, in 1807, which possesses unusual interest. But we refer the reader to the volumes themselves, which are got up with numerous and well-executed plates, printed on the finest paper, and are altogether worthy of the best style of PUTNAM.

•

**FALL OF POLAND:** containing an Analytical and Philosophical Account of the Causes which Contributed in the Ruin of that Nation: together with a History of the Country from its Origin. By S. C. SEXTON. In two volumes: pp. 1162. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THESE capacious volumes, from abundant materials which have been for several years accumulating upon the author's hands, are very full and perspicuous upon the numerous and various themes whereof they treat. They not only contain the history of Poland from its origin, but also a general view of all the learning necessary for the scholar, statesman, or traveller, in relation to that unfortunate country, both as a work of reference and of general information. The work is arranged under those analytical and philosophical divisions known in history as the general characteristics of nations, around which are grouped the principal facts and philosophy applied to each national feature. The author has wisely, we think, deemed it better adapted to the general history of Poland, to discuss continuously the several subjects involving the causes of her fall, rather than to interrupt the unity by periodical divisions. After a general historical sketch of Poland, therefore, containing the outlines of the chronology and geography of the country, the principal characteristics of the nation are distributed into the subsequent chapters under the most prominent national features of every fallen nation. The style in which the work is written is unambitious and clear, and befitting the dignity of an historical narration. The volumes are well printed, moreover, and illustrated by portraits of some of the great men of Poland.

**THE CAPTAINS OF THE OLD WORLD:** as compared with the great Modern Strategists. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. In one volume: pp. 364. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

WHAT with 'NAPOLEON and his Marshals,' 'WASHINGTON and his Generals,' and this present volume, 'The Captains of the Old World,' our friend the publisher of each has laid the foundation of a war-library, which will not be without its influence upon the public mind. The series, when completed, might be condensed into a '*Hand-Book of Fighting*,' an enterprise which we venture to suggest to that class of shameless literary thieves who contrive to coin money out of other people's brains, or from other people's labors. But this apart. Mr. HERBERT, in the handsome volume before us, has produced authentic details concerning the great generals of antiquity, with the particulars of their campaigns and conduct, more elaborate and complete than the pages of general history have spared from other matters of less engrossing interest: he has elucidated their feats and exploits by comparison with the rules and principles of modern warfare; illustrated them by keeping up a parallel of modern geography, so that they may be verified by the aid of any common map: he has given them life and reality by accurate accounts of scenery, dress, manners and habits; and ascertained their real merits and comparative degrees of skill and excellence, by comparison with the greatest strategists and tacticians of the latter ages. Mr. HERBERT has accomplished the task he assumed with his usual success. He is an accomplished Greek scholar, and has described the classic wars of the age of which he writes very much as old FROISSART depicts the battles of his characters; somewhat as if he were fighting them himself; becoming fatigued and quite 'tuckered out' at the end of one of his struggles, like the immortal KNICKERBOCKER, after one of his accounts of the tremendous contests under the Dutch Dynasty of old Manahadda. Some half-dozen wood-cuts illustrate, if they do not 'embellish,' this well-printed volume.

AMERICAN POETRY: 'The Pilgrim Spirit,' by ALFRED B. STREET: 'A Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs,' by BAYARD TAYLOR: 'Poems by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.'

THE necessity of saying 'many things in a few words' which is laid upon us by our friends the publishers, at this their busiest season of the year, compels us to condense into one the notices of the three publications above named. The first is a poem delivered by Mr. STREET before the Connecticut Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College; and although a 'mere college performance,' is certainly one which does credit to his reputation. Indeed it is marked by some of the best characteristics of his popular muse. No reader of the KNICKERBOCKER needs to be informed, that in minute description of external nature Mr. STREET has scarcely a superior, if he has an equal, among the younger native poets of our day. Moreover, in artistic execution, in the melody and rhythm of his verse, he is even growing upon the admiration of the public. We must content ourselves for the present with simply commending it to public attention. It is from the press of Mr. B. L. HAMLEN, New-Haven, printer to Yale College. The next two volumes upon our list are from the prolific press of Messrs. TICKNOR, REED and FIELDS, Boston. BAYARD TAYLOR's contains, in addition to the poetical romances and lyrics which have made him so favorably known to his countrymen, several new effusions which will add not a little to his reputation. We have seen nothing finer from his pen than two or three of the autumnal pieces in this book. Of these and other of his later effusions, it is our purpose to speak as soon as our available space shall permit. Mr. STODDARD is one of our youngest poets, but he is undeniably one of the most promising of all the later poets of America. His is a true poetical *genius*. He creates his pictures through an 'imagination all compact,' and all his own. His sense of rhythmical melody is acute, and his execution facile and tasteful. Read 'The Castle in the Air,' 'Spring,' and 'The Broken Goblet,' and admit the justice of this cordial praise. Nor is there less of real merit, although of another description, in the lines to 'Harley River,' 'The Blacksmith Shop,' 'The Old Elm,' etc., which, with 'The Fair Boy LEONATUS,' and other poems in the collection, first appeared in these pages.

---

SWALLOW-BARN, OR A SOJOURN IN THE 'OLD DOMINION.' By J. P. KENNEDY. Revised Edition. With twenty illustrations by STROTHER. In one volume: pp. 506. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

OUR popular bibliopole, PUTNAM, has evinced his accustomed good judgment in the reproduction of this American classic; for classic it is, in the best sense of the term. We remember the impression made upon us in a perusal of the work for the first time, now some eighteen years ago. Its quiet yet forcible pictures are of that class which live in the memory, because they are true sketches of homely, every-day life. It really does one's heart good to follow the author in his limnings of country-life in the 'Old Dominion' some twenty-five or thirty years ago; the portraits of the characters who made up her quiet and happy neighborhoods; 'the mellow, bland, and sunny luxuriance of her old-time society;' 'the good fellowship of 'Old Virginia;'' its hearty and constitutional *companionableness*, the thriftless gayety of the people, their dogged but amiable invincibility of opinion, and that overflowing hospitality which 'knew no retiring ebb.' Our author admits that these characteristics, although far from being impaired, are nevertheless greatly modified at the present day; and he laments, as has been so frequently lamented in these pages, that the older States

are losing their original distinctive habits and modes of life, and hence, necessarily, in some degree also their exclusive American character. 'The vanity of the present day,' the writer fears, 'is leading us into a very notable assimilation with foreign usages.' The country apes the city, and the city imports its fashions, alike in dress and manners; and thus 'the whole surface of society is beginning to exhibit the traces of a process by which it is likely in time to be rubbed down to one level, and varnished with the same gloss.' Let us hope that these fears, however apparently well founded, may be proved to have been exaggerated, by the good sense of our people; and in the mean time we would cordially commend to our readers these pictures of a state of society when and where there was no cause for such apprehensions. 'Swallow-Barn' is well executed, upon good paper, and the illustrations are capital.

---

'PUTNAM'S HOME-CYCLOPÆDIA:' 'Hand-Book of Literature and the Fine Arts:' 'Hand-Book of the Useful Arts:' and 'Hand-Book of Universal Biography.' New-York: Geo. P. PUTNAM.

THE entire 'Cyclopædia' indicated in the initial title given above, is to be embraced in six portly volumes, in fair print, of convenient size. Of the three now before us, we propose briefly, but we hope comprehensively, to speak. The first upon our present list, a condensed volume of six hundred and forty pages, has been compiled and arranged, evidently with great care and faithfulness, by GEORGE RIPLEY and BAYARD TAYLOR. It is a work which does credit to the skill and industry of both these gentlemen. It comprises complete and accurate definitions of all terms employed in belles-lettres, philosophy, theology, law, mythology, painting, music, sculpture, architecture, and all kindred arts. In literature, the work embraces 'all terms of logic or rhetoric, criticism, style, and language; sketches of works which stand as types of their age or tongue; reviews of all systems of philosophy and theology, both of ancient and modern times; and a complete series of the history of literature among all nations, made up wholly from original sources;' while in art, the departments of painting, sculpture and architecture have been treated as fully and carefully as was possible; including definitions of the phrases of 'art-criticism,' which cannot fail to be of use, at least to the many 'critics' who use the terms in question, without the faintest idea of what they really express. In each department good wood-cuts have been liberally introduced. The work upon the 'Useful Arts' is by T. ANTISELL, M.D. It includes agriculture, architecture, domestic economy, engineering, machinery, manufactures, mining, photogenic and telegraphic art: 'being an exposition of their principles and practice, and a compend of American and European invention.' The intention of the author, which seems to have been well carried out, was to convey, as far as his limits would permit, the greatest possible amount of information concerning the subjects treated of. The 'Hand-Book of Universal Biography' is from the competent pen of PARKER GODWIN, Esq. Taking 'MAUNDEN'S Biographical Treasury,' published in London, as his text-book or basis, the author has preserved the compactness, while he has improved upon the fidelity and comprehensiveness of his original, by re-writing and enlarging or condensing most of the articles; adding a vast number of American names of eminence who have died since former works of the kind were prepared, and in all cases consulting only reliable authorities. Such are the three works whose titles are placed at the head of this notice. It needs but a glance to see how important a desideratum they supply to the student of science, philosophy, and literature.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

'ALBAN.'—We give the following communication from a favorite correspondent, not without some misgivings, on the ground that it may assist in calling farther attention to a work which should be permitted at once to die and be forgotten. At the same time, those who have wives and daughters may be warned by the indignant sarcasm of our contributor against the evil influences which he contemns:

'I HAVE just been reading one of those books to myself which no one can read aloud, and which no one would care to name in conversation with a lady. I do not exactly like to write about it—even to you. I say even to you, because every body seems to regard an EDITOR as a calm intelligence, who sits with open bosom, ready to receive and keep inviolable the secrets of all souls. The truth is, if it must be told, I have been reading *'Alban.'* You will blame me for it, no doubt, and will insinuate that I should have been satisfied with the perusal of *'Lady ALICE,'* and ought not to have ventured upon any more books written by clergymen. I know that *'Lady ALICE'* is a work of a peculiar character, and has features like those which distinguish most of the ancient classics; except, of course, the expurgated editions. Like them, too, after doing its mission of morality in the world, it will perhaps hereafter be revised for the use of families. There are descriptions in it, such as the one familiarly known among its readers as *'the bathing scene,'* which confuse one a little. When the heroine stood dripping on the shore, clad only *'in the flowing robes of modesty,'* and the hero, who seems to have laid even these robes aside, offered to assist at her simple toilette, I felt uncomfortable. I tried hard to remember that the author was hiding—hiding perhaps too successfully—some *'great moral truth'* beneath the naked truth of the picture. Whatever might be the lesson thus taught on the lonely shores of the Mediterranean, it was lost upon my superficial spirit, which felt nothing but an unholy impatience of the scene, such as might fill the benighted soul of one of our star-police. I thought, however, that the good purpose so imperfectly developed in *'Lady ALICE'* might be carried out in *'Alban,'* more especially since the author was no longer a clergyman. He seems, in fact, sensible, in the preface to *'Alban,'* that *'Lady ALICE'* had faults; but he says, in excuse for its heroine, that *'from the innocent composure with which she receives a stranger's kiss on the shore of Vietri, to her conscious blush in the last hour of maidenhood, she shows a courage and frankness which are not perhaps inconsistent with her piety and chastity, but which render her extremely piquante!'* I confess that she is really very *'piquante';* and becomes still more so, if we give her the benefit of a doubt implied in the word *'perhaps.'* But with all her piquancy, she is cast completely in the shade by a new heroine who appears in *'Alban.'* Her name is MARY DE GROOT, and she was living, at the close of the book, in a large brown-stone house in the Fifth Avenue. This young lady, while travelling in a steam-boat on the Sound, holds a conversation with ALBAN, the hero—a conversation so curious, that you are at liberty, before crediting my account of it, to turn to page 198, and try to believe your own senses. She has had an adventure, it seems, at boarding-school, with a wicked girl, of passions as unscrupulous and misdirected as those of the ancient SAPHO, and she escapes so uncontaminated from the assault on her virtue, that she is able to describe it minutely to a young gentleman with whom she is slightly acquainted. The delicacy of EUGENE SMY and PAUL DE KOCK has prevented them, in spite of their taste for the *'piquant,'* from so much as alluding to the vice about which Miss DE GROOT is so commu-

cative, although you may find something on the subject, I imagine, in those publications which the news-boys hide under their jackets, and offer stealthily to newly-arrived countrymen. I must admit, however, the difficulty of imagining a situation more 'piquant' than that of these two young creatures sustaining each other in the paths of virtue by relating their experiences of impurity. The father of the young lady overhears the conversation, and wisely concludes, from its tone, that 'ALBAN' is a 'safe friend' for his youthful daughter. I agreed at the time with Mr. DE GROOT; but was not quite so sure that his daughter was a safe friend for the youthful ALBAN, since, beside her singular choice of topics in the dialogue which I have just mentioned, she is guilty, at page 225, of a still more singular *double-entendre*. The innocent ALBAN says that he may perhaps turn Jew and join the synagogue; and she retorts, half in pique and half jocosely, that he must not expect her to be present at the ceremony of his reception. It should be remembered that Mr. DE GROOT's own notions of propriety are of a kind which do not, I hope, generally prevail in the Fifth Avenue; for at page 262 he talks to a friend about his wife's purity, among a mixed company of gentlemen, and says with frank piquancy, 'When we were first married, I could with difficulty make her undefiled fancy comprehend my rights!' The ideas which this confession from Mr. DE GROOT must suggest are recalled by a story told by Mr. CLINTON, at page 284, about a young Irish girl of twenty, who married a Protestant, 'in the country, away from her mother.' 'You would not suspect her,' he says, 'of not knowing what her new duties were; yet so it was; and distrusting her bridegroom's representations, after a painful struggle with herself, her love of purity and resolution to maintain it being stronger than virgin shame, she flies to her priest—an aged man—and tells him all!' 'Beautiful!' exclaims ALBAN; 'I should like to have been corrupted the same way myself.'

'ALBAN' himself, after passing unscathed through so much, in the society of Miss DE GROOT, falls at last into temptation, at page 486, and is sadly disturbed by the presence of a servant-girl, who tells him nothing about her adventures at boarding-school, but merely comes in to dust his room. He is saved in the end; not however by any feeling of refinement, such as would have influenced many young gentlemen in his situation, but by a bat which darts in at the open window just in time to supply the place of ALBAN's careless guardian angel. He is obviously no longer a 'safe friend' for Miss DE GROOT, and should be excluded from the kitchen as well as the parlor of the brown-stone house in the Fifth Avenue. The book closes abruptly soon afterward, and cuts off all the characters from any chance of reformation; and the moral, too, still lies beneath the surface, a little deeper than before. You must not suppose, from the elegant extracts with which I have furnished you, that 'Alban' is a purely indecent publication. It contains innumerable discussions on theology; little equibs are fired here and there at various sects; and it winds up with a Catharine's wheel of axes, fonts, bells, robes, confessionals, Rochester-knockings, baptisms and exorcisms, in the midst of which the bewildered reader is suddenly lost in total darkness, by the unexpected appearance of 'THE END.' Piquancy is not by any means the only prominent feature of the book; for among other things, the same Miss DE GROOT, whose character develops charmingly, is represented, during the progress of her conversion to Catholicism, as engaging in a systematic course of deception toward her father; a reasonable, indulgent old gentleman, who deserved better at her hands. ALBAN, too, goes to a Presbyterian meeting; leads in prayer; becomes a Roman Catholic the next morning, and laughs heartily with Miss DE GROOT over his dramatic performances of the evening before. The conduct of both seems to have been regulated, in these respects, by a sense of religious duty; and of course if they told fibs and became hypocrites on principle, and as a matter of conscience, I have nothing to say, nor great theologian; except that it strikes one unpleasantly at first. I do not doubt that 'Alban' will sell, for many people will travel through the vast deserts of doctrine to reach the 'piquant' descriptions judiciously disposed, like oases, here and there; while the rest will forgive what is 'piquant' for the sake of the surrounding piety.

'Nothing,' says the author, in his preface, 'has done more to confuse the distinction between virtue and vice than modern English sentimental fiction, particularly that which claims to be moral, if not religious; and one object which I had in view in my former, and have pursued in my present work, has been to make the lines sharp and distinct.' I suppose it must be a failure to attain this one object that has done all the mischief; and should he continue his literary career, pursuing the same object with the same success, the lines of distinction between vice and virtue, in the minds of the religious novel-reading public, will probably disappear altogether. I have heard domestic revelations like those of Mr. DE GROOT from some maudlin wretch at a supper-party; but the company used always to check them as unfit for the ears of even a convivial meeting. Such anecdotes may become more fashionable; yet I do not think that the public will be convinced, at least until the promised sequel to 'Alban' is published, that young ladies and gentlemen cannot properly enjoy each other's society without perpetually referring, in thought, word and action, to the lines of distinction between the sexes.

M. W. B.

THUS far our correspondent: and we have only to add, that the inculcations, the hints, the innuendoes, of what they call in England a 'nasty mind,' in which 'Alban' abounds, are so palliated by descriptive passages, graphic, forcible, and picturesque, that the insidious influence of the work is all the more dangerous. Take the reproduction of this great thought of WEBSTER, for an example: 'Not an instant of time passes that a mass is not offered, and the Host is not adored. Talk of an empire on which the sun never sets: of the British *revêillé* drum ever beating as our planet revolves on its axis, and day chases night round the globe; what is that to the unending oblation of the Catholic Church! What moment is not a priest's voice uttering *Te, igitur, clementissime Pater!* in the low tone which is heard in another sphere! What moment are not a priest's hands spread, dove-like, over the *oblata*! What moment is not counted by the bell which announces the silent and invisible coming of their God to prostrate adorers in some quiet sanctuary, in Europe, or in Asia, or in America, in the Atlantic cities, or the woods of Oregon, in the Alps, or on the Andes, on the vast terra firma all along the meridian, or in the scattered islands of the sea!'

A LEAF FROM THE 'GEORGIA LAWYER.'—It is long, quite *too* long for our own patience, or that of our readers, since we have heard from our always welcome contributor, the 'GEORGIA LAWYER,' whose 'Port-Folio' has so often, in months gone by, enlivened these pages. The name of 'Judge CHARLTON, of Savannah,' which has indicated their paternity in our tables of contents, however, may have led to the right supposition, in explication of 'the moving why;' namely, that 'weightier matters of the law' had employed the writer's mind and pen. But he is only 'dead in law;' he 'yet speaketh' in a gossiping epistle, which is too characteristic and too felicitous to be kept from the reader. Would that more of our correspondents would remember their promises, while in the metropolis, to write their 'experience' as soon as they get home.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'THE courts are all over: the happy light of vacation has dawned upon me: and bidding a glad farewell to fees, clients and law, I am off for the northern country! . . . And now I am in the magnificent city of New-York, with its gorgeous palaces, its filthy hovels, its noble-hearted men, and its consummate villains: where VICE and VIRTUE ride in the same omnibus, and the dead sleep by the side of the thronged pathway; and the shriek of misery and the plaintive moan of sorrow float along, so blended with the merry laugh and the sound of trumpets and clarions, that the ear cannot separate them! It is truly a wonderful city: and who shall foretell its ultimate grandeur when a few brief years shall have passed away! Look at that numberless host, as they flit along: an indiscriminate mass, yet each one with his individual cares and his personal joys. Gazing at them, I am reminded of the tale they tell of an unsophisticated Georgian, who, having arrived by sea, and 'put up' (in the sixth story) at the Astor, was requested by a friend to take a walk, but declined, as he said he would prefer to wait until the crowd which he saw on the side-walk had passed by! Poor fellow! His eyes will open upon 'another and a better world' before that 'crowd' passes by in this.

'A few days after my arrival, I dashed into the *melée*, and was borne along, I knew nor cared not whither. Suddenly I was seized by the arm, and before I had time for resistance, was hurried to a corner of the pavement, out of the press. I looked up with anger: but all indignation was instantly dismissed when I beheld my captor. He was a muscular young man, with fine features, a little clouded by liquor

without coat or hat, with faded pantaloons and ragged shirt-sleeves. His countenance denoted any thing but hostility; and so, gently disengaging myself, I demanded of him what he wanted with me. 'You are a gentleman; a man of feeling and an American,' he answered, with an impressive and somewhat courteous manner. I acknowledged my American birth, and was about disclaiming the other compliments, when he checked me, with great decision: 'Don't deny it!' he said; 'every feature of your noble countenance whispers it. Here I have been a-waiting for hours to find some whole-souled 'feller,' that I might ask his advice; but here I have waited in vain, until you came along; and the moment my eyes fell upon you, said I to myself, 'JOHN BATES, *that's* your man: just look at him, and doubt it if you can!' — and so saying, I plunged into the crowd, and brought you here.'

'There was an eloquence and a *truth* about my new friend that made him quite impressive; and although I did not quite understand the figure of speech about a feature 'whispering,' and had considerable doubt concerning the 'noble countenance,' yet, upon the whole, I felt interested in him; considering him, certainly, as a man of sense. 'Take my hand,' he added; and I took it. 'Now,' said he, 'you've got the hand of one of the best and noblest 'fellers' in the world. I won't lie, even though I be talking about myself. My mother said to me in my infancy, 'JOHN,' says she, '*never lie*,' and I won't; and therefore I say again, you've got hold of the hand of one of Nature's noblemen; suffering, though, from loss of clothes, want of money, and a-starving for food. And now that I've got hold of a man that's got a head to advise and a heart to feel, I want to know from him what is his advice to me under these circumstances!'

'I reflected a moment, and then handed him a 'quarter.' 'Well, JOHN,' said I, 'I advise you to take this money and buy food, and not drink.'

'That's good advice, as far as it goes,' he answered, 'but this won't last forever. When I have spent it, what shall I do then? I can't starve!'

'I paused to deliberate, and then replied: 'You seem to be strong and healthy, and you say you've got a good trade: suppose you were to go to *work* as soon as this money has been spent? How does *that* suggestion strike you?'

'A shade of disappointment passed over the face of my democratic admirer. It was evidently not the 'whisper' he expected from the features of the 'noble countenance.' It was a utilitarian suggestion, wholly unworthy of a social philosopher, an enlarged philanthropist. He shook my hand sadly, and then waving his own, darted into the living stream, and passed away, like a vision of hope, never to return. I am afraid that my 'quarter' soon became an article of commerce, and represented a fluid. Be that as it may, the history of 'JOHN BATES' must remain unwritten by me, for the (I trust satisfactory) reason that I know nothing about it, and, as he virtuously observed, '*I can't lie!*'

'AND now that I am on the subject of 'originals,' allow me to bring to your notice another rich specimen: I was in the office of a legal friend some time since, when a dilapidated specimen of humanity, bearing full traces of the wear and tear of life, came in. He addressed himself at once to the proprietor of the office: 'Your servant, Sir. I see before me, I presume, that distinguished lawyer, — — —,' naming my friend. 'I myself, Sir, am in affinity to the legal profession. I am the son, Sir, of a distinguished advocate in the Old Dominion: my name, LANCELOT LANGLEY LING — the Reverend LANCELOT LANGLEY LING. I live in the State of ——. I teach a little, I preach a little, and I plough a great deal. These combined operations have told upon me: they tell upon me now, Sir. As the poet says, 'These

tatter'd robes my poverty bespeak.' The people of my region, Sir, are poor, and can afford me but little help. I said, 'I will seek the wealthy of another State: they shall minister to my wants.' I came hither to find them: but do you know, Sir, that external appearance has its effect upon men? Yes, Sir, it *has*; and therefore, before I sought the wealthy, I came to the wise, who regard not exteriors, but look to the mind. 'Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow; the rest is all but leather;' and indeed, Sir, there is very little 'leather' about me, as you may easily perceive by looking at the tattered condition of my boots. Now, Sir, I will be grateful for *your* contribution. My wants are simple — my desires few. I have a small plantation, on the top of a high hill; the plantation very small, but the hill very high. A log-house graces its brow: a beautiful well of splendid water is there, Sir; an orchard of benevolent fruit-trees is there also, (I call them benevolent, Sir, because they give both sustenance and shade to me, and

'T is sweet to sit beneath the shade  
That your own industry hath made:

Something of the poet, too, Sir, as you see:) and I am there also when I *am* there; but at present the school-master (myself, Sir) is abroad, and my mission is three-fold: **FIRST:** I want clothes; my journeyings and my labors have brought bad habits upon me. (Excuse the pun, Sir: it is a college failing. 'You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will, but the scent of the rose will linger there still.') **SECOND:** I want money to buy a small negro boy; one that I can call, on my return from my various travels, and say to him: BOB, SAM, TOM, or whatever his name might be, 'Take my horse and carry him to the stable.'

'THEN might I rest beneath my leafy bower,  
And hug the spirit of the passing hour.'

Last, and not least, Sir, I want window-sashes for our church, which we call 'Mount Zion.' I want putty and glass, or money to buy them:

'THESE are my wants; all simple, and but few:  
My tale is told — I leave the rest to you.'

"And *my tale* is easily told, Mr. LING," said my friend, "and my duty will be quickly performed. Here are five dollars: if that sum is of any use to you, you are welcome to it."

"Will five dollars be of any service to me? Will a smart shower be of any service to a drougthy land? Will a large slice of the staff of life be of any service to a hungry traveller? Yes, Sir, five dollars *will* be of use to me! Do you know what I will do with this sum, which I am now proud to call my own? Nay, Sir, you must know — you *ought* to know — so list to me. I will purchase a pair of boots for myself, with part: the balance shall be invested in putty and glass for the afore-said church. And now, farewell!

'A THOUSAND blessings, saith thy bard,  
A thousand joys to thee;  
A life-time by no sorrow marr'd,  
A death from anguish free.'

If you ever come to ———, Sir, come to me. You will be welcome to the home, to the heart, to the hospitality, of LANCELOT LANGLEY LING. Once more, *Vale!*"

'And away he went. I saw him the next day in the streets. He had on a fine pair of boots, and I trembled for the putty investment. Once more we met, and he no longer looked like 'the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn,' for he was dressed in a full suit of broad-cloth; 'superfine,' and as FALSHAM said, with the 'heavy-swell cut.' Whether he ever succeeded in realizing funds for all the simple and few wants and desires of his heart, I know not.

'THE Southern elections are over. The 'stars and stripes' still float over us. GEORGIA, despite the provocation she, in common with the Southern States, received, has remained true to the UNION; true to the high calling of this great confederacy. A year ago, a black cloud hung over the fortunes of the Republic. Men's hearts throbbed with anger and with sorrow: for although we loved the Union, and though we ardently desired its perpetuity, we of the South could not close our eyes to the fact that there was a crisis at hand that might compel hundreds of thousands who would fain cling to it through life, to fling it away from our hearts, and to stand by our homes and our hearth-stones. The struggle was fierce: but the hand of PROVIDENCE has guided our ship through the raging billows. We have forgiven the past; forgiven the withdrawal of generous feeling, the refusal of Christian confidence and fellowship. Of all these we have said, 'Let by-gones be by-gones.' With the dignity and calmness of men, without bravado or threat, we have announced the conditions upon which we can remain together. There is no faltering, no diversity of opinion on this point in Georgia. We have done our duty here, and we now await the action of our Northern BROTHERN! What will that be? Will they cease to revile us? Will they carry out the constitution and the laws of the land, and thus help to bear up the pillars that support our temple? So mote it be! May the sun never shine upon our disjointed confederacy! May the bosoms of the trodden-down of Europe never grow sad as they turn for refuge to their last hope, and find that it has vanished in darkness and confusion! May the heart of this great people beat with one throb, one happy, one affectionate, one confiding pulsation, until the end of all things is at hand! May glory still surround us with one common halo; victory and success be still our common fortune; and the stars and the stripes that have floated over the ranks of our living and the graves of our dead, still continue to wave in pride and beauty over the land of the free and the home of the brave!' 'Amen and amen to that!' we say with all our heart.

4

THE 'SOUL-WHISPER' OF PINE-TREES.—Have you ever been upon West-Rock in New-Haven, reader, in the summer-time? And did you not remark the 'soul-whisper' made by the wind in the avenue of pines that leads to that romantic height? This will remind you of it:

'I RESOLVED to-day to go out into the neighboring pine-wood alone, to con over some notes which I am anxious to read by myself, with only an occasional remark from a wood-pigeon, or what may be gained from the gilding, rustling squirrel. There is scarcely any thing in nature to be compared with a pine-wood, I think. I remember once when, after a long journey, I was approaching a city ennobled by great works of art, and of great renown, that I had to pass through what I was told by the guide-books was most insipid country, only to be hurried over as fast as might be, and nothing to be thought or said about it. But the guide-books, though very clever and useful things in their way, do not know each of us personally, nor what we secretly like and care for. Well, I was speeding through this 'uninteresting' country, and now there remained but one long dull stage, as I read, to be gone through before I should reach the much-wished for city. It was necessary to stay some time (for we travelled *vatturino*-fashion) at the little post-house, and I walked on, promising to be in the way whenever the vehicle should overtake me. The road led through a wood, chiefly of pines, varied, however, occasionally by other trees.

'Into this wood I strayed. There was that almost indescribably soothing noise, (the Romans would have used the word *susurrus*,) the aggregate of many gentle movements of gentle creatures. The birds hopped but a few paces off, as I approached them; the brilliant butterflies hovered hither and thither before me; there was a soft breeze that day, and the tops of the tall trees swayed to and fro politely to each other. I found many delightful resting-places. It was not all dense wood; but here and there were glades, (such open spots I mean as would be cut through by the sword for an army to pass, for that, I take it, is the meaning of the word glade;) and here and there stood a clump of trees of different heights and foliage, as beautifully arranged as if some triumph of the art of landscape had been intended, though it was only Nature's way of healing up the gaps in the forest. For her healing is a new beauty. I fell into a pleasant train of thought. The easiness of that present moment seemed to show the possibility of all care being driven away from the world some day. For this peace brings a sensation of power with it. I shall not say what I thought of, for it is not good always to be communicative; but altogether, that hour in the pine-wood was the happiest hour of the whole journey.'

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THE 'REVERIE' BACHELOR.—Our readers will welcome as we do, the following felicitous and most graphic description of a *New-England Country Church*, by the author of '*Reveries of a Bachelor*.' It is a specimen of what may be looked for in a work now in preparation for the press by this popular writer, entitled '*DREAM-LIFE*.' That it will be worthy of his reputation this beautiful sketch leaves us no room to doubt.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'THE country church is a square old building of wood, without paint or decoration, and of that genuine Puritanic stamp which is now fast giving way to Greek porticos and cockney towers. It stands upon a hill, with a little church-yard in its rear, where one or two sickly-looking trees keep watch and ward over the vagrant sheep that graze among the graves. Bramble-bushes seem to thrive on the bodies below; and there is no flower in the little yard, save a few golden-rods, which flaunt their gaudy and inodorous color under the lee of the northern wall.

'New-England country-livers have as yet been very little inoculated with the sentiment of beauty: even the door-step to the church is a rude flat stone, that shows not a single stroke of the hammer. Within, the simplicity is even more severe. Brown galleries run around three sides of the old building, supported by timbers, on which you still trace, under the stains from the leaky roof, the deep scoring of the woodman's axe. Below, the unpainted pews are ranged in square forms, and by age have gained the color of those fragmentary wrecks of cigar-boxes, which you see upon the top shelves in the bar-rooms of country taverns. The minister's desk is lofty, and has once been honored with a coating of paint; as well as the huge sounding-board, which, to your great amazement, protrudes from the wall, at a very dangerous angle of inclination, over the speaker's head. As the Squire's pew is the place of honor, to the right of the pulpit, you have a little tremor yourself at sight of the heavy sounding-board, and cannot forbear indulging in a quiet feeling of relief when the last prayer is said.

'There are in the Squire's pew long, faded crimson cushions, which, it seems to you, must date back nearly to the commencement of the Christian era in this country. There are also sundry old thumb-worn copies of Dr. DWIGHT's Version of the Psalms of DAVID, 'appointed to be sung in churches, by authority of the General Association of the State of Connecticut.' The sides of Dr. DWIGHT's Version are, you observe, sadly warped and weather-stained; and from some stray figures which appear upon a fly-leaf, you are constrained to think that the Squire has some time employed a quiet interval of the service with reckoning up the contents of the old stocking-leg at home.

'The parson is a stout man, remarkable in your opinion, chiefly, for a yellowish-brown wig, a strong nasal tone, and occasional violent thumps upon the little dingy, red velvet cushion, studded with brass tacks, at the top of the desk. You do not altogether admire his style; and by the time he has entered upon his 'Fourthly,' you give your attention, in despair, to a new reading (it must be the twentieth) of the preface to Dr. DWIGHT's Version of the Psalms.\*

'The singing has a charm for you. There is a long, thin-faced, flax-haired man, who carries a tuning-fork in his waistcoat pocket, and who leads the choir. His position is in the very front rank of gallery benches facing the desk; and by the time the old clergyman has read two verses of the psalm, the country chorister turns around to his little group of aids, consisting of the blacksmith, a carrot-headed school-master, two women in saff-colored silks, and a girl in pink bonnet, to announce the tune.

'This being done in an authoritative manner, he lifts his long music-book; glances again at his little company; clears his throat by a powerful 'ahem!' followed by a powerful use of a bandanna pocket-handkerchief; draws out his tuning-fork, and waits for the parson to close his reading. He now reviews once more his company; throws a reproving glance at the young woman in the pink hat, who at the moment is biting off a stout bunch of fennel; lifts his music-book, thumps upon the rail with his fork, listens keenly; gives another alight 'ahem!' falls into the cadence, swells into a strong *crescendo*; catches at the first word of the line, as if he were afraid it might get away; turns to his company, lifts his music-book with spirit, gives it a powerful slap with the disengaged hand, and with a majestic toss of the head, snars away, with half the women below straggling on in his wake, into some such brave old melody as ——— LITCA-  
FIELD!

\* This is as true of the old minister of our early days in the country as it must be of the New-England parson. Well do we recollect his long and profound doctrinal discourses, his nasal twang, and his expostions of the stern *Justices* of 'El-metty Gwob,' as he used to pronounce the name of the 'Almighty and most merciful FATHER.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'Being a visitor, and in the Squire's pew, you are naturally an object of considerable attention to the girls about your age; as well as to a great many fat old ladies in iron spectacles, who mortify you excessively by patting you under the chin after church, and insist upon mistaking you for FRANK; and force upon you very dry cookies, spiced with caraway-seeds.

'You keep somewhat shy of the young ladies, as they are rather stout for your notions of beauty, and wear thick calf-skin boots. They compare very poorly with JEMMY. JEMMY, you think, would be above eating gingerbread between service. None of them, you imagine, ever read 'THADDEUS of Warsaw,' or ever used a colored glass seal with a heart upon it. You are quite certain they never did, or they could not, surely, wear such dowdy gowns, and suck their thumbs as they do!

'The farmers you have a high respect for; particularly for one weazen-faced old gentleman in a brown surtout, who brings his whip into church with him, who sings in a very strong voice, and who drives a span of gray colts. You think however that he has got rather a stout wife; and from the way he humors her in stopping to talk with two or three other fat women, before setting off for home, (though he seems a little fidgety,) you naively think that he has a high regard for her opinion. Another townsman, who attracts your notice, is a stout old deacon, who, before entering, always steps around the corner of the church, and puts his hat upon the ground, to adjust his wig in a quiet way. He then marches up the broad aisle in a stately manner, and plants his hat, and a big pair of buck-skin mittens, on the little table under the desk. When he is fairly seated in his corner of the pew, with his elbow upon the top-rail — almost the only man who can comfortably reach it — you observe that he spreads his brawny fingers over his scalp, in an exceedingly cautious manner; and you innocently think again, that it is very hypocritical in a deacon to be pretending to lean upon his hand, when he is only keeping his wig straight.

'After the morning service, they have an 'hour's intermission,' as the preacher calls it; during which the old men gather on a sunny side of the building, and, after shaking hands all around, and asking after the 'folks' at home, they enjoy a quiet talk about the crops. One man, for instance, with a twist in his nose, would say, 'It's rather a growin' season;' and another would reply, 'Tolerable, but potatoes is feelin' the wet, badly.' The stout deacon approves this opinion, and confirms it by blowing his nose very powerfully.

'Two or three of the more worldly-minded ones will perhaps stroll over to a neighbor's barn-yard, and take a look at his young stock, and talk of prices, and whittle a little; and very likely some two of them will make a conditional 'swoop' of 'three likely yer'lings' for a pair of 'two-year-olds.'

'The youngsters are fond of getting out into the grave-yard, and comparing jack-knives, or talking about the school-master, or the menagerie; or, it may be, of some prospective 'travel' in the fall; either to town, or perhaps to the 'sea-shore.'

'Afternoon service hangs heavily; and the tall chorister is by no means so blithe, or so majestic in the toes of his head, as in the morning. A boy in the next box tries to provoke you into familiarity by dropping pellets of gingerbread through the bars of the pew; but as you are not accustomed to that way of making acquaintance, you decline all overtures.

'After the service is finished, the wagons that have been disposed on either side of the road are drawn up before the door. The old Squire, meantime, is sure to have a little chat with the parson before he leaves; in the course of which the parson takes occasion to say that his wife is a little ailing, 'a slight touch,' he thinks, 'of the rheumatiz.' One of the children, too, has been troubled with the 'summer complaint' for a day or two; but he thinks that a dose of catnip, under Providence, will effect a cure. The younger, and unmarried men, with red wagons flaming upon bright yellow wheels, make great efforts to drive off in the van; and they spin frightfully near some of the fat, sour-faced women, who remark in a quiet, but not very Christian tone, that 'they fear the elder's sermon hasn't done the young bucks much good.' It is much to be feared, in truth, that it has not.

'In ten minutes the old church is thoroughly deserted; the neighbor who keeps the key has locked up for another week the creaking door; and nothing of the service remains within, except — Dr. DWIGHT'S Version, the long music-books, crumbs of gingerbread, and refuse stalks of despoiled fennel or caraway.

'And yet, under the influence of that old weather-stained temple, are perhaps growing up — though you do not once fancy it — souls possessed of an energy, an industry, and a respect for virtue, which will make them stronger for the real work of life than all the elegant children of a city. One lesson, which even the rudest churches of New-England teach, with all their harshness, and all their repulsive severity of form, is the lesson of SELF-DENIAL. Once armed with that, and manhood is strong. The soul that possesses the consciousness of mastering passion, is endowed with an element of force that can never harmonize with defeat. Difficulties it wears like a summer garment, and flings away at the first approach of the winter of NANK.



'Let not any one suppose, then, that in this detail of country life I would cast obloquy or a sneer upon its simplicity or upon its lack of refinement. Goodness and strength in this world are quite as apt to wear rough coats as fine ones; and the words of thorough and self-sacrificing kindness are far more often dressed in the uncouth sounds of retired life than in the polished utterances of the town. Heaven has not made warm hearts and honest hearts distinguishable by the quality of the covering.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—The holidays are not far off; and we are sure we could not perform a more acceptable service to our readers, metropolitan and other, than by indicating to them the literary and pictorial treasures which await their orders and their unqualified admiration. We follow no 'order of merit' in our present *resumé*, but take the volumes as they lie, gleaming in green, blue, red, purple and gold, upon our sanctum-table. '*Christmas with the Poets*,' an English edition from the American house of the Messrs. APPLETON, is certainly as splendid a volume, in typographical beauty, as can be found in America. It is the best specimen of printing and hot-pressing that we ever saw. The work contains fifty tinted illustrations, by BIRKET FOSTER, of exceeding beauty, together with numerous initial letters and other ornaments. The literary attractions of the volume have especial reference to the first of the coming holidays, embracing songs, carols, and descriptive verses, relating to the festival of Christmas, from the Anglo-Norman period down to the present time. Some of these are very quaint and amusing. — '*The Book of Home Beauty*' is one of those elegant and tasteful offerings to the public for which PUTNAM is becoming famous. It contains twelve portraits of American ladies, from drawings by that graceful and accomplished artist, CHARLES MARTIN, Esq., son of the eminent illustrator of MILTON. These are engraved on steel, in the first style of the art. When we say that the desultory literary text of the volume is from the well-known and popular pen of Mrs. KIRKLAND, we say all that is necessary to indicate the character of that department of the book, save that the letter-press is very clear and handsome. *Au reste*, the book had achieved a 'sensation' long before it came out; so that its 'market is made' already. Those who admire either of the 'pitted' candidates for the 'married-belle'-ship of Gotham will purchase the book, of course; some will buy to praise; other some will buy to ridicule or blame. Meanwhile, however, there are the 'Home Beauties,' to be stared at, criticised, praised or abused, with no chance to raise their 'sweet voices' in reply. Go and see them. — '*Reveries of a Bachelor, Illustrated*,' from the press of Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER, will prove one of the most popular gift-books of the season, or we are not the prophet we were when we told the publisher that ten thousand copies of the plain edition would be sold in less than ten months. Our prediction was over-fulfilled, in that time, by nearly two thousand. It remains only to say of the present edition, that its luxury of typography, paper, and space, and the exquisite character of its numerous illustrations, must secure it an almost unlimited sale. — A book after our own heart is the '*Home-Book of the Picturesque*,' another noble venture of PUTNAM's, which we cannot doubt will be most cordially welcomed by the public. It contains thirteen engravings on steel, from great pictures by the eminent COLE and DURAND, by HUNTINGTON, KENSETT, CHURCH, TALBOT, WIER, CROSBY, GIGNOUX, RICHARDS, BECKWITH etc.; and all these, well engraved, give us large and effective views of some of the most beautiful and picturesque objects in all our American scenery. The letter-press illustrations, too, in beautiful typography, are worthy accompaniments of the pictures themselves. To this department COOPER, IRVING, BRYANT, STREET, MAGOON,

Miss COOPER, Dr. BETHUNE, WILLIS, and other well-known American writers have contributed. The entire work is one of which both the publisher and his countrymen have abundant reason to be proud. — *'The Women of Early Christianity,'* from the press of Messrs. APPLETON, is a volume containing a series of seventeen portraits, with appropriate descriptions by several American clergymen, of different denominations. We can well conceive that this will be deemed an appropriate gift-book for the season by religious persons. Many of the portraits of the great women of the world, who have been eminent for their piety and devotion, are very beautiful and striking. The editor, Rev. J. A. SPENCER, had the assistance of nine fellow-clergymen in the preparation of the volume, and they seem, on a cursory perusal, to have performed their several tasks with much ability. The book is handsomely executed upon fine, white and firm paper. — SCRIBNER, with his usual tact and forecast, has not miscalculated the public judgment in putting forth a new and numerous illustrated complete edition of *'Young's Night Thoughts,'* including a memoir of the author, a critical view of his writings, and explanatory notes. The excellence of the external execution of the work is in character with the purity of its contents. — *'Leaflets of Memory'* is the title of a very large and very elegant illuminated annual, edited by REYNELL COATES, M. D., and published by Messrs. E. H. BUTLER AND COMPANY, Philadelphia. The colored illustrations of Italian and other scenery are executed in a style which, in its kind, has not been surpassed in America. Some of LAWRENCE's most admirable pictures are also artistically re-produced. The *'Leaflets'* has enjoyed 'seven years of constantly increasing success;' a fact which literally 'speaks volumes' in favor of the character of its literary contents. The printing and binding are excellent; the latter, especially, being very chaste and unique. — MRS. KIRKLAND's *'Evening-Book,'* published by SCRIBNER, is a work in that lady's very best vein. We scarcely know which most to admire, her sound, wholesome common sense, or her inexhaustible bon-homme. The book makes its first appeal to admiration in a very tasteful exterior; a handsome shape, and a rich binding of blue and gold. The illustrations, of which there are seven, are designed by DALLAS and engraved by BURR; and each artist seems to have emulated the other in care and skill. As to the matter itself, it is full of variety and interest. In some twenty separate chapters, we have pictures of life and manners at home and abroad, drawn as only the graphic pen of Mrs. KIRKLAND could depict them; together with *American* domestic lessons of the highest value. The *'Evening-Book,'* we can foresee, is destined to a wide and distinctive popularity. — *'Louis' School-Days, a Story for Boys,'* has been pronounced by 'Young KNICK,' who is a namesake of the hero, to be 'one of the most interesting and pleasant books father ever brought home.' We would take his criticism upon *such* a work, against the adverse verdict of the gravest Quarterly. The volume is quite profusely illustrated with clear and well-engraved wood-cuts, and is handsomely enclosed in ornamented sky-blue covers. . . . He was a 'man of letters' who wrote the following. It is a new style of poetry altogether. It will be seen that every letter of the final word must be pronounced as though DRILWORTH himself presided at the perusal. The letter or letters in Italics will be found to constitute the rhyme. There is a good deal more of it, but this is sufficient to serve as a specimen:

'Ow going forth last night a friend to see,  
 I met a man, by trade s-n-o-b;  
 Reeling along the path he held his way:  
 'Ho! ho!' quoth I, 'he's d-r-u-n-k!'

Then thus to him: 'Were it not better far,  
 You were a little s-o-b-e-r?'

'I were happier for your family, I guess,  
 Than playing off such wild r-l-g-s;  
 Beside all drunkards, when policemen see 'em,  
 Are taken up at once by t-h-e-m!'

THE subjoined correspondence strikes us as being somewhat spicy. The response to the first note, especially, may be regarded as a specimen of 'pretty sharp composition':

O —, July 30, 1851.

SIR: While my horse and buggy were standing secured yesterday, some two miles or more up the river, Mrs. H — and my daughter having just got out of it, three young men came down the river on horseback, and by riding round the horse and carriage, dismounting, and other disgraceful conduct, my horse took fright, and broke his harness. The whole thing was witnessed from Mr. R —'s house, before which the horse was tied, and you were known to be one of them. The object of this note is to give you an opportunity to arrange the matter with me, or I shall see it is made public through the press, and perhaps by a legal investigation. Such acts deserve their just rebuke.

S — H —.

Whereupon the following was sent to a neighboring journal for publication:

MR. EDITOR: Herewith is a copy of a note received by me some days since, the original having been returned without comment to its author: I being unable, in the first place, to comprehend a portion of its contents; and secondly, perceiving from its tenor that ungentlemanly conduct was attributed to me and my friends. I could not perceive how two ladies should 'get out of a horse and buggy,' nor could I understand what was meant by 'riding round a horse and carriage;' and the aquatic exhibition of 'three young men coming down the river on horseback' was equally incomprehensible; but the expression 'disgraceful conduct' I fully understood, and beg leave to submit the following statement of facts, as a salvo to the wounded feelings of my irate correspondent.

Upon returning from a ride in the country, in company with two friends, we observed a horse struggling upon the ground, having thrown himself in consequence of being improperly tied by the reins to the fence. As we were passing the poor animal, he turned his melancholy countenance toward us, and seemed to say, 'Truly have my lines fallen upon evil places; and the shafts of misfortune and of the doctor's old buggy are piercing my breast!' One of the gentlemen with me immediately dismounted, and with little difficulty soon rescued him from his unpleasant and dangerous situation; and the sagacious brute, being more accustomed than his garrulous master to keeping a bridle upon his tongue, gave us in acknowledgement a grateful look, such as probably never illumined the ascetic features of that gentleman's countenance. The party immediately passed on, well satisfied with themselves for having done, as they supposed, a kindly action for some one; and the incident was not referred to or thought of until the reception of the above note.

After sufficient time and opportunity had been granted to convince the 'doctor' of his error, and understanding that he was still circulating erroneous reports in relation to this affair, I addressed a note to him, requesting an explanation, to which this 'wise man from the east' does not see fit to reply, although the slightest acknowledgment would be satisfactory. I am therefore obliged to forestall him, by making public his epistle, trusting that it may prove a valuable model for those who may strive to become proficient in their style of composition after the 'Boston school,' and that it may be also a solemn warning to all who may be disposed to interfere with what does not personally belong to them, through any ridiculous feelings of humanity; and that the pill-taking public may understand how extremely asinine and ridiculous a weak-minded and conceited old gentleman can make himself when he chooses.

Respectfully, E — H —.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose accompanying lines will appear in our next, writes: 'I send you some verses, deploring that change which will come over a female friend. I once heard an enthusiastic Homoeopath descanting upon his theory, and shall not forget how vividly he described disease as a shadowy intruder, wandering about the human system, scarcely at home in its new quarters, and rather ashamed of the mischief it is doing, until it falls in the way of one of those Homoeopathic pellets, and is instantly dragged out of the premises in triumph, bound hand and foot in the infinitesimal pill. Something like this happens to me; since a melancholy feeling or a sense of injury takes possession now and then of my entire soul, and creates a continual disturbance until it is hunted down, chained to rhyme and metre, and rolls comfortably away in verse. I cannot call to mind just now any particular loss of any particular friend; but I seem to be inspired by the wrongs of the last ten years, every lady of my acquaintance contributing her mite of treachery and caprice. Re-

ally women sometimes appear to have been created for no good purpose — except to discountenance profane swearing and the use of tobacco — beside forcing mankind to dress respectably. The way of a maiden with a man is occasionally perplexing, and altogether 'past finding out.' . . . There is something very striking, to our conception, in the following incidental comparison between a feeble woman, strong only in her piety and self-devotion, and the 'great CAPTAIN of his age.' The lines, '*Napoleon and Mrs. Judson*,' are from a poem, as yet unpublished, pronounced before the 'Literary Fraternity' of Waterville College, Maine, at its 'commencement' anniversary in the early autumn, by Mr. WILLIAM M. RODMAN, of Providence, Rhode-Island. They have been forwarded to us by a friend and correspondent, who heard the poem that contained them delivered, and who retained a copy of the stanzas at the time:

AFAR and lone, mid Ocean's waves,  
A rocky isle is seen,  
With lightning peaks and thunder caves,  
Bright gemm'd with vales between.

And there, where Ocean's ceaseless moan  
To silence lends a gloom,  
A royal exile dwelt alone,  
As in a living tomb.

The nations quaked like palsied things  
When o'er their realms he trod;  
And prostrate fell the thrones of kings,  
Obedient to his nod.

Greatest of earth's unhallow'd great,  
A more than king was he:  
The monarchs trail'd his robes of state,  
And bow'd the subject knee.

The Arab, mid Sahara's sands,  
Submissive own'd his will;  
And now through ISMAEL's hostile bands  
His name is terror still.

He gain'd the very loftiest height  
Of human state and power,  
And bask'd in Fame's intensest light,  
At its meridian hour:

Then fell, as falls the riven rock  
From Jura's loftiest height  
When splinter'd by the lightning's shock,  
In all its wildest might.

He died! and there he slept alone,  
In Death's cold, dreamless trance,  
Till a mandate from his shatter'd throne  
Re-summon'd him to France.

The nation wept in robes of gloom,  
The cypress veil'd the palm:

And the royal exile found a tomb  
In the grand old Notre-Dame!\*

Time roll'd on, when a merchant ship,  
From India on her way,  
A moment let her anchors dip  
In St. Helena's bay.

No booming gun from castled peak  
Proclaim'd a king o'erthrown:  
They paused, a burial-place to seek  
For one to kings unknown:

One who had track'd the pathless sea,  
For a field of toil and strife,  
That she in faith and truth might be  
A Christian hero's wife.

And there, within a tranquil nook,  
Her peaceful form they laid,  
Beside a gently-murmuring brook,  
Beneath a willow's shade,

No sentry's troll around that grave  
Is heard with measured tread;  
No bastion'd crags their banners wave  
To guard the peaceful dead.

And there, while Ocean rolls a wave,  
Shall she in silence sleep,  
While angel guards around that grave  
Their holy vigils keep.

But when creation's work is done,  
And earth is robed with night,  
And, clothed with blackness, fades the sun  
And all the worlds of light:

Which then shall wear the victor's crown,  
And songs of triumph sing:  
She who toll'd 'neath BRAMAH's frown,  
Or Gallia's exiled king?

A FRIEND of ours, sojourning during the past summer in one of the far-off 'shore-towns' of Massachusetts Bay, was not a little amused one day at the querulous complainings of one of the 'oldest inhabitants' against rail-roads; his experience in which consisted in having seen the end of one laid out, and at length the cars running upon it. Taking out his old pipe, on a pleasant summer afternoon, and looking off upon the ocean, and the ships far off and out at sea with the sun upon their sails,

\* It is hardly necessary to say, that his remains repose in the Hotel of the Invalides; but, to strengthen the contrast, I have spoken of them as being in Notre-Dame, because it was the place of his coronation.

he said: 'I don't think much o' rail-roads: they aint no kind o' *justice* into 'em. Neow what kind o' justice is it, when rail-roads takes one man's upland and carts it over in wheel-barrers onto another man's *ma'sh*? What kind o' 'commodation be they? You can't go when you *want* to go; you got to go when the bell rings, or the blasted noisy whistle blowa. I tell yeou it's payin' tew much for the whistle. Ef you live a little ways off the dee-pot, you got to pay to *git* to the rail-road; and ef you want to go any wheres else 'cept just to the eend on it, you got to *pay* to go a'ter you *git there*. What kind o' 'commodation is *that*? Goin' round the country tew, murderin' folks, runnin' over cattle, sheep and hogs, and settin' fire to bridges, and every now and then burnin' up the woods. Mra. Robbins, down to Cod-p'int, says, and she ought to know, for she's a pious woman, and belongs to the lower church, she said to me, no longer ago than day-'fore yesterday, that she'd be cuse'd if she didn't *know* that they sometimes run over critters *a-purpose*—they did a likely shoat o' her'n, and never paid for't, 'cause they was a 'corporation' they said. What kind o' 'commodation is *that*? Besides: now I've lived here, clus to the dee-pot, ever sence the road started to run, and seen 'em go out and come in; but *I* never could see that they went so d—d *fast*, nuther!" Now here, it strikes us, is an individual example of the feeling which constituted the combined sentiment that has consigned the Michigan conspirators to a long and gloomy imprisonment. . . . On, Heavens! how many bereaved hearts are bleeding at this very hour in this city: hearts made desolate in a single moment! Fifty children, studying at one instant in the hushed school-room, and the next in eternity! Sitting here to-night, with our dear ones about us, we shudder with horror, while we glow with gratitude to the benevolent BEING who has 'preserved *them* hitherto.' What a sad scene will be the school-rooms where these departed sufferers were wont daily to meet! Their fellow-pupils and play-mates will sing, in words that 'Young KNICK,' has just been repeating to his little sister:

'Oh where, tell me where have the little children gone?  
Oh where, tell me where have the little children gone?  
They once were sitting here with us,  
They sang and spoke and smiled,  
And they loved to meet us thus,  
But they've left us now, my child.

'Oh where, tell me where have the little children gone?  
Oh where, tell me where have the little children gone?  
I seem to see their sparkling eyes,  
I seem to hear their song;  
But we'll never see them more  
In the school where we belong!"

OBSERVE attentively this little dissertation upon an important element of true charity. Is it not manly and whole-hearted, and does it not commend itself to the candid judgment of every independent mind? We think it should—we believe it will:

'I do not know whether other people's observation will tally with mine; but, as far as I have observed, it appears to me that charity requires the sternest labor and the most anxious thought; that, in short, it is one of the most difficult things in the world, and is not altogether a matter for leisure hours. This remark applies to the more serious functions of charity. But we must remember, that the whole of charity is not comprised in carrying about gifts to one another, or, to speak more generally, in remedying the material evils suffered by those around us; else life would indeed be a dreary affair; but there are exquisite little charities to be performed in reference to social pleasures. Then, as to the love of God, I do not venture to say much upon so solemn a theme; but it does occur to me, that we should talk and think very humbly about our capacity in matters so much above us. At any rate I do not see why the love of God should withdraw us largely from our fellow-man. That love we believe was greatest in Him who graced with his presence the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee; who was never known to shun or to ignore the existence of the vicious; and to whom, more than to all other teachers, the hypocrite seems to have been particularly odious.

'But there is another very important consideration to be weighed by those who are fearful of encouraging amusements, especially among their poorer brethren. What are the generality of

people to do, or to think of, for a considerable portion of each day, if they are not allowed to busy themselves with some form of recreation? Here is this infinite creature, man, who looks before and after; whose swiftness of thought is such, even among the dullest of the species, as would perhaps astonish the brightest; who are apt to imagine that none think but themselves; and you fancy that he can be quite contented with providing warmth and food for himself and those he has to love and cherish. Food and warmth! content with that! not he: and we should greatly despise him if he could be. Why is it that in all ages small towns and remote villages have fostered little malignities of all kinds? The true answer is, that people will back-bite one another to any extent rather than not be amused. Nay, so strong is this desire for something to go on that may break the monotony of life, that people, not otherwise ill-natured, are pleased with the misfortune of their neighbors, solely because it gives something to think of, something to talk about. They imagine how the principal actors and sufferers concerned in the misfortune will bear it; what they will do; how they will look: and so the dull by-stander forms a sort of drama for himself. He would, perhaps, be told that it is wicked for him to go to such an entertainment: he makes one out for himself, not always innocently.

THE ensuing '*Punschlied*,' from an early number of the London '*Punch*,' will please some of our German readers, of whom, curiously enough, we have a good many:

## P u n s c h l i e d .

(Von Schiller.)

Wer Elemente,  
Annie gekostet,  
Bilden das Leben,  
Bauen die Welt.

Preßt der Citrone  
Saftigen Stern!  
Herb' ist des Lebens  
Innigster Kern.

Setzt mit des Aunders  
Kindern dem Saft  
Bämet die berbe  
Brennende Kraft.

Gießet des Wassers  
Erdrudenden Schwall!  
Wasser umfängt  
Ruhig das All!

Tropfen des Geistes  
Gießet hinein!  
Leben dem Leben  
Gibt er allein.

Ob' es vertustet,  
Schöpfet es schnell!  
Nur wann er glühet,  
Raket der Quell.

## SONG FOR PUNCH-DRINKERS.

FROM SCHILLER.

FOUR be the elements,  
Here we assemble 'em,  
Each of man's world  
And existence an emblem.

Press from the lemon  
The slow-flowing juices:  
Bitter is life  
In its lessons and uses.

Bruise the fair sugar-lumps:  
Nature intended  
Her sweet and severe  
To be every where blended.

Pour the still water:  
Unwarning by sound,  
Eternity's ocean  
Is hemming us round.

Mingle the spirit,  
The life of the bowl:  
Man is an earth-clod  
Unwarmed by a soul!

Drink of the stream  
Ere its potency goes!  
No bath is refreshing,  
Except while it glows.

MESSRS. ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS, of this city, have recently published a beautiful volume, by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, with the felicitous title of '*Olive Leaves*.' It is a very interesting work for young persons; teaching the lessons of peace and goodwill, and directing the mind, when most yielding, to the higher and purer objects of life. It has been said, and we think with truth, that there is nothing to be regretted in the writings of this distinguished authoress. The youthful mind may be committed to her direction with the most perfect confidence that what she writes for them is fit and proper for them to read and study. There is nothing to be kept from them; but on the contrary, the purity and nobleness of her sentiments, and the high moral principles which she teaches, make her works important to all. The present book is divided into thirty-nine parts, separate in themselves, yet all contributing to the great object of the authoress. The subjects are happily chosen, and are so beautifully arranged and written, that they cannot fail to make the desired impression on the minds and hearts of her youthful readers. . . . WONDER if there are not some people in the world that do actually reason after the cool manner of the philosopher who gives this sage advice to his friend! Just as likely as not. We

know some citizens who *act* according to such advice, any way: 'The duties of life are two-fold: our duty to others and our duty to ourselves. Our duty to ourselves is to make ourselves as comfortable as possible: our duty to others is to make them assist us, to the best of their ability, in so doing. This is the plan on which all respectable persons act. Adhere strictly to truth — whenever there is no occasion for lying. Be particularly careful to conceal no one circumstance likely to redound to your credit. If it be for your interest to lie, do so, and do it boldly. No one would wear false hair who had hair of his own, but he who has none must of course wear a wig. A wig, you see, my young friend, is simply a lie with hair on it. I don't see any difference between false hair and a false assertion. In fact, I think a lie a very useful invention. It is like a coat or a pair of breeches: it serves to clothe the naked. But don't throw your falsifications away. I like a proper economy. Some silly persons would have you invariably speak the truth. Now if you were to act in this way, in what department of commerce could you succeed? How would you get on in the law, for instance? What vagabond would ever employ you to defend his cause? What practice do you think you'd be likely to procure as a physician, if you were to tell every old woman who fancied herself ill that there was nothing the matter with her? Never break a promise unless bound to do so by a previous one: and promise yourself, from this time forth, never to do any thing that will put you to inconvenience. Be firm, but not obstinate. Never change your mind when the result of the alteration would be detrimental to your comfort and interests: but do not maintain an inconvenient inflexibility of purpose. Do not, for example, in affairs of the heart, simply because you have declared, perhaps with an oath or two, that you will be constant till death, think it necessary to make any effort to remain so. The case stands thus: You enter into an engagement with a being whose aggregate of perfections is expressible, we will say, by 20. Now if they would always keep at that point, there might be some reason for your remaining unaltered, namely, your not being able to help it. But suppose that they dwindle down to 19½: the person, that is, the whole sum of the qualities admired, no longer exists, and you, of course, are absolved from your engagement. But mind, I do not say that you are justified in changing *only* in case of a change on the opposite side: you may very possibly become simply tired. In this case, a prior promise to yourself will absolve you from the performance of the one in question.' . . . 'ARCHIE! — at-chu!' We have caught the 'Idfludee!' That last was the sixteenth time we've sdeezed id five bidutea. We've been tryidg to aig the follow'g so'g, but bade bad work edough of it:

'By BART-ADDE is like the sud  
Whed at the dawd it flidg  
Its golded sbiles of light upod  
Earth's greed a'd lovely th'ga:  
Id vald I sue: I o'dly wid  
Frob her a scordful frowd;  
But sood as I by prayers begid,  
She cries, 'Oh do! — bego'de!'

'By BART-ADDE is like the bood,  
Whed first her silver sheed  
Awakes the dightidgale's soft tude,  
That else had siled't beed:  
But BART-ADDE, like darkest dight,  
Od be, alas! looks dowd;  
Her sbiles od others beab their light,  
Her frowds are all by owd:  
I've but o'de burthed to by so'dg,  
Her frowds are all by owd!'

'Mutterings and Musings of an Invalid' is the designation of a new work from the press of Mr. JOHN B. TAYLOR. At first we were disposed to grumble at the title,

as not being suggestive of any very agreeable reminiscences; for of all beings, the society of a muttering invalid is least to be coveted: but on examining the 'Mutterings and Musings,' which form a handsome volume of nearly three hundred pages, we found much merit, many capital things well said, many beauties, and altogether a pleasant, readable book. The author leads his reader along, and keeps his attention gently excited. Although he has the modesty to conceal his name, we should judge him to be no unpractised writer; and if we have any fault to find with the book, it is with the title, which we hope, however, will deter no readers from buying it. . . . 'The Belles of Tontine,' by 'T. H. C.,' is a clever piece of versification, but the iteration, in the course of some seventy lines, becomes wearisome. We judge that the annexed verses will 'satisfy the sentiment,' both at New-Haven and elsewhere:

'In this city, in the palace,  
Called the Tontine, kept by ALLIS,  
Standing eastward of the Eden of the Green,  
Dwells the Lady ELLEN-MARY,  
Who is of her charms so chary  
That opinions never vary  
Of her beauty in Tontine;  
All agreeing she is Belle of this Tontine —  
Cynosure of all the lesser lights that twinkle in Tontine.

'But within this stately palace,  
Called the Tontine, kept by ALLIS,  
Standing eastward of the Eden of the Green,  
Dwells *another* Lady MARY,  
Of whose charms opinion *varies*,  
Lovers talking 'quite contra-ry',  
Of her beauty in Tontine;  
All agreeing she will 'do' for this Tontine,  
But that Lady ELLEN-MARY is the Belle of this Tontine.

'Thus within this stately palace,  
Called the Tontine, kept by ALLIS,  
Standing eastward of the Eden of the Green,  
Dwell the two fair virgin MARIES,  
Beautiful as two contra-ries  
Can be, who are rival faeries  
In their beauty in Tontine;  
All agreeing each will 'do' for this Tontine —  
But that Lady ELLEN-MARY is the Belle of this Tontine.

'So, within this stately palace,  
Called the Tontine, kept by ALLIS,  
Standing eastward of the Eden of the Green,  
Dwells the one with eyes of azure  
Melting in her soul of pleasure,  
Shedding love-light, without measure,  
On her lovers in Tontine,  
All agreeing she is Belle of this Tontine —  
Cynosure of all the lesser lights that twinkle in Tontine.

'But within this stately palace,  
Called the Tontine, kept by ALLIS,  
Standing eastward of the Eden of the Green,  
Shine the other's eyes all darkling,  
With the love-light in them sparkling,  
Darker brews above them circling —  
Making heaven in this Tontine;  
Though they say that she will 'do' for this Tontine,  
And that Lady ELLEN-MARY is the Belle of this Tontine.'

GOOD 'Sir Roger de Coverley!' Right glad are we to welcome, from the tasteful press of Messrs. TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston, a handsome fac-simile volume of these world-famed papers, collected and consecutively collated from 'The Spectator.' That we have read them often our readers must know, for we have often quoted passages from them in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER: nor indeed can we take them up at any time, without a strong desire to renew the easy and pleasant task; so much sly humor, delicate satire, and true perception of the beau-



tiful and the good, do they contain. Even now, we must present Sir ROGER at church on Sunday:

'As Sir ROGER is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer no body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by Chance he has been surprised into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon these Occasions: Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verse in the Singing-Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same Prayer; and sometimes stands up when every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

'I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old Friend, in the midst of the Service, calling out to one *Joha Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This *Joha Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that time was kicking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his Behaviour; besides that the general good Sense and Worthiness of his Character makes his Friends observe the little singularities as Foils that rather set off than blemish his good Qualities.

'As soon as the Sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel between a double Row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him on each Side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do, whom he does not see at Church; which is understood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent.'

Sir ROGER is next contrasted with a neighboring Squire, who is always at odds with his patrons: 'In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the Squire has not said his prayers, either in public or private, this half year; and the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to *pray for him* in the face of the whole congregation!' . . . We must say a few words about *The Opera*. And our first remark is, that *MARETZKE* is a remarkable instance of the pursuit of music under difficulties. With the caprices of fashion and of public taste to deal with on the one hand, in a country where the fine arts are incidental rather than essential to society, he has contended, on the other, with the cabals, the animosities, the rivalries, and the wilfulness of a large body of *artistes*, some spoiled by praise, others pinched by poverty, not a few capable of the highest rôles on the European stage, and all conscious of the 'privilege of being independent' in a land where there are no gens d'armes to keep them in order, nor regal courts to sustain them. 'MAX,' for some years, has kept these discordant elements in a state of fusion; he has supplied the public demand for music at all seasons; his *forte* is to crystallize in happy union the versatile musical matériel afloat. Witness his present successful enterprise. Never, in our opinion, has there been so felicitous a combination of voices, talent and style on the Astor-place boards. There is *STEFFANNONE*, with her delicious notes evolved with a captivating facility; *BOSIO*, the best *cantatrice* of her kind yet known on this side of the water; *PROCO*, the only *contralto* that has ever satisfied the judicious; *BADIALI*, a *baritone* positively unequalled, or at least unexcelled; *MARINI*, an incomparable *basso*; *BETTINI*, a good tenor; with *BENEDETTI*, who is 'winning back his laurels,' and *COSTINI*, *VIKITI*, etc. To hear '*Norma*,' '*Lucrezia Borgia*,' '*Lucia*,' '*La Favorita*,' and other choice operas performed by such a corps well cast, and in good voice, is a musical treat seldom enjoyed abroad, and which promises for 'MAX' and the public a glorious season. . . . We thought of this bit of verse the other morning, while reading in the '*Times*' daily journal an account of a narrow-souled city doctor who declined to attend a poor woman who was in great danger, because he had 'not previously been consulted:'

'I'm called Doctor *PILL*, a medical quack,  
But a quack of considerable standing and note;  
I've clapped many a blister on many a back,  
And crammed many a bolus down many a throat;  
I've always stuck close, like the rest of my tribe.  
And physic'd my patient as long as he'd pay;  
And I say, when I'm asked to advise or prescribe,  
You must wait till I'm called in a regular way.'

A WOULD-BE correspondent, whose hand-writing is insufferable, wishes to write a series of papers for the KNICKERBOCKER upon 'The Upper Society of New-York.' His manuscript was not improved by a fragment of pickle, the stain of a 'blob of brown soap,' as YELLOWPLUSH calls it, and yellow semi-circles, as from the dripping bottom of an ale-mug; but then his letter is sent from 'Fifth-Avenue!' Perhaps he 'keeps a door' there. If the prose is accepted, he will have a 'fine piece of poetry' for the same number. Such a literary repast as that would be like poor POWELL's 'leg o' nothin' and turnips' for dinner. . . . WE understand that our friend PARSON THOMAS BELL, the liveliest, wittiest and most *illustrative* auctioneer that ever lifted up his voice 'in the great congregation' of eager bidders in Gotham — our friend KEESE, (*facile princeps*) scarcely excepted — is about to embody, in his sales, a series of practical lectures upon auctioneering in general, with imitations of the more prominent metropolitan functionaries who call themselves 'salesmen.' *There'll be sport!* It will be worth any man's while, ay, or woman's either, who may desire to buy what 'Parson BELL' may advertise to sell, to step into his rooms at Number ten, North-William-street, and hear mock-auctioneering and PETER-FUNK-ism travestied with equal effect and good nature. . . . PART of the merit which belongs to the following '*Complaint*' is, that it is the complaint of the child-writer himself. Some credit will be awarded to him also, for the sententiousness and simplicity of his unpretending verse, not to speak of its natural pathos and feeling:

I'm a helpless crippled child:  
Gentle Christians, pity me!  
Once in rosy health I staid,  
Blithe and gay as you can be;  
And upon the village green  
First in every sport was seen.

Now, alas! I'm weak and low —  
Cannot either work or play;  
Tou'ring on my crutches slow,  
Drag along my weary way;  
Now, no longer dance and sing,  
Joyful in the merry ring.

Many sleepless nights I live,  
Turning on my weary bed;  
Softest pillows cannot give  
Slumber to my aching head:  
Constant anguish makes it fly  
From my wakeful, heavy eye.

And when morning-beams return,  
Still no comfort beams for me;  
Still my limbs with fever burn,  
Painful shoots my crippled knee;  
And another tedious day  
Passes sad and slow away.

From my chamber-windows high,  
Lifted in my easy-chair,  
I the village green can spy;  
Once I was very merry there,  
Marching with my new-bought drum —  
Happy times — no more to come!

There are now my play-mates gay  
Sporting on the daisied turf,  
And amidst their cheerful play  
Stopp'd by many a merry laugh:  
But the sight I cannot bear,  
Leaning in my easy-chair!

WE rather suspect that the following defence of the use without the abuse of wine will not meet the approbation of the 'total-teetotallers' of the day, but it is well enough to see what may be said on both sides of a question that has two sides. The passage is from a recent work entitled '*The Human Body, and its Connection with Man*:'

'If wine is good to drink, it need not be drunk on pretexts. Men have drunk it from the beginning for that which is the best and the worst of reasons — because they like it. 'Wine maketh glad the heart of man;' there lies the fortress of its usage. To the wise, it is the adjunct of society; the launch of the mind from the care and hindrance of the day; the wheel of emotion; the preparator of inventive ideas; the blandness of every sense obedient to the best impulses of the hours when labor is done. Its use is to deepen ease and pleasure on high-tides and at harvest-homes, when endurance is not required; for delight has important functions, and originates life, as it were, afresh from a childhood of sportive feeling, which must recur at seasons for the most of men, or motive itself would stop. A second use is to enable us to surmount seasons of physical and moral depression, and to keep up the life-mark to a constant level, influenced as little as possible by the circumstances of the hour. Also to show to age, by occasions, that its youth lies still within it, and may be found like a spring in a dry land, with the thyrus for a divining rod. A third use is to soften us; to make us kinder than our reason, and more admiscive than our candor, and to enable us to begin larger sympathies and associations from a state in which the feelings are warm and plastic. A fourth use is to save the resources of mental excitement by a succedaneous excitement of another kind, or to balance the animation of the soul by the animation of the body, so that life may be pleasant as well as profitable, and the pleasure

be reckoned among the profits. A *fifth* use is to stimulate thoughts, and to reveal men's powers to themselves and their fellows, for *in vino veritas*, and intimacy is born of the blood of the grape. But is it not unworthy of us to pour joy's aid from a decanter, or to count upon 'circumstances' for a delight which the soul alone should furnish? Oh, no! for by God's blessing the world is a circumstance: our friends are circumstances; our wax-lights and gayeties likewise; and all these are stimuli, and touch the being within us; and where then is the limit to the application of Art and Nature to the soul? At least, however, our doctrine is dangerous: but then fire is dangerous, and love is dangerous, and life with its responsibilities is very dangerous. All strong things are perilous to one whose honor's path is over hair-breadth bridges and along giddy precipices. A *sixth* use is to make the body more easily industrious in work-times. This is the test of temperance and the proof of the other uses. That wine is good for us which has no fumes, but which leaves us to sing over our daily labors with ruddier cheeks, purer feelings, and brighter eyes than water can bestow. The *seventh* use is, in this highest form of assimilation, to symbolize the highest form of communion, according to the Testament which our SAVIOUR left, and to stand on the altar as the representative of spiritual truth. All foods feed the soul, and this on the principles of a universal symbolism: this then is the highest use of bread and wine, to be taken and assimilated in the ever-new spirit of the kingdom of heaven.

'SPEAKING of beautiful Greenwood,' writes a metropolitan friend, 'reminds me of a scene I once witnessed in Broadway. A drunken Irishman was driving an empty *harse* down that noisy gay thoroughfare: on his face was an idiotic laugh, and he leered at each person on the side-walk whose eye he could catch, while he held up his finger in true omnibus style, and cried, 'Ride down! right down! ride down!' Some met his glance with a shudder, some with a laugh, some with a frown; but they all passed on, with more serious faces, at sight of the ghastly caricature. Behind the *harse* were boys running and shouting, as if they were imps in the wake of Death. He probably reached the South Ferry without a fare.' . . . THERE is a sublime touch of the burlesque in the indolent Hibernian cockney's '*Lay of the Lazy*.' He is in love, but not quite in a marrying condition. He closes as follows:

'I've earned at times a pound a week;  
Alas! I'm earning nothing now:  
Chalk scarcely shames my whitened cheek!  
Grief has ploughed furrows in my brow.  
I only get one meal a day,  
And that one meal—O God!—my tea:  
I'm wasting silently away,  
But I have not forgotten thee!

'My days are drawing to their end:  
I've now, alas! no end in view;  
I never had a real friend;  
I wear a worn-out, black *sartent*:  
My heart is darkened o'er with woe;  
My trousers whitened at the knee;  
My boot forgets to hide my toe,  
But I have not forgotten thee!

Our friend PUTNAM might assist this deploring and deplorable writer by sending him that clever book, '*A Lift for the Lazy*.' . . . '*The New-York Medical Times*,' edited by J. G. ADAMS, M. D., is a new medical journal which promises well, to judge from the beginning. The present number is well made up, and contains original articles of interest from the pens of Drs. W. H. VAN BUREN, J. T. METCALZ, GURDON BUCK, and others; hospital reports, bibliographical and editorial notices, etc. Among the latter are some very interesting 'Medical Gleanings from the Arctic Expedition,' by BENJAMIN VREELAND, M. D., United States' Navy. '*The Times*' is published monthly. . . . 'You do not often come across such gems of poetry as the following,' writes a western correspondent, 'the genuine productions of a Waukesha (Wisconsin) farmer. Hear his address '*To a Dew-Drop*:'

'THE gentle moistening dew-drop,  
So refreshing to the thirsty crop;  
Gem of the opening day  
Sparkling in the morning ray.'

And then he gives us what I suspect proves him a transplanted shrub from the 'Vaterland' of song and Dutchmen:

'No more to the thankless monarch I vow,  
No more to the lordly my hat raises to an unreturned bow;  
No more do I labor like a Russian serf,  
My produce to be consumed by the lordly on earth.  
By the sweat of my brow,  
With the help of mine frow,  
And my sinewy arm,  
I cultivate my farm.

Land of liberty, the land of the free!  
Precious the boon thou hast given to me:  
Health, wealth, and enjoyment,  
And plenty of well-paid employment.  
By the sweat of my brow,  
With the help of my frow,  
And my sinewy arm,  
I cultivate my farm.

WE give the 'reverse-picture' by our lively correspondent 'HENRY,' which was promised in our last. It presents quite a different scene from the 'crack church' which he depicted:

'THE Sunday before Easter we attended divine service at a free Episcopal church in Vandewater-street. The service had just commenced, and we entered the first vacant pew that met our eye. Glancing over the worshippers, we felt convinced at once that we were in a house of God, where all around us were Christians by practice as well as profession. They were a congregation of real worshippers. The inside was plain, simple, and unpretending. The seats were comfortable, and the appearance of the whole place and the people was in unison with devotional feelings. The organist played an anthem, and it was chanted by a most excellent choir. When they had finished, the clergyman commenced reading the morning service. We never felt the power of masterly reading to a greater extent; never in the 'crack churches.' His fine voice and nice intonations gave effect to every word and sentence he read. In reading the second lesson from the Gospel of St. MATTHEW, which describes the last supper, the scene on the Mount of Olives, the asseveration of PETER and the disciples, the agony of the Son of God, and his prayer in the garden of Gethsemane, 'FATHER, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me,' and the arrival of JUDAS and the soldiers, the clergyman carried the audience with him. When he had reached the conversation of JUDAS previous to the last supper, he suddenly stopped reading. Many no doubt thought the good pastor had 'lost the place.' A few moments of the most solemn silence succeeded; you could have heard the fall of a feather, and the cause of the pause in the reading was apparent. The clergyman himself had become so absorbed in the scene, as portrayed by the inspired writer, and his own feelings had been so wrought upon by the language of the Son of God, that his voice was choked, and he could not continue reading for some time; and when he did continue, the tears were seen coursing down his face. There was no clap-trap; but it, no stage-trick, to make 'a point.' It was genuine. It was one of those beautiful incidents that frequently occur in the religious worship of the humble, the pure and the good. We thought of WINT's story of 'The Blind Preacher.'

A collection was taken up. We had a shilling and a three-dollar bill to choose from for our oblation. If we had had a one-dollar bill we should have put it in the plate, and smoked fewer cigars in the ensuing week; but at a three-dollar bill we hesitated, and then — put the three-dollar bill in our pocket, and the shilling on the plate.

The clergyman preached a most excellent sermon from the text, 'Follow me,' the words addressed by JESUS to the two fishermen brothers, PETER and ANDREW, whom he told he would make 'fishers of men.' Hereafter we intend to attend regularly at the free church in Vandewater-street, and let the 'upper-crust' churches go. We farther intend to take a class in the Sunday-school of that church, and to make up a class from our own customers, the small-sized news-boys.'

'*Drayton, a Story of American Life*,' is the title of a western novel, recently issued from the press of the BROTHERS HARPER, and is a work which, despite a little carelessness of construction, and an occasional redundancy of style, reflects great credit upon its author. It is a whole-hearted American work, written by a whole-hearted American; and it possesses one quality which will make it sell. It is eminently *interesting*. Its characters are each well discriminated, while they are contrasted with the skill of a true artist. The descriptive portions, whether of natural scenery or of individual action, are picturesque and dramatic. We could cite instances where the language is turgid and profuse for the expression which it is employed to give; but this would be hypercritical, when it so frequently rises to eloquence, or expands to the beautiful. The lesson taught by DRAYTON, the poor shoemaker's apprentice, is most wholesome, and worthy of a republican author. We should mention, also, as preëminently spirited, some passages in the love-episodes of the 'HAMPTON' and 'ROGERS' of the story. There is a scene between the latter and a haughty, heartless coquette, which is of itself worth the price asked for the volume. We have no hesitation in very cordially commending '*Drayton*' to all our American readers. They will find some faults, but they will soon see how they are thrown into the back-ground by abundant merits. The book will be finished in two sittings, in nine cases out of ten; and it takes a work of undeniable power to

enforce *that* consummation. . . . A FRIEND has sent us a choice collection of epitaphs and elegiac verses, some of which are amusing enough. 'Voilà : ' THE following inscription may be seen on a grave-stone in Greene county, New-York : ' Here lies the body of JOHANNES GREETSMITH, aged sixty-four years and two months. *Go thou and do likewise !* ' That is, go and live sixty-four years and two months ! The ensuing plaintive lines are copied verbatim et literatim et punctuation from a wooden head-board in the grave-yard at the head of Varick-street. It is headed, '*To the Memory of an Onley Child,*' died August 15, 1837 :

Lo, here enwrapped, within this narrow shroud of clay,  
The dear image lies, absorb'd in earth's tranquillity  
This ray of human fate, which crossed life's fleeting day  
Shows the suff'ring eye the tomb of LAURA GALLOWAY.

The plant that decks and the flow'r that 'fumes the morn  
Doth fade anon ; and wither in their rising form.  
Lovely was the inmate's bloom ; a-lace crown'd her birth,  
Vivid was the exile's life, that spoke adieu to earth.

Sad break of melancholy, as doth Eden's brow,  
Obscure a father's joy, a mother's tender vow :  
The tile of graven mem'ry the sorrow'd thought unfold  
Of this darling child bereft : seven months and three  
Days old.'

'The subjoined epitaph was written by a school-master, it is said, on the death of a favorite child, which fell into the water of a saw-mill dam and was drowned :

Just below a Ca Mill dam  
A Child was drown'd Slam ;  
Black water white head  
The Child was killt stun dead.

The neighbors came down unto the water  
All for to see what was the matter :  
They and their parents wept and groaned  
For their first born child was drowned.

#### EPITAPH ON A KITTEN.

'REQUIES-CAT IN PACE.'

HENRY lies, by death smitten,  
A hapless young kitten,  
To moulder away in the dust ;  
Oh, had it lived longer,  
It might have been wrong'r,  
An' I died a-mewhat older, we trust.  
Had it grown up to cat-hood,  
Then many a rat would  
Have mourned in the deepest of wo ;  
Let the curtain be drawn to,  
We hope it has gone to  
That land where other cats go.

'I regret that I cannot inform the curious reader where the following touching inscription may be found ; but it is pervaded by so earnest a spirit, that I cannot for one moment doubt its authenticity :

'HENRY lies the wife of neighbor THOMAS,  
Whom death, in mercy, carried from us ;  
For, when in life, she was so old,  
So homely, sluttish, such a scold,  
Tha round about her for a mile  
All things were kept in constant broil.  
I've known her scold at such a rate  
That even chimney-backs would sweat ;  
Tramels, through fear, forgot to hold,  
And red-hot coals of fire grew cold.  
Her husband never dropped a tear  
Till he had placed her body here ;  
And then he blubbered like a lout,  
*For fear she'd scratch her passage out.'*

'In conclusion, I send thee some verses written by the sweet poetess of Mackerelville, and hope you will offer incense to the stars for permitting you to gaze upon so wonderful a production. Now, Mackerelville is on the verdant bank of the Hudson, some miles above 'Dobb's ferry,' and when the beautiful blue of the summer heaven bends over the warm hills at sunset, the gifted authoress may be seen leaning languidly on the arm of her lover. By the following specimen you will see that her power over the pathetic is unsurpassed, and her literary attainments of the very highest order. The poem was written to 'comfort' surviving friends:

'BENOLD a youth with rudy cheeks  
With sparkling eyes and ruby lips  
Flourished like some fragrant rose  
Or some flower that in the garden grows

'His lovely nature all appears  
With comely brow and curling hair  
With ivy teeth and snowey skin  
Complete built in every limb

'His skin exceeds the softest silk  
His lily breasts are white as milk  
And all his bones are full of marrow  
He knows no grief no pain nor sorrow

'In gifts of nature shining bright  
He was his parents' chief delight  
He is the one whom they did much admire  
And dressed him up in rich attire

'But suddenly the lord was pleased  
By some acute or strong disease  
To touch the stem this flower grew on  
And all his glory soon was gone.

'His fluent tongue grew perching dry  
Alas this lovely youth must die  
His parents by the bed do stand  
With weeping eyes and wringing hands

'To see him gasping his vital breath  
Into the arms of cruel death  
No comfort here he can afford  
Alas he is gone like JONAHAN's gourd :

'And has received his final doom  
And entered in the silent tomb  
A napkin binds his hands and feet  
His boddy wears a winding-sheet.'

'These lines are copied letter for letter from the original, which is destitute of punctuation. I beg to assure you, my dear Editor, that this poem and that on the death of 'an only child,' are perfectly authentic; for the other specimens I am indebted to others, and cannot vouch for their truth. Finally, may the seven fat hours of Paradise watch by thy bedside, and keep thy slumbers sweet with the penetrating perfumes that emanate from their ethereal bodies! And be thou blessed by the seventy-seven caliphs that for ever swing on the musical gates of Medina! . . . THE following thoughts, by the author of 'Friends in Council,' are replete with the true feeling of which they are the offspring:

'A MAN'S own home is a serious place to him. There it is he has known the sweetness and the bitterness of early loves and early friendships. There, mayhap, he has suffered one of those vast bereavements which was like a tearing away of a part of his own soul: when he thought each noise in the house, hearing noises that he never heard before, must be something they were doing in the room—the room—where lay all that was mortal of some one inexpressibly dear to him; when he awoke morning after morning to struggle with a grief which seemed as new, as appalling, and as large as on the first day; which, indeed, being part of himself, and thus partaking of his renovated powers, rose equipped with what rest or alacrity sleep had given him; and sank, unconquered, only when he was too wearied in body and mind to attend to it, or to any thing.'

A LEGAL friend of ours the other day was about entering a haberdasher's shop in Broadway, when a young buck, with a large moustache and small income, born like JAFFIER with 'elegant desires,' drove up a pair of spanking bays, glittering with their splendid caparison. 'Ah, G——,' said he, 'how de do!—how de do! How d'you like me horses? Fine animals, but very costly. What do you think I gave for the pair?' 'I guess you gave *your note*,' said G——. 'Good mawning!' responded the blood; '*good mawning*!' . . . Who that saw Professor PAGE's electro-magnetic engine in operation recently at the lecture-room of the Society Library, and heard his modest and lucid exposition of its mode of operation; its immense power at trifling cost; its lightning-'motor,' and its ease of control; who that saw all this, was not impressed with the thought of the vast energies that are around and about us!—sleeping latent in Nature, until called forth by the 'prophet-ken' of God given GENIUS. What may the peaceful revolutions of science *not* pro-

duce hereafter! . . . We must beg leave to say to 'L. R. J.' of C —, Ohio, that we have strong doubts whether the '*Lines to a Comet*' had the *unassisted* paternity to which he was assured they were rightly ascribed. Although there is little that is very remarkable in the lines, *beyond* the alleged paternity, we still do not believe that the measures were dictated by any washerwoman's seven-years-old child. . . . We have read, and with interest, a volume from the pen of Miss JULIA H. GEORGE, comprising the '*History of the English and Scotch Rebelions of 1688*.' The struggles of these people to rid themselves of a popish king are well and graphically depicted. The portraits of ARGYLE and MONMOUTH are drawn with marked discrimination and individuality. Messrs. CADY AND BURGESS, of John-street, are the publishers. . . . THESE lines of General MORRIS, which, under the title of '*Thy Will be Done*,' have been set to music by W. V. WALLACE, are the best verses we have ever seen from his pen:

'SEARCHER of Hearts!—from mine erase  
All thoughts that should not be,  
And in its deep recesses trace  
My gratitude to THEE!

'Hearer of Prayer!—oh, guide aright  
Each word and deed of mine!  
Life's battle teach me how to fight,  
And be the victory THINE.

'Giver of All!—for every good  
In the-REDEEMER came:  
For raiment, shelter, and for food,  
I thank THEE in His name.

'FATHER and SON and HOLY GHOST,  
Thou glorious Three in ONE!  
Thou knowest best what I need most,  
And let THY will be done.'

We have glanced over a few of the proof-sheets of a work for schools, academies, and the higher halls of learning, which we think will supply a very important desideratum in such institutions. It is entitled '*The Book of Eloquence*,' and consists of a well-chosen collection of extracts in prose and verse, from the most eloquent orators and poets of other days and the present time. Many hackneyed things have been omitted, and numerous good ones added. There are some hundred and seventy prose selections from American authors, and some eighty or ninety from European authors of celebrity, including a hundred selections from English and American poetry. The author is Mr. CHARLES D. WARREN, of Cazenovia, in this state, a young man of talent, and possessing a good literary taste. Messrs. NEWMAN AND COMPANY are the New-York publishers. . . . Isn't this pun perfectly awful? Who did the deed? 'What's the difference between the top of a mountain and a person afflicted with any disorder? One's the summit of a hill, and the other's *ill of a summit*!' 'Orful!' . . . An obliging correspondent in Virginia writes us: 'I notice a remark in the October KNICKERBOCKER relative to our translation of one petition in the Lord's Prayer. Not claiming to be equal to SEPTUAGINTA, I was at first inclined to say, 'All right' to your suggestion. But my difficulty was in regarding 'temptation' as equivalent to 'sin,' or as resulting in sin necessarily. You will observe that in the original, the termination (*σμός*) signifies a *means* or *instrument*: e. g., *σειω*, to shake; *σεισμός*, a means of shaking, and hence 'an earthquake.' So here, *πειρασμός*, a means or occasion of testing or proving. This does not imply *sin* as the necessary result of it. And then the succeeding clause, being in contrast, will aid in giving the exact idea. The word translated 'evil,' *πονηρός*, means, by its adj. termination, as you know, '*so full of, pōnos, laborious*': i. e. full of labor, effort, or toil. Then the idea fully expressed stands thus: 'Carry us not into circumstances of rigid trial, but draw us away from (out of) circumstances full of effort (in resisting temptation.)' In other words: 'Do not put us to any severe test, (lest we yield.)' These, Sir, are the results of my humble investigation, which seem to harmonize at the same time with etymology and orthodoxy. I only suggest them in an unpretending manner, to show you that you have

yet another reader and admirer in the 'Old Dominion' . . . 'We were lately amused,' says a waggish contemporary, 'at an 'art criticism' delivered by a raw and unsuspecting JONATHAN, who had been quietly gazing at a garden in one of our suburban villages, which, among other ornaments, boasted several handsome marble statues. 'Jest see what a waste!' observed our rural friend; 'there's no less than six scare-crows in that little ten-foot garden patch, and ary one of 'em alone would keep off all the crows from a five-acre lot!' That would have been a pleasant criticism for the sculptor himself to hear, would n't it! He would n't have sculpd again, 'we don't think!' . . . In the capital sketch, '*The New Spire at Innisfield*,' in preceding pages, the reader will recognize an incident or two in the life of the notorious, we might say celebrated, STEPHEN BURROUGHS; a man, the history of whose adventures, with that of Captain JAMES RILEY, formed almost the first books of the kind we ever perused. . . . THERE are 'several tens' of scores of people in this metropolis at this moment, who would gladly second 'Mrs. STIGGINS' proposition in the lines which ensue:

'SAID STIGGINS to his wife one day,  
'We've nothing left to eat;  
If things go on in this sad way,  
We sha'n't 'make both ends meet.'  
The dame replied, in words discreet,  
'We're not so badly fed,  
If we could make but *one* end meat,  
And make the other bread!'

'A COUNTRY school-mistress,' writes a town-neighbor, 'a short time ago was relating her 'experience' to me, and among other incidents mentioned this: 'The school, as usual in New-England, was required to read the Scriptures in rotation at the morning devotions; and one morning a 'smart' little girl, of seven or eight years of age, was seen studying her verse in anticipation of her turn, so as to be able to go through without a blunder. Her verse was: 'He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.' With her toes up to the mark, and her eyes sparkling with conscientious ability to do it up right, she burst out at the top of her lungs, and on the gallop: 'He that *gatheth* not with me, *scratcheth* a board!'' A little boy, of six years, belonging to her 'parish,' while undressing for bed one night, with his arms over his head, tying his night-dress on the back of his neck, was heard musing aloud as follows: 'I can beat TOM TUCKER. I can write my name in writin'; I can tell the time o' day by the clock; I can spell NEBUCHADNEZZAR; and I can tie a double-bow knot!' Another little fellow, of four, wading in a mud-puddle after a shower, came across an angle-worm, and thus delivered himself in audible reverie: 'Worms are the snakes' babies; little mices are the rats' babies; and the *stars* are the *moon's* babies!'' This last makes us think of a stanza in a 'cradle song' from the German:

'SLEEP, baby, sleep;  
The large stars are the sheep,  
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,  
The fair moon is the shepherdess.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!'

'*The Illustrated Ladies' Keepsake*,' is the title of a volume recently laid upon our table, edited by ABRAHAM ABBOT, and published from the press of Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, Nassau-street. It is a highly-embellished book, and will take rank with the annuals in its exterior and the character of its contents. Among the illustrations are a splendid steel frontispiece of SMILLIE, and twelve other engravings of the 'Women of the Bible.' The contents are varied, well written, and interesting, consisting of tales, essays, narratives, and a judicious selection of poetry, by some of the best writers, all of which have a pure aim and tendency. . . . FORTITUDE under



affliction, under the 'pangs of despised love' especially, will always excite admiration, if not commiseration. 'Hence we view' the merit of these brief lines:

'Now nerved to woe, no more I'll know  
How hope deferred makes mortals sick:  
The gathering storm may overwhelm my form,  
But I will suffer 'like a brick!'

We commend the writer's magnanimity to the coördinate emulation of 'the jilted,' in all sections of our 'ked'ntry.' . . . Go and see LEUTZE's great picture of '*Washington Crossing the Delaware*,' at the Stuyvesant-Institute exhibition-room. It requires no comment. 'It is *itself* the orator' of the scene and of the occasion. The crowds who throng to see it by day and by night sufficiently attest its character. It is a work that will be as immortal as its subject. . . . WELL, reader, here we are, in due course of time, at the end of another volume; and our next number, printed upon entirely new types, and with other attractions which will 'tell their own story,' will commence the *Thirty-Ninth Volume of the Knickerbocker*. Now, reader, you *know us*. Many of you have known us long. We have worked for you for many, many years. Of sad and joyful matters we have gossiped with you, until you seem to be our *friends*—'friends, though unseen.' Now will you not labor a little *for us*? Our work is now reduced to THREE DOLLARS A YEAR; and we wish the hand that records this could take that of every reader who has 'wintered and summered with us' in these pages, and looking him square in the face, 'remark as follows: 'Look o' here; you *like* the 'Old KNICK,' you say; you *must*, you know, or you would 'nt have taken it so long. Very well, now *get us up a club*, there's a good fellow, and send on the names to the publisher: to the end that care may be banished, and cheerfulness abound, and *such* a Magazine be presented to you monthly, through increased means of procuring the best matériel to be found in the country, as you have never received before.' Our port-folios are bursting with accepted articles in prose and verse: *all* good, and many of them from our most eminent American pens. 'You shall see anon!' Among the rest, the popular author of '*Reveries of a Bachelor*' will furnish us monthly with

### The Fudge Papers,

BEING THE ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD OF THE FUDGE FAMILY,

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

'It will be very desultory, and contain whim-whams of all sorts; a little interlarded with story; spiced with somewhat of satire; relieved by sallies of irony; and moving from east to west, like the picture panoramas of the day, to the tune of indifferent music.' Our paper, of the whitest and finest, is secured; our new types are shining in their boxes; and our printer has made his 'solemn davy' that the typography of the KNICKERBOCKER shall not be excelled by that of any similar publication in the world. [38] FRIENDS, there is a loose slip in the present number, to which names can be affixed, 'just as easy as writin'. Regard it. A special request. Respect this. A vermillion hint. 'Decidedly no indulgence will be shown,' etc. . . . Our friend LEONARD SCOTT, who reprints the English Reviews, declines to advertise the KNICKERBOCKER, at its reduced price, upon his covers, fearing, he says, that it will 'take away some of his subscribers. If it were published at five dollars, he would have no objection!' This *fact* is all that we need mention. It will be seen that we have no such fears in relation to *his* publication. . . . I ONOFELLOW's 'Golden Legend,' MELVILLE's 'Moby-Dick,' 'Rural Homes,' 'The Odd-Fellows' Offering,' HAWTHORNE's 'Wonder-Book,' Dr. WAINWRIGHT's 'Travels in the East,' illustrated, 'The String of Diamonds,' 'The Panorama,' and two or three other 'good books' and publications, await 'immediate despatch.'

# PUTNAM'S HOME CYCLOPÆDIA

IN SIX VOLUMES;

COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING:—EACH SOLD SEPARATELY.

---

## HAND-BOOK OF LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS,

By GEORGE RIPLEY, Esq., and BAYARD TAYLOR, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth, \$2 00.

## HAND-BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY,

By PARKE GODWIN, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth, \$2 00.

## HAND-BOOK OF THE USEFUL ARTS, &c.,

By Dr. ANTISELL. 1 vol. 8vo., \$2 00.

## HAND-BOOK OF THE SCIENCES,

By Prof. ST. JOHN, of Western Reserve College. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth, \$2 00.

## HAND-BOOK OF GEOGRAPHY,

Or, UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER.

## HAND-BOOK OF HISTORY AND CHRONOLOGY,

Or, THE WORLD'S PROGRESS: A Dictionary of Dates.

In all 6 Vols., small 8vo., each containing from 600 to 800 pages, double columns, with Engravings.

---

In issuing the above works, the publisher flatters himself that he shall meet a literary and educational want which has long been urgently felt by families and schools, no less than by the general reader. The present active circulation of intelligence in all classes of society, demands the constant use of au-

thentic and convenient books of reference. Labor-saving machinery has become as essential in the acquisition of knowledge, as in the application of the practical arts.

Most of the encyclopædias in popular use are on an extensive scale, contain a large quantity of matter which is seldom referred to, and can only be obtained at considerable expense. Indispensable to public libraries, and to the student whose researches embrace a wide field, they often exceed the demands, no less than the means of the intelligent reader, who wishes merely to take a rapid survey of the general branches of knowledge.

The present series of popular manuals is intended not for professional scholars, but for the great mass of American readers. No labor nor expense has been spared in this preparation which could more perfectly adapt them to their intended purpose. They have been edited with great care by able scientific and literary men. The materials have been drawn from a great variety of sources. In a small compass, they contain the essence of many large and valuable works. The subjects are brought down to the latest dates, and presented with all the completeness and accuracy which could be secured by the experience and industry of the editors.

The whole series furnishes a collection of manuals adapted both for the use of classes and for general reference, presenting a lucid and comprehensive view of general History and Geography, Literature and the Fine Arts, Biography, and the Sciences and Useful Arts.

### **The Hand-Book of Literature and the Fine Arts**

Embraces all terms of Logic and Rhetoric, Criticism, Style, and Language; sketches of works which stand as types of their age or tongue; reviews of all systems of philosophy and theology, both of ancient and modern times; and a complete series of the history of literature among all nations, made up wholly from original sources. All the most important terms of common and international law, all technical words and phrases employed in theology and philosophy, and a number of scientific and historical phrases which have become familiarized in Literature have been included. The explanations are not confined to mere definitions; whenever it has been found necessary, illustrative woodcuts have been introduced, which will greatly assist the reader in his knowledge of architectural terms. In Art, the departments of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture have been treated as fully and carefully as the nature and limits of the work would permit. While a mere technical array of terms has been avoided, care has been taken to explain all the words, and phrases of art-criticism have been defined at some length, as of interest and value to the general reader, especially since criticism has

been recognized as a distinct department of literature. All words relating to the art and practice of music have been likewise retained.

### **The Hand-Book of Biography**

Is founded on Maunder's excellent work, the compiler having endeavored to preserve the compactness, while he has improved upon the fidelity and comprehensiveness of his original. He has re-written most of the articles, either to enlarge or condense them; and has added a vast number of names, especially of American men of eminence, and those who have died since former works were prepared. In all cases he has consulted the most reliable authorities, and given as much authentic information under each head as could be condensed into the allotted space.

### **The Hand-Book of the Useful Arts**

Includes a description of the improvements and discoveries of the present advanced state of science, as well as a history of their gradual development. It will convey as far as the limits of the volume will permit, the greatest possible amount of information concerning the subjects treated of, that could be combined in a work at once intended for popular use and private reference. Very many of the publications issued in this country have added little to the knowledge previously existing in regard to its products, manufactures, or capabilities. Based, as all such works necessarily are, upon contemporaneous English productions, reference to the statistics and local peculiarities of this country is rarely found in their pages. It is hoped that in this Hand-Book of the Useful Arts, a step in advance has been made in chronicling the progress in Art to which the United States so rapidly and with such excellence have attained.

### **The Hand-Book of the Sciences**

Contains a brief explanation of scientific and technical terms, together with historical notices, descriptions of machinery, and other information requisite to enable the reader to gain an intelligent view of the nomenclature of the sciences, and their successive discoveries.

### **The Hand-Book of Geography**

Is a complete, universal Gazetteer, showing the present relations of the different countries of the world, with the numerous changes that are constantly occurring carefully noted to the present moment.

## The Hand-Book of History and Chronology

Has already appeared under the title of the "World's Progress," and has met with signal favor from the public. Whatever errors have crept into the previous edition will be carefully corrected, and the latest intelligence embodied in its pages.

It will be perceived from the above slight description, that the present series forms an encyclopedia of the most comprehensive character, easy of consultation, authentic in its statements, and afforded at a moderate price. The publisher is persuaded that he is greatly promoting the interests of sound knowledge in this country by its issue, and he confidently anticipates for it a wide circulation, and a long career of utility.

### Notices of the "World's Progress."

"The World's Progress presents an immense mass of information, historical, biographical, geographical, mythological, literary and scientific, which can be found in no other single volume."—*So. Lit. Gaz.*

"The world's whole history—its chronologies, races, battles, eras, great men, wonderful events; indeed, every thing worth recording is compressed in alphabetical manner within the cover of this rare volume. It is a little library in itself—an Encyclopedia full of the right kind of data, in the briefest possible shape. Mr. Putnam has published many noble works, but few more useful than "The World's Progress."—*New Yorker.*

"This unique contribution to our literature is a library in itself, and we would rather enjoy the reputation of making and compiling this really extraordinary book than almost any other work of the season.

"Every young man should get it at once, and keep it close at hand, and he will soon find that his education is going on. No parent can give a better present to his child than this most useful moral manual of history."—*Christian Times.*

"This is about the most remarkable book we have seen. It is a monument of industry and research—an unparalleled embodiment of statistical knowledge, and a paragon of methodical arrangement. It is a volume of 700 pages of historical facts, dates, and memoranda, condensed almost beyond precedent, and compressed with so much skill and judgment as to afford a complete and thoroughly intelligible index of events. Prefixed to this treasury of knowledge is a chart of history. We would not be without this volume for many times its cost."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

"No book of reference has appeared of late years with greater claims to a place on every library table than the 'World's Progress.' The work is a large volume of about 700 pages, full of facts, so arranged and classified as to be always easily found. It commends itself to all, who like ourselves, find the need of every sort of time-saving help in literary labor."—*Meth. Quarterly Rev.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S  
NEW PUBLICATIONS  
FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

SUPERB NEW GIFT BOOKS.

I.

The Home Book of the Picturesque,

OR

AMERICAN SCENERY, ART, AND LITERATURE.

*Comprising beautiful large Vignettes, engraved on Steel, by distinguished Artists, of the following Subjects:*

The Bay of New-York, by H. Beckwith—the Clove, Cattkill, by Durand—the Alleghenias, North Carolina, by Richards—Snow Scene on the Housatonic, by Gignoux—Cattkill Scenery, by Kensett—Schroon Lake, by Cole—West Rock, New Haven, by Church—Adirondack Mountains, by Durand—the Juniatta, Pennsylvania, by Talbot—Cascade Bridge on the Erie Railroad, by Talbot—the Rondout, by Huntington—Church at West Point, by Weir—Wa-wa-yanda Lake, N. J., by Cropsey, &c.

With Original Essays on Subjects connected with Scenery and the Fine Arts, by Washington Irving, J. Fenimore Cooper, Miss Cooper, author of "Rural Hours," Bryant, N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Bethune, Tuckerman, Magoon, &c.

This Work of Art, which presents an attractive novelty among embellished publications of its class, has been prepared with the utmost care, and at great expense—the engraved Illustrations having been executed in the finest style of the art, as well as the letter-press and binding: it forms an elegant quarto volume. Copies in cloth, extra gilt, \$7; morocco, super., \$10; proofs on India, \$14.

II.

The Book of Home Beauty,

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

Containing Twelve Portraits of American Ladies, from Original Pictures, by Charles Martin, Esq., engraved on Steel, in the best manner, by eminent Artists. One vol. folio, cloth, extra gilt, \$8. Turkey morocco extra, \$12. Proofs on India paper, double size, very elegant, \$20.

\* \* The style and the aim of this Work are somewhat more elevated than those of any similar work heretofore attempted either in this country or in Europe. It is not a transient, butterfly-book of fancy sketches, but a work of permanent value, both in a literary and artistic point of view. No expense has been spared to render it creditable to the taste and artistic progress of the country. Mrs. Kirkland's name guarantees both the piquant interest and unexceptionable good taste of the volume. The portraits were taken from life by Chas. Martin, Esq., expressly for this purpose.

"I have told you something, in by-gone numbers, of a *Book of Beauty*, and indulged in some surmises as to who was to be the literary nurse of such an enterprise. I now learn with pleasure that Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND is to have the handling of its dainty pages. A better selection could not have been made, either in view of the artistic pen-work of the lady in question, or of those substantial qualities of heart, temper, and judgment, which will at once forestall all possible charges of indecorum or frivolity."—*North American Miscellany*.

## G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### **The Alhambra, Illustrated.**

The Alhambra. By WASHINGTON IRVING. New edition, with large additions. Illustrated by 14 beautiful engravings on wood, by the best engravers, from designs by F. O. C. DARLEY. 8vo. Dark cloth, extra gilt, \$8 50; extra blue, gilt edges, \$4; morocco extra, very elegant richly gilt edges, \$6.

This elegant volume is the last of the Illustrated Series. The subject, and the graceful mode of handling it, combine to render this a peculiarly attractive volume for presentation.

"The Alhambra is one of the most finished and fascinating of Mr. Irving's works. It possesses the elaborate polish of the Sketch Book. The splendor of diction, and musical flow of words, are, at times, perfectly charming.—*Southern Lit. Messenger*.

"This is one of Irving's most poetical and beautiful works, abounding in those exquisite pictures, which, although mere word-paintings, have all the fascination and impressiveness of the living, breathing canvas.—*Southern Lit. Gazette*.

"The Alhambra is one of the most finished and fascinating of Irving's works.—*Western Lit. Messenger*.

### **Irving's Works, Illustrated.**

New editions, in new and uniform style, viz., "KNICKERBOCKER," "TRAVELLER," "SKETCH-BOOK," and "ALHAMBRA." Square 8vo. Extra cloth, gilt edges, \$16; morocco extra, best style, \$24.

"DARLEY'S IRVING.—Putnam has published a most beautiful edition of the Sketch-Book, illustrated imitatively well by the racy pencil of Darley. It is this embalming of works of genius in the amber of art, which makes a library a luxury as well for the eye as the imagination. Sunny, genial, original, and tasteful Irving, worthily graced with fair print and appreciative illustration! It is indeed a completion of fitness, in which these days of haste and imperfection should rejoice, as a bright spot of exception.—*Home Journal*.

### **New Portrait of Washington Irving.**

Sketched from life, in crayons, by CHARLES MARTIN, Esq., and engraved in the finest style, on Steel, by F. HALPIN. Single copies, 50 cts.; proofs on large paper, \$1 50.

As this is probably the last portrait that will be taken of Mr. Irving, this circumstance will consequently tend to enhance its value, apart from the fact of its acknowledged fidelity of expression.

"PORTRAIT OF IRVING.—There has seldom been a more felicitous piece of work. It is not only like Irving, but like his books: and though he looks as his books read, (which is true of few authors)—and looks like the name of his cottage, Sunnyside—and looks like what the world thinks of him—yet a painter might have missed this look, and still have made what many would consider a likeness. He sits, leaning his head on his hand, with the genial, unconscious, courtly composure of expression that he habitually wears, and still there is visible the couchant humor and philosophic inevitableness of perception, which form the strong under-current of his genius. The happy temper and strong intellect of Irving—the joyously indolent man, and the arduously brilliant author—are both there. As a picture, it is a fine specimen of art.—*Home Journal*.

*Uniform with the above:*

### **New Portrait of William Cullen Bryant.**

Sketched from life, in crayons, by CHARLES MARTIN, Esq.; engraved on Steel in the best style, by ILLMAN. Single copies, 50 cts.; proofs, \$1 50.

"No other likeness will ever be made of Bryant and Bancroft than Martin's two portraits of these ante-mortem immortals. Bryant's true, though occasional look, is there—thanatopically expansive and liberal.—*Home Journal*.

### **Letters of a Traveller. By W. C. Bryant. Illustrated**

With numerous fine engravings on Steel. 1 vol. square 8vo. Cloth extra, \$4; morocco extra, \$6.

"Full of lively and picturesque sketches, acute observations, and nice discrimination. These notes possess peculiar interest.—*Christian Inquirer*.

## G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### The Shakespeare Gift-Book.

Tales of the Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines. By Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE, Author of the "Concordance to Shakespeare," with 10 fine Illustrations on steel, consisting of the following subjects:—Portia—View of Cawdor Castle—Portrait of Helena—View of Venice—Windsor Castle—Portrait of Isabella—The Town-Hall, Padua—Elsinore, and the Forest of Ardennes—A View of Verona. Fine edition, on large paper. First and Second Series. 8vo., elegantly bound, cloth, \$4.

This is a charming Gift-Book for young persons, while it is not at all unsuited for the most fastidious and cultivated lady.

"Let everybody buy these Tales. From mothers and daughters we bespeak a hearty reception."—*Christian Inquirer*.

"Mrs. Cowden Clarke, whose 'Concordance of Shakespeare' shows such mastery of the letter of the poet's works, now evinces her appreciation of their spirit in a series of fictions, entitled the 'Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines.'"—*Dickens's Household Narratives*.

"The design is one that would afford ample play to a lively and sympathetic imagination; and we are bound to say that the ingenious thought is admirably carried out."—*London Mor. Chron.*

### The New Literary Gift-Book.

#### The Memorial: a Souvenir of Genius and Virtue.

Edited by MARY E. HEWITT. With splendid Illustrations on steel. 1 vol. 8vo. Elegantly bound in muslin, gilt, \$3 50; morocco, extra, \$5 00.

Among the contributors to this beautiful volume are the following:—

N. HAWTHORNE,  
A. B. STREET,  
S. G. GOODRICH,  
E. W. GREWOLD,  
BISHOP OF JAMAICA,  
A. DUGANNE,  
Mrs. E. A. LEWIS,  
EMMA C. EMBURY,  
GEO. P. MORRIS,  
PROF. GILLESPIE,

N. P. WILIE,  
R. H. WALWORTH,  
Mrs. HEWITT,  
R. H. STODDARD,  
J. R. THOMPSON,  
Mrs. HARRINGTON,  
Mrs. OAKES SMITH,  
ALICE R. NEAL,  
R. B. KIMBALL,  
ANNE C. LYNCH,

Mrs. SIGOURNEY,  
JOHN NEAL,  
G. LUNT,  
E. L. MAGOON,  
G. P. R. JAMES,  
J. T. FIELDS,  
MARY E. BROOKS,  
DR. MAYO,  
BISHOP DOANE,  
W. G. SIMMS.

"The extreme beauty of this interesting volume, and the high literary character of its contents, amply compensate for the delay which has attended its publication. It contains so many contributions of a superior order, that it may justly claim a less ephemeral interest than is usually attached to holiday offerings. Beside her own contributions in prose and verse, which are among the most pleasing productions of her pen, Mrs. Hewitt has gathered a delightful variety of original articles, many of which are from eminent writers, and which, taken as a whole, possess an unusual degree of excellence. The typography, paper, and binding of the volume, are in a style of refined and tasteful elegance, in a high degree appropriate to the object for which it was designed. We cannot doubt that it will meet with the cheering welcome to which it is so richly entitled."—*Tribune*.

"As a literary production, no work has been issued in this country containing such a list of contributors, distinguished by reputation and ability. The volume will sustain the reputation of being at the head of its class."—*Newark Advertiser*.

"For the literary merits of the volume, we will only say that most of the ablest writers in our country in this department of literature, are represented. Many of their articles are in their happiest vein. In its mechanical execution, however, the work has no superior in anything which has issued from the American press."—*Albany State Register*.

#### Rural Hours. By Miss Cooper.

Illustrated by a series of finely colored Illustrations. 1 vol. square 8vo. Cloth extra, \$5; morocco extra, \$7.

"A very pleasant book—the result of the combined effort of good sense and good feeling, an observant mind, and a real, honest, unaffected appreciation of the countless minor beauties that nature exhibits to her assiduous lovers."—*Albion*.

"This is one of the most delightful books we have lately taken up."—*Evening Post*.

"This is a delightful book, containing, in the form of a diary or journal, the reflections of a person of cultivation and refinement; of one who had an eye to see, and power to appreciate the real meaning, the natural objects and phenomena around her. The reader is constantly reminded of Gilbert White's 'Natural History of Selborne.' 'Rural Hours' is just the book for the drawing-room. Open where you will, you may find something of interest."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.



## G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### Poems. By Samuel G. Goodrich

Illustrated with a series of Original Designs, beautifully engraved on Wood. One volume, 8vo. Cloth extra.

"A collection of short pieces in verse, happy in their choice of subjects, and showing poetic fancy,—the cadences particularly are musical. It is very nicely embellished."—*Adver.*

"One of the most beautiful works, in typographical appearance, that has issued from the American press. Adorned with sixty wood cuts, and vignettes, and arrayed in scarlet and gold, its appearance at this season of the year is most opportune. All those whose youth has been made happy by the ever pleasing stories of Peter Parley, will find that the old gentleman, having dropped his assumed name, is still catering for their pleasures. They will buy this book on the strength of the past, and will find that its melodious strains will charm the educated ear, as well as his tales delight the young heart."—*Newark Advertiser.*

### The Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines.

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE, Author of "The Concordance to Shakspeare." Illustrated with fine Engravings on Steel. Price, 25 cents each part. Also in two volumes, cloth, gilt, \$2 50.

I.—PORTIA, with Portrait on Steel.

II.—THE THANE'S DAUGHTER, with a View of Cawdor Castle.

III.—HELENA; the Physician's Daughter. With Portrait.

IV.—DESDEMONA; the Magnifico's Child. With fine View of Venice.

V.—MEG AND ALICE; the Merry Maids of Windsor. With a View of Windsor.

VI.—ISABELLA; the Votress. With Portrait.

VII.—KATHARINE AND BIANCA; the Shrew and the Demure. With a View of Padua.

VIII.—OPHELIA; the Rose of Elsinore. With a View of Elsinore.

IX.—ROSALEND AND CELIA; the Friends. With a View of the Forest of Ardenne.

X.—JULIET; the White Dove of Verona. With a View of Verona.

"An original and felicitous idea, well executed, and very sweetly written."—*Home Journal.*

"Extremely well done."—*Evening Post.*

"Worthy to rank beside the delightful 'Tales' by Lamb."—*Scotman.*

"Mrs. Cowden Clarke, whose 'Concordance of Shakspeare' shows such mastery of the letter of the poet's works, now evinces her appreciation of their spirit in a series of fictions entitled 'The Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines.'"—*Dickens's Household Narratives.*

"The design is one that would afford ample play to a lively and sympathetic imagination, and we are bound to say that the ingenious thought is admirably carried out."—*London Morning Chronicle.*

### Swallow Barn.

A Sojourn in the Old Dominion. By the Hon. J. P. KENNEDY. Illustrated with Twenty Fine Engravings on Wood, from Original Designs by Strother. In one large volume, 18mo., cloth, \$2 00.

"Swallow Barn is one of the few American classics. It is for Virginia life what the Sketch-book or Bracebridge Hall is for that of England—not less vivid, not less true. The illustrations of this edition are by a Virginian of remarkable abilities as a mere artist, and deserving of an eminent rank also as a humorist. The book cannot fail of being one of the most popular illustrated volumes that has appeared in America."—*R. W. Griswold, D. D.*

"We have always regarded 'Swallow Barn' as one of the very highest efforts of American mind. It is exquisitely written, and the scenes are vividly described. Its features of Virginia life and manners are the best ever drawn. The work is eminently a splendid edition,—it is a most excellent and interesting production."—*Louisville Journal.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

---

PUTNAM'S HOME MANUALS OR CYCLOPÆDIAS.

(Uniform with the "World's Progress," "Europe, Past and Present," &c.)

**Hand-Book of Literature and the Fine Arts.**

By GEORGE RIPLEY, Esq., and BAYARD TAYLOR, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth, \$2 00.

**Hand-Book of Biography.**

By PARKER GODWIN, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth, \$2 00.

**Hand-Book of the Useful Arts.**

By DR. ANTISKIL. 1 vol. 8vo. \$2 00.

**Hand-Book of Science.**

By Prof. ST. JOHN, of Western Reserve College. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth, \$2 00.

The above works are prepared by able scientific and literary men, bringing the subjects down to the latest dates, and condensing the most copious and authentic information from all reliable sources. The whole designed to compress into a compact, portable, and convenient shape (for popular reference, and for text-books), a comprehensive, accurate, and satisfactory view of General History, Science, Literature, Biography, and the Useful Arts.

---

**The World's Progress.**

A Dictionary of Dates; being a Record of Remarkable Occurrences, Political, Literary, and Scientific, in the Annals of all Nations. In two Divisions. I. Contemporary Tables. II. Alphabetical Records. By G. P. PUTNAM. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth, \$2. Sheep, \$2 25.

"This is about the most remarkable book we have seen. It is a monument of industry and research—an unparalleled embodiment of statistical knowledge, and a paragon of methodical arrangement. It is a volume of 700 pages of historical facts, dates, and memoranda, condensed almost beyond precedent, and compressed with so much skill and judgment as to afford a complete and thoroughly intelligible index of events. Prefixed to this treasury of knowledge is a chart of history. We would not be without this volume for many times its cost."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

**Europe, Past and Present.**

A Comprehensive Manual of European Geography and History, derived from official sources, and comprising accurate Geographical and Statistical descriptions of all European States; together with a carefully arranged Index. By FRANZ H. UEXKÜLLER, LL. D., author of "Universal Geography," &c. 8vo., cloth or half roan, \$1 50.

"A reliable statistical manual, compiled with real German thoroughness and acumen, and can be usefully consulted by the merchant, the scholar, the traveller, and the general reader."—*Home Journal*.

**Knight's Cyclopædia of the Industry of All Nations.**

With Engravings. One volume, 8vo., cloth, \$2 50.

This compendium of the Arts and Manufactures of all Nations, which was suggested by the "Great Exhibition of Industry," is a work of intrinsic and permanent value. It comprises full and accurate details, by competent writers.

**Elements of Geology.**

Intended for the Use of Students. By Prof. S. ST. JOHN. With Illustrations. One volume, 12mo., cloth, \$1 00.

The work is designed to be strictly elementary, and presents the leading facts of the Science in a popular and attractive form.

G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

---

**Alban: A Tale of the New World.**

By the Author of "LADY ALICE."

"Lady Alice is decidedly a work of genius. Indeed, we know of few fictions where this first and highest excellence is more apparent."—*Boston Post*.

"This is an extraordinary book. \* \* \* That the author was animated by a deeper emotion than that of the production of a clever and somewhat surprising novel, which should make a great sensation, we are perfectly satisfied. \* \* \* A graceful fancy, and even a high imaginative power, are unsparingly exercised throughout."—*Douglas Jerrold's Weekly News*.

"Talent of a high order teems in every page."—*London New Monthly Magazine*.

"The life and vivacity of his social scenes rival the brilliant conversations of Coningsby."—*Literary World*.

**A Family Book for Young Persons.**

In a novel and unique plan. By Dr. MAYO. With numerous Illustrations.

**A New England Tale.**

By MRS CATHERINE SEDGWICK. Author's Revised Edition.

**A New Work.**

By MRS SEDGWICK. (In press.)

**Sketches of Travel in Nicaragua.**

The Condition, Resources, Prospects, History, and Antiquities of the Country.  
By E. G. SQUIER, Esq.

"We have already announced in these pages that Mr. SQUIER, who was lately representative of the United States in Nicaragua, had in preparation for the press an account of his residence in that interesting country, and expressed an opinion that his work would surpass in interest and value the entire library of English and French publications on the subject. An examination of some of the sheets justifies our expectations; Mr. Squier must hereafter be ranked among the most successful travel-writers as well as antiquaries of the time; he knows what to observe and how to observe, and his relations with the Nicaraguans were such that no traveller had ever better opportunities for the acquisition of facts or the formation of judgments. His work will soon be published, profusely illustrated, by Mr. Putnam."—*International Magazine*.

**The Serpent Symbol, and the Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America.**

By E. G. SQUIER, Esq. With Engravings. 8vo., cloth, \$2 25.

"In this work, Mr. Squier has presented to the public the result of his personal observations in a singularly curious field of research. We accept them as valuable materials for the elucidation of truth. They are not only in a high degree instructive, but they are brought forward with so much freshness and vivacity, and illustrated with such effective skill, that they form a very agreeable narrative, even to those who are merely in quest of mental entertainment."—*Tribune*.

"This is a most extraordinary work, from a man who stands foremost in the department of science to which he has devoted himself, and whose reputation it will greatly enhance."—*Providence Journal*.

**American Association for the Advancement of Science.**

Fourth Meeting. Just published. 8vo., cloth, \$3 50.

First Three Meetings. In one volume, 8vo., cloth, \$4 50.

"This report makes a fair show for the activity of the men of science throughout the United States. Every department of natural science is well represented. Agassiz, Silliman, Henry, Baché, Olmsted, Loomis, Rogers, Redfield, and others of repute, appear taking their appropriate share in the proceedings, making good the promise of the American association in behalf of the advancement of science."—*Literary World*.

**Journal of the American Oriental Society.**

Two volumes, 8vo., cloth, \$5 50.

Second volume (complete in itself). 8vo., cloth, \$3 50.

## G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### American Historical and Literary Curiosities.

Comprising *fac-similes* of Autographs and Historical Documents of great interest and value. An entirely New Edition, greatly improved, with Additions. Large 4to., half morocco, gilt edges, \$7 00.

The same. Large paper, Imperial folio, antique morocco, very elegant. Only 50 Copies printed, \$16 00.

"Among the numerous books from the American press in which art and taste is combined, none seems to fill the place to which the volume before us is appropriated.

"The volume before us is entirely different from any thing we have seen. It consists of sixty-six folio engravings on stone, all *fac-similes* of curious letters, documents and autographs; together with portraits and drawings of interesting objects connected with old customs."—*Providence Journal*.

### United States Exploring Expedition Round the World.

By CHARLES WILKES. The complete Edition, with all the Illustrations on Wood and on Steel, and all the Maps. 5 vols. Imperial 8vo., cloth, \$15; do., half calf, extra, \$20 00.

### Wilkes' Voyage Round the World.

Comprising all the Essential Incidents of the Exploring Expedition. With numerous Wood Cuts. 8vo. Cloth, \$3 00.

### The Men of Manhattan; or, Social History of the City of New-York.

By FREDMOND COOPER. With Illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo.

### The Shield. A Narrative.

By MISS COOPER, Author of "Rural Hours." (*A new work*.) 1 vol. 12mo.

"The deep and ancient night that threw its shroud  
O'er the green land of graves, the beautiful waste."

### Five Years in an English University.

By CHARLES ASTOR BROWNE, late Foundation Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth. (In October.)

### The Monuments of Central and Western America.

By FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D. 1 vol. 8vo. With numerous Illustrations. (In preparation.)

### Dickens' Household Words.

In numbers, published weekly. Price, 6 cents each. Also First, Second and Third volumes. 8vo. Cloth, \$1 75 each.

"From the time of the Spectator down to the present era of periodical publications, there has never appeared a literary magazine of so excellent a character as the Household Words."—*S. Courier*.

### Para: Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon.

By J. E. WARREN, Esq. A new and popular work. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cts.

"A well written and quiet entertaining narrative of travels, given in so pleasant a style as to charm while it informs the reader."—*Home Journal*.

"This book has given us great pleasure, and we shall be thanked by our readers for commending it to their attention."—*New-York Tribune*.

"A very interesting narrative of adventures—the author excels in descriptive ability."—*New-York Courier & Enquirer*.

### Trenton Falls, Picturesque and Romantic.

By N. P. WILLES, Esq. Wood Cuts. 18mo. Cloth, 50 cts.

"This is a beautiful little volume, descriptive of one of the most delightful spots and some of the most picturesque and romantic scenery in all our country. It is written in Mr. Willes's peculiarly agreeable style, and though local in its description, is of universal interest. Its principal illustrations, nine in number, are finely executed by Orr."—*Eclectic*.

## G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

---

### **The Wide, Wide World.**

By ELIZABETH WETTERELL. Fifth Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 50.

"This is a tale depending for its interest on lively and truthful pictures of domestic and country life. Its portraiture of character is striking and true to nature, and the whole work is pervaded by a healthy religious and moral tone."—*Recorder*.

"It is the most valuable work of the kind I ever read. It is capable of doing more good than any other book—other than the Bible."—*Newark Advertiser*.

### **Mosses from an Old Manse.**

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. New Revised Edition. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 25.

"Hawthorne is a man of quaint fancy, of considerable powers of description, holds a quiet but humorous pen, sometimes tinged with wit and sly sarcasm."—*Newark Advertiser*.

### **The Home; or, Family Cares and Family Joys.**

By FREDERICKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. Author's Revised Edition. Cloth, \$1 00.

"The world-wide popularity of 'The Home' renders it unnecessary to speak of its merits. It is one of the most sterling novels which will outlive change; and in its present form is an ornament to the drawing room as well as the library."—*Home Journal*.

"Miss Bremer's warm affections, shrewd observation, and pictorial fancy, are visible on every page. The poetical power of her mind is exhibited in 'The Home' to better advantage than in any of her other works."—*Graham's Magazine*.

### **The Berber; or, The Mountaineer of the Atlas. A Tale of Morocco.**

By WILLIAM STARBUCK MAYO, Author of "Kaloolah." 12mo. \$1 25.

"A romance of the highest class, replete with character, plot, and incident, and occupying ground entirely new. It is a much higher effort than 'Kaloolah.'"—*Home Journal*.

"Dr. Mayo's new work has astonished us. It is an advance on his 'Kaloolah,' showing far greater resources of imagination than were evinced in his previous work. It is the book of the season."—*Newark Advertiser*.

### **Bayard Taylor's Eldorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire.**

Second edition, with colored illustrations. 2 vols. 12mo. Cloth, \$3 00.

A cheap edition of the above work. Two volumes in one, without plates. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 25.

"These volumes relate most striking and novel adventures, and cannot fail to be eminently popular."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

"They contain the most authentic, sparkling, and best printed information and adventure yet published."—*Literary World*.

### **Borrow's Autobiography: Lavengro.**

By GEORGE BORROW, Author of "The Gipsies in Spain," "The Bible in Spain," &c. With fine Portrait.

NEW AUTHORIZED EDITION, LARGE TYPE. Complete in one volume. Reduced to 75 cts. in cloth. Paper covers, 50 cts.

"He colors like Rembrandt, and draws like Spagnoletti."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"The pictures are so new, that those best acquainted with England will find it hard to recognize the land they may have travelled over."—*National Intelligencer*.

"Not for years have our eyes lighted on a more fascinating or mysterious title. We could hardly sleep at night for thinking of Lavengro."—*Blackwood*.

### **The Conquest of Florida.**

By Prof. THEODORE IRVING. Author's Revised Edition. One volume, 12mo. Cloth, \$1 25. (Uniform with *Washington Irving's Complete Works*.)

"It is like reading an old romantic chronicle to pass these pages in review, so full are they of chivalric feeling and gallantry, so strange the adventures, and so beautiful the scenes which surrounded the adventurers. The whole career of the brave De Soto is one of romance, and would prove a great theme for the light fancy of the poet and novelist. Mr. Irving has given us a book which will be enduring, which, in fact, is proven by its present re-appearance, it having been originally published some years ago. It is finely written, and is an accession to American historical literature."—*Albany Atlas*.

## G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### Second Love; or, The World's Opinion.

By MARTHA MARETT. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents. (Uniform with "*Fadette*." )

"A pleasingly-told tale, showing most vividly the utter folly of being governed by *Public Opinion*, or by '*what folks say*,' to the sacrifice of all happiness, convenience and comfort.

"A freshness, originality, spiciness, and naivete, mark the style. It is truly a charming book, and will not have been written in vain, if any will take warning from Emily's course of misery and folly."—*Independent*.

### Romance Dust from the Historic Pinner.

By DR. MAYO, Author of "Kaloolah," "The Berber," &c. 12mo. 75 cents. Paper cover, 50 cents.

"The work attains, with great effect, a high moral aim, through an ingenious and most interesting process, and displays abilities of a high order."—*Evangelist*.

"It exhibits the same boldness of invention, and occasionally the brilliancy of coloring which characterize his former popular romances."—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

"The reader of Dr. Mayo's previous volumes will recognize in these sketches the same freshness and vitality of thought, and the same lively and exuberant style, which characterize 'Kaloolah' and 'The Berber.'"—*Southern Literary Gazette*.

### Truth and Poetry from my own Life.

(The Autobiography of GÖTHE.) Translated from the German, by PARKER GODWIN and others. New Revised Edition. 2 vols. 12mo., cloth, \$1 75.

"A most charming book it is, and a worthy translation of a noble composition."—*Cincinnati Herald*.

"We have dwelt upon these volumes with keen interest and great pleasure. We find the translation charming."—*Christian Inquirer*.

### Fadette. A Domestic Tale.

Translated from the French, by MISS M. M. HAYS. 12mo. 75 cents.

"A more beautiful picture of virtue in the disguise of ugliness—nay overcoming ugliness,—and passing into the most exquisite lineaments of beauty has not often been written. The story is beautiful as a whole—almost free from faults—and so sweet, so pure, so truthful, so winning, that it may well redeem a thousand errors of the writer. We commend it to every circle which desires to find its thorns occasionally crowned with roses."—*Southern Quarterly Review*.

### Manual of the Fine Arts.

Critical and Historical. With an Introduction. By D. HUNTINGTON, M. A., A. M. Third Edition. 12mo. Cloth or sheep, \$1 25.

"The most practical and useful Manual of the Fine Arts, which has yet been published."—*Rev. Chas. H. Haley*.

"I coincide in the above estimate of the work."—*Charles King, D. D., President of Oberlin College*.

"It is decidedly the best book, on this important subject, before the American people, and gives a great mass of valuable information."—*Literary World*.

### The Artist's Chromatic Hand-Book.

Being a practical treatise on Pigments—their properties and uses in painting. To which is added, a few remarks on vehicles and varnishes. Chiefly a compilation from the best authorities. By JOHN P. RIDNER. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, 75 cts.

"Mr. Bidner's excellent little treatise upon the chemistry of his art."—*So. Quart. Rev.*

### The History of Propellers and Steam Navigation.

With biographical sketches of the early inventors. By ROBERT MCFARLAN, C. E., Editor of the "Scientific American." 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, 75 cents.

### Memoirs of Benevenuto Cellini. A Florentine Artist.

Written by Himself. Containing a variety of information respecting the Arts and the History of the Sixteenth Century. Translated by T. ROSCOE. New Edition, in one volume, 12mo., cloth, \$1 25.

"Cellini was one of the most extraordinary men of an extraordinary age; his life, written by himself, is more amusing than any novel I knew."—*Horace Walpole*.

The work has been translated into German by Goethe.

## G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### **The Optimist.**

By H. T. TUCKERMAN, Esq. In one volume, 12mo., cloth, 75 cents.

"Among the Essayists in America, Mr. Tuckerman perhaps deserves the highest distinction. The 'Optimist' is marked by nice analysis, delicate discrimination, a gentle taste, harmonious style, and a pleasant discursive vein of thought."—*Southern Quarterly Review*.

### **Sleep Psychologically Considered,**

With Reference to Sensation and Memory. By BLANCHARD FOSGATE, M. D. One volume, 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

"A subject treated with much acuteness and grateful interest. It is discussed psychologically, illustrated by anecdotes, and attempts to explain and systematize a class of phenomena but little observed and less understood. The work is attractive and suggestive, not only to the professional man, but to the general reader."—*Horne Journal*.

### **Mental Hygiene.**

Or an examination of the Intellect and Passions, designed to show how they affect and are affected by the bodily functions, and their influence on health and longevity. By WILLIAM SWEETSER, M. D. Second edition, rewritten and enlarged. 12mo. Cloth, \$1 00.

"We shall close our notice of this excellent and truly intellectual performance, not without urgently recommending its attentive perusal to all who desire the *mens sana in corpore sano*."—*London Medical Chirurgical Review*.

### **University Education.**

By HENRY P. TAPPAN, D. D. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

"This is the production of a skilful hand, and exhibits a very perfect analysis of the higher institutions of learning in this country, in England, and on the continent. We know of no work comprising in a small compass so much interesting and valuable information upon the subject."—*Reading Post*.

### **Treatise on Banking.**

Revised Edition. By J. W. GILBERT. 1 vol. 8vo. Cloth, \$2 50.

"The work is judiciously arranged, and the instructions are clear and decisive.

"The work, in its present form, is far more comprehensive than any of the previous editions, and embraces a great variety of topics of great interest to bankers."—*London Bankers' Magazine*.

### **The Artist.**

By MRS. TUTHILL. Being the fourth of the Series entitled "*Success in Life*." One volume, 12mo. Half-bound. (In press.)

"Mrs. Tuthill's plan would seem to be—inciting to the noblest deeds in the profession or pursuit which she discusses, by first mapping out, as it were, what is necessary to success, and filling out the outline by practical common sense advice, enforced by illustrious biographical examples."—*Philadelphia Saturday Gazette*.

"Just the little book that a hundred thousand boys in this country ought to read."—*Christianian Inquirer*.

### **American Genealogies.**

Being a History of some of the early Settlers of North America and their Descendants, with Anecdotes, Personal Sketches, and Genealogical Tables, &c.

By J. B. HOLGATE, A. M. 4to., paper covers, \$5 00.

"The plan of this work is new; it furnishes a key to American history heretofore neglected."—*Union Contributor*.

### **The Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.**

A new volume. Just out. 4to., cloth, \$5 00.

This new volume formed the Second of a Series, composed of Original Memoirs on different branches of Knowledge, by S. C. WALKER, FRANCIS LEWIS, C. ELLIS, JR., E. B. GIBBS, L. AGASSIZ, J. W. BAILLY, E. G. SQUIRE, &c.; published under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution.

## G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### **The Companion: After Dinner Table Talk.**

By CHETWOOD EVELYN, Esq. With a Portrait of Rev. Sidney Smith, Esq. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

"A pleasure book for a leisure hour, made up principally from various Authors, with a sprinkling of anecdote and striking thoughts gathered in conversation, and occasionally an original article, not unworthy of its place with the rest. The Author, we should infer, is one who likes to rummage in the corners and odd places of English literature, and certainly he has gleaned with judgment wherever his reading has led him."—*Evening Post*

### **Illustration of Washington Irving's Delph Heyliger.**

Designed and etched by J. W. EHNINGER. 4to. Cloth, \$4 00.

"We have here one of Irving's most humorous and characteristic stories illustrated with appropriate feeling and nice appreciation of the intent of the Author. The designs are all well composed, and the figures, with very rare exceptions, remarkably well drawn."—*Courier & Enquirer*.

### **A Series of Etchings in Outline.**

Suggested by Hood's "BRIDGE OF SIGNS." By J. H. EHNINGER. 4to., cloth, \$3 50

"Mr. Ehninger has here produced that which will compare favorably with the works of many who claim for themselves a high place among American artists. His conception of the subject he has chosen is certainly very truthful and imaginative. The whole production is highly creditable to so young an artist."—*Courier & Enquirer*.

### **A Commentary on Ecclesiastes.**

By Prof. MOSES STUART. One volume, 12mo., cloth, \$1 00.

"The carefulness and thoroughness of investigation, and mature scholarship which mark his other works, are apparent on every page of this."—*Connecticut Christian Herald*.

"A useful contribution to sacred hermeneutics, and will doubtless tend to make Ecclesiastes better understood, than is generally the case."—*Artisan Banner*.

### **Elements of Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical.**

Adapted to the present state of Analysis. To which is added, their application to the principles of Navigation, Surveying, Nautical Astronomy, and Geodesy. With Logarithmic, Trigonometrical, and Nautical Tables. For the use of Colleges and Academies. New Edition, greatly improved. By Rev. C. W. HASKLEY, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Columbia College, N. Y. One volume, 8vo. Cloth, \$3 00. Sheep, \$3 25.

Also, an EDITION IN TWO PARTS. Paper covers, \$1 each.

PART I. TRIGONOMETRY, Plane and Spherical.

PART II. NAVIGATION, SURVEYING, ASTRONOMY, GEODESY, &c., Plane and Spherical. With Tables.

"A book that must attain the highest standing among its class. It gives a more extensive and more searching application of the science to Surveying, Navigation, Nautical Astronomy, Geodesy, &c., than perhaps any single existing treatise, and decidedly a greater variety of well selected examples on each subject than can be found in any similar work."—*Mathematical Misc.* (Professor Gill.)

"A most valuable contribution to scientific instruction, which no other volume, or half dozen of them, can supply the place of."—*Professor Gillespie, of Union College*.

### **Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus.**

Arranged by ALBERT E. CHURCH, Professor of Mathematics in the United States Military Academy. 1 vol. 8vo., half bound, \$1 50.

"This is an improved edition of Church's work on the Calculus. They teach mathematics with great exactness, and success at West Point, and the present edition is enriched by various modifications suggested by experience in the recitation room."—*New-York Evening Post*.

"No one in the country is probably better fitted than Prof. Church, by ability, experience, and a knowledge of the difficulties encountered in imparting instruction in this branch of mathematical science, to prepare a work which shall remove or obviate them. This treatise must be used ultimately in all our higher institutions where the importance of the subject is properly appreciated."—*Courier*.



## G. P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

---

### **Elements of Analytical Geometry.**

By Prof. ALBERT E. CHURCH, of West Point Military Academy. 1 vol. 8vo., half-bound, \$1 50.

### **New Elements of Geometry.**

By SEBA SMITH. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth, \$1 00.

"A very complete and a very practical work. It is scientific, but the reader must not suppose that it is consequently dry. It will, of course, attract the attention of those engaged in the investigation of "fixed facts," as is the science of numbers."—*Balt. Post*

### **French and English Counting-House Manual.**

Manual of Commercial Correspondence, English and French; or, A Selection of Commercial Phrases, taken from a number of Letters, Accounts, Catalogues, Prices Current, and other Papers. By a MERCHANT. In one volume, 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

"It contains a copious selection of the phrases usually occurring in commercial correspondence, embracing every subject which is likely to demand attention in the countinghouse."—*Tribune*

### **Coe's New Drawing Lessons. Drawing for Schools.**

By BENJ. H. COE, Author of "Drawing Cards."—This Series consists of Seventy-Two Cards giving progressive Lessons in a Case. Price, \$1 00.

This new work proposes a method by which all the members of a large class are taught to draw at once, with neatness, uniformity and accuracy.

### **George Washington. A Biography.**

By WASHINGTON IRVING. With Illustrations. (In preparation.)

### **New Researches at Nineveh.**

By AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, Esq. In one volume, 8vo., uniform with "Nineveh and its Remains." (In preparation.)

### **Putnam's Book-Buyer's Manual.**

One volume, 8vo. Paper covers, 25 cents; half-bound, 75 cents.

"It presents a complete list of the best authors in every department of literature,—a most tempting bill of fare to literary epicures."—*Tribune*

"A complete, authentic, and elaborate catalogue of books. It is the best digested list we have seen for a long time, and was greatly needed. It contains exact and thorough information, and will prove of great value as giving data in facts of literature, and for every purpose of reference."—*Leader*

"The catalogue is very handsomely and conveniently arranged. The prices are attached to the books, so that any one ordering them is aware in advance of what the cost will be."—*Louisville Journal*

---

## FOREIGN BOOKS.

### SPECIAL IMPORTATIONS.

G. P. PUTNAM still continues to import English, French, and German books for the trade, public libraries, and individuals, in large quantities or by the single volume.

New arrangements abroad will enable G. P. P. to execute all special orders promptly and economically. Catalogues, and every facility provided for the guidance of those who wish to give orders.





THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED  
THE COST OF OVERDUE NOTIFICATION  
IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO  
THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST  
DATE STAMPED BELOW.

**HAL**

3 2044 092 687 011